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NEW WELLS FOR OLD.

OVER the top of Part II. of *The Outline of History* I caught the smiling glance of the man in the opposite corner of the compartment.

"Good stuff that," he said, indicating the History with a jerk of his head.

"Quite," I agreed, maintaining my distance.

"Immense," he continued. "And it means the dawn of a new life for me. I'm WELLS's hero. Every time I've appeared in his half-yearly masterpiece, ever since *Tono Bungay*. And look at the mess he's made of my life. Often I've had to start it under the cloud of mysterious parentage. Invariably I have been endowed with a Mind (capital M). Think of those uphill fights of mine against adverse conditions. And my unhappy marriages. He has led me into every variation of infidelity. When I *did* hit it off with my wife for once, he sent us to the Arctic regions as a punishment. In the depth of winter, too.

But, now he's taken up this History, I'm free. The dam has burst and strange things come floating down . . ."

He sprang to his feet in his excitement. He was wearing a loose-fitting suit and what his master might call a lower middle-class hat.

"And now I'm going to do all the things I've always wanted to do. A happy marriage; well-ordered life in the suburbs; warm slippers in the fender, and all that that stands for; kinemas, perhaps, and bowls. An allotment . . ."

"But," I objected, "this History won't occupy him for ever. There should be only about sixteen more parts. He'll have you out again next autumn."

"But WELLS is getting the Suburban idea too." He was standing right over me, glaring horribly with excitement. The train had entered a tunnel and he was shouting bravely against the din. "Look in Part I. He acknowledges the help he has received from Mrs. WELLS. And her watchful criticism. That from *him!* I tell you I am free—free!"

He was shaking me by the shoulders now, his face close to mine. "I shall have my allotment. Prize parsnips—giant marrows!"

"Don't be too sure," I yelled—the tunnel seemed endless. "Remember poor old *Sherlock*. DOYLE raised *him* from the dead. And you"—my voice rising to a scream—"he'll have you out—out—OUT!"

* * * * *

As I came to I heard my dentist remark to the doctor that I always had been a bad patient under gas.

MR. PUNCH ON SILK STOCKINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your article about Christmas presents was a great success. I took your advice about the silk stockings, and sent the following verses with them, which some of your married readers may care to cut out and keep for future use:—

Your stockings once, on Christmas Eve,
 Would hang, your cot adorning,
And Father Christmas, we believe,
 Would fill them ere the morning;
But since he spied your dainty toes
 To exchange the parts he's willing:
He thinks it's his to send the hose
 And yours to find the filling.
He lays his offerings at your feet
 And hopes you won't deride them.
For he has nothing half so neat
 As you to put inside them.

There! I can only repeat that the results were excellent, and express my gratitude to you for the same.

Yours obediently,

GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

P.S.—The ties I got this time were quite all right; she too must have read your article.

NATURE AND ART.

To Betty, who can afford to defy the laws of symmetry.

[Being reflections on the old theory, recently developed before the Hellenic Society by Mr. JAY HAMBIDGE, that certain formulæ of proportions found in nature—notably in the normal ratio between a man's height and the span of his outstretched arms (2 : √5)—constituted the basis of symmetry in the art of the Greeks and, earlier, of the Egyptians.]

Betty, I fear you don't conform
Precisely to the female norm
From dainty foot to charming noddle,
But, closely measured, span by span,
Seem built upon a private plan
Not found in ANNIE KELLERMAN
Or in the well-known Melos model.

If you compare your width and height—
Arms horizontal, left and right—
With ancient types of pure perfection,
The ratio may not, it 's true,
Be as the root of 5 to 2,
But what, my dear, has that to do
With laws of natural selection?

Let Mr. HAMBIDGE to your shape
Apply his T-square and his tape,
And wish that you were more archaic;
Why should I care? I love you best
For what no compasses can test,
For graces not to be expressed
In terms however algebraic.

I love you for the lips and eyes
That none may hope to standardize
On any system known to Hellas;
And what I like about your smile
Has no relation to the style
Of any pyramid of Nile
Figured by mathematic fellahs.

Though your proportions mayn't agree
With FECHNER'S pedant formulæ,
I don't complain of such disparity;
Too flawless that perfection shows;
For me a larger comfort flows
From human failings (take your nose—
I like its quaint irregularity).

Indeed I love you best of all
For those defects by which you fall
Short of the pattern you should follow;
As I would fain be loved for mine,
Speaking as one whose own design
Lacks something of the perfect line
Affected by the young Apollo. O. S.

HOW TO GAIN A JOURNALISTIC POSITION.

YOUNG aspirants are always endeavouring to secure posts on our leading newspapers, and complain bitterly that their letters of application are ignored by obtuse editors. To help them in this sad ambition Mr. Punch has composed a series of letters to divers editors which he guarantees will prove eminently satisfactory.

To the Editor of "The Daily News."

SIR,—I regard the insufferable LLOYD GEORGE as the most dangerous, the most malignant, the most incompetent politician who has ever attempted to misrule this country. The iniquity of the Coalition will make enlightened rulers like LENIN and TROTSKY blush for the human race. I feel with you that till the real Liberal party returns to power England will never know peace and prosperity. Then and then only will brotherly friendship between England and Germany be renewed. Then and then only shall we see cheap milk, cheap coal, abundant housing, the Free Breakfast Table and the Large Cocoa Cup. To show my devotion to the cause you so nobly advocate I may say that I have actually read every article contributed by Mr. MASTERMAN to your paper. I am strongly in favour of an *entente* with Labour, by which Labour should agree not to contest any seats where the true Asquithians stand a chance. I enclose as a specimen of my work the first of a series of articles on "How LLOYD GEORGE lost the War," which I am sure will be invaluable at by-elections.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail."

SIR,—I am young and, if possible, growing younger daily. My motto is "Hustle and Bustle" and not "Dilly and Dally." I live on standard bread, in a wooden hut embowered, when feasible, with sweet peas. My ear is always close to the ground, and I can confidently predict what the man in the street will be thinking about the day after to-morrow. Politically, I am opposed to the Wastrels, the Wee Frees and the Bolsheviks, and am not prepared as yet to back Labour unreservedly. I can express myself brightly and briefly on any topical subject. Herewith I send specimen articles (length three hundred words) on "Poker Bridge," "Are we having Wetter Washdays?" and "The Woggle-Wiggle Dance." Should there be no vacancy on your staff I should be prepared to accept one on any other of your publications—*The Weekly Dispatch, The Times* or *The Rainbow*.

To the Editor of "The Manchester Guardian."

SIR,—I was a Conscientious Objector during the War. I conscientiously object to everything still, including the Peace Treaty. I speak and write fifteen languages and dialects, including Oxford English. I have a comprehensive knowledge of social and political life in Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Polynesia. I have also resided in England. I have a deep conviction that under all conditions, everywhere and at all times, England is invariably and absolutely in the wrong. In home politics I am resolutely opposed to all the Coalition has done, is doing or will do. It is my firm opinion that the actions of England would become less deplorable, less criminal if Mr. ASQUITH returned to power. I enclose as specimens of my mentality two intensely human articles which I doubt not will find a home in your columns: "Proportional Representation in Jugo-Slavia" (length four thousand five hundred words) and "Futurism under TROTSKY" (length five thousand words).

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

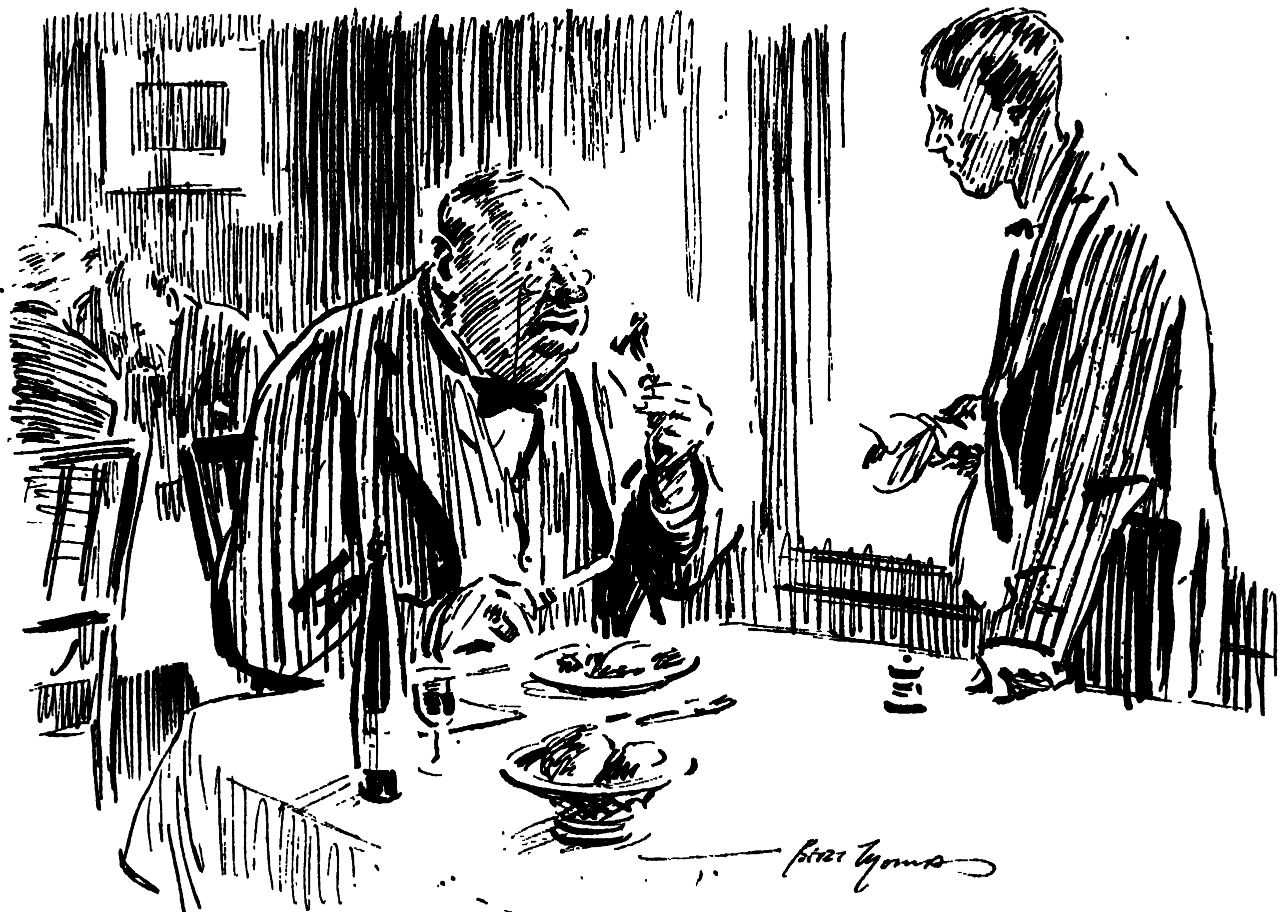
SIR,—In offering my services to you I may point out how happily my up-bringing and mental training have fitted me for a post on your staff. The child of an Archdeacon (who was also honorary chaplain to a rifle club), I was born in a house with earth-filled walls and brought up in intimate association with a large number of most intelligent animals. If desired I am prepared to relate anecdotes of the family bull-dog and a pet she-goat which will verify my description. I feel with you that England can only be saved by relying on a Free-Trading, Non-Socialist, Church Establishment. I loathe alike Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and think that the intellect of England, which blossoms so luxuriously in country rectories and deaneries, finds its best expression in Lord HUGH CECIL. As a specimen of my literary ability I enclose a middle article on "The Sense of Obligation in Tom-Cats."



A "POSITIVELY LAST" APPEARANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "ACCEPT THIS POOR TRIBUTE IN RECOGNITION OF MUCH GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PAST. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY ARTISTS WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU."

[The recent withdrawal of horsed cabs from certain ranks in the London district foreshadows the final extinction of this venerable type.]



Club Grouser. "WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?" *Waiter.* "THAT'S GAME PIE, SIR."
Club Grouser. "UMPH! THINK I MUST HAVE GOT A BIT OF THE FOOTBALL."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that Professor PORTA has sent a message to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, wishing him a Happy New World.

* * *

Mr. Justice ROWLATT has decided that photography is not a profession. With some actresses, of course, it is just a disease.

* * *

The gentleman who drew 1920 in a fifty-pound sweepstake as the date of the ex-Kaiser's trial is now prepared to sell his chance for sixpence-halfpenny.

* * *

"He is not a politician," says Mr. R. HARCOURT in *The Times*, referring to Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES. It will be interesting to see how Sir AUCKLAND accepts this compliment.

* * *

A letter posted at Hull for Odessa in July, 1914, has just been returned to the sender. The postal authorities are thought to take the view that the sender should be given an opportunity of adding a few seasonable observations to his previous remarks.

It is all nonsense to say that there can be no change in the present high prices. They can always go higher.

* * *

Owing to the strike of cabmen in Glasgow a number of people had to walk home on New Year's Eve. It is not said how the others got home, but we have made a guess.

* * *

On enquiry about the erection of huge new premises in the Strand by the American Bush Terminal Company, we gather that London is not to be removed, but will be allowed to remain next door.

* * *

Inspector Moss of the Great Eastern Railway Police has just had his pocket picked and thirty pounds stolen. It is only fair to say that he was in plain clothes and the thief did not know he was a police officer.

* * *

A history of the Ministry of Munitions is to be compiled at a cost of £9,648. To keep the expense down to this modest sum by economy in printing Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be referred to throughout as "X."

A man has been charged with damaging a London omnibus. He pleaded that the vehicle pushed him first.

* * *

Mrs. PAYNE, the only woman mouse-trap-maker in London, has retired from the business. It is said that a number of mice hope to arrange a farewell cheese.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Peace Conference it was decided that the troubles in Egypt and India should in future be referred to as Honorary Wars.

* * *

The Indians much appreciate CHARLIE CHAPLIN, says *The Weekly Dispatch*. We felt confident that this film comedian would come into his own some day.

* * *

Only two minor railway accidents were reported in December, but a South Coast train which started that month is reported to have run into the New Year.

* * *

It is estimated that *The Outline of History* by Mr. H. G. WELLS will be concluded this year. It would be a pleasing compliment to the author if at

the end of that time Parliament made it illegal for any more history to happen.

* * *

The Thames angler who was asked in the Club at night if he had had any luck that day, and replied that he had not had a bite, is thought to be an impostor.

* * *

An Insurance official states that thin people live longer than stout. This is probably due to the fact that when thin people stand sideways the motor-car doesn't get a real chance.

* * *

"It is just twenty months since we experienced the last hostile air-raid," states an evening paper. Should this indiscreet statement reach the ears of certain Government Officials it is feared that one or two of our picturesque anti-aircraft stations may be dismantled.

* * *

According to an American paper, a lawyer has left New York for Mexico, in order to try to explain to the inhabitants the meaning of Peace and the benefits to be derived from joining the League of Nations. We understand he has made full arrangements for leaving a widow and two young children.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the tenant of an experimental paper-house who discovered, on going up-stairs, that his two-year-old son in a fit of ungovernable passion had torn up his nursery.

* * *

A man has written to *The Daily Mail* advocating the alteration of the calendar to thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, *with two Christmas Days in Leap Year*. The writer—to do him justice—did not sign himself "Paterfamilias."

* * *

The New Poor Dance Club, which has opened in the West End, is having its vicissitudes. Last week, it is reported, a distinguished stranger mistook a waiter for one of the members, and the waiters have threatened to strike if it occurs again.

* * *

Los Angeles, California, says a New York cable, is suffering from an unprecedented crime wave. A proposal by President Carranza to draw a *cordon sanitaire* round the place has not yet reached Washington.

* * *

"Are dark people cleverer than fair?" asks a contemporary. These clumsy attempts to destroy the Coalition spirit are too transparent to be successful.

* * *

Intending visitors to the Zoological Gardens in Phœnix Park, Dublin, are now required to get a permit from the military authorities. A daring attempt by a Sinn Feiner to approach the Viceregal Lodge under cover of a cassowary is said to be responsible for the order.

* * *



"Hurry up, Johnson—what a time you take!"
"I can't get through these beastly troops."

The ex-Kaiser, it is stated, has asked the Prussian Government if there would be any objection to his settling in Peru as a cattle-raiser. The probability that the Crown Prince will settle in France for a spell as a watch-lifter is thought to have fired the ex-Imperial imagination.

* * *

A report from Chicago states that, as a result of the prevailing taste for wood-alcohol, a number of citizens successfully revived the ancient custom of seeing the Aurora Borealis in.

"The charm of a pleasing figure depends upon an uneasy fitting corset."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Il faut souffrir pour être belle.

"There would also be great competition for carniferous timber from other countries."
Scotch Paper.

Not so much now that the meat-shortage is over.

"Dundee leads the way in Scotland in a new phase of sport for ladies.
The innovation was created by the City Magistrates to-day, when an application for a billiard-room license in the new City Hall was granted.
Under the license ladies will be permitted to cross cues with gentlemen partners in a public billiard-room." *Local Paper.*

It is supposed that their worships were under the impression that billiards was a new form of shinty.

THE TUBE CURE.

[It has been observed that employees in the Tubes never catch cold while at work, and doctors, questioned by an evening paper, have said that "the Tube atmosphere should be quite likely to cure a cold if breathed long enough—say for an hour at a stretch."]

TO-DAY, when I acquire a cold
(Rude Boreas having blustered),
I do not, as in times of old,
Immerse my feet in mustard;
I put a penny in a slot
At some Tube railway station
And draw a ticket for a not
Far distant destination.

I shun the crowded lifts, although
They 're right enough in their way,
And make my calm, unruffled, slow
Descension by the stairway;
'Tis there a man can be alone,
Immune from all intrusion;
I doubt if there was ever known
Its equal for seclusion.

Where no invading footsteps fall
I quaff the healthy vapours,
While glancing at my ease through all
The illustrated papers;
And since I 've found the bottom stair
A place they don't upholster,
I always take when going there
A small pneumatic bolster.

Not till an hour or twain have gone,
Thus pleasantly expended,
Do I proceed to carry on,
And, when my journey 's ended,
I find all dread bacilli slain—
No germ shows his (or her) face
And so, my cherry self again,
Come blithely to the surface.

A BUNCH OF POETS.

Mr. Obadiah Geek has broken his long silence to some purpose. Those who remember his pre-war achievements in the field of polychromatic romanticism will hardly be prepared for his present development, which lifts him at a bound from the overcrowded ranks of lyric-writers to the uncongested heights whereon recline the great masters of epic poetry. And yet it was perhaps inevitable. The thunder and the reek of war (the last two years of which, we believe, were spent by Mr. Geek in the Egg Control Department) could scarcely have failed to imprint their mark on the author of *Eros in Eruption*; and so he has given us a real epic, whose very title, *Ad Astra*, is symbolic of the high altitudes in which he so triumphantly and so securely navigates. Outwardly it is a story of the War, but there is little difficulty in probing the allegory; and those who follow the hero's vicissitudes as a private in the Gasoliers, right through to his victorious advancement to the rank of Acting Lance-Corporal, unpaid (and there is a symbolism even in the "unpaid"), will readily supply the application to the affairs of everyday life.

The ten thousand odd lines of this inspired poem are liberally enlivened with those characteristic flashes which Mr. Geek's previous efforts have led us to expect. Nothing could be happier than the following, descriptive of the hero's early days on the barrack-square:—

The Sergeant rolled his eyes toward the azure
And called down curses on my bloody head . . .
"You buzz about," his peroration ran,
"Like a bluebottle in a sugar-bowl.
Thank God we have a Navy!" and my feet,
Turned outward, as they had been drilled to turn,
At forty-five degrees or thereabouts,
Itched to join issue with his swollen paunch;
But I refrained.

Or again:—

Fame, the skyscraper, hath a thousand floors;
And some toil slowly upward, stair by stair,
And stagger and halt and faint upon the way;
Others, more fortunate, achieve the top
At one swift elevation, by the lift.

Mr. Geek, whatever his method of progression may have been, has certainly "achieved the top"—if indeed he has not gone over it.

* * * * *

In *Throbs*, Miss Gramercy Gingham-Potts reveals a depth of feeling and delicacy of expression that should secure her the right of entry to every art-calendar and birthday-book. Her Muse is, perhaps, a trifle anæmic, but to many none the less interesting on that account; its very fragility, in fact, constitutes its chief appeal. She has an engaging gift of definition that, combined with a keen appreciation of the obvious, makes her verses particlarly susceptible to quotation. For instance:—

The maiden asked, "What is a kiss?"
The poet wrote:
"Kisses are stamps that frank with bliss
Love's contract-note."

While for effectively studied simplicity it would be difficult to match the lyrical gem to which Miss Gingham-Potts has given the arresting title, "Farewell":—

The birds sing sweet in Summer;
The daisies hear their song;
But Winter's come, and they are dumb
So long.

I told my love in Summer,
So pure and brave and strong,
But frosts came on; my love is gone;
So long!

* * * * *

A new volume by the author of *Swings and Roundabouts* is something of an event; and in *Bottles and Jugs* Mr. Ughtred Biggs makes another fascinating raid on the garbage-bins of London's underworld. Mr. Biggs is a stark realist, and his unminced meat may prove too strong for some stomachs; but those who can digest the fare he offers will find it wonderfully sustaining. Here is no condiment of verbiage, no dressing of the picturesque. Life is served up high, and almost raw. By way of illustration we cannot do better than quote from the opening poem, "Bill's Wife," in which the calculated roughness of the rhythm is redolent of the pervading atmosphere:—

At the corner of the street
Stands the Blue-faced Pig;
Outside a barrel-organ is playing
And the people are dancing a jig.

A woman waits there grimly;
Her eyes are set and her lips drawn thin;
For Bill, her man, is in the public,
Soaking his soul in gin.

Students of sociology might do worse than devote careful attention to these gaunt chronicles of Slumland.

* * * * *

The following stanzas, taken from a poem entitled "Reconstruction," are a favourable example of Mr. Thor Pinmoney's somewhat unequal genius:—

By strife we live, but boredom slays;
My mind from out this office strays
And takes me back to the spacious days
When I counted socks in Ordnance.

I hate my pen; I hate my stool;
What am I but a nerveless tool?
But we did not work by rote or rule
When I counted socks in Ordnance . . .

There are times even now when it really seems
I 'm back in a suburb of shell-shocked Rheims;
But the office echoes my waking screams
When I find it was only in my dreams
I was counting socks in Ordnance.

Unfortunately, all Mr. Pinmoney's efforts do not come up to this standard, and we should be almost inclined to wonder whether the writer has not after all mistaken his vocation, were it not for the really brilliant piece of work which brings the volume (*Pegasus Comes Home*) to a close. We make no apology for reproducing this masterpiece in full:—

Man comes
And goes.
What then?
Who knows?

Here we have the whole philosophy of life and the life hereafter summed up. If he never writes another line Mr. Pinmoney is by this assured of a permanent place in the anthology of post-bellum poetry.

"Replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Lloyd George said it was a great boon that a large industrial community should have been founded amongst these lovely surroundings, a boon not only for the workers, but also for their little children, who would have the advantage of being reared in georgeous mountain air."—*Daily Paper.*

Lloyd-Georgeous, in fact.



MANNERS AND MODES.

HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE OF A LADY WHO DREAMS THAT SHE HAS GONE TO A BALL IN HER NIGHT-GOWN AND FOUND HERSELF SHOCKINGLY OVERDRESSED.

THE "FIRST HUNDRED" OF LOEB.

[The Loeb Classical Library, founded by a munificent American millionaire, Mr. JAMES LOEB (*pronounces* "Lobe"), and edited by Dr. E. CAPPS, Mr. T. E. PAGE and Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE, has now reached its hundredth volume.]

WHEN ways are foul and days are damp,
When agitators rage and ramp,
And SMILLIE, with the aid of CRAMP,
Threatens to rend the globe;
When margarine is scarce, or beef,
And drinks are dear and few and brief,
I find refreshment and relief
And comfort in my LOEB.

Good print, good company, a text
By no vain annotations vexed
Which call from students sore perplexed
The patience of a Job;
And, page by page, a first-rate crib,
Neither too faithful nor too glib—
That, without fulsomeness or fib,
Is what we get in LOEB.

Let scientists on various fronts
Indulge in their atomic stunts,
Or harness to our prams and punts
The puissant radiobe;
Me rather it delights to roam
Across the salt Ægean foam
With old Odysseus, far from home,
And bless the name of LOEB.

To soar with PLATO to the heights;
To find in PLUTARCH's kings and knights
The human touch that more delights
Than crown or regal robe;
To taste the fresh Pierian springs,
To see CATULLUS scorch his wings
With the fierce flame that sears and stings—
For this I thank thee, LOEB.

I 've made no fortune out of beer;
I 'm not a plutocrat or peer,
Nor yet a bloated profiteer,
An OM or e'en an OBE;
But if I 'd thirty pounds to spare
I 'd go and blow them then and there
Upon the Hundred Books that bear
The sign and seal of LOEB.

A NEWSPAPER SCOOP.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"I SPOTTED him by the fountain-pen stains on his vest and the thunderbolts sticking out of his pockets," said Frederick. "So I went up to him and said, 'You are Wuffle of *The Daily Hooter*, the man who wiped-up Whitehall and is now engaged in freezing-out France?'"

"What did he say?" asked Percival.

"Whipped out a note-book and asked me to tell him all about it. I said I was pining for the white cliffs of Albion and that the call of the counting-house and cash-box was ringing in my ears, but that I couldn't get demobilised because the Colonel's pet Pomeranian had conceived a fancy for me and wouldn't take its underdone chop from anyone else. I also hinted that I and a few friends could tell him things that would make his biggest journalistic scoops look like paragraphs in a parish magazine, so he invited me to bring you round this afternoon to split an infinitive with him."

"Wuffle?" said Binnie. "That's the man who wrote about 'gilded subalterns loafing luxuriously in cushioned cars in a giddy round of useless and pampered ease'?"

"Well, I won't say he wrote it, but he signed it. No single man living could write all the stuff Wuffle signs. It's turned out as they turn out cheap motor-cars. One man roughs it out, passes it to the adjective department, thence to the punctuation-room, where they sprinkle it with commas and exclamation marks, and then Wuffle touches it up, fits it with headlines and signs it. Oh, I forgot. Before it goes to press the libel expert looks it over to see that it isn't actionable."

"Anyway, he's the responsible party," said Binnie, "and I would fain have converse with the Wuffle. That 'gilded subaltern' bit was ringing in my head like a dirge the other night when I was wearily trudging the seven kilometres from St. Denis camp because there was no one to give me a lift."

That afternoon Frederick introduced his friends to Wuffle.

"Sorry we're late," he said, "but Percival and Binnie here have been engaged with the Pioneer-Sergeant discussing the best method of converting a whippet-tank into a roller for the tennis-courts."

At that moment a motor-lorry rumbled by, and Binnie, recollecting a passage in Wuffle's latest article about "motor-lorries rushing madly about with apparently no purpose in view," jumped excitedly to the door.

"'Magneto Maggie' leading," he shouted, "and 'The Sparking Spitfire' is just behind. Care to double your bet on 'Maggie' at evens, Percival?"

"Not yet," replied Percival cautiously. "It's only the first lap yet, and 'Maggie' sometimes jibs a bit when she passes the Remount Depôt."

Wuffle had his fountain-pen at the alert and looked inquiringly at Frederick.

"I suppose it *is* another example of deliberate waste," said the latter. "But we've got the lorries eating their heads off in the garages and the petrol is simply aching to be evaporated, so we give the drivers exercise and ourselves some excitement over organising these Area Circuit Steeplechases."

"Why not trans-ship the lorries?" suggested Wuffle.

"That would never do, old prune," said Frederick. "The troops would have nothing to guard."

"Send the men home," persisted Wuffle.

"Come, my willowy asparagus," replied Frederick in horrified tones, "we must have troops to find us work to do. Of course it's sometimes difficult to keep the men employed, and then we have to make dumps of empty biscuit tins and things for them to guard."

"I fixed up a real beauty at Le Glaxo, not ten kilometres from here," chipped in Percival. "If you'd like to see it there's a train going in about twenty minutes."

Wuffle jumped up with alacrity.

"I'd be awfully glad to get a snapshot of it," said he, disappearing in search of his hat and coat.

Frederick took the opportunity to make a few scathing remarks to Percival.

"It's just like you, you mouldy old citron," he said. "I start a little experiment in *tirage de jambe*, and you put your heavy hoof in and spoil the whole business. You know jolly well that Le Glaxo was completely closed down months ago."

"Oh, put another penny in your brain-meter and try to realise that you aren't the only one who's grown up," replied Percival impatiently. "Your brain-waves move about as quick as G.P.O. telegraph messages. I'd got the scheme worked out while you were putting over your old musical-comedy gags."

Since the departure of the British, Le Glaxo's only excitement is the arrival of its one train per day. Ignoring the sensation caused by the detraining of four persons simultaneously, Percival led his party along a muddy rough lane.

"The dump is about four kilometres away and the road gets rather bad towards the end," he said, maliciously edging Wuffle into a bit of swamp. "Sorry; I was going to warn you about that."

Wuffle scraped mud from his trousers and followed the leader over a rough wall into a hidden ditch. A breathless climb up a hill and a steady trudge over plough-land found Wuffle still game, but, after he had got his camera ready for action on the cheerful assurance that they were nearing their quarry, a disappointed cry from the leader dashed his hopes.

"Hang it!" said Percival, "I forgot. The dump was moved to Pont Antoine last Tuesday. Come along; it's only three kilometres away."

Strangely enough, Pont Antoine was also a blank. Binnie suggested trying Monceau, two kilometres further on; but when they arrived there, fatigued and dirty, a thin drizzle was falling and it was almost dark. Percival confessed himself baffled.

"I'm awfully sorry," said he to Wuffle; "I can't find it now, and the point is how are we going to get back? There isn't a railway for miles."

"Don't any of our lorries or cars pass here?" asked Wuffle.

"Oh, yes. But they won't give *you*



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

The Rescuer. "I'M NOT A VERY GRACEFUL DIVER, YOU KNOW. WHAT ABOUT EMPLOYING A PROFESSIONAL SWIMMER FOR THIS PART OF THE SHOW?"



COMMERCIAL CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

TRAPPING IMITATION ERMINE.

a lift. The orders are dead strict against civilians riding in W.D. vehicles."

"It's the result of the articles in the papers about waste," said Frederick sympathetically. "But I don't suppose there would be any objection to your hanging on and running behind."

Wuffle looked round disconsolately. In the gloom the lighted windows of the tiny Hôtel de l'Univers blinked invitingly.

"I think I'll stop here for the night," he said, "and telephone for a car to fetch me to-morrow."

"Right-o!" said Percival. "And when it's thoroughly light you might—you *might* be able to find the dump. So long."

As they rumbled uncomfortably home on a fortuitous three-ton lorry, Percival looked round for applause.

"*C'est bien fait, mon vieux*," chuckled Binnie. "I'll bet the Wuffle won't go dump-hunting again in a hurry. And he won't be able to do any damage from that little estaminet for a day or two."

* * * * *

The well-advertised series of articles in *The Daily Hooter* commenced a few days later. The conspirators studied them diligently in gleeful anticipation of finding their contribution to journalistic enterprise. It came at the end, in a brief paragraph.

"When I had collected my material for this powerful indictment, etc., etc." (ran the article), "I met a party of irresponsible subalterns bent on the old, old army pastime of leg-pulling. For the sake of exercise and amusement I permitted them to conduct me on a wild-goose chase after an imaginary dump, which luckily led me to a sequestered little hotel where I was able to write my articles in peace and quietude. But to return to the main question. I unhesitatingly affirm . . ."

Percival, who was reading aloud, let the paper fall limply from his hand.

"Frederick," he said, "put your biggest boots on and kick me. The word-merchant was laughing at us all the time."

"The letter about the Bloomsbury cat that bought her own cat's meat in your issue of December 6th is interesting."

A Correspondent in "The Spectator."

The cat would, however, have shown more regard for the feelings of our justly-esteemed contemporary if it had wrapped up its purchase in some other publication.

"In his defence, —— said that he had really intended marrying the girl, but that he came to the realization that she was extremely ejaljoujs, hence his bjreach.

jThe court found that this was sufficient ground to justify jjjustify jujjjj jstjijfjy his breach of promise."—*Canadian Paper.*

It is evident, however, that the Court did not arrive at this decision without considerable hesitation.

More Headaches for Historians.

"The revellers passed the time in dancing and singing until St. Paul's clock struck midnight. Then 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung with enthusiasm and, after repeated cheers, the crowd dispersed."—*Times.*

"It was typical of the largest crowd that has watched round the cathedral the passing of the year that at the moment when midnight struck it should be engaged in one tremendous jostle and push, rough and tumble, and that no one thought to strike up the tune—traditional to the occasion—of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Star.

"The gigantic Hindenburg figure of Militarism in the centre of the room melted away with the appearance of the Peace Angel, reputed to be the fairest lady in Chelsea, who had climbed a ladder within his leviathan bulk."—*Times.*

"When twelve o'clock struck The God of War *should* have collapsed gracefully to give place to the most beautiful artist's model in Chelsea, draped as the Goddess of Peace. But something went wrong with the ropes, and the God of War floated a yard or two into the air, just sufficiently high to show us the feet and knees of the Goddess of Peace."

Evening Standard.

"The famous flood-test of the Parisian, the stone ouave on the Bridge of Alma, is in water up to his waist."—*Provincial Paper.*

Surely an understatement. The "ouave" seems to have had his Z washed away.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"James put his cold hands in his pockets and buttoned up his coat collar before turning out to his work."—*Weekly Paper.*

This is not so easy as it sounds.



Teuton (released after internment for the duration, to old business friend who is trying to avoid him). "WELL, MINE FRIENT, AND WHERE HAF YOU PEEN HIDING YOURSELF THE LAST FOUR OR FIFE YEARS?"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"COME, all you young seamen, take heed now to me,
A hard-case old sailorman bred to the sea,
As sailed the seas over afore you was born,
An' learned 'em by heart from the Hook to the Horn.

"Don't hold by the ratlines when going aloft
(Which I 've told you afore but can't tell you too oft),
Or you 'll strike one that 's rotten as sure as you live,
And it 's too late to learn when you 've once felt it give;
If you don't hit the bulwarks you 'll sure hit the sea,
For them rotten ratlines—they 're the devil," says he.

"Now if you should see, as you like enough may,
When tramping the docks for a ship some fine day,
A spanking full-rigger just ready for sea,
And think she 's just all that a hooker should be,
Take 'eed you don't ship with a skipper that drinks—
You 'd better by half play at fan-tan with Chinks!—
For that 'll mean nothing but muddle an' mess,
It may be much more and it can't be much less,
What with wrangling and jangling to drive a man daft,
And rank bad dis-cip-line both forrard and aft,
A ship that 's ill-found and a crew out of 'and,
And a touch-and-go chance she may never reach land,
But go down in a squall or broach to in a sea,
For them drunken skippers—they 're the devil," says he.

"And if you go further and pause to admire
A ship that 's as neat as your heart could desire,
As smart as a frigate aloft and alow,
Her brasswork like gold and her planking like snow,
Look round for a mate by whose twang it is plain
That his home port is somewhere round Boston or Maine,
With a jaw that 's the cut of a square block of wood,
And beat it, my son, while the going is good!
There 'll be scraping and scouring from morning till night
To keep that brass shiny and keep them decks white,
And belaying-pin soup both for dinner and tea,
For them smart down-easters—they 're the devil," says he.

"But if by good fortune you chance for to get
A ship that ain't hungry or wicked or wet,
That answers her hellum both a-weather and lee,
Goes well on a bowline and well running free,
A skipper that 's neither a fool nor a brute,
And mates not too free with the toe of their boot,
A sails and a bo'sun that 's bred to their trade,
And a slush with a notion how vittles is made,
And a crowd that ain't half of 'em Dagoes or Dutch,
Or Mexican greasers or niggers or such,
You stick to her close as you would to your wife,
She 's the sort that you only find once in your life;
And ships is like women, you take it from me,
That, if they *are* bad 'uns, they 're the devil," says he.

C. F. S.

"With regard to prison labour, it is stated that the manufacture of war stories had continued to employ every available inmate."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

We had wondered where some of them came from.



SOUNDING THE "ALL CLEAR."

WITH GRATEFUL COMPLIMENTS TO THE GALLANT VOLUNTEERS OF THE BRITISH MINE CLEARANCE FORCE.



"Hullo, George! And when's the War going to be over, eh?"

THE QUESTIONABLE ALIEN.

William, my hitherto unventuresome friend William, is going abroad. I cannot be certain why. Perhaps he no longer feels his heroism equal to the strain of living in a country fit for heroes. It may be that he has unwittingly incubated a bacillus which figures in novels as the "Call of the Wild." Anyhow, William is going abroad—so much so that, if he went any farther, he would be on his way home again.

I need not say that I felt called upon to help William through this trying period, and our preparations proceeded satisfactorily until the clever geographers who arrange these things nowadays discovered that William could fetch the Far East by way of the Far West. Then the international complications set in. First, William's passport—a healthy enough document at the start—had to be carried round the diplomatic quarter of London until it broke out into a thick rash of supplementary *visas*. Next we sought out the moneychangers in their dens, to transmute William's viaticum bit by bit into four foreign currencies. Then a Great Power through whose territory William will have to pass apparently was nervous of his approach and instituted a grand inquisition into the status and antecedents of the Alien (William).

We unfolded the paper on our table and stared at it aghast. Its area was rather less than a square yard; in colour it favoured the yolk of bad eggs; while all over its broad expanse were ruled compartments, half of them filled with questions that no gentleman would ask another, the other half left blank for William's indignant replies. We managed with great difficulty to squeeze into the panel provided all his baptismal titles there are four of these besides "William"—and then attacked the first real poser:—

Are you in possession of 100 dollars, or less? If less, by how much?

William groaned. "Reach me down Todhunter's Arithmetic, will you?" said he.

I did so, and turned up the Money Market page of our daily paper. Nothing was heard for the next five minutes but grunts and sighs of despair. We then gave it up on the understanding that William must make a point of winning heavily at bridge—or would it be euchre?—on the way across.

Have you ever been in the territory of the Great Power before?

"No," breathed William devoutly, "and, please Heaven, it shan't occur again!"

What is your reason for coming now?

"I suppose I'd better tell the truth," he said; "they'll never believe me if I say I've come to put Dempsey up to that right drive of Carpentier's."

Were you ever in prison, an almshouse, or an institution for the treatment of the insane? If so, which?

"Take your time, William," I said; "think carefully."

He gave a bitter laugh. "Do they want to know *all* the gaols and asylums I've been in," he asked, "or only the more recent?

Are you a polygamist?

William turned deathly pale. He then fixed me with a terrible stare of accusation and reproach.

"No, no, William," I protested frantically, "I assure you on my honour that *I* haven't been talking."

This assurance calmed him somewhat. Bit by bit the



Runner. "BEAUTIFUL SCENT IN COVER TO-DAY, SIR."
Post-War Sportsman. "OH—ER—IS THERE? I HAVEN'T NOTICED IT, BUT I'VE GOT A COLD IN MY HEAD."

colour came back to his cheeks and at length he was able to remark more hopefully: "Well, there's this to be said for it, most of my wives are sportswomen. I don't *think* they'll give me away."

Are you an anarchist?

"No," answered William frankly, "but I possess a brother-in-law who has leanings towards Rosicrucianism. Next, please."

The next was a very searching, legally-worded inquiry. It demanded at great length to be informed whether William was a person who advocated the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the Great Power, or all forms of Law, or believed in the propriety of assassinating any or every officer of the Great Power because of his official character.

William took up the paper-knife with an expression of sheer animal ferocity. "Yes," he hissed, "the whole lot. Torturing them, too!"—and fell back into his chair with peal upon peal of maniacal laughter.

* * * * * * *

William was practically a wreck before the inquisition came to an end. He had not even sufficient spirit left to fly at me for entering his distinguishing marks as "a general air of honesty, tempered by a slight inward squint."

"The Board of Trade have awarded a silver cup to Mr. John Bruce, D.S.C., skipper of the steam drifter *Pansy*, of Wick, in recognition of the promptitude and ability with which he rescued the domestic servant, Strawberry Bank, Hardgate, pleaded guilty to having bemusic, stolen a gold safety pin, a fountain pen, two pairs of gloves, two blouses and several other articles of clothing."—*Fishing News.*

We never believe these fishing stories.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

II.—THE DIAGNOSIS.

WHEN Jimmy, our small but significant son,
  Is prey of a temper capricious and hot,
And tires of a project as soon as begun,
  And wants what he hasn't, and hates what he's got,
A dutiful father, I ponder and brood,
  Essaying by reason and logic to find
The radical cause of the juvenile mood
  In the intricate growth of the juvenile mind.

But women and reason were never allies;
  The rule of a mother is logic of thumb;
The trouble concerns, she is quick to surmise,
    His rum-ti-tiddily-um-ti-tum.

O woman (though angel in moments of pain,
  When angels of pity are most *à propos*),
Why, why won't you listen when husbands explain
  The things they have thought and the knowledge they know?
And why do you smile when they beg to repeat?
  And why are you bored when they make it all clear?
And why do you label their emphasis "heat,"
  And bid them "Be careful; the servants may hear"?

The argument leaves me, though ever more sure,
  Reproachful and angry and sullen and dumb:
It leaves her reforming my diet, to cure
    My rum-ti-tiddily-um-ti-tum. HENRY.

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ANIMAL HELPS.

(By a Student of Domestic Economy.)

Living in a remote country district, where the difficulty of obtaining servants is at present insurmountable—the nearest "pictures" are twelve miles off—I have been much impressed and encouraged by two letters in recent issues of *The Spectator*. One describes a Bloomsbury grocer's cat that bought her own cat's-meat; another recounts the exploits of a spaniel belonging to a house painter and glazier at Yarmouth (Isle of Wight), which, if given a penny, would immediately amble off to a grocer's shop and purchase a cake.

Viewed in their true perspective, these exhibitions of animal intelligence seem to indicate fruitful possibilities of the employment of our dumb friends to assist us in these trying times. Many years ago I remember reading of a baboon which discharged the duties of a railway porter at a station in Cape Colony with great efficiency. I have unfortunately mislaid the reference, but so far as I can remember no mention was made of wages or tips; consequently the importation and employment of skilled simian labour on a large scale might go a long way towards reducing the expenses of our railway system.

But in view of certain obvious difficulties it is perhaps better to restrict our attention to the sphere of domestic service and farm labour. And here I would urge with all the power at my command the employment of the elephant. The greatest burden of household work is the washing of plates, and this is a task which elephants are peculiarly well fitted to undertake; also the cleaning of windows without the use of a ladder. A well-trained and amiable elephant, again, would enable parents to dispense with a perambulator. I admit that the initial outlay might be considerable, but the longevity of elephants is notorious, and it would always be possible to hire them out to travelling menageries.

Another neglected asset is the well-known aptitude shown by poodles for digging out truffles, an accomplishment of which I often read in my youth. If truffles, why not potatoes?

The extraordinary intelligence and affectionate disposition of the runner duck has often been commented on by our serious weeklies, but so far little attempt has been made to turn these qualities to practical account. They forage for themselves. Why should they not be taught to do so for their owners as well?

One more point and I have done. Greek and Latin are going or gone, but a modicum of Mathematics seems to be indispensable to the modern curriculum. The domestic pig has on many occasions shown a capacity for mastering simple arithmetical processes, and we know that the pupil always ends by bettering his master. Under a more enlightened humane *régime* I confidently look forward to the time when our children will learn the Rule of Three, not from highly-paid and incompetent governesses, but from unsalaried porcine instructors, trained in the best Montessorian methods.



Visitor. "How is Mrs. Brown to-day?" *Maid.* "Well 'm, she ebbs and flows."

Our Plutocratic Sportsmen.

"A gold course is being laid out in Ryde House Park, Isle of Wight."—*Sunday Paper.*

The New Rich.

"Working Man (36) requires Lodgings, full or part board; car ride or convenient Rolls-Royce."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Lady requires gentleman Chauffeur, repair and clean car; good dancer."—*Times.*

One who can "reverse," it is hoped.

"Considering the greatness of the provocation, Centralia, Wash., yesterday showed a calmness worthy of an American community. There were no further attempts at lynching after the hanging of the secretary of the I.W.W. organisation on Tuesday night."
American Paper.

Oh, my friends, let us strive to emulate the calmness of Centralia, Wash.

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—A Merry Christmas to you! A bit late, you say? On the contrary, in plenty of time. It is next Christmas I am referring to. Over there, in your tropical land, when the sun stings your skin through your shirt and the sand blisters your feet through your boot-soles, when you butter your bread with a soup-ladle and the mercury boils merrily in the barometer, then, vainly pawing the air for mosquitoes with one hand and reaching for the siphon with the other, you gasp, "Gad! it must be getting on for Christmas-time."

But over here in England, where the seasons wheel round without any appreciable difference in temperature, where, if it were not for the gentleman who writes the calendars, nobody would know whether to wear straw-hats or snow-shoes, Christmas comes sneaking up behind you and grabs you by the pocket before you have time to dodge. "Christmas Eve already!" you exclaim. "Christmas Eve! and there's dear old Tom in Penang and good old Dick in Patagonia and poor old Harry in Princetown, and I've not written a word of cheer to any of them and now have no time to do so." That's what happened to me this year, anyhow; but I'm determined it shall not occur again, so—A Merry Christmas to you, Ginger.

This my first Yule in the Old Country, after many in foreign climes, was not an unqualified success. On the morning of Christmas Eve I went for a walk and lost myself. After wading through bog systems and bramble entanglements for some hours I came out behind a spinney and there spied a small urchin with red cheeks and a red woollen muffler standing beneath a holly-tree. On sighting me he gave vent to a loud and piteous howl. I asked him where his pain was, and he replied that he wanted some holly for decorations, but was too short to reach it. I thereupon swarmed the shrub, plucked and tossed the richly berried boughs to the poor little chap. In return he showed me where I lived—which indeed was not two hundred yards distant, but concealed by the thicket.

Later in the day Edward came in to tea, much annoyed. Bolshevism, he declared, was within our gates. He had been out to collect Christmas decorations in his own private fenced spinney, and confound it if some scoundrels hadn't been and gone and stripped his pet holly-tree of every twig! Anarchy was yapping at the door.

The Aunt soothed him, saying she had that very afternoon purchased a supply of splendid holly from a sweet little boy who had come round hawking it at sixpence a bough. I asked her if by any chance the dear little fellow had worn a red woollen comforter, and was not surprised when I heard that he had.

No sooner had I fallen asleep that same night than I was aroused by an extraordinary din. I lay there, comatose and semi-conscious in the pitchy darkness, and wondered what had happened. Presently I distinguished the bray of trumps, and I knew. "Golly!" I whispered to myself, "I'm dead. Cheer-o!" Then I recollected something I had read concerning ye sports and customs of ye Ancient British and decided it must be "Waits." I crept to the window and by a glow of lanterns beheld the St. Gwithian Independent Brass Band grouped round the porch, blasting "Christians, awake!" through their brazen fog-horns. I fumbled about on the dressing-table, missed the matches but found a half-crown. "Take that and trot!" I snarled, hurling it at them with all my strength. The coin hit the trombone a glancing blow on the snout, ricochetted off the bassoon and bounded into the rockery.

The music stopped abruptly as the bandsmen swarmed in pursuit of fortune. In half-an-hour's time they had pulled all Edward's cherished sedums and saxifrages up by the roots and turned over most of the smaller rocks without discovering the treasure. A conference in loud idiomatic Cornish then took place, with the result that two musicians were despatched to a neighbouring farm for picks, crow-bars and more lanterns; the remainder squatted on the flower-beds and whiled away the time of waiting by blasting "Good King Wenceslas" to the patient stars.

In due course the messengers returned and the quarrying of the rockery began in earnest. By 4.15 A.M. they had most of it littered over the drive, but had struck some granite boulders which defied even the crowbars. A further conference was then held, but at this point Edward made a dramatic appearance, clad in lilac pyjamas, odd boots and a kimono of the Aunt's, which he had worn as King Alfred in some charades the night before, and in the darkness had donned in mistake for his dressing-gown. His address was impassioned and moving, but had no effect on the Waits, who could only be persuaded to abandon their silver mine at the price of a second half-crown.

A day or so before Christmas I began to notice that everybody was getting presents—everybody except me, that is. This caused me pain. It gave the impression that I was not appreciated. I took thought for a space, then rode into Penzance, bought several articles I had been wanting for some time, wrote a few affectionate notes in disguised handwriting, such as "With dearest love from Flossie," "With hugs and kisses from Ermyntrude," etc., enclosed them with the articles, addressed and posted them to myself and rode home again.

On Christmas morning I opened them in public with a vast flourish, and left the touching little dedications lying carelessly about where anybody could read them. From the glances of wonder and respect which flashed at me from all sides I gathered that everybody did. The sensation was both novel and pleasing. One parcel, however, there was which I had not sent myself. It had been forwarded on by the "Punch" Office, marked, "Please do not crush," and carefully tied and sealed. My heart leapt. "By Jove!" said I, "a genuine Christmas present. Somebody loves me after all. Perhaps a duchess has sent me her tiara."

With trembling fingers I unlaced the strings. The household crowded about me, panting with envy and excitement. Reverently I folded the multitudinous wrappings back and revealed a very old, very dilapidated silk slipper, severely busted at the toe and stuffed with sticky sweets, a small female doll, and a note—"With all best wishes to PATLANDER for a happy Christmas, and many thanks for useful hints contained in *Punch* issue, December 10th, 1919."

I may remind you that in the issue mentioned was an epistle from me to you recommending the Post as a means of disposing of rubbish, with special reference to worn-out foot-gear. I only wish I knew who played this trick on me, Ginger; I would like to give him something in return—say an old footer-boot—with my foot inside.

Thine in sorrow, PATLANDER.

New Golfing Records.

"Mr. —— then holed his fourth for a three."—*Sunday Paper.*

"—— played very fine golf on the outward journey and stood 5 up at the second hole."
Evening Paper.

We suppose that in each case the player's opponent wasn't looking.

From a sale catalogue:—

"Pretty Light Grey Georgette Jumper, trimmed Grey Wool and Saxe Blue.
Usually 5 gns. 6½ gns."

No wonder they call it a jumper.

"ST. ——'S CHURCH.
6.30 p.m.—Preacher: The Vicar.
7.45 p.m.—Bach's Church Cantata, 'Sleepers, Wake.'"
Provincial Paper.

We suspect the organist of being a bit of a wag.



Slightly deaf Footman (announcing each guest in character). "Mr. Jones—the Last of the Bandies."

THE WHAT-NOT.

"Look here," I said, "this is indeed serious. The what-not's moulting."

"It's been like that for a long time," said Anna. "But I suppose it's getting worse."

"I'm afraid so. And we *must* have something reliable," I said, "to stand dishes and things on at meals. We can't pile them all on the table at once like a cairn. To tell you the truth," I added, "I've had my eye on an old oak dresser at Smalley's for a long time. It would be a good investment—at a price."

"Yes," said Anna; "but I suppose the price would be the earth and the fulness thereof."

"That is precisely what I propose to find out, and if they'll take anything less than thirty pounds it's ours. In the meantime," I added, "we'll dope the poor old what-not with furniture cream and see about driving it to market."

There are two accepted methods of dealing at old furniture shops. The first is to approach them, well-groomed, be-ringed and perfumed, smoking a jewelled gasper and entering the shop with a circular movement of the arm to expose the gold wrist-watch that *will* crawl up the sleeve at wrong moments, and to ask in a commanding voice, "How much is the—ah—oak-dresser—what?"

The presiding genius (and being a dealer he is usually a genius), who had really ticketed the article thirty pounds, approaches it, removes the ticket by a little sleight-of-hand and says, "Thirty-eight guineas, Sir," without a blush (the dealer who blushes is hounded from the ring). This method of dealing is direct action of the most dangerous kind.

The other method, and the one I most usually adopt, I can best illustrate by detailing my interview with the proprietor of Smalley's on the occasion when I went dressering.

I sidled into the shop in garments carefully selected from my pre-ward-robe and wearing a vacant expression. Picking up a piece of china I examined it carefully, turning it upside down, as though to search for a pottery mark, which I probably should never have recognised.

"H'm, not bad," I said.

"One of the best bits of Dresden I've ever had," said the dealer. "I want——"

"Ah, German," I said, putting the thing down hurriedly as though it might be mined. "It may be a good piece, but—what is the price of that brass fender?"

"Seven-ten, old Dutch and a bargain," said the dealer laconically.

"But probably wouldn't fit the fire-place in my mind. Though," I added to myself, "it might fit the one in our dining-room."

I thought it about time to notice the dresser, not to attempt to buy it yet—oh dear no, but merely to fire the first shot in the campaign as it were.

"What kind of a dresser do you call this?" I said. "Slightly moth-eaten, isn't it?"

"That's nothing; merely age. It's Welsh," he added, "and a beauty. I wish I could get hold of more like it. Look at those legs; I'll guarantee you won't—— Excuse me, Sir."

An immaculately dressed individual had entered the shop, and the gentleman trading as Smalley called an assistant to serve him. By the time he returned to me I had wandered far into the recesses of the emporium and was

busily examining a walnut stool with a woolwork seat.

"You haven't one like this in oak, I suppose? This one," I said, "would hardly suite my suit. That sounds wrong, but you apprehend my meaning."

"I haven't," he said simply. I could see that he was tiring rapidly, but wasn't absolutely ripe for plucking.

So I priced about a dozen pieces of china, admired several pictures and pieces of Stuart needlework, descanted on the beauties of a set of wheatear chairs, pulled a small rosewood table about until its claw and ball feet nearly dropped off from exhaustion, and finally led him back to the Welsh dresser.

"What's the price of the Scotsman?" I said easily, having seen thirty guineas on the ticket during the preliminary examination.

"Twenty-nine pounds to you," he said wearily. He evidently knew the strict rules of the game.

"But look at those legs," I said. "They're frightfully bent, aren't they?"

"That's one of the best features about it," he said. "Real Queen Anne, those legs are."

"Oh, were hers like that? I didn't know," I said. "Look here, I'll give you twenty-eight pounds, spot cash."

"Very well," he said. "I like to do business."

"I beg pardon," said a voice behind me, which, in turning, I discovered to belong to the assistant, "but that dresser's sold. The gentleman who's just left bought it."

As I was looking for the ticket (which had disappeared), I couldn't help overhearing the assistant's aside to his employer.

"Thirty-five guineas cash," he said.

There is something, after all, to be said for direct action.

"OLD FOLKS' TEA.

On the day of the party the Chief Constable has arranged for a staff of Special Constables to escort home any person requiring assistance."—*Provincial Paper.*

This bears out what has recently appeared about the terrible results of the tea-drinking habit.

"Wanted.—Skates and Boots for Leghorn Pullets."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

They need a lot of exercise in the cold weather.

AT THE PLAY.

"Cinderella."

It is a very delicate task that the annual pantomime imposes upon Mr. Arthur Collins. He has to "surpass himself," but he must not do it once for all or he would rob the critics of their most cherished phrase. He reminds me of the constructors of our Atlantic "greyhounds," each longer by a yard or two than the last, each swifter by a fraction of a knot, each with a few more tons displacement, all pronounced to be the final word in scientific invention, yet all reserving something for the next time.

Certainly the present year marks an advance in one respect at least—that the grotesque and the beautiful are kept reasonably apart; the lovely colour-scheme, for instance, of the garden in Fairyland is undisturbed by any element of buffoonery. There was a revival too of topical allusiveness after the reticence proper to war-time; and the Geddes family must be justifiably flattered by their admission to a choric refrain.

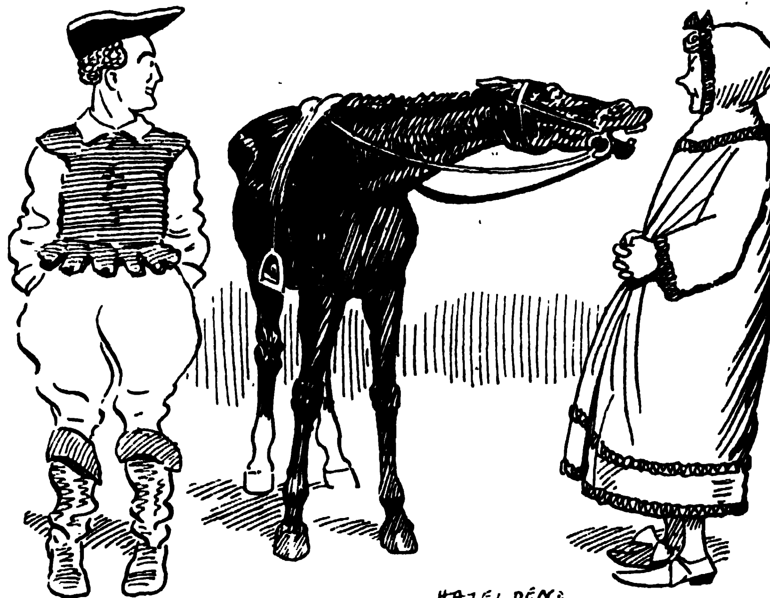
The humour, of which Mr. Stanley Lupino bore the brunt, was here and there a little thin, and it is time that somebody let the Management of Drury Lane into the open secret that the pun, as an instrument of mirth, has long been a portion of the dreadful past. Mr. Will Evans, as the *Baroness Beauxchamps*, seldom let himself go, being no doubt held in restraint by a consciousness of his resemblance to Miss Ellen Terry. Not enough chance was given to Miss Lily Long (the *Elder Sister*), who has a very nice sense of fun. As for Mr. Claff, who played the operatic *Baron*, his most humorous moment was when he meant to be most serious. This was in a song in praise of *Prince Charming*, "featuring" H.R.H. in a portrait curiously unlike the original.

The two most effective incidents were borrowed from the Circus and the Halls. Mr. Du Calion, who had no other very obvious claims to play the part of a humorous courtier, did his famous ladder-feat—a perfectly gratuitous performance. for, though he was supposed to be rescuing *Cinderella* through a top-storey window, she had the good sense to descend by the staircase, having ignored, as is the way of Love, the locked door that made this impossible.

The other imported business was the work of a black horse, who preserved an expression of extreme gravity and detached boredom during the play of human wit around his person, dissimulating his own superior gifts of humour until called upon to illustrate them with some excellent circus-tricks.

On the sentimental side, Miss Marie Blanche, obedient to the inexorable tradition that a young hero of pantomime must be a woman, played *Prince Charming* with the right manners that makyth man; and as *Cinderella* Miss Florence Smithson once more breathed that air of innocence which still remains unstaled by years of steady addiction to the heroine habit. Her vocal intrusions, always well received, were not always well timed; certainly it was an error of judgment to insert a solo at the cross-roads after she had told us that she hadn't a moment to spare if she was to get home from the ball before the rest of the family. But here again it was a matter of obedience to some unwritten and inscrutable law of pantomime which it is not for us, the profane, to question.

And in this spirit I tender a grateful acknowledgment not only of the good things that my intelligence could appreciate in this lavish entertainment, but also of the other things that I can never hope to understand. O. S.

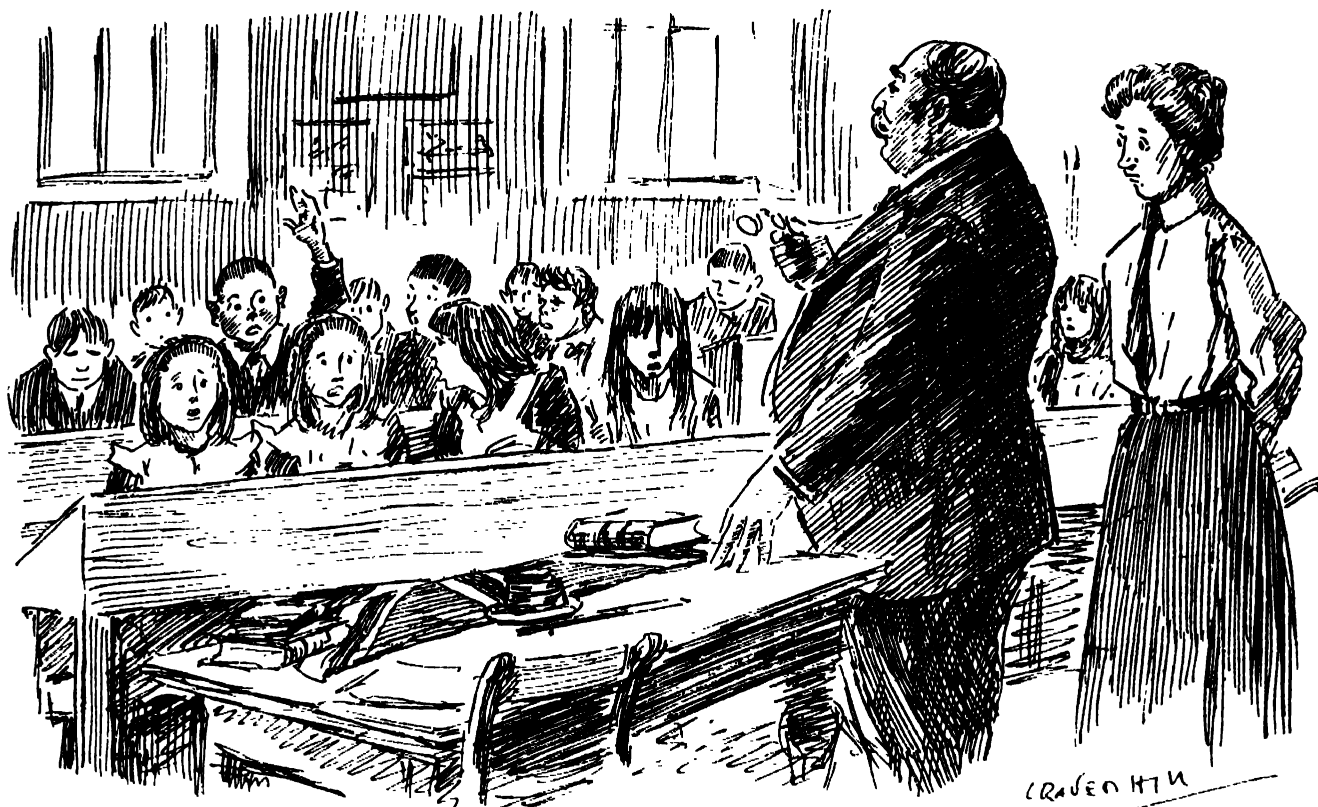


A HORSE-SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Pipchin . . . . Mr. Stanley Lupino.
Baroness Beauxchamps . . . . Mr. Will Evans.

Commercial Candour.

"Good Boots 25/-
No Better . . . . 37/6."



Speaker (endeavouring to cultivate a patriotic spirit in the young). "AND NOW, CHILDREN, IF YOU SAW OUR GLORIOUS FLAG WAVING TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK? (*Prolonged pause.*) COME, COME, WHAT WOULD YOU — WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?"

Small Boy. "PLEASE, ZUR, THE WIND WERE BLOWIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"I remember, I remember . . ." Still on every side echoes the poet's cry, while scarce a publisher but can prove that the thoughts of age make long, long books. Certainly not the shortest of these, but among the most readable, is *A Medley of Memories* (ARNOLD), in which the Right Rev. Sir DAVID HUNTER-BLAIR has embodied the recollections of his very active career as Benedictine monk and a leading figure in the world of British Catholicism. Eton, Oxford, Rome, and (of course) his own famous monastery at Fort Augustus, are the chief scenes of it; and about them all Sir DAVID talks vividly, even brilliantly. I am not saying that all this pleasant garrulity would not have been the better for the blue pencil, especially in those chapters in which the writer's memory dwells almost to excess upon the births, marriages, deaths and dinner-parties of the orthodox Peerage. Elsewhere, however, Sir DAVID finds occasion in plenty for the exercise of a wit so dextrously handled that often his thrust is delivered before you have realized that the rapier has left its sheath. I had marked a score of examples for quotation (and now have space for none) and twice as many good stories. In the Oxford recollections it was pleasant to renew my own lively memories of a certain notorious lecture by Mr. WALTER WALSH on Ritualistic Societies, when violence was narrowly averted by the tactful chairmanship of the present LORD CHANCELLOR—a lecture from which (as Mr. BELLOC observed at the time) "each member of the large audience departed confirmed and strengthened in whatever convictions he might previously have entertained." I sincerely hope that Sir DAVID has yet in store for us those latter-day gleanings which he has been compelled to dismiss for the present as being too recent for print.

Mr. G. B. STERN has set himself to study with sympathy and a candour which extenuates nothing the Jew in England in the circumstances of war, and in particular the Jew of German origin completely loyal to the country of his adoption, but suspected and persecuted by such simple folk (and journals) as are content to put their faith in equally simple proverbs about leopards and spots. I suppose if *Children of No Man's Land* (DUCKWORTH) has a hero and heroine you will find them in *Richard Marcus* and his sister *Deborah*. Young *Richard*, passionately English, with all the simple unquestioning loyalty of the public school boy, counts the months to the day when he can testify to this by bearing arms in his country's defence, but finds nothing open but internment or (by much wangling) a possible niche in a Labour battalion. *Deborah's* adventures are chiefly of the heart, or what passes for the heart with a common type of modern girl anxious to wring every sensation out of life that playing with fire can give. It does not do to betray one's age by expressing too confidently the idea that much of all the goings-on of *Deborah* and her friends *Gillian* and *Antonia* seems impossible. Mr. STERN certainly writes as if he knew what he was writing about, and there is so rich an exuberance in the way he crowds his canvas, and so much humour expressed and repressed in his point of view, that I found this a distinctly entertaining and instructive book.

Living Bayonets: A Record of the Last Push (LANE) is a fourth of the enthusiastic and fiery war-books of that eminently enthusiastic and inextinguishably fiery warrior-author, Lieutenant CONINGSBY DAWSON, of the Canadian

Field Artillery. If he evinces, blatantly at times, the motives and perspective of the propagandist, he is justified by the fact that he most ardently practised the Hun hatred which he preaches. He states that he enjoyed the dangers and discomforts of so doing, and his assertion is proved to be a true one by his having returned again and again to the fray, notwithstanding every excuse and temptation to leave it. The book follows on after his *Khaki Courage*, and is also in the form of letters to his people at home. It takes up the narrative at April 14th, 1917, and carries it to the triumphant end. When, by reason of his wounds, he had to leave the Front and work in London and elsewhere, he naturally lost touch with the real business of the battle; even after his return to the Front in April, 1918, his letters lack their original sense of actuality, and I, reading them, began to wonder if he was ever going to recover his former style. Happily he does so, and with his letter of July 11th he gives a striking picture of a terrible incident of war, of which I don't remember to have read before, but, as I read it now, I seem to be witnessing it myself. From this point on he steadily develops his best, so that he ends on a fitting climax to all his writings of the War in his long final letter of October 6th —propaganda unashamed. The book should be thrust under the noses of those pacifists who now labour to minimise the past and to magnify the virtue and the value of their personal loving-kindness.

It has ever been my misfortune that the presence in a story of two characters confusably alike, or a setting within drowning distance of a tide-race, will produce in me an almost insuperable sense of its having been "made on purpose." I had therefore a double stroke of bad luck in finding both these elements present in *The Splendid Fairing* (MILLS AND BOON). But the more credit to Miss CONSTANCE HOLME that, despite my increasing conviction that the wrong prodigal would return, and that the powers of nature were throughout almost visibly preparing to engulf him, the gentle and unforced power of her story did hold my attention till the final wave. Distinction shown in apparent absence of effort would, I think, be my verdict on her writing; she clearly knows her Northern farmer-folk with the sympathy of intimate experience. I hope I have not already suggested too much of the plot, a little tragedy of the commonplace dealing with the relations between two farming brothers, of whom the younger prospers while the elder fails, and the life-long jealousies of their women. Miss HOLME works, one may say, on a minute scale; the short but simple annals of the poor interest her to the extent of providing an entire volume of three hundred odd pages from the events of a single day. But though now and then the old Northern counsel to "get eendways wi' it" does hover in the background of one's mind I repeat that sincerity carries the thing through. For all that, however, *The Splendid Fairing* did but confirm me in a previous impression that these Mary-call-the-cattle-home localities must remain more convenient to the local colourist than attractive to the inhabitants.



Customer. "MAY I LOOK AT THAT TWELVE-GUINEA SUIT IN THE WINDOW? (*Catching sight of ticket*) GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S TWELVE POUNDS THIRTEEN NOW."

Tailor. "YESSIR—A BRIGHT LITTLE NOTION OF OURS, IF I MAY SAY SO. A TICKER ATTACHED, LIKE THOSE THINGS IN THE TAXICABS, TO KEEP THE PRICE UP-TO-DATE."

The publication, as a foreword, of a "Glossary of Native Words" used in the text made me wonder whether I should be bored or instructed, or both, by *The Death Drum* (HURST AND BLACKETT). Most happily I was neither. Miss MARGARET PETERSON has built her novel, perhaps a trifle hastily, about a quite uncommon theme and given it, in Uganda, a quite uncommon setting. It is the story of a half-caste who marries a white girl in order to avenge, in her degradation, his sister whom the English girl's brother had betrayed. I must not say that *Tom Davis*, the half-caste, is too much a white man—for Miss PETERSON, to do her justice, has distributed goodness and badness among her blacks and whites with a quite impartial hand—but he is too fine a fellow to carry out his own plan, and, before he has done any lasting harm to the girl he has come to love, he takes himself, by way of a native rising, to a lotus-covered lake, and so out of her life. It seems a pity that the happiness of the story's end couldn't include *Tom*, but his ancestry effectually barred the way, and Miss PETERSON has had to rely upon a very strong and not quite silent Englishman of the best type for her satisfactory finish.

Few authors have a shrewder idea than Mr. P. G WODEHOUSE of what the British and American public want in the way of humour, and I do not know anyone more determined to supply their requirements. He would be a dull fellow indeed who did not appreciate the high spirits and humorous situations to be found in *A Damsel in Distress* (JENKINS). It is no small feat to maintain a riot of irresponsible fun for more than three hundred pages, but Mr. WODEHOUSE gets going at once, and keeps up the pace to the end without even a pause to get his second wind. If some of the characters—a ridiculous peer, his more ridiculous sister and his most ridiculous butler—are of the "stock" variety, Mr. WODEHOUSE's way of treating them is always fresh and amusing. But in his next frolic I beseech him to give golf and its tiresome lingo a complete rest.

"Straying.—Wm. ——, for allowing three houses to stray on the highway, was fined 20s."—*Local Paper.*

In these days landlords cannot be too careful.

CHARIVARIA.

THE PREMIER, says a contemporary, has become greatly attached to a white terrier puppy that he brought with him from Colwyn Bay. The report that it has been taught to run after its own tail by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself is probably the work of malice.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the tenant of an experimental wooden house who is advertising for the assistance of the man who successfully held up a post-office in London about a fortnight ago.

* * *

A London carman is said to have summoned his neighbour for calling him an O.B.E. We are sure he could not have meant it.

* * *

"The most hygienic dress for all boys is the Scots kilt," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. "My own boys wear nothing else." We are glad to see that the obsolete Highland practice of muffling the ears in a cairngorm has been definitely discarded.

* * *

According to a contemporary a new form of road surface material, which is not injurious to fish, has been produced by the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The utilisation of some of the deeper cavities in our highways for the purpose of food production has long been a favourite theme of ours.

* * *

"Having a tooth drawn," says a writer in *Health Hints*, "has its advantages." It certainly tends to keep one's mind off the Coalition.

* * *

Two men have been charged at Sutton with selling water for whisky. People are now asking the exact date when this was first made an offence.

* * *

At the present time a missionary costs twice as much as before the War, says the Rev. W. J. FULLERTON. Many a cassowary has been complaining bitterly of the high cost of this comestible.

* * *

A new tango will be danced for the first time on January 15th, says *The Daily Express*. For ourselves we shall try to go about our business just as if nothing really serious had happened.

Asked by the magistrate if her husband had threatened her, a Stratford woman replied, "No; he only said he would kill me." Almost any little thing seems to irritate some people.

* * *

It appears that, after reading various references about his trial in the London papers, the ex-Kaiser was heard to say that if we were not very careful he would wash his hands of the whole business.

* * *

There is a lot of wishy-washy talk about the Bolshevists, says a Labour paper. Wishy, perhaps, but from what we see of their pictures in the papers, not washy.

* * *

"Supplies of string for letter mailbags," says *The Post Office Circular*, "will in future be 19 inches in length, instead of 18 inches." It is the ability to think out things like this that has made us the nation we are to-day.

* * *

Offers are invited in a contemporary for a large quantity of tiger skins. People should first make sure that the rest of the tiger has been properly removed before purchasing.

* * *

The composer of an American ragtime song is to have a statue erected to him in New York. It is hoped that this warning will have the desired effect on any composers in this country who may be tempted to commit a similar error.

* * *

We understand that, after several weeks of careful investigation into details, the special Committee appointed by the Government to deal with Germany's refusal to pay for her sunken fleet at Scapa have now recommended that no receipt should be given until the money is handed over.

* * *

"You will soon be able to get work," said the Kingston magistrate to a man summoned for income-tax. This is the sort of thoughtless remark that tends to embitter the unemployed.

* * *

According to an evening paper, Granny LAMBERT, of Edmonton, proposed to the reporter who visited her on her one-hundred and-sixth birthday. As, however, she is experiencing some difficulty in obtaining the consent of her parents the affair may possibly fall through.

* * *

Much sympathy is felt for the scrum-half who will be unable to assist his team this month on account of being severely crocked whilst helping his wife at the Winter sales.

* * *

The London policeman who went across to Ireland for his Christmas holiday is still under strict observation by mental experts.

* * *

We hear that the Congo Government have now decided that all Brontosauri must in future carry a red front light and a green rear light when travelling at night-time.

* * *

The War Office is said to be making preparations to abolish the Tank Corps. It appears that the Major-General who recently drove from Whitehall to Tothill Street in one of these vehicles has reported unfavourably upon them, saying that he never got a wink of sleep the whole time.

* * *

A remarkable echo of Armageddon is reported from the Wimbledon district. A subscriber was rung up the other day by "Trunks" and asked if he still wished to say good-bye to himself before leaving for the Somme.

* * *

Thistles do more damage to agriculture than rats, declared the Montgomeryshire Agricultural Executive Committee. Stung by this uncalled-for attack on his national vegetable a Scotchman writes to say that within his knowledge more arable land has been laid waste by leeks than by any other noxious weed.



Professor's Wife. "SEPTIMUS, THE THAW HAS BURST THE PIPES."
Professor. "NO, NO, MARIE. AS I'VE HAD OCCASION TO EXPLAIN TO YOU EVERY YEAR SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, IT'S THE FROST THAT BURSTS THE PIPES—*NOT* THE THAW."

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

["Who will help the Disposal Board by starting some new fashion that would enable it to get rid of a great consignment of kilts as worn by the London Scottish, the Royal Scots and the Highland Light Infantry?"—*Mrs. KELLAWAY on the Disposal Board's "Curiosity Shop."*]

THERE are who hanker for a touch of colour,
So to relieve their sombre air;
For me, I like my clothes to be much duller
Than what the nigger minstrels wear;
I hold by sable, drab and grey;
I do not wish to be a popinjay.

In vain my poor imagination grapples
With these new lines in fancy shades,
These purple evening coats with yellow lapels,
These vests composed in flowered brocades;
Nor can I think that noisy checks
Would help me to attract the other sex.

With gaudy schemes that rouse my solemn dander
I leave our frivolous youth to flirt;
A riband round my straw—for choice, Leander;
A subtle nuance in my shirt;
For tie, the colours of my school—
These are the limits of my austere rule.

But, when they'd have me swathe the clamorous tartan
In lieu of trousers round my waist,
Then they evoke the spirit of the Spartan
Inherent in my simple taste;
Inexorably I decline
To drape the kilt on any hips of mine.

It may be they will count me over-modest,
Deem me Victorian, dub me prude;
I may have early views, the very oddest,
On what is chaste and what is rude;
Yet am I certain that my leg
Would not look right beneath a filibeg.

I love the Scot as being truly British;
Golf (and the Union) makes us one;
Yet to my nature, which is far from skittish
And lacks his local sense of fun,
There is a something almost foreign
About his strange attachment to the sporran.

So, when a bargain-sale is held of chattels
Surviving from the recent War—
Textiles and woollens, built for use in battles—
And Scotland's there inquiring for
The kilt department, I shall not
Be found competing. She can have the lot.

O. S.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

"WELL, I've been to see three of them now," she said. "The first is at Shepherd's Bush——"

"What pipes!" I ejaculated. "What music! What wild ecstasy!"

"—four hundred yards from the Central Tube, to be exact; and there's a large roller skating-rink next door. You never rolled, did you? Three sessions daily, the advertisement says."

"I'm afraid I sat oftener than that when I rolled," I confessed. "'Another transport split,' as the evening papers say. I wonder whether Sir ERIC GEDDES is the rink-controller. But tell me a little about the house. I suppose there's a high premium and a deep basement?"

"There are."

"Next, please."

"The next is at Chiswick; very damp and miles and miles to catch your bus. And there's a basement again."

"You might grow mushrooms in the basement," I said hopefully, "while I hunted my Pimlico on the shore. What about the third?"

"The third is at Hampstead, very high up and very salubrious. The agent says we should be able to overlook the whole of London."

"Impossible," I protested; "you can't ignore a thing like London."

"I don't think he meant that exactly," she explained. "He said that from the top bedroom window on bright days one could catch a glimpse of the dome of St. Paul's."

"That will be rather fine," I agreed. "We can have afternoon receptions in the top bedroom, and print 'To meet the Dean and Chapter' on the card. People love meeting Chapters in real life. What is the rental of this eyrie?"

She told me. It was as high as the site; and, again, there was a dug-out underneath.

"You haven't tried Ponder's End?" I said at last. "I've often seen those words on a bus, and a lot of sad-looking people on the top, pondering, I suppose, the inevitable end."

"Well, which of them are we going to choose? It's the servant problem that's the real trouble, you know. They simply won't cope with a basement nowadays."

"I think you overestimate the help crisis," I said. "There are two things that they really want. The first is to have employers absolutely dependent on them, and the second is a gay life. To take the first. I remember that when I was in digs——"

"Do you mind if I knit?" she asked.

—"when I was in digs it was my landlady's fondest delusion that I could do nothing to help myself. And, of course, I was bound to foster the idea. Every night I used to hide my pipe behind the coal-scuttle or my latchkey in the aspidistra, just for her to find. There was rather a terrible moment once when she came in unexpectedly and caught me losing half-a-crown underneath the hearth-rug; but I pretended to be finding it, and saved the situation. It will be just the same with you. You will go down into the basement and pretend to mistake the flour for the salt, and the cook will love you for ever. It's all done by kindness and incompetence."

"I suppose it is," she said doubtfully.

"And then there's amusements," I went on. "We will have Charles in once or twice a week. No servant who has ever heard Charles trying to sing would prefer a night out at the cinema or the skating-rink. If she does, we'll get a gramophone."

"Not for worlds," she gasped.

"Oh, *you* wouldn't have to listen to it. It would live in the basement, and HARRY LAUDER would help the girl to clean the knives and break the cups, and GEORGE ROBEY would make washing the dishes one grand sweet song. The basement would be a fairyland."

"All this doesn't seem to get us much further," she complained, "in deciding which of those houses we're going to take."

"Oh, doesn't it?" I said, and, sitting down, I wrote a few lines rapidly and handed her the draft for approval. She approved.

And that is why, if you look at *The Times'* "Domestic Situations" column to-morrow, you may see the following announcement:—

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID WANTED, helpless couple, where gramophone kept; state whether Hampstead, Chiswick or Shepherd's Bush preferred.

EVOE.



ANOTHER TURKISH CONCESSION.

Turkey (*anxious to save the Peace Conference from embarrassment*). "EUROPE! WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL. IF THOU INSISTEST, I AM PREPARED TO STAY WITH THEE, BAG AND BAGGAGE."



"OH, YES, MADAM, BRITANNIA WILL SUIT YOU ADMIRABLY. AND WHAT ABOUT THE GENTLEMAN?"
"OH, HE'S GOING IN HIS DINNER-JACKET, REPRESENTING ONE OF THE SMALLER NATIONS."

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

ORDEAL BY WATER.

WHEN the innermost recesses of the Admiralty archives yield their secrets to the historian there will be some strange and stirring events to relate. But however diligently the chroniclers may search amongst the accumulated records at Whitehall there will still remain one outstanding performance, one shining example of courage and endurance of which no trace can there be found; for it was never officially known how Reginald McTaggart upheld the honour of the White Ensign in the Gulf of Lyons.

Reginald does not in the ordinary way suffer from excess of modesty; indeed he has been known to hint that on more than one occasion it was primarily due to his efforts that the world was eventually made safe for democracy; but of this his greatest exploit he will never speak without pressure, and even then but diffidently.

When WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN first cried "Havoc" and let slip the Prussian Guard, Reginald was among the most unsophisticated of landsmen. He had never in his life so much as heard a bo'sun's pipe and could scarcely distinguish a battleship from a bathing-machine. But the blood of a maritime ancestry ran hot in his veins, and, being too highly educated to get on in the Army, he placed himself at the disposal of the Senior Service, which embraced him gladly. Henceforth his career was one of unbroken triumph.

Having taken a First in Mechanical Sciences at Cambridge, Reginald was at once detailed off for deck-swabbing on a Portsmouth depôt ship; but one day an enterprising Rear-Admiral of the younger school, noting his scientific manner of manipulating a squeegee, had him sent before the Flag Captain, who, on learning his antecedents, recommended the blushing Reginald for the post of batman to the Senior Wireless Officer. Here his talents showed to such advantage that in a little over a year he received a commission as technical officer, and was placed in charge of an experimental Torpedo School, well away from the storms and tempests that vexed his less gifted brothers.

It were tedious to relate Reginald's adventures during the next two years—how time and again he baffled the cunning devices of the German naval scientists—how he invented a pivotal billiard-table for use on drifters in rough weather and perfected an electro-magnetic contrivance by means of which enemy submarines were inveigled into torpedoing themselves without warning. All this and much else is accessible to the formal historian; besides, Reginald tells people himself. We will hurry on to the grand exploit.

It occurred shortly after he was appointed to a post on the British Naval Mission at Athens. He had left England little more than a month when the Sea Lords became uneasy. Trouble broke out among the torpedoes and there was no one to set matters right. Paragraphs began to appear in the Press. The result was an urgent wireless message to Athens recalling Reginald at once. There was to be no delay.

"Are you prepared to start immediately?" asked the Vice-Admiral, when he had briefly outlined the situation.

Reginald saluted briskly.

"I don't quite know how you'll go," continued the Vice-Admiral. "We haven't an armed ship sailing West for a week. There's a little Greek trading steamer leaving for Marseilles to-morrow morning, but I'm afraid you would find her very incommodious. Would you care to risk it?"

"I start in the morning, Sir," said Reginald tersely.

The Vice-Admiral seized his hand and wrung it warmly.

When Reginald came down to the harbour and saw the craft on which he had undertaken to embark he was seized with a sudden faintness. Even the toughest seafarer would have thought twice before venturing beyond the breakwater in such an unsavoury derelict; and Reginald, be it remembered, had only once in his life made a sea voyage, and that in the peaceful security of an ironclad. His heart quailed beneath his Commander's uniform.

However, setting his teeth and consoling himself with the thought that she would undoubtedly fall to pieces before they could leave the harbour behind, he went aboard.

The master, an unprepossessing but exceedingly polite child of the Ægean, was overwhelmed at the prospect of carrying a British Naval Commander as passenger. He saluted wildly; he gesticulated; it was too much honour. Would his Excellency the Commander accept the use of his poor state-room—yes? Would he undertake the navigation of this so dangerous voyage—no? Ah, but he would seek his so expert advice in the sudden perilous moment—good. Reginald bowed nervously.

At first all went well. Except for the atmosphere of the state-room, which was richly tinged with a mixed odour of mildewed figs and rotten pomegranates, and the uncomfortable feeling that, unless he trod delicately, the decks would crumble away and deposit him in the bosom of the Mediterranean, Reginald was fairly happy. A ready wit and a dignified bearing combined to cloak his lack of seamanship and kept the skipper in a fit state of humility and awe.

But in the Gulf of Lyons a breeze sprang up. It was quite a gentle breeze at first, and Reginald found it rather stimulating. Towards evening, however, it freshened, and the ship began to stagger. Reginald became conscious of those disquieting symptoms common to landsmen in such case. Fearful for his reputation he crept below to suffer in solitude.

By midnight it was blowing a gale, and Reginald had lost interest in life. He was thinking mournfully of the vanity of all human desires when a message was brought from the captain. They were about to perish. Would his Excellency the Commander come up to the bridge and save them, please?

It was a painful predicament, and Reginald was justly horrified. Could he venture out and display the weakness of the British Navy in the face of a crew of unwashed Greek matelots? On the other hand, could he skulk in his cabin and allow the Master to doubt his courage and resource? He rose and lurched unsteadily on deck.

The Captain was distinctly excited. Destruction was imminent. He had appealed to the Saints without avail. Would the British Commander come to their assistance? What did his Excellency think of it?

Reginald thought it was perfectly horrible. He had never thought such a ghastly scene possible. The ship appeared on the point of turning turtle and he was soaked to the skin already. Then, realizing that he could not remain on the bridge another minute without internal disaster, he made a supreme effort.

"My dear skipper," he howled at the top of his voice, "you surely don't call this a storm? The merest breeze, I assure you. I really can't be disturbed for such a trifle. If it begins to blow at all during the night let me know and I'll come up and take the matter in hand;" and without waiting for a reply he scrambled down from the bridge and made a dash for the seclusion of the state-room.

Next morning they were rolling in the swell off Marseilles, with the prestige of the British Navy, if possible, higher than ever.



POLICE CONSTABLE (DEMOBILISED OFFICER) MEETS AN OLD FRIEND FROM FRANCE.

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin has placed a room in the City Hall at the disposal of the Labour party for the reception of reputations."
Irish Paper.

A kindly thought. Reputations are so easily lost in Ireland.

JAZZERWOCKY.

(*With apologies to* Lewis Carroll.)

'Twas grillig, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the board;
All gladsome were their dazzlerags,
And the loud Nigs uproared.

"Beware the Tickle Trot, my son,
The feet that twink, the hands that clug;
Beware the Shimmy Shake and shun
The thrustful Bunny Hug."

He put his pumpsious shoon on foot,
He bent his knees to slithe and sprawl,
Till, fagged and flausted by disdoot,
He brooded by the wall.

And, as in broody ease he lay,
The Jazzerwock, with shoulders bare,
Came swhiffling through the juggly fray
And grapped him by the hair.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The prancing maze they reeled and pressed,
Till both his feet ignored the beat
And woggled with the best.

"And hast thou learnt at last to jazz?
Come take my arm, my clomplish boy;"
O hectic day! Cheero! Cheeray!
He chwinckled in his joy.

'Twas grillig, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the board;
All gladsome were their dazzlerags,
And the loud Nigs uproared.

A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

I do not love dentists. In this antipathy I am not unique, I fancy. One never sees photographs of family dentists standing on mantelpieces heavily framed in silver; and, though *The Forceps* presents a coloured supplement depicting a prominent ivory-hunter with every Christmas number, there is, I am told, no violent demand for it outside the Profession.

This is not to be wondered at. A man who spends his life climbing into people's mouths and playing "The Anvil Chorus" on their molars with a monkey-wrench, who says, "Now this won't hurt you in the least," and then deals one a smart rap on a nerve with a pickaxe—such a man cannot expect to be popular. He must console himself with his fees.

I do not love dentists, I repeat, but I am also not infatuated with toothache. It is not that I am a coward. Far from it. Arterial sclerosis, glycosuria, follicular tonsillitis and, above all, sleeping sickness I can bear with fortitude—that is, I feel sure I could—but toothache, no! I am not ashamed of it. Every brave man has at least one weakness. Lord Roberts's was cats. Achilles' was tendons. Mine is toothache (Biographers, please note). When my jaw annoys me I try to propitiate it with libations of whisky, brandy, iodine, horse-blister and patent panaceas I buy from sombreroed magicians in the Strand. If these fail I totter round to the dentist, ring the bell and run away. If the maid catches me before I can escape and turns me into the waiting-room I examine the stuffed birds and photographs of Brighton Pier until she has departed, then slither quietly down the banisters, open the street door and gallop. If I am pushed directly into the *abattoir* I shake the dentist warmly by the hand, ask after his wife and children, his grandfather and great-aunt, and tell him I have only dropped in to tune the piano. If that is no good I try to make an appointment for an afternoon this year, next year, some time, never. If that too is useless and he insists on putting me through it there and then, I take every anodyne he's got—cocaine, morphia, chloroform, ether, gas, also a couple of anæsthetists to hold my hand when I go off and kiss me when I come round again.

One of my chief objections to dentists is that they will never listen to reason; explanations are quite thrown away on them. They only let you talk at all in order to get your face open, and then into it they plunge their powerful antiseptic-tasting hands and you lose something. I never go near a dentist without paying the extreme penalty. (None of those cunning little gold-tipped caps or reinforced concrete suspension-bridges for me. Out it comes. Blood and iron every time). I admit they frequently appease my anguish. Almost invariably among the teeth of which they relieve me at each sitting is included the offending one. But still I maintain my right to have a say in my own afflictions. The doctors let one. I've got a physician who lets me have any disease I fancy (except German measles and Asiatic cholera; for patriotic reasons he won't hear a good word spoken for either of them; says we've got just as good diseases of our own. Damned insularity!).

If I send for this doctor he comes along, sits quietly beside my bed, eating my grapes, while I tell him where the pain isn't. The recital over he hands me a selection of ailments to pick from. I choose one. He tells me what the symptoms are, drinks my invalid port, creeps downstairs and breaks the news to the hushed and awe-stricken family. A chap like that makes suffering a pleasure and is a great comfort in a home like mine, where a sick bed is the only sort you are allowed to lie in after 10 A.M. Without the fellow's ready sympathy I doubt if I should secure any sleep at all. One gets no assistance of that kind from dentists, although they give you more pain in ten seconds than a doctor does in ten years.

No dentist ever sees me home after the slaughter, orders me a diet of chicken breast, *pêche Melba* and champagne, or warns my family that I am on no account to be disturbed until lunch. No, they jerk your jaw off its hinges and dump your remains on the doorstep for the L.C.C. rubbish cart to collect.

Another thing: dentists should not be allowed out loose about the streets. They exercise a blighting influence. You are strolling along in the sunshine, head high, chest expanded, telling some wide-eyed young thing what you and Haig did to Ludendorff, when suddenly you meet the dentist. You look at him, he looks at you, and his eyes seem to say, "What ho, my hero! Last week you went to ground under my sofa and couldn't be dislodged until I put the page-boy in to ferret you."

"And what happened then," inquires the wide-eyed young thing, "after you had caught the Hun tank by the tail and ripped it up with a tin-opener?"

"After that," says the eye of the dentist, "you wept, you prayed, you lay on the floor and kicked, you——"

"And did you kill all the crew yourself?" bleats the maiden, "single-handed—every one of them?"

"Oh, I—er," you stutter—"what I mean to say—that is—— Oh, dash it, let's go and get tea somewhere, what?"

Patlander.

From the *dramatis personæ* in a Malta opera-programme:—

"Singers, Old Beans, and Abbés."

The "old beans" no doubt were drawn from the local garrison.

"The old wooden streets which survived in the more ancient parts of the capital [Petrograd] have, on account of the lack of fuel since the Bolshevists became all-powerful, been torn down and demobilished."—*Daily Paper.*

The last word in destructiveness.

"The standing joint committee of the Industrial Women's Organisations have passed a resolution unanimously endorsing the action of the Consumers' Council in opposing the decontrol of meat."—*Daily Graphic.*

The "standing joint" committee would seem to be the very one for the job.



MANNERS AND MODES.

HOW TO APPEAR BEAUTIFUL THOUGH PLAIN:—SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SPECIMENS OF THE LATEST ART.

Dress of the day.

"BATHROOM TOILETTES.

This season balls and dances, both private and public, are being given in greater numbers than ever."—*Local Paper.*

"A couple of ciphers, followed by a string of noughts, represents Germany's debt to France. And it looks as if the noughts are all France will get in the present generation."
Evening Paper.

But it is possible that under pressure Germany might throw in the ciphers as well.

"LOST AND FOUND.

ADDRESS BY THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Will the party who took the wrong Umbrella from the Ante-Room, Music Hall, kindly return same in exchange for his own to ——, Music Hall?"—*Scotch Paper.*

An odd address for the LORD ADVOCATE.

"Wells' 'History of the Universe' describes the slow dis. appearance of certain species, taking hundreds of thousands of years to do it."—*Daily Paper.*

In an age of hustle it is gratifying to find one eminent author approaching his work with due deliberation.

The Profiteer's Anthem.

"The Hymns to be sung will be: (1) 'All people that on earth do well.' . . ."
Rangoon Times.

From *Surplus*, the official organ of the Disposal Board:—

"PORK AND BEANS.

16 oz. tins (15 ozs. Beans and Sauce, 1 oz. Pork); 21 oz. tins (20 ozs. Beans and Sauce, 1 oz. Pork)."

So the question which vexed many billets on the Western Front is now answered. There *was* pork in it.

MY FIRE.

"SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. of the world's accidents arise from gross carelessness!" I thundered at Suzanne, who for the fifteenth time in five years of matrimony had left her umbrella in the 'bus. Being on a month's leave, and afraid of losing by neglect the orderly-room touch, I thought fit to practise on her the arts of admonition. Admonishing, I wagged at her the match with which I was in the act of lighting my pipe. Wagging the match, I did not notice the live head drop off on to the khaki slacks which I had donned that afternoon to grace a visit to the War Office. Only when I traced Suzanne's petrified stare to its target did I discover that a ventilation hole had been created in a vital part of His Majesty's uniform.

With great presence of mind I put out the conflagration before venturing on an encounter with Suzanne's eye.

"You were discussing accidents," she observed sweetly. "What percentage of them did you say was due to gross carelessness?"

I did not bandy words. There was no escaping the fact that they were, as Suzanne reminded me, my sole surviving pair of khaki slacks, and that I should certainly have to get a new pair before returning to the Depôt; for these were obviously beyond wear or repair.

"Well, anyhow I've three weeks to get them in," I said as lightly as I could. "My leave isn't up till the end of the month."

"Men's clothes are terribly dear just now," remarked Suzanne pensively. "And I *was* going to ask you to give me a new hat. But now I suppose——"

This roused my pride and self-respect.

"Suzanne," I said, "the world is not coming to an end because I have to buy a pair of slacks. You shall have your new hat to-morrow."

She clapped her hands in triumph, and a moment's reflection showed me that I had been caught. If it hadn't been for the conflagration she would never have dared to ask for a new hat. Now I came to remember, I had taken her out and bought her one on the first day of my leave.

However, the damage was done (twice over, in fact), and I sat gently brooding over it in silence. Suddenly an inspiring thought struck me. Eagerly I made my way to the writing-table and drew out a long and bulky envelope from the bottom drawer. For some time I sat there carefully mastering its contents.

"What's that funny-looking thing you're reading?" asked my wife at last.

"Oh, nothing important," I answered as casually as I could. "Er—by the way, do you know we're insured?"

"Considering that I've paid the premiums regularly while you were away, I should think I ought to know."

"Of course I shall put in a claim for the slacks," I murmured.

"But how can you?" she asked, and wondering looked at me. "I read the policy once, and as far as I remember there's nothing whatever about khaki slacks in it."

"Do you know what this policy is?" I exclaimed, brandishing the document impressively. "It's a Comprehensive Householder's policy. I don't know what a Comprehensive Householder is, but I think I must be one."

"But I'm *sure* it says nothing about slacks," she objected.

"Comprehensive!" I shouted. "That means all-embracing. This policy embraces my slacks."

"That sounds almost indelicate."

"Listen. 'Whereas the undermentioned, hereinafter called the Accused—the Assured, I mean—has paid blank pounds, shillings and pence Premium or Consideration . . to insure him/her from loss or damage by Lightning, Explosion, Earthquake, Thunderbolts . . .'"

"Oo-er," said Suzanne with a shiver.

"'. . . Aeroplanes, Airships, and/or other Aerial Craft, Storm, Tempest, Subterranean Fire . . .'"

"Monsoon, Typhoon, Volcano, Avalanche," put in Suzanne impatiently. "Cut the cataclysms and come to the slacks."

"I'm just coming to them. '. . . Burglary, Housebreaking, Theft and/or Larceny'—now hold your breath, for we're getting there—'Conflagration and/or Fire . . .'" I paused to let it sink in. "The fact is," I continued weightily, "we've had a Fire."

"Have we? But I wasn't dressed for it. I should have worn a mauve *peignoir*, and been carried down to safety by a blond fireman. To have a fire without a fire-engine is like being married at a registry-office. Next time——"

"Nevertheless, we've had a Fire, within the meaning of the policy. Now I'm going to write a letter to the Insurance Company."

And I did so to the following effect:—

"77, *The Supermansions,* *S.W.*

"DEAR SIRS,—I regret to inform you that a fire took place at in the above demesne and or flat after tea to-day and damaged one (1) pair of khaki slacks trousers so as to render them unfit for further use. I shall therefore be glad to receive from you the sum of two guineas, the original cost price of the damaged article of apparel. Yours, etc."

Next day I took Suzanne out to buy the new hat. This done, we went on to my tailor's to replace the ill-starred slacks. A casual inquiry as to price elicited the statement that it would be four guineas. I cut short a rambling discourse, in which the tailor sought to saddle various remote agencies with the responsibility for the increase, and stamped out of the establishment with the blasphemous vow that I'd get a pair ready-made at the Stores.

That evening I received a reply from the Insurance people:—

"In all communications please quote Ref. No. 73856/SP/QR.

"SIR,—We note your claim for garments injured by an outbreak of fire at your residence. We await the reports of the Fire Brigade and Salvage Corps, on receipt of which we will again communicate with you. Meanwhile, will you kindly inform us what other damage was done? We are, yours, etc."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"YOU'RE IN LUCK, MY BOY. THEY'VE IMPORTED A GENUINE MEXICAN BANDIT FOR YOUR KNIFE-FIGHT SCENE IN 'BAD HAT, THE HALF-BREED.'"



ANOTHER COMBINE.

Bystander. "'OW YER GOIN', MATE?"
Gutter Merchant. "FINE! I'VE JUST AMALGAMATED WITH THE BUSINESS NEXT DOOR."

I at once wrote back to remove their misapprehension:—

"DEAR SIRS,—My fire was not what you would call an outbreak. It was essentially a quiet affair, attended by neither Fire Brigade nor Salvage Corps, but just the family (like being married at a registry-office, don't you think?). My khaki slacks were the only articles injured. As I am now going about without them, you will realise that no time should be lost in settling the claim.

Yours, etc.

"P.S. I nearly forgot—73856/RS/VP. There!"

A day or two later I received a request, pitched in an almost slanderously sceptical tone, for more detailed information. I humoured them, and there ensued a ding-dong correspondence, in which that wretched Ref. No. was bandied backwards and forwards with nauseating reiteration, and of which the following are the salient points:—

They. Kindly state what you estimate the total value of the contents of your residence to be.

Myself (after a searching inquiry into present prices). £1,500.

They (promptly). We beg to point out that you are only insured for a total sum of £750. In accordance with the terms of your policy you are only entitled to recover such proportion of the value of the loss or damage as the total insured bears towards the total value of the contents—*i.e.*, one-half.

Myself. Two guineas is exactly one-half of four guineas, the present cost of slacks. Please see attached affidavit from tailor. (By a masterly stroke I had actually induced the rascal to set out his iniquity in black and white.)

At last, twenty days after the fire, when I had finally screwed myself up to the point of going out to buy a pair of reach-me-downs, I was rewarded by receiving a cheque for two guineas from the Insurance Company, "in full settlement."

By the same post I received a letter from the Adjutant of my Depôt informing me that I was not to return at the expiration of my leave, but by War Office instructions (I will spare you the Ref. No.) was to proceed instead to the Crystal Palace for immediate demobilization. (That, by the way, is part of the game of being a volunteer for the Army of Occupation.) It was Suzanne who brought the two letters into their proper correlation.

"You won't have to get a new pair of slacks now," she said.

"Bless my soul, no!" I exclaimed. "Then what ought I to do with this cheque? Send it back?"

"Certainly not," cried Suzanne as she snatched it from my wavering hand. "I've been wanting a new hat for some time."

"Frenzied Finance."

"The guardians want more money also. What the Treasury finan-local taxations are *only the be*-lical taxations are *only the beginning* of the demand upon the citizen's pocket."

Evening Paper.

"JUMPER CHAMPION.

"The reference to a young woman living at Esher, Surrey, who has knitted 50 jumpers since August 20, which her friends claim to be a world's record for an amateur, has resulted in a challenge.

'Jumper,' who lives at Margate, writes. 'I find it quite easy to knit in the dark and to read while knitting.'" *Daily Paper.*

The Margate candidate will get our vote.



THE SERVANTS' BALL.

Groom (somewhat heated). "CARE FOR A BREATHER, MY LADY?"

MY SALES DAY.

7.0 to 8.30. Rise, breakfast, and make out shopping-list. I put down:—

Waterproof for Henry.

School-frock and boots for the Kid.

Replenish household linen.

9.0. Arrive at large emporium just as the doors open. Ask to be directed to gentlemen's mackintoshes. Pause on the way to look at evening wraps marked down from five guineas to 98/11. It seems a sweeping reduction, but I do not require an evening wrap.

9.10 to 10.15. Try on evening wraps. Select a perfectly sweet *Rose du Barri* duvetyn lined *gris foncé*.

10.15. Continuing to head for mackintoshes. The course runs past a job-line in silk hosiery. Remember I ought to get stockings to go with the evening wrap.

10.15 to 11.5. Match stockings.

11.15. Arrive at gentlemen's mackintoshes. Find they are not being reduced in the sale. Observe however that some handsome silk shirts with broad stripes are marked half-price; get three for Henry, also a fancy waistcoat at 6/11¾ (was 25/-), only slightly soiled down front.

11.40. Ask for Children's Department. Take wrong turning and arrive at millinery.

11.40 to 1.10. Try on hats. Decide on a ducky little toque and a fascinating river hat (for next summer).

1.10 to 1.30. Still asking for Children's Department. When it is finally given to me I am told that useful school-frocks have all been sold.

1.30 to 6.30. Drift to Shoe Department; secure a pair of pink satin slippers—rather tight, but amazingly cheap. Swept by crowd into "Fancy Goods"; make several purchases. Get taken in a crush to "Evening Accessories"; am persuaded to buy.

6.35. Leave emporium. It is raining heavily.

7.15. Arrive home wet and exhausted. Have an argument, conducted affably on my side, with Henry, who flatly refuses to wear the half-price striped shirts or pay for the only-slightly-soiled waistcoat. He makes pointed remarks about the bad weather, with cynical reference to mackintoshes. Am struck afresh by the selfishness of men.

7.45. Remember that I have forgotten household linen and Kid's boots, but determine not to let this spoil my good temper.

8.0. Dine alone with Henry. Do my best to show a forgiving spirit in face of his egoism. So to bed, conscious of a day well spent.

OUR DAY OF UNREST.

["The great demand of the moment is something fresh to do on Sunday."]
Evening Paper.

AT the ample shrine of pleasure
You have worshipped well and long
On this day of so-called leisure,
Yet you feel there's something wrong.

Blasé is your air and jaded;
Sabbath hours have lost their zest;
Utter ennui has invaded
Every corner of your chest.

Sport is shorn of all its glamour;
Motoring proves no more a lure;
So you come to me and clamour
For a speedy psychic cure.

Well, my friend, if fresh sensation
Is the object of your search,
And you want a consultation,
My advice is, Go to church.

Bolshevism in the Civil Service.

"Whitley Councils are the latest development in Government offices in Whitehall. What is aimed at is a system of promotion free and uninterrupted from top to bottom."



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

Labour. "PERHAPS IT'S A SIZE TOO BIG FOR ME AT PRESENT."
Coalition. "GLAD YOU FEEL LIKE THAT, AS I HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED WITH IT."



Soulful Party. "AH, YES, THE WORLD IS ALWAYS SO—WE NEVER STREW FLOWERS ON A MAN'S GRAVE UNTIL AFTER HE IS DEAD."

THE CANDOUR OF KEYNES.

(*Suggested by the perusal of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace."*)

THERE was a superior young person named KEYNES
Who possessed an extensive equipment of brains,
And, being elected a Fellow of King's,
He taught Economics and similar things.

On the outbreak of war he at once made his mark
As a "tempy," but Principal, Treasury Clerk,
And the Permanent Staff and the CHANCELLOR too
Pronounced him a flier and well worth his screw.

So he went to the Conference, not as a mute,
To act as the CHANCELLOR'S chief substitute,
And in this extremely responsible post
He mingled with those who were ruling the roast.

The Big and redoubtable Three, 'tis confessed,
By his talent and zeal were immensely impressed;
But, conversely, the fact, which is painful, remains
That they failed to impress the redoubtable KEYNES.

So, after five months of progressive disgust,
He shook from his feet the Parisian dust,
Determined to give the chief Delegates beans
And let the plain person behind the Peace scenes.

Though his title is stodgy, yet all must admit
That his pages are seasoned with plenty of wit;
He's alert as a cat-fish; he can't be ignored;
And throughout his recital we never are bored.

For he's not a mere slinger of partisan ink,
But a thinker who gives us profoundly to think;
And his arguments cannot be lightly dismissed
With cries of "Pro-Hun" or of "Pacificist."

And yet there are faults to be found all the same;
For example, I doubt if it's playing the game
For one who is hardly unmuzzled to guy
Representative statesmen who cannot reply.

And while we're amused by his caustic dispraise
Of President WILSON'S Chadbandian ways,
Of the cynical TIGER, laconic and grim,
And our versatile PREMIER, so supple and slim—

Still we feel, as he zealously damns the Allies
For grudging the Germans the means to arise,
That possibly some of the Ultimate Things
May even be hidden from Fellows of King's.

"The — — Male Voice Choir and St. — —'s Brass Band discorded Xmas music."—*Local Paper.*

We shouldn't wonder.

"Another element in the industrial activity of Japan, which is brought forcibly home to the Westerner, is the obvious pleasure that the Japanese people take in doing the work which is allotted to them. It is no uncommon sight to see men laughing merrily as they drag along their heavy merchandise, or singing as they swing their anvils in a manner almost reminiscent of the historic village blacksmith."

Provincial Paper.

And "children coming home from school" know better than to "look in at the open door."



"GRANDFATHER, I SIMPLY LOVE YOUR NICE LONG BEARD. PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER HAVE IT BOBBED."

THE EGOIST.

ON Monday morning Hereward Vale left home in an unsettled state of mind. That was putting it mildly. He was thoroughly unhappy. Something was up—he couldn't tell what—or whether it was his own fault or Mary's. Anyhow, it didn't seem to matter whose fault it was. The thing had happened. That was the one overwhelming idea that concerned him. The first shadow had fallen; their record of complete and perfect happiness was broken.

The road to the station was a long and particularly beautiful one. Hereward had always appreciated every inch of it. But to-day he hated it. He hated the way the yew-trees drooped, the leafless branches of the hazels, the faded, crumpled blackberry, the scattered decaying leaves. It was really a remarkable day for November—clear and frosty, with a bright blue sky and scudding white clouds. A strong north-east wind tested one's vitality. Hereward's was low. He buttoned his collar and hurried on.

Mary had never treated him quite like this before. She had always been tender, sympathetic and understanding with his moods. True, he was trying; but she had known that before she married him. He was an artist, and an artist's work, he argued, depended largely on the state of his emotions. He earned the family bread by the labour of his hands and his hand was the servant of his mind, and his mind a tempest of moods. Mary had applied herself to her task with creditable skill. She could always turn his sullenness to a sort of creative melancholy of which he was rather proud; his restlessness to energy and his discontent to something like constructive thinking. How she achieved the miracle he did not know, nor did he inquire. But he was guided by her as a child by its mother, still constantly rebelling.

But to-day the machinery had broken down. Mary had been cool, pleasant and crisply unemotional at breakfast-time. He had woken up cross and with a headache. He had a muddled feeling and wanted sorting out. But Mary seemed quite unaware of it. She had a preoccupied manner; she went about just too cheerfully, chatting just too pleasantly about trivial things. It was mechanical, Hereward decided, and, anyway, it wasn't at all what he wanted. His monosyllabic responses were accepted as perfectly right and natural, when they were nothing of the sort. She did not get up and pass her hand lovingly and soothingly over his hair and say things appropriate to his state of mind. She went on with her breakfast and looked after him kindly enough, but without solicitude.

For instance, she made no comment on the fact that he had hardly touched his bacon; she merely removed his plate and gave him marmalade and toast as if he had left no bacon at all. She didn't even notice the lines of suffering on his face, the dark circles under his eyes. He cast a glance in the mirror when her back was turned to see if they were obvious. They were. Why wasn't Mary catching his hump? She always did.

When finally he left the house, a little bent, with no spring in his step, Mary didn't accompany him to the door. She didn't exchange with him one of those rapid looks of complete understanding that he had grown so accustomed to and found so sustaining

and helpful. She kissed him firmly and coolly, almost casually. Just so she might kiss an aunt.

The train journey was cold and lonely. Nobody he knew was travelling up to town. He bought a daily paper, but the headlines put him off. They were nearly all about divorce cases. There was one about a man who had lived for three years in the same house with his wife without speaking to her. Such things were possible! He gazed out of the window. The wonderful day had no charm for him. The feeling of autumn only further increased his sense of the loss of youth, of the decay of romance. He nursed and nourished his grievance. He desired that Mary should know what a wreck she had made of his day, possibly of his life.

He was in no mood for work. He went up to his studio in Fitzroy Square and muddled about with pens and ink. He had what he called a good tidy up, and firmly and consistently threw away every relic of sentiment he had foolishly preserved. At one o'clock, through habit and not because he was hungry, he went out and had a lonely lunch at a small restaurant, sitting at a marble-topped table which imparted to him something of its chill. After that he loafed about looking at things till dusk. Dusk was quite unbearable. He fled back to the studio, made up a stupendous fire, lit a pipe and mused.

He decided not to go home that night. He felt hurt and ill-used. He would stay in town and have a thoroughly good time. As the idea struck him he looked round the studio. The corners were dismal and shadowy. Everything not in the immediate circle of the fire looked grey and cheerless. His easel, with a bit of drapery thrown across it, was like a spectre with outstretched arms. It suggested despair. He could think of no one whom he wanted to see. There wasn't a soul he knew whom he would not in this crisis deliberately have avoided.

So he went to the Russian Ballet and was bored. He had been excited about *Cleopatra* the first time he had seen it; he now decided that it was a great mistake to try to repeat emotional experiences.

He left hurriedly before the programme was half over. His feet took him mechanically to Waterloo Station. He looked up a train. The 9.30 was due out; he sprinted and caught it. The carriage he managed to get into was empty and warm. He slept; he slept all the way, and it did him good.

When he arrived at the other end the night was calm and the sky star-spangled. The walk out exhilarated him; his exasperation was over. He ran lightly down the leaf-strown steps of the old garden and looked in at the window. Mary was seated at the fire. She looked pensive, pretty and a little sad. He whistled and she smiled up. "Hooray!" she said, "I'd nearly given you up." She slipped round and had the door open before he could get out his key and drew him in. She helped him off with his coat and scanned his face with even more than her usual intentness and interest. But she didn't ask him why he was late and he didn't tell her. He thought that could wait.

Their extemporised supper was a great success, and they sat before the wood fire far into the night.

"What was up this morning?" he finally asked. "You weren't quite yourself, were you?"

"This morning?" she questioned, puzzled. "Oh, I remember. I woke with a splitting headache. Did you notice it? You nice old thing!"



Musician (having bumped lady with cello). "OH, I AM SO SORRY."
Lady. "DON'T MENTION IT. I'M PASSIONATELY FOND OF MUSIC."

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY."

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn . . .
God's in His heaven -
All's right with the world!"

WHEN *Pippa* "passed," singing songs like that and preoccupied with the splendid fact of her one day's holiday, she unconsciously brought about a change for the better in the heart or conscience of all who overheard her. It was not so with the passing of *Mr. Pim*. Prior to his intrusion, there had been nothing to disturb the well-ordered existence of *Geo. Marden, Esq., J.P.*, and his wife (late Mrs. Tellworthy), except that they did not see eye to eye on the small question of his niece's early engagement to a young artist and on the still smaller question of futuristic curtains. Then came *Mr. Carraway Pim*, a doddering old gentleman, with a thin falsetto voice and a loosish memory, but otherwise harmless. He arrives with an introduction from Australia and casually lets fall a tale of a fellow-passenger with the unusual name of Tellworthy, from which—and other incidental evidence—*Mrs. Marden* gathers that her first husband (an ex-convict) is still alive. Having dropped this thunderbolt he drifts off, leaving tragedy in his wake. End of Act I.

Marden, highly conscientious, takes the orthodox view that his lawless marriage must be nullified. His wife, though horrified at the resurrection of her impossible first husband, permits herself to recognise the humorously ironic side of things. *Mr. Pim*, fortunately located in the immediate neighbourhood, is sent for that he may throw further light on the painful subject of Tellworthy's revival. He now reports—what he had vaguely imagined himself to have mentioned in the first instance—that Tellworthy had met his death at Marseilles through swallowing a herring-bone. The Second Act closes with a burst of jubilant hysterics on the part of *Mrs. Marden*.

But the situation is only partially relieved. True, the old husband is dead all right, but the *Mardens'* marriage is still bigamous; they have been living all this time in what would be regarded in the eyes of Heaven (and, still worse, the county of Bucks) as sin. However, a trifling formality at a registry-office can rectify this and nobody need be any the wiser. This at least is *Marden's* attitude, always free from any suspicion of complexity. But his wife (if that is the word for her), being of a more subtle nature, determines to make profit out of the situation. She points out to him that she is at present the widow Tellworthy and that she must be wooed all over again, and can only be won on her own terms. These include a recognition of the niece's engagement (has not the young artist an equal right with *Marden* to a speedy marriage with the woman of his choice?) and a concession to her taste in futuristic curtains.



A DROPPER OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Mr. Pim . . . . MR. DION BOUCICAULT.
Mrs. Marden . . . MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

At this juncture *Mr. Pim* drifts in again to correct an error of memory. The name of the gentleman who succumbed to the herring-bone was not Tellworthy (he must have got that name into his head through hearing it mentioned as that of *Mrs. Marden's* first husband). It was really Polwhistle—either Henry or Ernest Polwhistle; he was not quite sure which. Everything is thus restored to the *status quo ante*, except that *Marden*, in a spasm of generous reaction, feels himself morally bound to abide by the new conditions that his wife had laid down.

Mr. Pim only passes by once more to announce his settled conviction that Polwhistle's Christian name was Ernest and not Henry.

It will be seen that the play is original in design; but it is also a true play of character revealed by circumstance. Further—and this is very rare—it owes nothing to the adventitious aid of the costumier. For the author's observation of the unities is extended to include the matter of dress; he allows his people one costume each and no more.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH played as if every one of her words had been made expressly for her, as, no doubt, they were. I have never seen her so perfect in detail, in the poise of her head, in her least gesture and intonation, in her swift changes of mood; never so quietly mistress of the *finesse* of her art.

As *Marden*, Mr. BEN WEBSTER was a little restless in a part for which he was not constitutionally suited, but played with the greatest courage and sincerity. Mr. DION BOUCICAULT'S study of *Mr. Pim* was extraordinarily effective; and the way in which he made the attenuated pipings of this futile old gentleman carry like the notes of a bell was in itself a remarkable feat.

These three were given great chances, full of colour. But in the part of *Brian Strange*, the boy-lover, by its nature relatively colourless, Mr. LESLIE HOWARD was hardly less good. He never made anything like a mistake of manner. I wish I could say the same of his flapper. But Miss COHAN asserted her good spirits a little too boisterously for the picture.

I hope I shall not be suspected of partiality towards one of Mr. Punch's young men if I say that this is the best of the good things that Mr. MILNE has given us. As in his unacted play, *The Lucky One*, he gives evidence of a desire, not unfrequent in humourists, to be taken seriously. But he knows by now that brilliant dialogue is what is expected of him, and he thinks, too modestly, that he cannot afford to dispense with it for long at a time. The result is that, after stringing us up to face a tragic situation, he is tempted to let us down with light-hearted cynicisms. He would hate me to suggest that Mr. BERNARD SHAW has infected him, but perhaps he wouldn't mind my hinting at the influence of Sir JAMES BARRIE. Certainly his *Mardens* remind me of the *Darlings* in *Peter Pan*. Just as there we were invited alternately to weep for the bereaved mother's sorrow and roar over the bereaved father's buffooneries, so here, though not so disastrously, our hearts are torn between sympathy for



It was unfortunate that Brown had not finished his masterpiece, "The Surrender of the Garrison," by the time the war came to an end.



However, it needed very little alteration to make it saleable.

the husband's real troubles and amusement at the wife's flippant attitude towards the common tragedy.

I will not deny the sneaking pleasure which this flippancy gave me at the time, but in the light of calmer reflection I feel that Mr. MILNE would really have pleased himself better if he could have found the courage to keep the play on a serious note all through the interval between *Mr. Pim's* first and second revelations. Apart from the higher question of sincerity he would have gained something, in an artistic sense, by getting a stronger contrast out of the change of situation that followed the announcement of Tellworthy's demise.

In the First Act we seemed to have a little too much of the young couple, but this insistence was perhaps justified by the important part which their affairs subsequently played (along with the *leit-motif* of the futuristic curtains) in the readjustment of the relations between husband and wife.

If I have any flaw to find in a really charming play, I think it was a mistake for *Mrs. Marden* to let *Mr. Pim* into the secret of her past. As with the sweet influences of *Pippa*, so with the devastating havoc wrought by the inexactitudes of *Mr. Pim*, I think he should have been left unconscious of the effect of his passing.

For the rest,

Mr. MILNE'S at his best—
All 's right with the play! O. S.

EUPHONIOUS ALIENS.

(*A successful chamber concert has been given by three players, styling themselves "The Modern Trio," and named as under.*)

You may search through all Europe
from Nenagh to Nish
For such a delightfully-named coalish
As that of MANNUCCI and MELZAK and
KRISH.

In MELZAK we note the Slavonic
ambish;
MANNUCCI suggests an Italian dish,
And there's an exotic allurement in
KRISH.

Their combined *cantilena* 's as soothing
as squish;
'Twould have banished the madness of
SAUL, son of KISH,
Had he listened to MELZAK, MANNUCCI
and KRISH.

Their music, I gather, is wholly delish,
But their names are the thing that I
specially wish
To applaud in MANNUCCI and MELZAK
and KRISH.

The Struggle for Life.

"FOR SALE.—Entire household, $200 cash."
American Paper.

ANOTHER CRISIS.

WHETHER it is due to war-weariness or not the fact remains that the British public view with apparent apathy the new crises which arise day by day to threaten their happiness and maybe to change the whole course of their life.

Only a few mornings ago we read in *The Daily Chronicle* the following momentous statement made by that newspaper's golf correspondent: "I'm told that the thirty-one pennyweight ball is doomed." Doomed! Yet, so far as could be observed in the demeanour of the pleasure-seekers in the Strand on the afternoon of that same day, things might have been exactly as they were the day before.

We learn that the sub-committee investigating this matter of the thirty-one pennyweight ball have consulted both the manufacturers and the professionals. A ray of hope is given by the statement, made on good authority, that "the manufacturers have adopted a very reasonable attitude." The country should be grateful for this. But, on the other hand, "the professionals want full freedom in the selection of balls."

To foster a false optimism at this juncture would be criminal, and it may as well be admitted at once that negotiations are proceeding with difficulty. As we go to press we learn that a protracted meeting, lasting from 2 P.M. until after midnight, has been held. The leader of the manufacturers, on emerging from the conference hall, was seen to look pale and exhausted. Pushing his way through the pressmen and photographers he said, "Boys, for the moment we are bunkered; we must employ the niblick. No, that is all I can tell you;" and he walked quickly away with his hand to his brow and muttering words seldom heard off the course.

Equally grave, the organising secretary of the professionals was even less communicative, for he spoke in his native tongue, and the Scotsman among the reporters who undertook to translate his remarks was unfortunately unable to make himself understood.

The PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary has issued to the Press a statement that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is keeping in close touch with Walton Heath and the progress of events, but that at present no useful purpose would be served by Government interference.

The Daily Chronicle correspondent also announces that representatives of American golf are to visit St. Andrews in the Spring to discuss the question. We trust their visit may not be too late. If the problem is one that can be solved by dollars no doubt they will come well-equipped for enforcing American opinion on the British public. We can only hope that international relationships will not be strained by their deliberations; let there be a spirit of toleration and a recognition of the rights of small nations, and all may yet be well.

WHY THE SPARROW LIVES IN THE TOWN.

IN noisy towns, where traffic roars and
rushes
And where the grimy streets are dark
and narrow,
You never see the robins and the
thrushes,
Nor hear their songs. Only the City
sparrow
Chirps bravely and as cheerily as they,
Although his home is very far away.

He chirps of lanes, of far-off country
places
(This is the sparrows' story that I 'm
telling);
Long, long ago they lived in sweet wide
spaces;
Their homes were in the hedges, gay,
green-smelling;
The people, though, came citywards to
dwell;
"Then we," the sparrows said, "must
go as well.

"Yes, we 're the birds to go, for all
our brothers
Would lose their songs in cities dark
and crowdy;
Their hearts would break; but we 're
not like the others,
We cannot sing, our coats are drab
and dowdy;
But we can chirp and chirp and chirp
again;
The people shan't forget a country
lane."

And so they came, and in all city-
weathers
They chirped a note of cheer to exiles
weary;
And *still* the sparrows chirp, for their
brown feathers
Hide now, as then, brave kindly
hearts and cheery,
Of lanes they 've never seen nor lived
among,
Of country lanes they sing, the same
old song.

"SIR ALBERT'S ELEVATION.—'Up, Stanley, up!'—*Shakespeare* (amended)."
Sunday Pictorial.

Great SCOTT (WALTER)!

"Very attractive was the interior of the —— Hall, when the Misses —— entertained a large number of their friends at an enjoyable dance. Everything was 'contour de pose.'"
Australian Paper.

It is very clear they weren't jazzing.



THE POST-WAR SPORTSMAN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE HUNTSMAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Romance of Madame Tussaud's (ODHAMS) strikes one, in these days of universal reminiscence, almost as a *libre à faire*, certainly as a volume that finds its welcome waiting for it. I suppose there are few unhappy beings for whom the very name of that gifted lady does not revive something of the nursery magic that is never quite forgotten. All of which means that Mr. JOHN T. TUSSAUD, who has written, vivaciously and with obvious pleasure, this history of the famous show, is (I hope) assured beforehand of his sales. It is a fat record, taking the story from the earliest wax profiles made by Dr. CURTIUS for the Parisian aristocracy in the days before the Revolution; through the Terror, when his niece (afterwards Madame TUSSAUD) was employed to model notable heads from the basket of the guillotine, which was itself subsequently to figure amongst the attractions of her collection, and finally bringing the enterprising artist and her models to England and Baker Street, whence a comparatively recent move established them (the foundress in effigy only) in their present palace. I was especially interested to trace the evidence of close attention paid to the show by Mr. Punch, and in particular to learn that the title Chamber of Horrors was first invented by that observer; though the author falls into an obvious chronological inexactitude in ascribing to these pages a cartoon by CRUIKSHANK published "in November of Waterloo year." I have no space for the many queer stories, chiefly of encounters between the quick and the wax, with which the book abounds, nor for more than mention of its admirable photographs, of which I should have liked many more. Altogether it gives an unusual sidelight on the history of two Capitals; and incidentally, if the reading of it puts others in the same resolve as myself, an extra turn-stile will be needed in the Marylebone Road.

Mr. HARRY TIGHE is something of a problem to me. With the best will in the world to appreciate what looked like unusual promise I can only regard him at present as one who is neglecting the good gifts of heaven in the pursuit apparently of some Jack-o'-lanthorn idea of popularity. No doubt you recall his first novel, *The Sheep Path*, a sincere and well-observed study of feminine temperament. This was followed by one that (though it had its friends) marked, to my thinking, a lamentable fall from grace. He has now published a third, *Day Dawn* (WESTALL). Here, though popularity of a kind may be its reward, the work is still woefully beneath what should be Mr. TIGHE's level. Certainly not one of the demands of the circulating libraries is unfulfilled. We have a fair-haired heroine (victim to cocaine), a dark and villainous foreigner, a dashing hero, a middle-aged woman who adores him despite the presence of her husband, himself called throughout *Baron Brinthall*, a style surely more common in pantomimic circles than in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair; and the incidents embrace both murder and suicide. Moreover there is "plenty of conversation," and the intrigue moves sufficiently quickly (if jerkily) to keep one curious about the next page. But having very willingly admitted so much I return to my contention, that for Mr. TIGHE to neglect his sensitive and delicate art for the antics of these

tawdry dolls is to betray both himself and the craft of which he may still become a distinguished exponent.

From the official who is interested in officialdom to the Infantry officer who is interested in tactics, from the mechanical expert who can appreciate the technical details of diagrams to the child who revels in faultless photographs of hair-raising monsters ("I may read it, mother, mayn't I, when I've unstickied my fingers?" was the way I heard it put), everybody, I think, will find plenty to attract him in Sir Albert Stern's finely illustrated *Tanks 1914-1918* (Hodder and Stoughton). Tanks were born at Lincoln, and rightly so, for did not Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides mostly come from this region?—and the main theme of this book is to show how much more formidable an obstacle they found in the files and registries of Whitehall than in the trenches and wire-entanglements of Flanders and France. Parents they had and sponsors innumerable. Practical soldiers and engineers were enthusiastic about them, and the Bosch quaked in his trenches or ran; but even so late as the autumn of 1917, after General Foch (as he was then) had said, "You must make quantities and quantities: we must fight mechanically," one stout little company of obscurantists bravely defied the creed of Juggernaut until the irresistible logic of its successes in the field crushed them remorselessly under the "creeping grip." And that company, of course, according to Sir Albert Stern, was the British War Office.


OUR LAUNDRIES: THE COLLAR-FINISHER.

Let me commend to you *The Mask* (Methuen) as a craftsmanlike essay in imaginative realism; ruthlessly candid and self-revealing, but free from that tiresome obsession of the ultra-realists that everything that has ever happened is equally important in retrospect. The narrator, *Vanya Gombarov*, a Russian Jew, discourses reflectively and detachedly, as it were from behind a mask, to an English artist friend about his early childhood in his own land and the dismal adventures of the *Gombarov* family in that underworld of exploited and miserable aliens which is one of the root social problems of America. Very poignantly Mr. John Cournos makes you understand the import of the phrase so constantly on the lips of such victims of their own credulous hopes of El Dorado—"Woe to Columbus!" The portrait of *Vanya's* stepfather, brilliant, magnanimous, pursued by an Æschylean malignity of destiny, fills much of the foreground and is a quite masterly piece of work. One cannot be wrong in assuming this to be essential autobiography; there is a passionate conviction as of things intimately seen and dreadfully suffered. Such material might well have tempted to a more piling of squalor upon squalor. A fine discretion has given a noble dignity to a record through which shines the unquenchable human spirit. One passage, full of affectionate discernment about London, will cause a flicker of just pride in everyone who is authentic Cockney, whether by birth or adoption. A big book of its kind, I dare assert.

Star of India (Cassell) is what Mrs. Alice Perrin calls her latest novel, a title so good that I can only wonder why (or perhaps whether) it has not been used before. Inside also I found excellent entertainment. One supposes the author to have been confronted with two main problems with regard to her plot—how to make sufficiently plausible the marriage between a flapper (if you will forgive the odious word) of seventeen and a middle-ageing Anglo-Indian; and, secondly, how to impart any touch of novelty to the inevitable catastrophe that must attend this union. The first she has managed by a very cunning suggestion of the mingled jealousy, curiosity and boredom that drove *Stella* into the arms of her elderly suitor; the second by a variety of devices, to indicate which would be to give away the whole intrigue—one, I may say, whose climax is not nearly so visible from afar as that of most triangle tales. One point only I will reveal: Mrs. Perrin has had the courage, while vindicating her own common-sense judgment upon such folk, to introduce a second girl, daughter and pupil of one of the spoon-fed idealists who would govern India with the platitudes of ignorance, and not only to make her sympathetic, but to convince me of her attractions, which (especially just now) was not easy work. Decidedly a first-rate yarn.

We may, I think, take it that the love-story in *The Gunroom* (Black) is fiction pure and naively simple, but that the experiences of *John Lynwood*, the hero, in the Navy are given as the actual experiences of Mr. C. L. Morgan, the author. Let me then at once say that his revelations of the bullying of junior by senior midshipmen go back to a period before the War. These "shakings," we are asked to believe, were due partly to custom and partly to boredom caused by lack of leave. If Mr. Morgan is correct both in his facts and surmises it is satisfactory to think that the War must have obliterated the boredom which provoked such excesses, and one need not be a fanatical opponent of physical punishment to hope that such forms of tyranny will never again be tolerated as a matter of custom. I am obliged to conclude that these incidents in *Lynwood's* career are absolutely true, for certainly nothing less than absolute truth could excuse their appearance in print; but at the same time I must confess that any attack upon our Navy is apt with me to act as an irritant. The more reason that I should honestly admit Mr. Morgan's merits and say that he writes with a nice sense of style, and that his book does not derive its only interest from its revelations.

Hunting Extraordinary.

"Good Sport with the Holderness.

A stout ox led the field into Bilton village."—*Provincial Paper.*

Réchauffés for Cannibals.

"A company, numbering over 80, sat down to dinner, the host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. ——) proving, as usual, a first-class menu."

Local Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the Frenchman who lost his temper so completely during a duel with pistols that he threatened to shoot his opponent will be suspended from taking part in similar encounters for the next six months.

* * *

A man who had half a ton of coal delivered to him without warning has been removed to an asylum, where he is being treated for coal-shock.

* * *

Wrexham Education Committee has decided not to have Welsh taught in the elementary schools. Doubts have recently arisen, it appears, as to whether it will ever be the chosen medium of communication in the League of Nations.

* * *

"There is a movement on foot," says *The Daily Mail*, "to brighten the dress of boys." Smith Tertius writes to say that, according to the best opinion in his set, the waist should be worn fuller and less attention paid to the "sit" of the shirt.

* * *

A man recently arrested in Dublin was found to have in his possession a loaded revolver, three sticks of gelignite, four lengths of fuse, a number of detonators and a jemmy. It is thought that he may have been dabbling in politics.

* * *

"Demobilised men are doing such execution at the London World's Fair Shooting Galleries," says a news item, "that the supply of bottles is running short." Nothing, however, can be done about it till the PRIME MINISTER returns from Paris.

* * *

"There is a proper time for the last meal of the day," says a medical writer. We have always been of the opinion that supper should not be taken between meals.

* * *

After addressing a meeting for two hours, says a contemporary, TROTSKY fainted. A more humane man would have fainted first.

* * *

We feel very jealous of the suburban gentleman who wrote last week asking what an O.B.E. was, and whether, if it was a bird, it should be fed on hemp-seed or ants' eggs.

* * *

With reference to the wooden house which fell down last week, the builder is of the opinion that a sparrow must have accidentally stepped on it.

* * *

Lord BIRKENHEAD describes the Coalition as an "invertebrate and undefined body." Meaning that they have rather more wishbone than backbone.

* * *

An Indian native was recently sentenced to write a poem. In other countries of course you commit a poem first and are sentenced afterwards.

* * *

Mr. F. H. ROSE, M.P., writing in *The Sunday Pictorial*, refers to the Ministry of Munitions as "a veritable monument of superfluous futility." For ourselves we don't mind futility so long as it isn't superfluous.

* * *

Will the lady who, during the Winter Sales' scramble, inadvertently went off with two husbands please return the other one to his rightful owner?

* * *

Mr. J. H. SYMONS, the Weymouth draper novelist, has told a *Star* reporter that he only writes novels for a hobby. This sets him apart from the many who do it with malicious intent.

* * *

A referee has lodged a complaint against the Football Club on whose ground he was assaulted by several spectators who disagreed with his decisions. Although sympathising with him we fear his attempt to rob our national game of its most sporting element will not meet with general approval.

* * *

It is generally expected that, owing to the number of deaths from whisky poisoning which have occurred of late, America may decide to go dry again.

* * *

It is reported on good authority that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN will visit America daily until the signature of DEMPSEY'S manager is obtained.

* * *

LENIN, says a contemporary, has completed his plans for the overthrow of civilisation. It seems that all our efforts to conceal from him its presence in our midst are doomed to failure.

* * *

"A search for combined beauty and brains," says *The Daily Mail*, "has been instituted by *The Weekly Dispatch*." We gather, however, that a good circulation will also be taken into consideration.

* * *

According to the Technical Secretary of the Civil Aviation Committee a vehicle has been designed which is equally at home in the air, on land, on the water and under it. It is said to be distinguishable from Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL only by the latter's eloquence.

* * *

We understand that certain members of the betting classes have demanded that the starting price for coal should be published each day in the early evening papers.



SCENE.—*Miles from anywhere.*

Tammas. "COULD YE OBLIGE ME WI' A MATCH, SIR?"

Stranger. "I'M AFRAID I'VE ONLY GOT ONE."

Tammas. "AY—SHE 'LL DO."

A Triumph of Realism.

From a publisher's advertisement:—

"'FALLING WATERS.' 'Not a dry page in it.'"

The New Polygamy.

"The bride . . . carried a handsome bouquet of harem lilies."—*Local Paper.*

THE BENEFITS OF PEACE

(as they appear to be viewed by certain unofficial guardians of public morality).

WHEN Peace superseded the strife and the stress
Which the public regard as a gift for the Press,
It was feared in the quiet that followed the storm,
With nothing to do but retrench and reform,
That the Town would be painted a colourless tint
And the printers have nothing exciting to print.

That fear was unfounded, I'm happy to say,
And red is the dominant tone of to-day;
So far from incurring a shortage of news
While the place is made fit for our heroes to use,
We cannot remember a rosier time;
We have rarely enjoyed such an orgy of crime.

There are scandals as nice for the reader to nose
As any old garbage of carrion crows;
Our mystery-mongers are full of resource;
There's a bigamy boom and a vogue of divorce;
To the licence of flappers we freely allude,
And we do what we can with the cult of the nude.

No, the War isn't missed; there's a murrain of strikes
Where a paper can take any side that it likes;
We are done with denouncing the filth of the Bosch,
But we still have our own dirty linen to wash;
Though we trade with the brute as a man and a brother,
Our Warriors still can abuse one another.

And if spicier features incline to be slack
There is always the Chief of the State to attack;
We have standing instructions to cake him with mud
And a couple of columns reserved for his blood.
Oh, yes, there is Peace, but our property thrives—
We are having, I tell you, the time of our lives.

O. S.

OUR BALLYBUN LOTTERY.

[*À propos* of Premium Bonds it has been recalled that in his evidence, given some years ago before a Select Committee, the then Under-Secretary for Ireland stated that in that distressful country "lotteries are very much used for religious purposes by people of all denominations," and that "it would be flying in the face of public opinion, especially of the great religious bodies, to interfere with them."]

Murphy has given up charity for ever. He was perhaps fuller of this virtue than any other body in Ballybun, and his house was packed with things he had won at raffles. When a brick tore a hole in the Orange drum our Presbyterian pastor at once got up a bazaar for repairs to the chapel, and Murphy won the finest silver tea-service this side of the Aran Islands. Murphy knew no distinctions of race, creed or sex in the holy cause of charity. When our Methodist minister, who is universally popular, as his knowledge of a horse would be a credit to any denomination, got up an Auction Bridge Drive in aid of the Anti-Gambling League, Murphy came home with three pink antimacassars, a discourse by JEREMY TAYLOR and two months' pay out of the pocket of McDougal, the organist, who seems to play cards by ear. But Nemesis was lying in ambush for Murphy.

Three old ladies in Trim decided to get up a Tombola for the poor this winter, and of course they sent Murphy a sheaf of tickets. As lotteries are illegal they, being pious, hated them; anyway they decided to call it a Tombola. They got the whole of Ireland to send them prizes, articles of vertu and bric-à-brac, and any other old things that are of no use to anybody. The carriage on the stuff and the printer's bill nearly ruined the charitable ladies, but, as they said, the Tombola would pay all the expenses, and if they could knock any more out of it the poor should have it.

If you sold a dozen tickets you could keep the thirteenth for yourself, and as Murphy, on account of his charity, was so popular he must have sold hundreds. People seemed to have an idea that the raffle was for a gondola, and they thought it would look beautiful on the pond in front of the Town Hall. Unfortunately our local poetess confirmed this error by writing a poem about it called "Italy in Ireland," which was produced in *The Ballybun Binnacle*, with a misprint about the gondolier's "untanned solo," which caused a fracas in the editorial office.

Murphy explained to all concerned that perhaps his Italian was rusty, and anyway his time was so taken up reading lottery-tickets and other charitable literature that he never knew what it was all for. It was a Tombola, however, this time, and not a gondola, they were subscribing for. It was a kind of Italian lottery which the police didn't mind because the prizes were not in money or anything of value, but just Old Masters and brick-bracks. Murphy has such a way with him that the editor and the poetess each took a dozen tickets.

When the result of the draw was published Murphy won six prizes, but no one grudged him them as he had taken so much trouble. The Grand Prize, a "statue carved by an Italian artist, the finest bit of sculpture ever seen in Ireland," was won by our popular grocer, Mr. McAroon. We were all delighted. People trooped in crowds to McAroon's back-door after closing-time to tell him so. The police took their names, but the magistrates, who have a great respect for the fine arts, said that this was a day in the artistic development of the Cinderella of the West which automatically and *primâ facie* regularised an extension of closing-hours.

McAroon said that his religion did not run much to statues, but that, to show his tolerance to all denominations, especially to those on his books, he would have it unveiled by his Minister. He would invite the Bishop and all men of goodwill to be present at the ceremony. He would place it in the corner of his garden overlooking the esplanade, where it would cheer the simple mariners coming home after their arduous fishing toils, and perhaps remind one or two of them (but he would mention no names) of a dozen or so of porter that had been left unpaid for after a recent wedding.

The Ballybun express carries no goods whatever, except with the connivance of the guard and driver, who are both very decent Ballybun boys, and will bring anything down from Dublin for anyone. They promised to carry the statue themselves from the railway station up to McAroon's house. If the express was less than three hours late, which it was sure to be if it was running smoothly, they could just beam-end the statue on its pedestal and the presiding elder could unveil it with a hammer.

The train was not too late, just punctually late, and the guard had time to hurry the statue along through the biggest crowd we have had for years in Ballybun.

The Minister said that he would not open the case with prayer, because it might give offence to friends of other Christian denominations; he would just knock the front off and let this matchless piece of statuary from the blue skies of Italy dazzle them with its beauty. It needed no words from him, but he would just like to remind any of his flock present that the collection next Sunday was for the heathen both at home and abroad.

The statue then flashed out on us and left us breathless. It was the most scandalous thing ever seen in Ballybun; it was Venus rising from the sea without a stitch. There



"WANTED."

Holland. "SO YOU SAY YOU'D LIKE ME TO SURRENDER THE EX-KAISER?"

Entente Policeman. "WELL, MA'AM, I DIDN'T GO SO FAR AS THAT. I ONLY *ASKED* YOU FOR HIM."



A MINISTERIAL ATTITUDE.

Wife (to amateur politician). "NAH THEN—WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? IN THE 'OUSE O' COMMONS?"

she stood with one hand raised toward the sky and the other pointing at the backs of all the pious people in Ballybun as they hurried indignantly home. Some of them blamed McAroon, while others said that Murphy knew all the time what a Tombola really was and that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

The Bishop ordered his people not to deal at McAroon's until Murphy had removed the scandalous object. So many bitter things were said that McAroon, who is obstinate when roused, vowed that as long as the sun shone in heaven the lady should add lustre to his back-yard. The Minister however tried to move him to a more prayerful spirit.

McAroon said it wouldn't be right to smash up for firewood a marble statue that had cost five hundred pounds if a penny. The clergyman said that if everybody stopped away from his store he would lose more than that in a year, and that in any case, if McAroon suffered, he would suffer in the holy cause of charity.

McAroon's piety was touched, and he said that in the interests of peace and holy charity he would agree on a compromise. He had forsooth to keep his vow and let the lady stop, but she had two outstretched arms and there was always abundance of family washing on hand in the daytime at all events. The clergy of all denominations agreed that his decision was in keeping with the best traditions of a Family Grocer.

Murphy and McAroon made it up publicly. Murphy asked how anyone in Ballybun could possibly know the Italian bathing regulations. Italy was a godless country; but "anyway," said he, "hear you me. I have suffered so much in mind from this that I have done with charity for ever."

Christian peace and friendship reign once more in Ballybun; but any visitor who desires to see the beauties of Spagnoletti's famous masterpiece (what McAroon calls his "Anna Dryomeny") without the washing to serve as a veil must come by night and bring his own matches.

SO LONG.

ALL coiled down, and it 's time for us to go,
Every sail 's furled in a smart harbour stow,
Another ship for us an' for her another crew;
An' so long, sailorman. Good luck to you!

Fun an' friends I wish you till the pay 's all gone,
Pleasure while you spend it an' content when it 's done,
An' a chest that 's not empty when you go back to sea,
An' a better ship than she 's been an' a truer pal than me.

A good berth I wish you in a ship that 's well-found,
With a decent crowd forrard an' her gear all sound,
Spars a man can trust to when it comes on to blow,
An' no bo'sun bawlin' when it 's your watch below.

A good Trade I wish you an' a fair landfall,
Neither fog nor iceberg, nor long calm nor squall,
A pleasant port to come to when the work 's all through . . .
An' so long, sailorman. Good luck to you! C. F. S.

THE SMUGGLER.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"If I am to be a bold bad smuggler, old scream," said Percival, packing pyjamas and parcels into his bag, "I demand the proper costume and accessories of the craft. No self-respecting smuggler can be expected to run a cargo in a British warm and field-boots."

"Of course, my swaggering buccaneer, if you want to do it in the grand manner," answered Frederick, "I 'll arrange for the saucy little cutter, the sequestered cove an' the hard-riding exciseman with a cocked hat and cutlass. But the simpler if less picturesque way is to dump your bag on the counter at the Customs House and be taken with a fit of sneezing when the Grand Inquisitor asks you if you have anything to declare."

"Whereupon he 'll hand me a quinine tablet and, when I show signs of convalescence, repeat the question in a loud voice. And if I don't know the correct answer I 'll find myself meditating in Portland or Pentonville. That 's what I 'm exposing myself to by obliging corrupt an' unscrupulous friends," continued Percival bitterly.

"Hang it!" expostulated Frederick, "the potty little bottle of scent I 'm asking you to deliver to my cousin Julia won't get you more than a seven-days' stretch. And you 've got *fourteen* days' leave."

"Well, I won't grumble about that, although I 'd arranged my programme differently. But what about the box of Flor Fantomas I 'm taking for the Major, and the bottle of whisky with which the skipper has entrusted me for the purpose of propitiating his projected father-in law, to say nothing of the piece of Brussels lace which Binnie says is for his aunt. Their combined weight will just about earn me a liter. I can see me wiring the War Office for an extension of leave on urgent business grounds—nature of business, to enable applicant to complete term of penal servitude."

"Don't, Percival, old crumpet," murmured Frederick, visibly affected; "the thought of you languishing in a felon's cell, without cigarettes, gives me a pain in my heart. Let me see what I can do for you."

In a few minutes he was back, beaming. "I 've fixed it all right, *mon lapin*," he said; "if the worst comes to the worst they 'll bail you out with the Mess funds. But they won't accept further responsibility. The Major says, if a fellow who 's spent his whole career dodging duties can't dodge the duty on a box of cigars he doesn't deserve sympathy."



THE NEW POOR.

"Good morning, Madam. I deal in cast-off clothing."

"Oh, how lucky! Do you think you have anything that would suit my husband?"

So Percival proceeded on leave with a heavy bag and a heavier conscience. On the boat he was greeted hilariously by Gillow the gunner and Sparkes the sapper, who invited him below to drink success to the voyage. In order to give the voyage no chance of failure they continued to drink success to it until the vessel backed into Folkestone Harbour, when they felt their precautions might be relaxed.

"Thanks to our efforts we 've arrived safely," said Gillow as they strolled up on deck, "but the sight of jolly old England doesn't seem to be moving you to mirth and song, Percival. Why this outward-bound expression when we 're on the homeward tack, my hearty?"

"It 's the gnawing molar of conscience," said Percival ruefully; "I 've got a consignment of pink-ribboned parcels in my bag which I know to contain contraband and which I also suspect—Frederick's and Binnie's any-

way—to contain amorous missives not meant for vulgar eyes. If I deliver the parcels with the seals broken I shall get the glacial glare from the damsels concerned, and when I get back scorpions and poisoned bill-hooks will be too good for poor Percival."

"Phew!" whistled Sparkes. "They go through your baggage with a fine toothcomb nowadays. Couldn't you drop over the side with your bag and drift ashore on a deserted beach, disguised as a floating mine?"

"I've cut impersonations of hardware out of my *répertoire* since the day I failed to get past an R.T.O. disguised as a brass-hat," said Percival sadly. "I suppose I must fall back on direct action. I've a feeling that England expects every man this day to pay his duty."

On the quay there was the usual mad charge of porters. Percival indicated his bag to one of them with a distracted air, and followed him to the Customs House guiltily. The porter dumped the bag before an official, who had a piece of chalk hopefully poised between his fingers.

"'Nything t' 'clare?" he asked, preparing to affix the sign which spelt freedom.

Percival blew his nose violently, hoping the chalk would descend to save him the necessity of answering, but it remained poised in mid-air.

"Anything to declare?" repeated the official, with emphasis.

"Er," said Percival weakly—"nothing that you need worry about—only a few presents."

"I'll have to trouble you for your keys, then," said the incorruptible.

Percival sighed dismally and produced them. Suddenly he noticed Gillow declaring his baggage, and became so interested that he failed to perceive that the official was in difficulties with the lock of his bag.

"This the right key, Sir?" demanded the latter at length.

"Oh, yes," said Percival absently. "But perhaps the bag isn't locked."

The bag wasn't. It opened easily, and the official plunged into a welter of articles of personal use; but no parcels or dutiable goods came to light.

"P'raps you think it's a joke, wasting my time like this," snorted the official indignantly. "All I can say is, it's an infernal bad one."

"Awf'lly sorry," said Percival sweetly, as his eye followed Gillow, who had emerged unchallenged. "I must have forgotten to bring the parcels I spoke about."

Smiling cheerfully, he directed the porter to place his bag by the side of Gillow's in a Pullman, and took his seat with an expression of complete content.

"How fares the master criminal?" asked Sparkes.

"A sympathetic friend took my troubles on his shoulders," said Percival, "and got the parcels through with an effrontery which amazed me. I always took him for an upright youth, too."

"Who was it?" asked Gillow.

"You! Didn't you notice you took my bag by mistake? But don't let it weigh unduly on your conscience. Mine's clear anyway, and I feel that my troubles are over."

But it was not till he got home and opened his own bag that he discovered a quantity of broken glass, a pungent odour of whisky and Cologne water, a discoloured parcel of lace and a box of sodden cigars.

"I was never meant for a smuggler," he groaned.

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE.

On the glory of the trappers!
 Oh to be as in this book,
Chasing things in furry wrappers,
 Poking from their crevice nook
Loudly though they squeak and grumble,
 Squirrel fitch and Arctic cat
(*Editor*: "I do not tumble;
Will you please explain this jumble?"
 Author: "I shall come to that").

Oh! (as I was just remarking
 When you interrupted me)
Where the marabouts are barking
 It is there that I would be;
Where on promontories stony
 All the loud Atlantic raves
And the, if not very tony,
Still quite practical seal coney
 Plunges in the wind-whipt waves.

Where the graceful skunk opossum
 And the stylish leopard mink
Scamper as you come across 'em,
 Climb upon the cañon's brink,
Gambol with the pony musquash,
 Claimed not for a collar yet—
Far away from London's bus-squash
And advertisements of tusk-wash
 Are my yearning visions set.

If such dreams and such romances,
 Editor and reader mine,
Have not filled your heart with fancies—
 Silence and the lonely pine,
Distant snows that cool the fever
 Of a weary world-worn soul,
There where life is no deceiver
And the wallaby-dyed-beaver
 Makes a very natural mole—

If you have not heard the calling
 Of the lone, lone trail and far,
Where the animals enthralling
 I have lately mentioned are,
Nature splendid and full-blooded,
 Just a gun and pipe and dog
(How those avalanches thudded!)—
No? Why, then you can't have studied
 Perkins' Bargain Catalogue.

EVOE.

BILLIARDS.

HERBERT *v.* JAMES.

THIS match of a hundred up was played in the handsome saloon of the "Leadswingers' Arms" yesterday afternoon before an unusually dense crowd, who both came in just too late to secure the table. It is understood that the game was arranged as the result of a heated discussion during lunch the same day, in the course of which Herbert had the effrontery to tell me—I mean, to tell James—that what I—that is, he—knew about billiards wouldn't cover the pyramid-spot. James, who some hours later thought of a perfectly priceless repartee, which he has since forgotten, replied with dignity by challenging the other to an immediate game. Herbert accepted and, hastily finishing their lunch, the two repaired to the nearest billiard-room.

"I'm not due back at the office for another twenty minutes, so we've tons of time," observed Herbert airily as they entered.

James looked at him, but said nothing. He had the better of the opening manœuvres, however, for he secured the only cue that possessed a non-flexible tip; Herbert's was at the best of the semi-rigid type, a fact which impelled him to declare that the place would soon resemble a popular tea-shop. Not being pressed for an elucidation of this remark, he volunteered one. "No tips," he explained as he tenderly chalked his.

Herbert won the toss and elected to break with spot, which appeared to be a rounder ball than its fellow. Taking a careful and protracted aim at the red, he only missed the object-ball by inches, his own travelling twice round the table before finally coming to rest in baulk.

"Now then, Inman," he said, with a poor attempt at jauntiness, "score off that if you can."

James's reply was a calculated safety-miss, which only failed of its intention in that it left his ball about an inch away from the middle pocket. The closeness of the contest may be gauged from the fact that at this stage the game was called (or would have been called if the marker had not gone out to his dinner) at one all.

"In off the white," declared Herbert, and promptly potted it. "Sorry," he added almost before the ball was in the pocket.

For some time after this episode,



MANNERS AND MODES.

DYSPEPSIA DE LUXE.



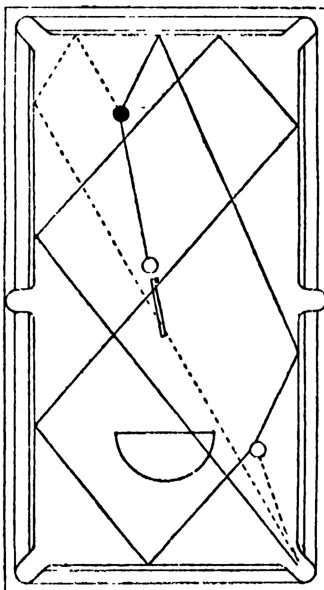
BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"Hop it, Leander! The Hellespont's down at the other end of the tank. This end's 'Fun at Flounder Beach.'"

which chilled the atmosphere a trifle, the exchanges were uneventful. A slight tendency towards "barracking" on the part of the crowd was quickly stifled, however, by a brilliant effort from James, who by means of all-round play built up an attractive break of 5.

Herbert at once responded by taking off his coat, but for several innings contributed nothing else of note except a powerful shot which pocketed the red ball in the fireplace. After an agreement had at last been reached about the rule governing this particular class of stroke, both players settled down to their work and put in some useful breaks, runs of 3, 7 and 4 by James being countered by 2, 5, 6 and 3 (twice) by Herbert. The latter was the first to reach the 50-mark, an event which the crowd signalised by hanging up their hats and advancing to the table. When they were informed that the game was one of a hundred up, they seemed disposed to argue the matter, and from this stage their attitude towards the players became openly and impartially critical.

The latter half of the match was marked by a somewhat peculiar incident. With the game standing at 75 all Herbert made a stroke that left the red hovering on the brink of a pocket. He waited anxiously, but with no result. At this point one of the crowd omitted a prodigious yawn, and it was the intense vibration set up from this act, so James declared, that induced the ball to topple over into the pocket. In support of his contention that no score should ensue he pointed to a framed copy of the Rules of Billiards on the wall that balanced a coloured advertisement of Tommy Dodd whisky, and recited the rule on vibration. Herbert



A MASTERLY TEN-SHOT, WHICH COLLECTED ALL THREE BALLS IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND POCKET.

[The continuous line shows the path of the striker's ball and the dotted lines those of the object balls.]

strenuously denied that any such phenomenon had taken place, and when James appealed to its author he was met with such an outburst of elephantine sarcasm that he refrained from further contesting the point.

After this the luck of the play went against James, and when, the marker having by now finished his meal, the score was actually called at 90—99 in his opponent's favour, he might have been excused for giving up the game as lost. With dogged determination, however, he faced the situation. His own ball was somewhere near the centre, the red about eighteen inches from the top left-hand pocket, and the white midway between the right-hand cushion and the D. With an almost superhuman stroke (but *not*, as was subsequently averred, with his eyes shut) he smote the red, and his ball travelled rapidly up and down the table. On the down journey it glanced off the white, after which, still going at a tremendous pace, it made a complete tour of the table and concluded its meteoric career in the bottom right-hand pocket. Meanwhile the red and the white had both departed on voyages of their own, the terminus in each case being the self-same pocket. (*See diagram.*) After the balls had been taken out, examined and counted, and James's person had been searched to see if he were concealing any, the marker pronounced this to be a 10-shot, and the game was thus strikingly ended in James's favour.

Commercial Candour.

"The Great Song of a Britisher is—
'There's No Place Like Home.'
Stay at ——'s Hotel,
And you'll Sing it and Realise it."
South African Paper.

"The mere selling of an article is a simple matter, but keeping the customer sold is our principal aim."—*Advt. in West Indian Paper.*



First Novice. "WOULD YOU MIND MY PASSING, PLEASE?"
Second ditto. "NOT AT ALL—NOT AT ALL—IF YOU DON'T MIND USING ME AS THE HANDRAIL."

MY DÉBUT IN "PUNCH."

I AM, I hope, decently modest. When I said so once to Margery she remarked that there was no need to make a virtue of necessity. But younger sisters, of course . . .

I came down to breakfast at my usual time—as the others were finishing—and found a letter awaiting me. I opened it under the usual fire of insults from Margery and John. To-day I ignored them, however, and my young heart gave a small jump. I am a modest young man.

"What's the matter with you, little Sunbeam?" asked John (he is Cecilia's husband, through no fault of mine). "Is the tailor more rude than usual, or has she found out your address?"

"The Vicar has asked him to sing at the Band of Hope," suggested Margery.

I commenced my breakfast.

"What is it, Alan?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, nothing," I said easily. "The proof of a thing of mine that *Punch* has accepted."

They hadn't a word to say for a few seconds, then Margery began:—

"Poor old dear, it must be some awful mistake."

I ignored Margery.

"But, Alan darling, how beautiful! You've been trying for years and years and now at last it has happened. I *do* hope it isn't a mistake," said Cecilia anxiously. She was trying to be nice, you know. I'm sure she was. I went on with my breakfast.

"Well, John," said Cecilia, "can't you congratulate him, or are you too jealous?"

John sighed deeply and pondered.

"Terrible how *Punch* has gone down since our young days, isn't it?" he said heavily.

* * * * *

I spent a miserable time until it appeared. Somehow or other Cecilia let the great glad news get about the village. Farley, our newsagent and tobacconist, held me when I went in for an ounce of the usual mild.

"So I 'ear you 've 'ad a article printed by this 'ere *Punch*, Sir," he said. "Somethink laughable it 'd be, I suppose like, eh?"

"Not half," I said, striving hard to impersonate a successful humourist.

"Ah, well, it 's all good for business," he said, as one who sees the silver lining. "I 've 'ad quite a number of orders for the paper for the next two or three weeks."

I crept from the shop, only to meet an atrocious woman from "The Gables," who stopped me with a little shriek of joy.

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis, I 've been dying to meet you, do you know. I always have thought you *so* funny, ever since that little sketch you got up for the Bazaar last summer. I said to my husband when I heard of your success, '*I 'm* not surprised. After that sketch, *I knew*.' *Do* tell me when it 's appearing. I 'm sure I shall simply scream at it."

I escaped after a time and wondered whether it was too late to stop publication of the horrible thing.

* * *

I came down to breakfast and found John with a copy beside him. I looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "the worst has happened. It is in print. We have been waiting for you to appear."

He turned the pages and cleared his throat.

"I shall now read the article aloud," he said. "Each time I raise my hand the audience will please burst into hearty laughter."



Little Girl (rather sceptical about what she regards as her new toy). "Put him on the floor, Mummy, and see if he'll go."

Margery giggled.

"Cecilia," I said, rising, "if you don't control this reptile that you have married, if you don't force him to hold his peace, if you allow him to read one word, I'll throw the bread-knife at him and . . . and pour my coffee all over the tablecloth."

"John," said Cecilia, "have a little thought for others and read it quietly to yourself."

Cecilia meant well, of course, but Margery giggled again.

John read it to himself in a dead silence, sighed heavily and passed it to Margery.

"We shall never live it down," he said, putting his head into his hands and gazing moodily at the marmalade.

Margery read it and giggled three or four times; but Margery giggles at anything.

Cecilia read it and beamed.

"Alan, dear," she said, "it's lovely! Of *course* they accepted it. John, you wretch, say you liked it." (Cecilia can be a dear.)

"Well, if I must tell the truth," said John, "it isn't quite so bad as I expected. In fact I very much doubt whether he wrote it at all. If he did—well, it's a marvellous fluke, that's all."

I smiled.

"You may smile, swelled-head," said John; "but I'll bet you five golden guineas to a bad tanner you couldn't do it again."

"Done," I said.

After a few days, however, I realised that I had made a mistake. Even a bad sixpence is worth something nowadays.

Cecilia and Margery vied with each other in offering me the feeblest suggestions for articles that they felt sure would reduce a rhinoceros to hysterics. John presented me with a copy of *A Thousand and One Jokes and Anecdotes* "to prove he was a sportsman," he said. I started to look for a bad sixpence.

Then Margery said to me:—

"Why don't you write and explain the whole thing to the Editor and offer to go halves if he prints it?"

I looked at her in amazement.

"You horrible little cheat!" I said.

* * * * *

However, on thinking it over carefully there seems a lot to say for the idea and it's really quite fair. Anyhow I can't possibly let John win. So here's the story, and with any luck it will cost John five golden guineas. But I shan't give the Editor half.

The Perils of Humour.

From *Punch*:—

"'The Profiteer's Anthem.

The hymns to be sung will be (1) "All people that on earth do well."' *Rangoon Times.*"

From *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:—

"'The Profiteer's Anthem.

The hymns to be sung will be (1) "All people that on earth do dwell."'

Rangoon Times, quoted in *Punch*."

"It was reported to the Sanitary Committee yesterday that the Inspector of Nuisances had made arrangements for the repair of the meteorological instruments." *Local Paper.*

Judging by our recent weather, quite the right man to look after it.

From a money-lender's circular:—

"Having been, perhaps, the richest nation in the world before the war, and wealth being only comparative, it is our empirical duty to achieve a like position again."

So that's why they are "trying it on."

"The news, says the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, in itself is serious enough as showing the dangers of letting the Adriatic settlement continue to be at the mercy of a coup de theatre or coup de d'etat, whichever one may like to call it."—*Evening Paper.*

We fancy the Paris correspondent of *The Times* would prefer the former.



EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE

(*As dispensed by the* LORD CHANCELLOR *and a predecessor*).

INJURED PARTIES (*simultaneously*).

"OH! TO BE SMACKED BY THOSE WE LOVE
DOTH WORK LIKE MADNESS IN THE BRAIN."



FRENZIED BOXING FINANCE.

Master of the Ceremonies. "Look 'ere! 'Fore my man fights he wants two potties, three glassies an' a blood-alley; an' I wants a packet o' fags for meself."

THE BURIAL OF DUNDEE.

"Dundee is dead," said my wife, returning from her morning visit to the kitchen.

"I am very sorry to hear it," I replied, laying down the newspaper on the breakfast-table, at which I still lingered; and indeed I was sorry. Dundee had been our household cat from the earliest days of our married life, from the time when he was a tiny kitten the colour of marmalade, which had earned him his name.

"Cook is very much upset," my wife continued.

"Her distress does her credit," I answered.

"She talks of leaving."

I must confess with shame that a pang acuter than the first went through me at the news, for Cook was one of those rare artists who understands the value of surprise and never rides success to death.

"Ask her to reconsider her decision," I said.

"I have," said my wife, "and she remained immovable."

"Perhaps when the first shock has worn off?"

"There is just a chance."

"Yes, I am sure you can persuade her," I concluded, preparing to leave for my office.

"Before you go," interrupted my wife, "what are we going to do about the burial?"

"How does one usually dispose of dead cats?" I asked. "I thought the dustman——"

"Out of the question."

"I know it is forbidden by the by-laws of the Corporation, but a shilling——"

"How stupid you are! If anything were to decide Cook to go it would be handing over Dundee's remains to the dustman. You know how particular Cook is about funerals."

I know indeed. The rate of mortality among her friends and relations was abnormally high, and on account, as I suspect, of her skill in cookery she was in frequent demand as a mourner. By continual attendance she had cultivated a nice sense of what was fitting on these occasions and posed as an authority on the subject.

"Very well, then, let's have him buried," I said.

"Where?"

"In our garden."

"Who by?"

"Palmer or Emily."

Palmer and Emily are respectively the parlour- and house-maid.

"Both would say it was not the work for which they were engaged. They would leave at the same time as Cook, if I asked them."

"Who else can we get?" I asked.

"Yourself," my wife made answer.

"Me? But I can't be seen by all the street burying a cat." I should explain that our only garden is in front of the house.

"If you wait till it is dark you needn't be afraid of anyone seeing you," protested my wife.

"And run the risk of being detected by some suspicious policeman. No, thank you."

"Then if you won't do it yourself you must find someone who will. It is our last hope of persuading Cook to stay."

"By heaven!" I cried, looking at



Cheery Member (to Club pessimist). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! HAVING A BAD CROSSING?"

my watch, "I am a quarter-of-an-hour late. I must run."

This was my customary device to evade the embarrassing dilemmas which my wife not infrequently thrust upon me at this hour. So for the moment I escaped. All day in the office I was fully occupied. From time to time the memory of Dundee lying stark in the basement obtruded itself upon my thoughts, but I dismissed the vision as one does a problem one has not the courage to face.

The problem remained unsolved when I stepped out of the train on my return from the City. To gain time for reflection I resolved to make a détour. As I struck into an unfamiliar side street, I looked up, and there in front of me stood an undertaker's shop.

The inspiration! I entered. From the back premises advanced to meet me the undertaker, with a visage tentatively wobegone, not yet knowing whether I was widower, orphan, businesslike executor or merely the busybody family friend. I unfolded my difficulty. Beneath the outer crust of professional melancholy there evidently seethed within the undertaker a lava of joviality.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," he said. "It is not perhaps strictly in my line, but one of my assistants will be delighted to earn an extra shilling or so by obliging you. What name and address?"

I joyfully gave both and made my way home.

Midway through dinner came a ring at the front-door bell. Palmer interrupted her service to answer, and returned to me with a card on a salver.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," she announced.

"How strange, at this hour! Who can it be?" asked my wife.

"The gentleman to bury Dundee," I explained in a lowered voice, as I passed the visiting-card, deeply edged with black, across the table to her.

Next morning my wife was able to announce that Cook had consented to stay. The burial of Dundee by a real undertaker had gratified her sense of the correct. I departed to the City filled with self-complacency.

For a month I dwelt in this fool's paradise. Then one evening my wife gently broke the news.

"I have something serious to tell you. Cook has given notice."

"Who is dead now?" I asked.

"No one. She is engaged to be married."

"Married?"

"Yes, to the young undertaker."

"What young undertaker?"

"The one who buried Dundee."

It was too true. At supper, after the inhumation, a mutual esteem had sprung up that rapidly ripened into love. The enterprising young journeyman, so enamoured of his calling that he consented to inter dumb creatures in his leisure time, had evidently discerned in Cook, with her wealth of funeral lore, a helpmeet worthy of himself; while Cook on her side, conquered by his diligence and discretion, considered she had secured a respectable settlement for life, with the prospect of obsequies of the highest class for herself.

CLERICAL EDUCATION.

[The Rev. KENNEDY BELL, in *The Daily Sketch*, deplores the dreariness of parish magazines and suggests, with a view to brighten their contents, that clergymen should serve an apprenticeship on the daily Press.]

THE Reverend Mr. KENNEDY BELL
Is wholly unable to say all 's well
With the state of our parish magazines,
And is moved to indicate the means
Of making their pages bright and snappy
And bored subscribers cheerful and happy.



"MY DEAR, YOU ARE NOT DANCING."

"NO—MOST PROVOKING. I MISLAID MY PARTNER AT PADDINGTON, AND HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHERE THE DANCE IS."

Now the most original of his hints
For galvanizing these dreary prints
Is this: That every parson, before
He aspires to be parish editor,
Should join the staff of a leading daily
And learn to write genially and gaily.
It may be a counsel of sheer perfection,
And yet, perhaps, on further reflection,
We may admit that something is gained
By the plan of having clergymen trained
In the very heart of the Street of Ink
To paint their parish magazines pink.
So generous laymen may haply decide
That it *may* be worth their while to provide
Each KENNEDY BELL with stepping-stones
To rise to the height of a KENNEDY JONES.
But others, a small and dwindling crew,
Possibly fit, but certainly few,
And cursed with a most pronounced capacity
For suffering from inept vivacity,
Would gladly be reckoned as unenlightened
Could they keep one class of journal un-"brightened."

THE PASSING OF THE LITTER.

IT happened only a couple of weeks ago, but the horrible memory comes back to me as if it only happened yesterday. It was my own fault, because with a telephone loose about the place one ought not to encourage other pets.

"Well," I said to Sibyl, "there we are, and we must make the best of them."

Sibyl sniffed as she usually does when these periodical occurences happen in our house.

"Which of them are you going to keep?" she asked, "and is it really necessary to keep any of them?"

"Well," I said; "but——"

"What I mean to say," said Sibyl, "better do away with them when they are quite young. It would be far more humane."

"I am with you up to a point," I said; "I admit they are not a very prepossessing lot."

"How they came to be born at all is what I cannot understand," said Sibyl, who is always like that when trying to be serious.

"Well," I said, "I have decided to keep one of them—No. 1."

"But surely," said Sibyl, "that is the most delicate one of the lot."

That, I well knew, was quite true. Whether I should ever rear No. 1 was a matter for time to prove. It was so delicate that once or twice already it had been on the verge of collapse, but I had rallied it each time.

"As for the others," I said, "we shall have to get rid of them."

I need not go into painful details, but the thing was easily done. That very evening, unfortunately, through an oversight, No. 1 perished also.

For this I blame McWhirter.

"The number of my bus is 21," he said in the theatre buffet that night; "by the way what's yours?"

"Whisky," I said absent-mindedly, "and not much soda."

And it was only after I had drunk it that I realised my error. It was then too late.

And that is how New Year Resolution No. 1—the most delicate of the litter—passed away at the early age of one week.

Our Plutocratic Sportsmen Again.

"Wanted, set of gold clubs, with bag, for lady."—*Local Paper.*

LIFE.

A Modern Novel—Spasmodic School.

I.

Her parents were hygienic, so they never let a germ intrude
Within the cells and tissues of the girl they christened Ermyntrude;
They bathed her body every hour and all internal harm allayed
By pouring Condy's Fluid on her butter and her marmalade;
And when they dressed her took good care to tuck her chest-protector in -
Result, she grew up strong and fair as any peach or nectarine.

II.

She had no fear of lion or of tiger (in imprisonment)
And in an awful storm at sea she asked the mate what mizzen meant;
It was a plucky act; if I'd neglected to report it you'd
Never have known the depth and true dimensions of her fortitude.
If you remain agnostic, if you hold it still not proven, I'll
Give fifty more examples of her courage when a juvenile;
They lie in my portfolio, all printed, filed and docketed,
Including one in which a stick of dynamite she pocketed.

III.

She also painted: one could tell her pictures mid a billion,
So daubed were they with ochre blots and splashes of vermilion;
She claimed to be a connoisseur of *objets d'art* and curios,
But what attracted notice was her openwork and lury hose,
Fashioned in every colour from magenta down to cinnabar,
Suggestive of a rainbow or the various liquors *in* a bar.

IV.

So when she came to twenty-one, the age they call discretional,
The trooping of her followers was, in a word, processional.

V.

But she disdained flamboyant types and snubbed the gay and gildy brand:
Instead she loved a decadent whose pagan name was Hildebrand,
Until that sad occasion when she met him coming back o' night,
His system loaded up with bhang and opium and aconite.

VI.

An artist next attracted her; she turned on her cajoleries,
And soon in unison they laughed at other people's drolleries;
His speech was polychromous (as the speech of many a carman is);
He mostly talked of masses, lights, half-tones and colour-harmonies;
That was his doom, for one fine day he went to his sarcophagus,
The word "*chiaroscuro*" stuck deep down in his œsophagus.

VII.

I do not know; it may have been her hose that took poor Rendall in,
Who previously had flirted with her elder sister, Gwendoline.
This Rendall was a wholesale dealer, very rich and large in all
His habits, though he always said his profits were but marginal.

Well, Rendall kept on waddling round her, like a tired and tardy yak;
His movements showed beyond a doubt that his disease was cardiac;
He took her on the river; after thinking for a time, aloud
He said, "I will propose to you; that is, of course, if I'm allowed."

VIII.

And she replied, "If I were going to propose, I'm blest if I
Would personate an elder who is just about to testify.
Now first of all I must remark that Love has come to grip you late
In life, but, passing over that, I've certain things to stipulate:
You must exhibit interest, as even Goth or Vandal would,
In curios and bric-à-brac, in ivories and sandalwood;
And you must cope with cameo, veneer, relief and lacquer (Ah!
And, parenthetically, pay my debts at bridge and baccarat).
I dote on Futurism, and so a mate would give me little ease
Whose views were strictly orthodox on Myron and Praxiteles.
You do not understand," she sneered, "so gross is your fatuity;
Well then, I answer 'No,' without a trace of ambiguity."

IX.

And Rendall turned back sad at heart; but in a stride his honey-bee
Was in his arms exclaiming, "Then would wasted all your money be.
Come, I will take you with your faults and try to make the best of you;
Your purse is good; perhaps in time I may improve the rest of you."

[*Publishers' Note.*
Readers who are not sated yet and still for more are hungering
Will find Vol. II. describe how E. gave cause for scandal-mongering.
Vol. III. narrates how R. became enamoured of a fairy at
A ball, was robbed of all his wealth and joined the proletariat.
How E. washed clothes to earn her bread, while R. reclined in beery ease
Upon his bed, will be exposed in Vol. IV. of this series.
And further volumes show exactly what was worst and best in E.,
And how at last, aged eighty-four, she found her life's true destiny.]

A Side-Slip.

"Just before the war we were in danger of having the ugly and even abominable word 'aviator' fostered upon us. Just as that word seemed victorious, *The Times* suddenly announced that it had decided once and for all to use 'airman' instead, and there can be no doubt that the example there set, which was copied by journalists on other papers, secured the predominance of a good new English word over a deformed importation."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"The volume contains some 500 portraits of New England aviators."
Same paper, same date, same page.

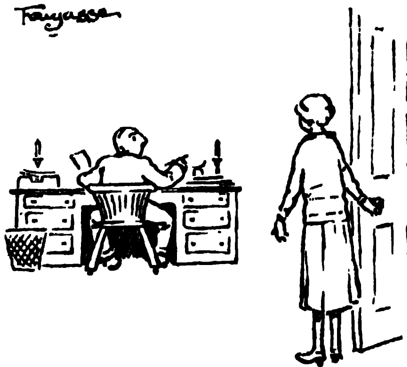
"Quarter Mile Championship.—Record, Sgt. Smith (North Staffords), 5 2 5secs.

Wilkinson	1
Goddard	2
Worsley	3

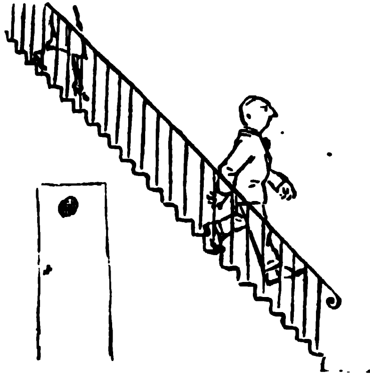
An excellent win, Wilkinson putting in a wonderful spurt in the last 30 years."—*Indian Paper.*

From which we infer that he did not succeed in lowering Sergeant Smith's remarkable record.

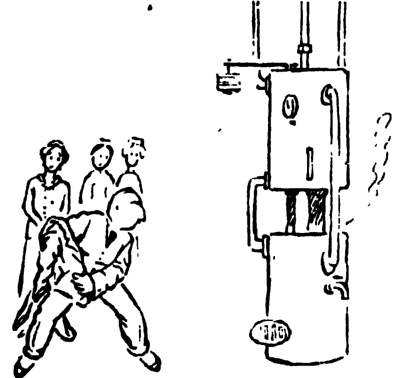
THE MAN WHO COULD DO IT HIMSELF.



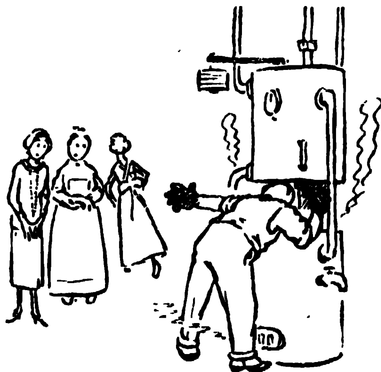
"Horace, there's something wrong with the boiler. Shall I get the plumber?"



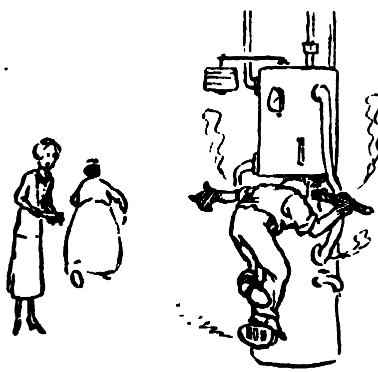
"Plumber? Of course not—



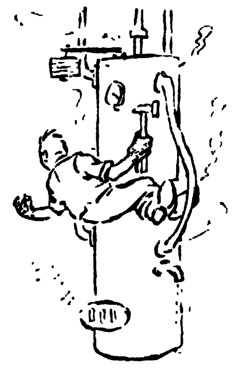
I'll put it right.



Just get me a spanner—



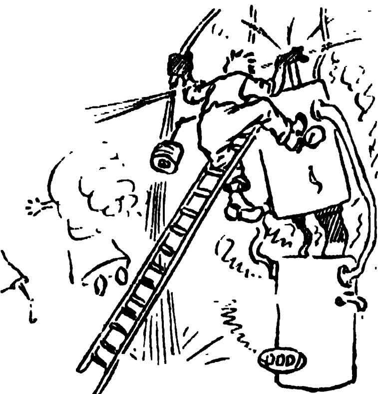
And a hammer—



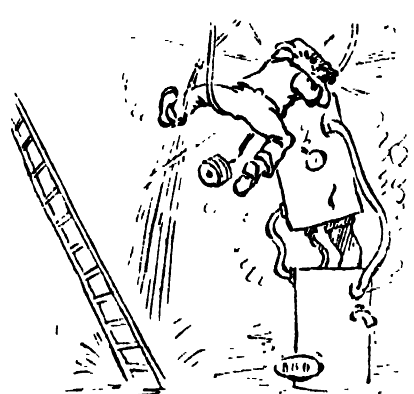
And a ladder—



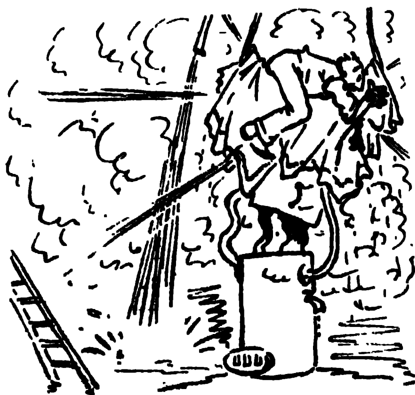
And some string—



And a wooden plug or two—



And as many towels as you can find—



And all the blankets in the house—



And—



The doctor."

SHAKSPEARE THE TRADUCER.

THE members of the League of Scottish Veterans of the World War met recently in New York, and after "due deliberation" (*Query*, Can Scotchmen deliberate "duly" in New York now?) passed a resolution demanding that SHAKSPEARE'S tragedy, *Macbeth*, be removed from the curriculum of English literature studies in American schools.

Apparently this was an example of "dry" Scotch humour. A neighbouring city had previously banned *The Merchant of Venice* from its schools on the ground that the character of *Shylock* was a libel on the Jewish race. If Jewish children no longer had to pay for school editions of *The Merchant of Venice* should Scottish infants still have to squander their bawbees on a play that insulted their forbears? Perish the thought! "We consider," they declared, "that if a Jewish gabardine is to be cleaned by American Boards of Education the stain should likewise be removed from the Scottish kilt." And if there are no reliable cleaners in the U.S.A. it should be sent to Perth.

The example thus nobly set is being widely followed. The members of the Southern Jazz-band Union met yesterday way down in Tennessee and passed a resolution demanding the elimination of *Othello* from the educational curriculum. The proposer declared with some heat that "no coloured gentleman would spifflicate his missus wid a bolster on de word of a mean white thief like dat *Iago*." The mere suggestion was dam foolishness and an insult to the most prominent section of the freeborn citizens of the U.S.A. "If dey gwine whitewash de Scotchman, why not de man ob colour too?"

At a representative meeting of Welshmen Mr. Jones ap Jones moved that, as a protest against SHAKSPEARE'S treatment of *Fluellen* and the Cymric vegetable symbol, *Henry V.* "be no longer taught in Welsh schools or read at Jesus College, Oxford, whatefter."

At a recent meeting of the S.P.R. it was proposed by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, of Oliver Lodge, Ether, Surrey, "that the Board of Education be asked, in the interests of scientific truth, to suspend the teaching of *Hamlet* until the scenes in which the *Ghost* appears shall have been emended in the light of modern research by a committee of psychical experts appointed for the purpose. The proposer quoted the line spoken by *Hamlet* to the apparition:—

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,"

and said he would like to substitute for it, "Be thou a subjective hallucination arising from an uprush of inhibited emotional disturbance from the subliminal consciousness, or the objectivisation of a telepathic communication from the extra-corporeal sphere of being, or, finally, a manifestation to sensory perception of some supra-normal undulatory movement of the ether."

He had always deprecated, he said, the meddling of untrained amateurs with the details of psychic phenomena, and felt that the rule should be made retrospective. An amendment was carried to add *Julius Cæsar* and *Richard III.* to the motion for similar reasons.

The Labour Party have decided to ask Mr. FISHER to ban *Coriolanus* on the ground that many of the speeches of the chief character betray an anti-democratic bias, out of keeping with the ideals that should be set before the rising generation. Phrases like "The mutable rank-scented many," applied to the proletariat, could only foster the bourgeois prejudices of jaundiced reactionaries and teach the young scions of the capitalist classes to look down upon the manual worker.



Lady (*buying music*). "OH, AND HAVE YOU GOT 'A LOVER IN DAMASCUS'?"
New Girl. "WELL, MA'AM, MY FIANCÉ WAS IN MESPOT, BUT HE'S BACK IN BRIXTON NOW."

"For Sale Black Ebony Gentleman's Shaving Outfit."—*Local Paper.*

We gather that our coloured brother is about to grow a beard.

MODERN MOON-RAKERS.

PORTA, the once notorious Michigander,
Who launched the now exploded solar slander,
Whereat ten thousand negroes stood aghast,
In one short month into oblivion passed,
But PICKERING'S momentous lunar screed
Proves the persistence of this wondrous breed.
Yet this in PICKERING'S favour let us state:
He has no scare or scandal to relate—
Nothing in any way that may impugn
The credit or the morals of the moon;
And on the other hand it does attract us
To learn that she is growing sage and cactus.
Hardly romantic vegetables, these,
And not so edible as good green cheese
Which nursery rhymers (banned by MONTESSORI)
Associated with the lunar story.
Still PICKERING'S vegetable views are tame
Contrasted with Professor GODDARD'S aim;
For he, as from the daily Press we learn,
An obvious plagiarist of good JULES VERNE,
Would have us build a Bertha fat enough
To send a charge of high explosive stuff
Across the intervening seas of space
Bang into Luna's unoffending face.
Meanwhile our own alert star-gazing chief,
DYSON (Sir FRANK), is rather moved to grief
Than anger by the astronomic pranks
Played by unbalanced professorial cranks,
Who study science in the wild-cat vein
And "ruin along the illimitable inane."

The New Naval Uniform.

"FOR SALE, NAVAL CADET'S (R.N.) MESS-DRESS; 39 inches side seam; pair cricket boots, purple velour hat, grey chiffon velvet dress."—*Daily Paper.*

"SUEDE TURNIP, best varieties."
Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.

No kid about this offer.

"Wanted, at once, respectable Man for Polishing Porter."—*Daily Paper.*

The manners of some of our porters notoriously leave much to be desired.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

A SLIGHT ACCIDENT SECURES HIM A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION TO THE MASTER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

From Friend to Friend (Murray) is the name given, from the first of them, to a collection of eight fugitive papers, prepared for republication by the late Lady Ritchie during the last months of her life, and now edited by her sister-in-law, Miss Emily Ritchie. Fugitive though they may have been in original intent, these pages are so filled with their writer's delicate and very personal charm that her lovers will be delighted to have their flight thus pleasantly arrested. Lady Ritchie was above all else the perfect appreciator. *Horas non numerat nisi serenas;* the gaze that she turns smilingly upon old happy far-off days looks through spectacles rose-tinted both by the magic of retrospect and her own genius for admiration. London, Freshwater, Paris, Rome—these are the settings of her memories; and we see them all by a light that (perhaps) never was on land or sea, in whose radiance beauty and wit and genius move wonderfully to a perpetual music. In truth, however, these eminent Victorians of Lady Ritchie's circle must have been a rare company; I have no space for even a catalogue of them—Mrs. Cameron, with her vague magnificence, pouring letters and an embarrassment of gifts upon her dear Tennysons; the Kemble sisters, Lockhart, Thackeray himself, a score of great and (to the kindly chronicler) gracious personalities live again in her pages. I should add that the volume is rounded off by a short story, a late addition to the *Miss Williamson* series, which might be called a pot-boiler, were it not somehow incongruous to associate so gentle a flame with any such activities. Slight as it is, *From Friend to Friend* forms an apt and graceful finish to the work of one whose life was given to the claims of friendship.

Fanny goes to War (Murray) should be read by those who also went and those who didn't. It is a chronicle of the adventures of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry in Belgium and France—vivid; inviting wonder, laughter and sometimes tears; fresh and delicious. The account of the first visit to the trenches awakens memories. Viewed from this distance it seems all to have been so picturesque, such fun! The humour of Thomas, the intelligence and tact of the good French *poilu*, the awful moments and the wild jests in between—these are all shown. The splendid humour with which "Pat Beauchamp," the author, bravely endured her own casualty with its distressing effects is typical in itself of that spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race which made the Teuton race wish it hadn't. In my view, the *obiter dictum* of an anonymous Colonel sums up the values of this ladies' contingent better than does the preface of the distinguished Major-General: "Neither fish, flesh nor fowl," said the Colonel on having the constitution of this anomalous unit explained to him, "but thundering good red herring!" Time was, I believe and hope, when I myself, passing through the Base Port on leave and being full of life and daring, have sighted a lady-chauffeur of a motor-ambulance and have thrown a friendly glance, even a froward smile, at her. Waiving all questions of propriety, I hope that this was so, and that the lady-chauffeur was no less than "Pat Beauchamp" herself, in the later stages of her career overseas. Though her only response may have

been to splash mud over me, I should feel happy, now, thus to have paid my respects to this gallant and high-spirited lady. I count myself among the company, battalion, division, corps and army of her admirers.

It certainly does not seem eight years, yet it must be fully that, since Joseph Conrad in *The English Review* lifted a veil that lay between his admirers and an interesting personality with the pleasantly discursive papers which form the basis of the re-issued *A Personal Record* (Dent). Between then and now *Chance*, that masterly but difficult book, has by a curious freak of public taste given Mr. Conrad, hitherto the well-loved favourite of the relatively few, a much wider constituency. To these late comers, rather than to the older (and of course superior) Conradists, who know it already, let me recommend this rambling, which is by no means to say aimless, account of the wanderings of the MS. of *Almayer's Folly*, some queer entertaining scraps of the author's family history, a description of the encounters with the original *Almayer*, and those vignettes of Marseilles which obviously were used as the background of *The Arrow of Gold*. This record is one of those quiet friendly books that flatter the devotee by a sense of peculiar intimacy with his hero. It is also engagingly characteristic. Mr. Conrad here unravels the fine threads of his personal history and philosophy with the same artful reserve and exquisite elaboration with which he evolves the creatures of his resourceful imagination.

The Life of Liza Lehmann (Unwin), written by herself, and finished, as her husband tells in a pathetic foot-note, "scarcely two weeks before her death," is a book holding many special bonds of association with *Punch*, not least the fact that her father-in-law, Deputy J. T. Bedford, was the author of that *Robert, the City Waiter*, who was among the most famous and popular of Mr. Punch's early creations. The volume that the writer has put together is the record of a busy, successful and, on the whole, happy life, passed in the company of interesting people, about many of whom Madame Lehmann has remembered some entertaining story. Chiefly, as is natural, the persons recorded are the musical folk of the last half-century, from Jenny Lind to Sir Thomas Beecham; though in the allied Arts I was taken by a pleasing and new anecdote of Robert Browning reciting *How they Brought the Good News* into an Edison phonograph, and overcome by loss of memory half-way through the ordeal. One wonders if this rather surprising record exists to-day. I am not going to assert that the non-technical reader may not find the pages devoted to reprinted criticism rather over-numerous; old newspaper files, like old theatrical photographs, too quickly fade. But the author's humour endured; and I like to think that she could appreciate a joke made at her own expense; witness her quotation from the gushing friend who, at the moment of the first triumph of *The Persian Garden*, overwhelmed the composer with the tribute, "*Do* let me thank you! The local colour is *too* wonderful. I simply felt *as if I was at Liberty's!*"



FAIRY TALES REVISED.

Cassim Baba. "Ah! now I have it—'Open Sesame!' Lucky thing I had that course of lessons in memory training."

To the jaded reader I recommend *The Road to En-Dor* (Lane) as a book which should undoubtedly stir him up. It is the most extraordinary war-tale which has come my way. With such material as he had to his hand Lieutenant E. H. Jones would have been a sad muddler if he had not made his story intriguing; but, anyhow, he happens to be a sound craftsman with a considerable sense of style and construction. And he has a convincing way of handling his facts that compels belief in the most incredible of stories. Lieutenant Jones was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks at Zozgad, and to amuse himself and his fellow-prisoners he raised a "spook" which in time gained such a reputation that it had the Turkish officials almost hopelessly at its mercy. From being merely a joke his spook soon began to suggest to him a way of escaping from the camp, and then, in conjunction with Lieutenant C. W. Hill, he worked it for all it was worth. His record of their adventures and of the sufferings, physical and mental, which they had to face is really astounding; but I fear it will be received coldly by the psychist. Spiritualism, in deed, is treated with scant respect, and whatever our own view of this vexed subject may be most of us will admit that Lieutenant Jones has considerable reason for his strong opinion.

In *The Green Shoes of April* (Hurst and Blackett) Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara has got together quite a lot of people and situations that other novelists have used before. There is the fine young Irishman soldiering in India, the soulless actress who marries and leaves him, and the splendid Irish girl, his true mate, whom he weds in happy ignorance of his first partner's continued existence. But the hero has a maiden aunt, with a story of her own, and the heroine a terrific grandmother who are Miss Macnamara's creations, and as she makes wife number one lie like a trooper in order to preserve the happiness of wife number two a *soupçon* of freshness is imparted to the *réchauffé*. Of course the well-meaning first wife is not allowed to succeed in her efforts, and *Beau* and *Perry* (you would never guess from that which was which, but in this case it doesn't matter) have a very bad time indeed until, reassured by a friendly barrister, they settle down again into wedded happiness. These are the confiding souls whom novelists and lawyers love, and I can see Miss Macnamara, by-and-by, getting quite a nice story out of someone's attempt to oust their eldest son from his inheritance. I hope she will.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that petrol is being increased by eightpence a gallon, pedestrians will shortly have to be content to be knocked down by horsed vehicles or hand trucks.

* * *

Moleskins, says a news item, are now worth eighteen-pence each. It is only fair to add that the moles do not admit the accuracy of these figures.

* * *

Three hundred pounds is the price asked by an advertiser in *The Times* for a motor-coat lined with Persian lamb. It is still possible to get a waistcoat lined with English lamb (or even good capon) for a mere fraction of that sum.

* * *

Charged with impersonation at a municipal election a defendant told the Carlisle Bench that it was only a frolic. The Bench, entering into the spirit of the thing, told the man to go and have a good frisk in the second division.

* * *

"Steamers carrying coal from Dover to Calais," says a news item, "are bringing back champagne." It is characteristic of the period that we should thus exchange the luxuries of life for its necessities.

* * *

Charged at Willesden with travelling without a ticket a Walworth girl was stated to have a mania for travelling on the Tube. The Court missionary thought that a pos'tion could probably be obtained for her as scrum-half at a West End bargain-counter.

* * *

A correspondent writes to a London paper to say that he heard a lark in full song on Sunday. We can only suppose that the misguided bird did not know it was Sunday.

* * *

A medical man refers to the case of a woman who has no sense of time, proportion or numbers. There should be a great chance for her as a telephone operator.

* * *

"Owing to its weed-choked condition," says *The Evening News*, "the Thames is going to ruin." Unless something is done at once it is feared that this famous river may have to be abolished.

* * *

As the supply of foodstuffs will probably be normal in August next, the Food Ministry will cease to exist, its business being finished. This seems a pretty poor excuse for a Government Department to give for closing down.

* * *

"Music is not heard by the ear alone," says M. JACQUES DALCROZE. Experience proves that when the piano is going next door it is heard by the whole of the neighbour at once.

* * *

A weekly paper points out that there are at least thirty thousand unemployed persons in this country. This of course is very serious. After all you cannot have strikes unless the people are in work.

* * *

It appears that the dog (since destroyed) which was found wandering outside No. 10, Downing Street, had never tasted Prime Minister.

* * *

It is reported that when Sir DAVID BURNETT put up Drury Lane Theatre for sale under the hammer the other day one gentleman offered to buy it on condition that the vendor papered the principal room and put a bath in.

* * *

A Bolton labourer who picked up twenty-five one-pound Treasury notes and restored them to the proper owner was rewarded with a shilling. It is only fair to say that the lady also said, "Thank you."



THE WAVE OF CRIME.

Gent. "WHAT MADE YOU PUT YOUR HAND INTO MY POCKET?"
Doubtful Character. "JUST ABSENT-MINDEDNESS. I ONCE 'AD A PAIR OF PANTS EXACTLY LIKE THOSE YOU 'RE WEARING."

* * *

Asked what he would give towards a testimonial fund for a local hero one hardy Scot is reported to have said that he would give three cheers.

* * *

We learn on good authority that should a General Election take place during one of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's visits to Paris *The Daily Mail* will undertake to keep him informed regarding the results by means of its Continental edition.

* * *

A sad story reaches us from South-West London. It appears that a girl of twenty attempted suicide because she realised she was too old to write either a popular novel or a book of poems.

* * *

The Guards, it is stated, are to revert to the pre-war scarlet tunic and busby. Pre-war head-pieces, it may be added, are now worn exclusively at the War Office.

* * *

At the Independent Labour Party's Victory dance it was stipulated that "evening dress and shirt sleeves are barred." This challenge to the upper classes (with whom shirt-sleeves are of course *de rigueur*) is not without its significance.

* * *

As much alarm was caused by the announcement in those columns last week that the collapse of a wooden house was caused by a sparrow stepping on it, we feel we ought to mention that, owing to a sudden gust of wind, the bird in question leaned to one side, and it was simply this movement which caused the house to overbalance.

"The eternal combustion engine has become recognised the world over as a factor in modern civilisation."—*Provincial Paper.*

But surely it is many years since Lord WESTBURY in the GORHAM case was said to have "dismissed h—— with costs?"

THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF TRADE.

[The revival, in certain quarters, of commercial relations with Germany has already begun to blunt the memory of the War. And now the proposal to open up trade with the Co-operative Societies in Russia, to the obvious benefit of the Bolshevists, who practically control the whole country, looks like an attempt to bring about indirectly a peace which we cannot in decency negotiate through the ordinary channels of diplomacy.]

THEY are coming, the carpet-baggers, their voices are heard in the land,
Guttural Teuton organs, but very polite and bland;
And our arms are stretched for their welcome; we've buried the past like a dud;
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

The Winter of war is over, and lo! with the dawn of Spring
They come, and we greet them coming, like swallows that homeward swing,
Fair as the violet's waking, swift as the snows in flood,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Likewise with Soviet Russia—we've done with the need to fight;
There are gentler methods (and cheaper) of putting the whole thing right;
The palms of the dealers are plying the soap's invisible sud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Of Peace there can be no parley with LENIN's *régime*, as such,
But Business can easily tackle what Honour declines to touch,
Making the sewage to blossom, sampling the septic mud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Thus may our merchant princes modestly play their part,
Speeding the silent process of soldering heart to heart,
Just as the forces of Nature silently swell the bud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

So in the hands of the Bolshie our hands shall at last be laid;
Deep unto deep is calling to lift the long blockade;
"No truck," we had sworn, "with murder;" but God will forget that oath,
For blood is thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than both.

O. S.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

AN HONOURABLE RECORD.

MANY years ago, in the reign of good QUEEN VICTORIA, a little ship sailed out of Grimsby Docks in all the proud bravery of new paint and snow-white decks, and passed the Newsand bound for the Dogger Bank. They had christened her the *King George*, and, though her feminine susceptibilities were perhaps a trifle piqued at this affront to her sex, it was a right royal name, and her brand-new boilers swelled with loyal fervour. She was a steam trawler—at that time one of the smartest steam trawlers afloat, and she knew it; she held her headlights very high indeed, you may be sure.

Time passed, and the winds and waters of the North Sea dealt all too rudely with the fair freshness of her exterior; she grew worn and weather-stained, and it was apparent even to the casual eye of a landsman that she had left her girlhood behind her out on the Nor'-East Rough. Some of the younger trawlers would jeeringly refer to her behind her back as "Auntie," and affected to regard her as an antediluvian old dowager, which of course was mainly due to jealousy. But she still pegged away at her work, bringing in from the Dogger week by week her cargoes of fish, regardless alike of the ravages of time and the jibes of her upstart rivals. As long as her owners were satisfied she was happy, for she cherished first and last a sense of duty, as all good ships do.

And then suddenly came the War, infesting the seas with unaccustomed and nerve-racking dangers. I must apologise for mentioning this, as everybody knows that we ought now to forget about the War as quickly as possible and get on with more important matters, but at the time it had a certain effect upon us all, not excluding the *King George*. Scorning the menaces that lurked about her path she carried on the pursuit of the cod and haddock in her old undemonstrative fashion, for she was a British ship from stem to stern and conscious of the tradition behind her.

Then one day they hauled her up in dock, gave her a six-pounder astern, fitted her with wireless and sent her out to take care of her unarmed sisters on the fishing-grounds. She flew the White Ensign.

These were the proudest days of her life: she was helping to keep the seas. It is true the big ships of the Fleet might laugh at her in a good-natured way and pass uncomplimentary remarks about her personal appearance, but they had to acknowledge her seamanship and her pluck. She could buffet her way through weather that no destroyer dare face, and mines had no terrors for her, for even if she were to bump a tin-fish it only meant one old trawler the less, and the Navy could afford it.

It was during these days, too, that she became known, though not by name, to readers of *Punch*, for her adventures and those of her crew were often chronicled in his tales of the "Auxiliary Patrol." And when she had seen the War through she said Good-bye to his pages and made ready to return again to the ways of peace. She was quite satisfied; she never thought of giving up her job, though she was now a very old ship, and it would have been no shame to her. She just took a fresh coat of paint and steamed away to the Dogger Bank once more.

* * * * *

The other day a small paragraph appeared in some of the newspapers that were not too busy discussing the possibilities of another railway strike: "The Grimsby trawler *King George*," it said, "is reported long over-due from the fishing-grounds, and the owners say that there is no hope of her return." No one would notice this, because the first round of the English Cup was to be played that week, and besides it was not as though it were a battleship or a big liner that had gone down. It was just the old *King George*.

And that, I suppose, is the end of her, except that she may continue to be remembered by one or two who served aboard her in the days of the Auxiliary Patrol—remembered as a gallant little ship that served her country in its hour of need, and did not hold that hour the limit of her service. Well played, *King George!*

"THE DRINKWATER TRAGEDY."

Heading in "New York Times."

This comes from dry America, but it is not the wail of a "Wet"; merely the heading of an article on *Abraham Lincoln*.

"Wales has its Ulster just as Ireland had, and it was a question whether Wales was going to be conquered by the industrial area of Cardiff and the district, or whether the industrial area was going to conquer Wales."—*Western Mail.*

We shall put our money on "the industrial area."



A POPULAR REAPPEARANCE.

MR. ASQUITH (*the Veteran Scots Impersonator*) *sings*:—

"I LOVE A LASSIE,
ANITHER LOWLAN' LASSIE."



Officer. "WELL, PETERS, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"
Steward (who has asked for special leave). "NOTHIN' DOIN', SIR. THE SKIPPER 'E SEZ TO ME, 'E SEZ, 'IT'LL COST THE COUNTRY FOUR-AN'-SEVENPENCE TO SEND YOU 'OME, AN' AS THE NAVY 'AS GOT TO ECONOMISE YOU'LL DO TO BEGIN ON,' 'E SEZ."

A LIMPET OF WAR.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

THE day on which that fine old crusted warrior, Major Slingswivel, quits the hospitable confines of Nullepart Camp will be the signal that the British Army in France has completed its work, even to the labelling and despatching of the last bundle of assorted howitzers. A British army in France without Major Slingswivel would be unthinkable. It is confidently asserted that Nullepart Camp was built round him when he landed in '14, and that he has only emerged from it on annual visits to his tailor for the purpose of affixing an additional chevron and having another inch let into his tunic. Latest reports state that he is still going strong, and indenting for ice-cream freezers in anticipation of a hot summer.

But for an unforgivable error of tact I might have stood by the old brontosaurus to the bitter end. One evening he and I were listening to a concert given by the "Fluffy Furbelows" in the camp Nissen Coliseum, and a Miss Gwennie Gwillis was expressing an ardent desire to get back to Alabama and dear ole Mammy and Dad, not to speak of the rooster and the lil melon-patch way down by the swamp. The prospect as painted by her was so alluring that by the end of the first verse all the troops were infected with trans-Atlantic yearnings and voiced them in a manner that would have made an emigration agent rub his hands and start chartering transport right away. She had an enticing twinkle which lighted on the Major a few times, so that I wasn't surprised when the second chorus found him roaring out that he too was going to take a long lease of a shack down Alabama way.

"Gad—she's immense! We must invite her to tea to-morrow," he said to me in a whisper that shook the Nissen hut to its foundations. Slingswivel was no vocal lightweight. Those people in Thanet and Kent who used to write to the papers saying they could hear the guns in the Vimy Ridge and Messines offensives were wrong. What they really heard was Major Slingswivel at Nullepart expostulating with his partner for declaring clubs on a no-trump hand.

"Very well," I answered sulkily. It wasn't the first time the Major had been captivated by ladies with Southern syncopated tastes, and I knew I should be expected to complete the party with the other lady member of the troupe, Miss Dulcie Demiton, and listen to the old boy making very small talk in a very large voice. I could see myself balancing a teacup and trying to get in a word here and there through the barrage.

Still, there was no getting out of it, and next afternoon found our quartette nibbling *petits gâteaux* in the only *pâtisserie* in the village. The Major was in fine fettle as the war-worn old veteran, and Gwennie and Dulcie spurred him on with open and undisguised admiration.

"Now I'm in France," gushed Gwennie, "I want to see *everything*—where the trenches were and where you fought your terrible battles."

"Delighted to show you," said Slingswivel, bursting with pride at being taken for a combatant officer. "How about to-morrow?"

"Just lovely," cooed Gwennie. "We're showing at Petiteville in the

evening, but we shan't be starting before lunch."

"That gives us all morning," said the Major enthusiastically. "Miss Gwennie, Miss Dulcie, Spenlow, we will parade to-morrow at 9.30."

I couldn't understand it. Naturally Gwennie, with her mind constantly set on Alabama, couldn't be expected to be up in war geography, but the Major knew jolly well that all the battles within reasonable distance of Nullepart had been fought out with chits and indents. I put it to him that it wasn't likely country for war thrills.

"Leave it to me," he said confidently.

So I left it, and when we paraded next morning where do you think the wily old bird led us? Why, to the old training ground on the edge of the camp, where the R.E.'s used to lay out beautifully revetted geometrical trenches as models of what we were supposed to imitate in the front line between hates. Having been neglected since the Armistice they had caved in a bit and sagged round the corners till they were a very passable imitation of the crump-battered thing.

Old Slingswivel so arranged the itinerary that the girls didn't perceive that the sector was bounded on one side by Père Popeau's turnip field and on the other by a duck-pond, and he showed a tactical knowledge of the value of cover in getting us into a trench out of view of certain stakes and pickets that were obviously used by Mère Popeau as a drying-ground. To divert attention he gave a vivid demonstration of bombing along a C.T. with clods of earth, with myself as bayonet-man nipping round traverses and mortally puncturing sand-bags with a walking-stick. It must have been a pretty nervy business for the Major, for any minute we might have come across a notice-board about the hours of working parties knocking off for dinner that would have given the whole show away. But he displayed fine qualities of leadership and presence of mind at critical moments, notably when Gwennie showed a disposition to explore a particular dug-out."

"I shouldn't advise you to go in there, Miss Gwennie," he said gravely.

"Why?" asked Gwennie apprehensively.

"Not a pleasant sight for a lady," said the Major gruffly. "It upset *me* one day when I looked in."

This was probable enough, for the Mess steward used it as a store for empty bottles.

Gwennie shuddered and passed on.

The Major mopped his forehead with relief and set the ladies souveniring among old water-tin stoppers, which he alleged to be the plugs of hand-grenades.

Taking it all round, it was a successful morning's show, which did credit to the producer, and it was only spoiled when, so to speak, the curtain rolled down amidst thunders of applause.

"We don't realize what we owe to gallant soldiers like you," said Gwennie admiringly.

The Major waved a fat deprecating hand.

"And Captain Spenlow has just been telling me," continued Gwennie, "that you occupied this sector all through the War and that you hung on right to the very last, *notwithstanding incredible efforts to dislodge you.*"

At this crude statement of the naked facts Slingswivel's face went a deeper shade of purple, and you can appreciate why I put in an urgent application for immediate release, on compassionate grounds, and why the Major gladly endorsed it.



The New Minister. "Boy, do ye no ken it's the Sawbath?"
Boy. "Oh ay, fine. But this is work o' necessity."
Minister. "An' hoo is that?"
Boy. "The meenister's comin' tae dinner an' we've naethin' tae gie 'im."

"WAR CRIMINALS.
THE THREE PREMIERS MEET ALONE TO-DAY."
Evening Paper.

We suspect Mr. Keynes' hand in these headlines.

"Information wanted as to whereabouts of Mrs. J. O. Plonk (Blonk) wife of J. O. Plonk (Clonk)."—*Advt. in Chinese Paper.*

This should go very well with a banjo accompaniment.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN AUTHOR'S WIFE.

"I WON'T stand it any longer," said Janet intensely, meeting me in the hall. "Take off your umbrella and listen to me."

"It's off," I replied faintly, perceiving that something was all my fault. "Can't you hear it singing 'Niagara' in the porch?"

I dropped the shopping on the floor and sat down to watch Janet walking up and down the room.

"I want," she continued in the tone of one who has had nobody to be indignant with all day, "a divorce."

"Who for?" I inquired. "Really, darling, we can't afford any more presents this——"

"Me," she interrupted, frowning.

"Couldn't you have it for your birthday?" I suggested. "I may have some more money by then. Besides, I gave you——"

"No, I could not," replied Janet in a voice like the end of the world; "I want it now. I will not wear myself out trying to live up to an impossible ideal, and lose all my friends because they can't help comparing me with it. And it isn't even as if it were my own ideal. I never know what I've got to be like from one week to another. And what do I get for my struggles? Not even recognition, much less gratitude."

"Janet," I said kindly, "I don't know *what* you're talking about. Who are these people who keep idealising you? I will not have you annoyed in this way. Send them to me and I'll put a little solid realism into their heads. I'll tell them what you really are, and that'll settle their unfortunate illusions. Dear old girl, don't worry so . . . I'll soon put it right."

Janet looked at me piercingly.

"It's this," she said; "I keep having people to call on me."

"I know," I answered, shuddering; "but I can't help it, can I? You shouldn't be so attractive."

"Dear Willyum," she replied, "that's just the point; you *can* help it."

"Stop calling me names and I'll see what can be done."

"But it's part of my 'whimsical wit' to call you Willyum," she said grimly. "I understand that I am like that. People realise this when they read your articles, and immediately call to see if I'm true. I've read through nearly all your stories to-day, in between the visitors, and—and——"

I gripped her hand in silence.

"I'm losing all my friends," she mourned, touched by my sympathy, "even those who used to like me long ago. Girls who knew me at school say to themselves, 'Fancy poor old Janet being like that all the time, and we never knew!' and they rush down to see me again. They sit hopefully round me as long as they can bear it; then, after the breakdown, they go away indignant and never think kindly of me again."

She gloomed.

"And all the cousins and nice young men who used to think I was quite jolly have suddenly noticed how much jollier I might be if only I could say the things they say you say I say . . ."

"Hush, hush," I whispered; "have an aspirin."

"But it's quite *true*," she cried hopelessly. "And She's just what I ought to be. She says everything just in the right place. When I compare myself with Her, I know I'm not a bit the kind of person you admire, and—and it's no good pretending any longer. I'm not jealous, only—sort of misrubble."

She rose with a pale smile and, hushing my protestations, arrived at her conclusion.

"We must part," she said, throwing her cigarette into the fire and walking to the window; "I can't help it. I suppose I'm not good enough for you. You must be free to marry Her when we find Her. I too," she sighed, "must be free. . . ."

"I now call upon myself to speak," I remarked, rising hurriedly. "Janet," I continued, arriving at her side, "keep perfectly still and do not attempt to breathe, because you will not be able to, and look as pleasant as you can while I tell you truthfully what I think you are really like."

(I have been compelled to delete this passage on the ground that even if people believed me it would only attract more callers.)

"All right," she continued, unruffling her hair; "but if I do you must promise to leave off writing stories about me. Will you?"

"But, darling," I objected, "consider the bread-and-jam."

She was silent.

"Well, then," she said at last, "you must only write careful ones that I can live up to."

"I'll try," I agreed remorsefully; "I'll go and do one now—all about this. And you can censor it." I left the room jauntily.

Janet's voice, suddenly repentant, followed me.

"No," she called, "that won't do either. Because if it's a true one you won't sell it."

"But if it isn't," I called back, "and I do, we can put the money in the Divorce Fund."

THE SORROWS OF A SUPER-PROFITEER.

[Bradford wool-spinners are stated to be unable to escape from the deluge of wealth that pours upon them or avoid making profits of three thousand two hundred per cent.]

AND so you thought we simply steered
  Great motor-cars to champagne dinners
And bought tiaras and were cheered
  By hopes of breeding Epsom winners;
Eh, lad, you little knew the weird
  Dreed by the Yorkshire spinners.

How hollow are those marble halls,
  The place I built and deemed a show-thing,
Its terraces, its waterfalls——
  Once more I hear that sound of loathing,
The bell rings and a stranger calls
  To speak of underclothing.

They've bashed my offices to wrecks,
  They've broke their way beyond the warders,
And now my country seat they vex,
  They trample my herbaceous borders;
They chase me up and down with cheques,
  They flummox me with orders.

They bolt me to the billiard-room,
  Where chaps are playing five-bob snooker;
They see me dodging from the doom,
  They heed no threats and no rebuker;
"We've got thee now," they say, "ba goom!"
  And pelt me with their lucre.

Vainly I put the prices up
  To stem that flowing tide of riches;
The horror haunts me as I sup;
  The unknown guest arrives and pitches
His ultimatum in my cup:—
  "The people must have breeches."

I shall not see the skylark soar
  Nor hear the cuckoo nor the linnet,
When Springtime comes, above the roar
  Of folk a-hollering each minute
For yarn at thirty-two times more
  Than what I spent to spin it.

Eh me, I cannot help but pine
  For days departed now and olden,
When I could drink of common wine,
  To powdered flunkeys unbeholden;
Do peas taste better when we dine
  Because the knife is golden?

Often I wish I might repair
  To haunts that once I used to enter,
Like "The Old Fleece" up yonder there,
  Of which I was a great frequenter,
Not yet a brass-bound millionaire,
  But just a cent-per-center. EVOE.

"Over 30,000 people paid £2,019 to see the cup tie at Valley Parade."—*Provincial Paper.*

The new rich!



MANNERS AND MODES.

HERO-WORSHIP: DISTRACTIONS OF THE FILM WORLD.

THE JUMBLE SALE.

Aunt Angela coughed. "By the way, Etta was here this afternoon.

Edward's eye met mine. The result of Etta's last call was that Edward spent a vivid afternoon got up as Father Christmas in a red dressing-gown and cotton-wool whiskers, which caught fire and singed his home-grown articles, small boys at the same time pinching his legs to see if he was real, while I put in some sultry hours under a hearthrug playing the benevolent polar-bear to a crowd of small girls who hunted me with fire-irons.

"What is it this time?" I asked.

"A jumble sale," said Aunt Angela.

"What's that?"

"A scheme by which the bucolic English exchange garbage," Edward explained.

"Oh, well, that has nothing to do with us, thank goodness."

He returned to his book, a romance entitled *Gertie, or Should She Have Done It?* Edward, I should explain, is a philosopher by trade, but he beguiles his hours of ease with works of fiction borrowed from the cook.

Aunt Angela was of a different opinion. "Oh, yes, it has: both of you are gradually filling the house up with accumulated rubbish. If you don't surrender most of it for Etta's sale there'll be a raid."

My eye met Edward's. We walked out into the hall.

"We'll have to give Angela something or she'll tidy us," he groaned.

"These orderly people are a curse," I protested. "They have no consideration for others. Look at me; I am naturally disorderly, but I don't run round and untidy people's houses for them."

Edward nodded. "I know; I know it's all wrong, of course; we should make a stand. Still, if we can buy Angela off, I think . . . you understand? . . ." And he ambled off to his muck-room.

If anybody in this neighbourhood has anything that is both an eyesore and an encumbrance they bestow it on Edward for his muck-room, where he stores it against an impossible contingency. I trotted upstairs to my bedroom and routed about among my *Lares et Penates.* I have many articles which, though of no intrinsic value, are bound to me by strong ties of sentiment; little old bits of things—you know how it is. After twenty minutes' heart-and-drawer-searching I decided to sacrifice a policeman's helmet and a sock, the upper of which had outlasted the toe and heel. I bore these downstairs and laid them at Aunt Angela's feet.

"What's this?" said she, stirring the helmet disdainfully with her toe.

"Relic of the Great War. The Crown Prince used to wear it in wet weather to keep the crown dry."

Aunt Angela sniffed and picked up the sock with the fire-tongs. And this?"



Female (to ignorant party). "'E's dressed as one o' them Bronchial Busters to attract attention to 'is Corf Cure."

"A sock, of course," I explained. "An emergency sock of my own invention. It has three exits, you will observe, very handy in case of fire."

"Hump!" said Aunt Angela.

Edward returned bearing his offerings, a gent's rimless boater, a door-knob, six inches of lead-piping and half a bottle of cod-liver oil.

"Hump!" said Aunt Angela.

No more was said of it that night. Aunt Angela resumed her sewing, Edward his *Gertie*, I my slumb—, my meditations. Nor indeed was the jumble sale again mentioned, a fact which in itself should have aroused my suspicions; but I am like that, innocent as a sucking-dove. I had put the matter out of my mind altogether until yesterday evening, when, hearing the sound of laboured breathing and the frantic clanking of a bicycle pump proceeding from the shed, I went thither to investigate, and was nearly capsized by Edward charging out.

"It's gone," he cried—"gone!" and pawed wildly for his stirrup.

"What has?" I inquired.

"'The Limit,'" he wailed. "She's picked . . . lock . . . muck-room with a hairpin, sent . . . Limit . . . jumble sale!"

He sprang aboard his cycle and disappeared down the high road to St. Gwithian, pedalling like a squirrel on a treadmill, the tails of his new mackintosh spread like wings on the breeze. So Aunt Angela with serpentine guile had deferred her raid until the last moment and then bagged "The Limit," the pride of the muck-room.

"The Limit," I should tell you, is (or was) a waterproof. It is a faithful record of Edward's artistic activities during the last thirty years, being decorated all down the front with smears of red, white and green paint. Here and there it has been repaired with puncture patches and strips of surgical plaster, but more often it has not. As Edward is incapable of replacing a button and Aunt Angela refuses to touch the "Limit," he knots himself into it with odds and ends of string and has to be liberated by his ally, the cook, with a kitchen knife. Edward calls it his "garden coat," and swears he only wears it on dirty jobs, to save his new mackintosh, but nevertheless he is sincerely attached to the rag, and once attempted to travel to London to a Royal Society beano in it, and was only frustrated in the nick of time.

So the oft-threatened "Limit" had been reached at last. I laughed heartily for a moment, then a sudden cold dread gripped me, and I raced upstairs and tore open my wardrobe. Gregory, the glory of Gopherville, had gone too!

A word as to Gregory. If you look at a map of Montana and follow a line due North through from Fort Custer you will not find Gopherville, because a cyclone removed it some eight years ago. Nine years ago, however, Gregory and I first met in the "Bon Ton Parisian Clothing Store," in the main (and only) street of Gopherville, and I secured him for ten dollars cash. He is a mauve satin waistcoat, embroidered with a chaste design of anchors and



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN PROCESS OF DECIDING THAT THE HIRE OF A CAR TO TAKE HIM TO HIS FANCY-DRESS REVEL WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL WORTH THE EXPENSE.

forget-me-nots, subtly suggesting perennial fidelity. The combination of Gregory and me proved irresistible at all Gopherville's social events.

Wishing to create a favourable atmosphere, I wore Gregory at my first party in England. I learn that Aunt Angela disclaimed all knowledge of me during that evening.

Subsequently she made several determined attempts to present Gregory to the gardener, the butcher's boy and to an itinerant musician as an overcoat for his simian colleague. Had I foiled her in all of these to be beaten in the end? No, not without a struggle. I scampered downstairs again and, wresting Harriet's bicycle from its owner's hands (Harriet is the housemaid and it was her night out), was soon pedalling furiously after Edward.

The jumble sale was being held in the schools and all St. Gwithian was there, fighting tooth and nail over the bargains. A jumble sale is to *rus* what remnant sales are to *urbs*. I battled my way round to each table in turn, but nowhere could I find my poor dear old Gregory. Then I saw Etta, the presiding genius, and butted my way towards her.

"Look here," I gasped—"have you by any chance seen——?" I gave her a full description of the lost one.

Etta nodded. "Sort of illuminated horse-blanket? Oh, yes, I should say I have."

"Tell me," I panted—"tell me, is it sold yet? Who bought it? Where is——?"

"It's not sold *yet*," said Etta calmly. "There was such rivalry over it that it's going to be raffled. Tickets half-a-crown each. Like one?"

"But it's *mine*!" I protested.

"On the contrary, it's *mine*; Angela gave it to me. If you care to buy all the tickets——?"

"How much?" I growled.

"Four pounds."

"But—but that's twice as much as I paid for it originally!"

"I know," said Etta sweetly, "but prices have risen terribly owing to the War."

* * * * *

I found Edward outside leaning on his jaded velocipede. He was wearing the "Limit."

"Hello," said he, "got what you wanted?"

"Yes," said I, "and so, I observe, did you. How much did *you* have to pay?"

"Nothing," said he triumphantly; "Etta took my new mackintosh in exchange," he chuckled. "I think we rather scored off Angela this time, don't you?"

"Yes," said I—"ye es."

PATLANDER.

From an invitation to a subscription-ball:—

"Hoping that you will endeavour to make this, our first dance, a bumping success . . ."

As the Latin gentleman might have said, *Nemo repente fuit Terpsichore.*

"Two pigs off their feet had hard work to get to food trough, but K—— Pig Powders soon put them right."—*Local Paper.*

Set them on their feet again, we conclude.

"Respectable reserved lady (25), of ability, wishes to meet respectable keen Business Gentleman, honourable and reserved."

Advt. in Irish Paper.

Obviously reserved for one another.

"A big re-union of all returned men and their dependents is to be held at the Board of Trade building on New Year's day. . . A year ago the affair was a hug success and the ladies hope for an even better record this year."

Manitoba Free Press.

Manitoba is so embracing.



Small Boy (indicating highly-powdered lady). "MUMMY, MAY I WRITE 'DUST' ON THAT LADY'S BACK?"

TO MY BUTTER RATION

(On hearing that the stuff is shortly to be decontrolled).

THOU whom, when Saturday's expiring sun
Informs me that another day is done
And summons fire from the reflecting pane
Of Griggs and Sons, where groceries obtain,
I seek, not lightly nor in careless haste
As men buy bloaters or anchovy paste,
Who fling the cash down with abstracted air,
Crying, "Two tins, please," or "I 'll take the pair,"
But reverently and with concentred gaze
Lest Griggs's varlet (drat his casual ways!),
Intrigued with passing friend or canine strife,
Leave half of thee adhering to the knife—
My butter ration! If symbolic breath
Can be presumed in one so close to death,
It is decreed that thou, my heart's desire,
Who scarcely art, must finally expire;
Yea, they who hold thy fortunes in their hands,
Base-truckling to the profiteer's commands,
No more to my slim revenues will temper
The cost of thee, but with a harsh "*Sic semper Pauperibus*" fling thee, heedless of my prayers,
Into the fatted laps of war-time millionaires.

No more when Phœbus bids the day be born
And savoury odours greet the Sabbath morn,
Calling to Jane to bring the bacon in,
Shall I bespread thee, marvellously thin,
But ah! how toothsome! while my offspring barge
Into the cheap but uninspiring marge,
While James, our youngest (spoilt), proceeds to cram
His ample crop with plum and rhubarb jam.
No more when twilight fades from tower and tree
Shall I conceal what still remains of thee
Lest that the housemaid or, perchance, the cat
Should mischief thee, imponderable pat.
Ah, mine no more! for lo! 'tis noised around
How thou wilt soon cost seven bob a pound.
As well demand thy weight in radium
As probe my 'poverished poke for such a sum.
Wherefore, farewell! No more, alas! thou 'lt oil
These joints that creak with unrewarded toil;
No more thy heartsick votary's midmost riff
Wilt lubricate, and, oh! (as WORDSWORTH says) the diff!

ALGOL.

"PUNCH" ON THE SCREEN.

Mr. Punch begs to inform the Public that he has prepared for their entertainment twelve sets of Lantern Slides reproducing his most famous Cartoons and Pictures (five of the sets deal with the Great War), and that they may be hired, along with explanatory Lectures, and, if desired, a Lantern and Operator, on application to Messrs. E. G. WOOD, 2, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C., to whom all inquiries as to terms should be addressed.

"When he endeavoured to put the man out the Alderman was chucked under the paw. He drove straight to the barracks, informed the police of what had occurred, and having met his assailant on the road near by, he was placed under arrest."—*Irish Paper.*

The Alderman seems to have had a rough time all through.



ROUGE GAGNE—

MAIS LA SÉANCE N'EST PAS ENCORE TERMINÉE.



Newly-crowned Cotton King (*with the plovers' eggs*). "'ERE, MY LAD, TAKE THESE DARN THINGS AWAY. THEY'RE 'ARD-BOILED AND ABSOLUTELY STONE-COLD."

THE MOO-COW.

I WAS getting so tired of the syncopated life of town (and it didn't fit in with my present literary work) that I bribed my old pal Hobson to exchange residences with me for six months, with option; so now he has my flat in town, complete with Underground Railway and street noises (to say nothing of jazz music wherever he goes), and I have his country cottage, old-fashioned and clean, and a perfectly heavenly silence to listen to. Still, there *are* noises, and their comparative infrequency makes them the more noticeable. There is, for instance, a cow that bothers me more than a little. It has chosen, or there has been chosen, for its day nursery a field adjoining my (really Hobson's) garden. It has selected a spot by the hedge, almost under the study window, as a fit and proper place for its daily round of mooing.

Possibly this was at Hobson's request. Perhaps he likes the sound of mooing, or, conceivably, the cow doesn't like Hobson, and moos to annoy him. But surely it cannot mistake me for him. We are not at all alike. He is short and dark; I am tall and fair. This has given rise to a question in my mind: Can cows distinguish between human beings?

Anyway the cow worries me with its continual fog-horn, and I thought I would write to the owner (a small local dairy-farmer) to see if he could manage to find another field in which to batten this cow, where it could moo till it broke its silly tonsils for all I should care; so I indited this to him:—

MY DEAR SIR,—You have in your entourage a cow that is causing me some annoyance. It is one of those red-and-white cows (an Angora or Pomeranian perhaps; I don't know the names of the different breeds, being a town mouse), and it has horns of which one is worn at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees higher than the other. This may help you to identify it. It possesses, moreover, a moo which is a blend between a ship's siren and a taxi-cab's honk syringe. If you haven't heard either of these instruments you may take my word for them. Further, I think it may really assist you if I describe its tail. The last two feet of it have become unravelled, and the upper part is red, with a white patch where the tail is fastened on to the body.

It is only the moo part of the cow that is annoying me; I like the rest of it. I am engaged in writing a book on the Dynamic-Force of Modern Art, and a solo on the Moo does not blend well with such labour as mine.

There are hens here at Hillcroft. This remark may seem irrelevant, but not if you read on. Every time one of these hens brings five-pence-halfpenny worth of egg into the world it makes a noise commensurate with this feat. But I contend that even if your cow laid an egg every time it moos (which it doesn't, so far as my survey reveals) its idiotic bellowing would still be out of all proportion to the achievement. Even milk at a shilling a quart scarcely justifies such assertiveness.

My friend Mr. Hobson may, of course, have offended the animal in question, but even so I cannot see why I should have to put up with its horrible revenge; which brings me to the real and ultimate reason for troubling you, and that is, to ask you if you will be so good as to tell the cow to desist, and, in case of its refusal, to





USES OF A TUBE NUISANCE.

remove it to other quarters. If the annoyance continues I cannot answer for the consequences.

Thanking you in anticipation,
I am, Yours faithfully,
Arthur K. Wilkinson.

The reply ran:—

Deer Sir,—i am not a scollard and can't understand more'n 'alf your letter if you don't lik my cow why not go back were you cum from i dunno what you mean by consequences but if you lay 'ands on my cow i'll 'ave the lor of you. Yours obedient Henry Gibbs.

I felt that I hadn't got off very well with Henry, and thought I would try again, so wrote:—

Dear Mr. Gibbs,—Thank you so much for your too delightful letter. I am afraid you somewhat misapprehended the purport of mine. I freely admit your right to turn all manner of beasts into your demesne; equally do I concede to them the right to play upon such instruments as Nature has handed out to them; but I also claim the right to be allowed to carry on my work undisturbed. The consequences would be to me, not to the cow, unless laryngitis supervenes. I love cows, and I greatly admire this particular cow, but not its moo; that is all.

Is it, do you suppose, uttering some Jeremiad or prophecy? Can it, for example, be foretelling the doom of the middle classes? Or is it possible that our noisy friend is uttering a protest against some injurious treatment received from its master?

I have discovered that our daily supply of milk is supplied by your herd, and on inquiry I find that our cook is not at all confident that a quart of the same as delivered to us would satisfy the requirements of the Imperial standard of measurement.

If the animal's fog-horn continues I shall take it as an indignant protest against a slight that has been cast on its fertility, and shall seriously think of calling in the Food-Inspector to examine you in the table of liquid measure.

Delightful weather we have been experiencing, have we not?

Believe me as ever, dear Mr. Gibbs,
Yours most sincerely,
Arthur K. Wilkinson.

I do not know how much my correspondent understood of this letter, but, as the moo-cow was shortly afterwards relegated to fresh pastures, and as we are getting decidedly better measure for our milk money, I gather that he had enough intelligence for my purposes.

The threat which I thus put at a venture may be recommended to anyone suffering from the moo nuisance.

"The serious loss to D'Annunzio recently of 300,000 lire, through the disappearance of his cashier, has had a happy sequel. The airman-poet has received a like amount from a rich Milanese lady. The donor remains incognito."
Evening Standard.

It was very clever of the lady to disguise herself as an unknown man.

THE NEW SUBTRACTION.

(*By a middle-class Martyr.*)

Euclid is gone, dethroned,
By dominies disowned,
And modern physicists, Judæo-Teuton,
Finding strange kinks in space,
Swerves in light's arrowy race,
Make havoc of the theories of Newton.

Yet, mid this general wreck,
These blows dealt in the neck
Of authors of established reputation,
Four methods unassailed
Endured and never failed
To guide our arithmetic calculations.

But now at last new rules
Are used in "Council Schools"
In consequence of Governmental action;
And newspapers abound
In praise of the profound
Importance of the so-called "New Subtraction."

New, maybe, but too well
I know its influence fell;
The "new subtraction" (which *I* suffer under)
From what I earn or save
By toiling like a slave
Is just a euphemistic name for plunder.

"At Richmond a discharged soldier was charged with stealing a pillow, valued at 7/6, the property of the Government. . . The prisoner, who had a clean sheet, was fined 40/-."—*Local Paper.*

We can understand his wanting a fresh pillow to go with his clean sheet.



Golf Enthusiast (*urging the merits of the game*). "—AND, BESIDES, IT'S SO GOOD FOR YOU." *Unbeliever.* "SO IS COD-LIVER OIL."

GOLDEN GEESE.

THE London University Correspondent of *The Observer* has been deploring the fact that a number of professors and lecturers have lately resigned their poorly-paid academic positions in order to take up commercial and industrial posts at much higher salaries. Among the instances he cites is that of a Professor of Chemistry at King's College, who has been appointed Director of Research to the British Cotton Industry Research Association.

The movement, which the writer denounces as bearing "too obvious an analogy to the killing of the golden goose," is not however confined to London University. From the great seats of learning all over the country the same complaint is heard. We learn, for instance, that Mr. Angus McToddie, until recently Professor of Physics at the John Walker University, N.B., has vacated that post on his appointment as Experimental Adviser to the British Constitutional Whisky Manufacturers' Association.

Past and present *alumni* of Tonypandy will learn with regret that the University is to lose the services of its Professor of Live Languages, Mr. O. Evans, who is about to assume the responsible and highly-remunerated position of Director of Research to the Billingsgate Fishporters' Self-Help Society.

The Egregius Professor of Ancient History at Giggleswick University will shortly take up his duties as Editor of *Chestnuts*, the new comic weekly.

Professor Ernest Grubb, who for many years has adorned the Chair of Entomology at Durdleham, is about to enter the dramatic sphere as stage-manager to a well-known troupe of performing insects.

Another recruit to Stage enterprise is Professor Seymour Legge, who has been appointed Chief Investigator to the Beauty Chorus Providers' Corporation. Mr. Legge was formerly Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Ballycorp.

SATURDAYS.

Now has the soljer handed in his pack,
  And "Peace on earth, goodwill to all" been sung;
I've got a pension and my ole job back—
  Me, with my right leg gawn and half a lung;
But, Lord! I'd give my bit o' buckshee pay
  And my gratuity in honest Brads
To go down to the field nex' Saturday
  And have a game o' football with the lads.

It's Saturdays as does it. In the week
  It's not too bad; there's cinemas and things;
But I gets up against it, so to speak,
  When half-day-off comes round again and brings
The smell o' mud an' grass an' sweating men
  Back to my mind—there's no denying it;
There ain't much comfort tellin' myself then,
  "Thank Gawd, I went *toot sweet* an' did my bit!"

Oh, yes, I knows I'm lucky, more or less;
  There's some pore blokes back there who played the game
Until they heard the whistle go, I guess,
  For Time an' Time eternal. All the same
It makes me proper down at heart and sick
  To see the lads go laughing off to play;
I'd sell my bloomin' soul to have a kick—
  But what's the good of talkin', anyway?

"If we were suddenly to be deprived of the fast underground train, and presented with a sparse service of steam trains in sulphurous tunnels, the result on our tempers and the rate of our travelling would be—well, electric!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

We have tried to think of a less appropriate word than "electric," but have failed miserably.

THE RIDING LESSON.

Phillida arrived up to time with her suit-case, a riding-crop and a large copy of D'Aulnoy's *Fairy Tales*. She was not very communicative as we drove out, and I sought to draw her. You never, by the way, talk down to Phillida. Personally, I don't believe in talking down to any child; but to employ this method with Phillida is to court disaster.

"Pleasant journey?" I inquired casually, flicking Rex's ear.

"'M," responded Phillida in the manner of a child sucking sweets. Phillida was not sucking sweets, and I accepted my snub. We drove on for a bit in silence. Phillida removed her hat, and her bobbed hair went all round her head like a brown busby. I looked round and was embarrassed to find the straight grey eyes fixed on my face, the expression in them almost rapturous.

"Jolly country, isn't it?" I essayed hurriedly, with a comprehensive wave of my whip.

The preoccupied "'M" was repeated with even less emphasis.

Another protracted silence. I decided not to interfere with the course of nature as manifested in one small grey-eyed maiden of eight. Presently there burst from her ecstatically, "Uncle Dick, is this the one I'm going to ride?" So that was it. From that moment we got on splendidly. We discussed, agreed and disagreed over breeds, paces, sizes. I told her the horse she would ride would be twice the size of Rex, and she nearly fell out of the trap when I said we might go together that very afternoon.

"I've not learned to gallop," she remarked with some reluctance; "but of course you could teach me."

I had only heard the vaguest rumours of her riding experience, and she was very mysterious about it herself. However, when she came downstairs at the appointed time, in her brown velvet jockey-cap, top-boots, breeches and gloves complete, she looked so determined and efficient I felt reassured.

I had to make holes in the stirrup leathers eleven inches higher than the top one of all before she could touch the irons; but she settled into the saddle with great firmness and we were off without any fuss. Once on a horse, she had no difficulty in maintaining a perfect continuity of speech, and I soon felt relieved of all anxiety about her safety. If she was not an old and practised hand, she had nerve and balance, and I did not think fit to produce the leading rein which I had smuggled into my pocket.

We trotted a perfect three miles, and she had an eye to the country and a word to say about all she saw. When we turned to come back, I felt Brimstone make his usual spurt forward, but I was not prepared for Treacle's sudden break away. He was off like a rocket. That small child's cap was flung across my eyes in a sudden gust. I had retrieved it in a second, but it was time lost, and, by Jove! she was out of sight round a bend. I followed after, might and main, but the racket of Brimstone's hoofs only sent Treacle flying faster. I caught sight of the small figure leaning back, the bright hair flying. Then they were gone again. My heart beat very fast. "She had never learned to gallop!" At every bend I hardly dared to look for what I might find. I knew Treacle, once started, would dash for home. If the child could only stick it, all might be well. I pounded along, and after a two-mile run I came on them. She had pulled him in and was walking him, waiting for me, a little turned in the saddle, one minute hand resting lightly on his broad back. She was prettily flushed, her hair blown, but she hadn't even lost her crop.

"Did you stop to get my cap?" she said as we came up. "Thanks awfully."

I wanted to hug the little thing, but her dignity forbade any such exhibition.

The only other reference to the afternoon's experience was on a postcard I happened to see written the same night, addressed to her mother.

"Darling Bee" (it ran in very large baby characters),—"I had the most adorable ride to-day I ever had. I learned to galup all by myself. I thaut at first the horse was running away with me, but Uncle Dick soon caut me up. He had my cap.

Your loving
Phillida."

I only hope that Isabel will think it was all just as deliberate as that.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"You needn't be a bit nervous about handling the child, me lad. It's not a real one."

"The Ashton-under-Lyne fight is beginning, and *The Daily News* comes forward to-day with the suggestion that the Liberal candidate should withdraw.

The practical effect of the candidature of a Liebral may be only to reduce the Labour majority . . .

In such circumstances we think it matter for great regret that there should be any Libtral candilature . . .

Upon this the comment at the Liberal headquarters to-day was, 'Well, it is a little difficult to know just where we are, isn't it?'"

Evening Paper.

Yes, or *what* we are, for that matter.

"Gilbert-Sullivan Operas.
Friday, 'Trial by July.'"

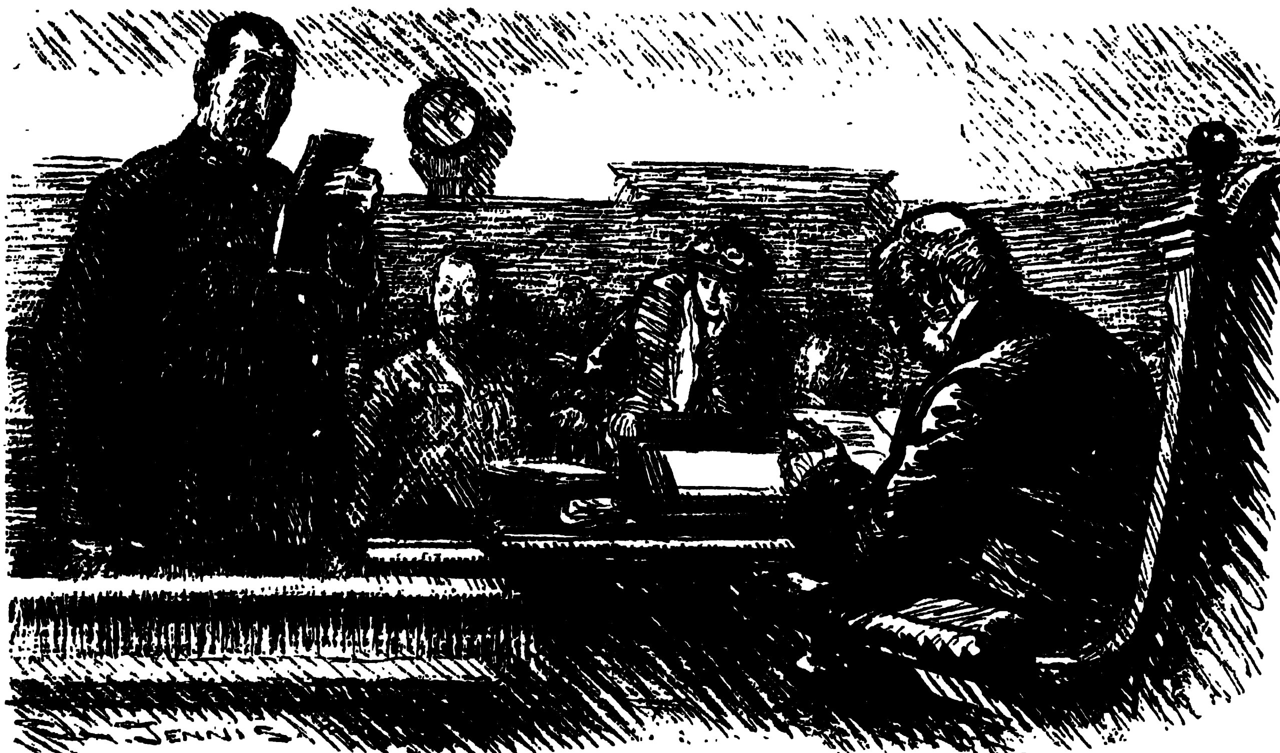
Provincial Paper.

It seems a long remand.

Journalistic Camaraderie.

"The whole of this preliminary business is nauseating, and in *real* sporting circles it is taboo as a topic of conversation. No wonder *The Times* devoted a leading article to the matter the other day."—*Daily Mail.*

How these Northcliffe journals love one another!



P.C. (*referring to notes*). "I TOLD 'ER SHE WOULD BE REPORTED, YOUR WORSHIP, TO WHICH SHE REPLIED, 'GO AHEAD, MY CHEERY LITTLE SUNBEAM!'"

MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE sporting public is so intrigued by the prospect of a DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER match that other impending championship events are in danger of being forgotten.

The present position in the challenge for the World's Halma Championship is this. Mr. George P. Henrun is patriotically endeavouring to secure the contest for Britain, and to that end has put up a purse of half-a-guinea. The Société Halma de Bordeaux has cut in with a firm offer of twenty-two francs, and the matter now remains in abeyance while financial advisers calculate the rate of exchange in order to ascertain which proposal is the more advantageous. The challenger, of course, is Tommy Jupes, aged twelve, of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. His opponent, the champion, has an advantage of three years in age and two inches in reach, but the strategy of Master Jupes is said to be irresistible. Only last week he overwhelmed his mother, herself a scratch player, when conceding her four men and the liberty to cheat twice.

The public will be thrilled to hear that a match has now been arranged between the two lady aspirants for the World's Patience Championship, *viz.*, Miss Tabitha Templeman, of Bath, and Miss Priscilla J. Jarndyce, of Washington. To meet the territorial prejudices of both ladies the contest will take place in mid-Atlantic, on a liner. There will be no seconds, but Miss Templeman will be accompanied by the pet Persian, which she always holds in her lap while playing, and Miss Jarndyce will bring with her the celebrated footwarmer which is associated with her greatest triumphs. The vexed question of the allocation of cinema royalties has been settled through the tact of Mr. Manketlow Spefforth, author of *Patience for the Impatient*. One lady wanted the royalties to be devoted to a Home for Stray Cats, and the other expressed a desire to benefit the Society for the Preservation of Wild Bird Life. Mr. Spefforth's happy compromise is that the money shall be assigned to the Fund in aid of Distressed Spinsters.

Bert Hawkins, of Whitechapel, has expressed his willingness, on suitable terms, to meet T'gumbu, the powerful Matabele, in a twenty-ball contest for the World's Cokernut-Shying Championship. There is however a deadlock over details. T'gumbu's manager is adamant that the match shall take place in his nominee's native village of Mpm, but Mr. Hawkins objects, seeing little chance of escaping alive after the victory of which he is so confident. He says he would "feel more safer like on 'Ampstead 'Eaf." Another difficulty is that Mr. Hawkins insists on wearing his *fiancée's* headgear while competing, and this is regarded by T'gumbu as savouring of witchcraft. Mr. Hawkins generously offers his opponent permission to wear any article of his wives' clothing; but the coloured candidate quite reasonably retorts that this concession is practically valueless. On one point fortunately there is unanimity: both parties are firm that all bad nuts must be replaced.

Another Asian Mystery.

"OLD AND RARE PAINTINGS. Exquisite works of old Indian art. Mytholo-Roast Beef or Pork: Bindaloo Sausages gical, Historical, Mediæval."—*Englishman* (*Calcutta*).

"Two capable young gentlemen desire Posts in good families as Companions, ladies or children; mending, hairdressing, decorations; willing to travel; in or near London."

Daily Paper.

What did *they* do in the Great War?

"One of the exquisite features was the presence of the Deacon's wives. We had 83 upon our Roll of Honour, and of these 36 turned up."—*Parish Magazine.*

The other forty-seven being presumably engaged in looking after the Deacon.

"In addition to the fine work done by the Irish regiments he assured them that many a warm Irish heart beat under a Scottish kilt."

Local Paper.

Surely Irishmen enlisted in Scottish regiments are not so down-hearted as all that!

THE TALE OF THE TUNEFUL TUB.

["Why do so many people sing in the bath-room? . . . The note is struck for them by the running water. While the voice sounds resonantly in the bath-room it is not half so fine and inspiring when the song is continued in the dressing-room. The reason is that the furniture of the dres-ing-room tends to deaden the reverberations."—*Prof. W. H. BRAGG on "The World of Sound."*]

WHEN to my morning tub I go,
With towel, dressing-gown and soap,
Then most, the while I puff and blow,
My soul with song doth overflow
(Not unmelodiously, I hope).

The plashing of the H. and C.
Castalian stimulus affords;
I reach with ease an upper G
And, like the wild swan, carol free
The gamut of my vocal chords.

And when, my pure ablutions o'er,
The larynx fairly gets to work,
Amid the unplugged water's roar
I caper, trolling round the floor,
In tones as rich as THOMAS BURKE.

But in my dressing-room's retreat
My native wood-notes wilt and sag;
Not there those raptures I repeat;
My bellow now becomes a bleat
(For reasons, ask Professor BRAGG).

So, Ruth, if song may find a path
Still through thy heart, be listening by
The bathroom while I take my bath;
But leave before the aftermath,
Nor while I 'm dressing linger nigh.

On the acoustic side, I fear,
My chest of drawers is quite a "dud;"
The chairs would silence Chanticleer,
Nor would I have you overhear
When I have lost my collar-stud.

BOOKS AND BACKS.

THE proposal to revive the old "yellow back" cover for novels, partly in the interest of economy in production, partly to attract the purchaser by the lure of colour, has caused no little stir in the literary world. In order to clarify opinion on the subject Mr. Punch has been at pains to secure the following expressions of their views from some of the leading authors of both sexes:—

Mr. J. M. KEYNES, C.B., the author of the most sensational book of the hour, contributed some interesting observations on the economics of the dye industry and their bearing on the question. These we are reluctantly obliged to omit. We may note however his general conclusion that the impact on the public mind of a book often varies in an inverse ratio with the attractiveness of its appearance or its title. At the same time he admits that if he had called his momentous work *The Terrible Treaty*, and if it had been bound in a rainbow cover with a Cubist design, its circulation might have been even greater than it actually is. But then, as he candidly owns, "as a Cambridge man, I may be inclined to attach an undue importance to 'Backs.'"

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON writes: "MATT. ARNOLD once chaffed me for keeping a guillotine in my back-garden. But my real colour was never sea-green in politics any more than it is yellow in literature or journalism. Yet I have a great tenderness for the old yellow-backs of fifty years ago. Yellow Books are another story. The yellow-backs may have sometimes affronted the eye, but for the most part they were dove-like in their outlook. Now 'red ruin and the breaking-up of laws' flaunt themselves in the soberest livery. I do not often drop into verse, but this inversion of the old order has suggested these lines, which you may care to print:—

"'In an age mid-Victorian and mellow,
Ere the current of life ran askew,
The backs of our novels were yellow,
Their hearts were of Quaker-like hue;
But now, when extravagant lovers
Their hectic emotions parade,
In sober or colourless covers
We find them arrayed.'"

Mr. CHARLES GARVICE points out that the choice of colour in bindings calls for especial care and caution at the present time, owing to the powerful influence of association. Yellow might lend impetus to the Yellow Peril. Red is especially to be avoided owing to its unfortunate appropriation by Revolutionary propagandists. Blue, though affected by statisticians and Government publishers, has a traditional connection with the expression of sentiments of an antinomian and heterodox character. At all costs the sobriety and dignity of fiction should be maintained, and sparing use should be made of the brighter hues of the spectrum. He had forgotten a good deal of his Latin, but there still lingered in his memory the old warning: "*O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.*"

Miss DAISY ASHFORD, another of our "best sellers," demurs to the view that a gaudy or garish exterior is needed to catch the public eye. The enlightened child-author scorned such devices. Books, like men and women—especially women—ought not to be judged by their backs, but by their hearts. She confessed, however, to a weakness for "jackets" as a form of attire peculiarly consecrated to youth.

Madame MONTESSORI cables from Rome as follows:—"The colour of book-covers is of vital importance in education. I wish to express my strong conviction that, where books for the young are concerned, no action should be taken by publishers without holding an unfettered plébiscite of all children under twelve. Also that the polychromatic series of Fairy Stories edited by the late Mr. ANDREW LANG should be at once withdrawn from circulation, not only because of the reckless and unscientific colour scheme adopted, but to check the wholesale dissemination of futile fables concocted and invented by irresponsible adults of all ages and countries."

SONGS OF THE HOME.

III.—THE GUEST.

I HAVE a friend; his name is John;
He 's nothing much to dote upon,
But, on the whole, a pleasant soul
And, like myself, no paragon.

I have a house, and, then again,
An extra room to take a guest;
And in my house I have a spouse.
It 's good for me; I don't protest.

By her is every virtue taught;
Man does as he is told, and ought;
He has to eat his own conceit,
So, "Just the place for John!" I thought.

The unsuspecting guest arrives;
But (note the worthlessness of wives)
Does he endure the kill-or-cure
Refining process? No, he thrives.

He 's led to think that he has got
The very virtues I have not;
Her every phrase is subtle praise
And oh! how he absorbs the lot.

She finds his wisdom full of wit
And listens to no end of it;
And if he dash tobacco-ash
On carpets doesn't mind a bit.

All that the human frame requires,
From flattery to bedroom fires,
Is his; and I must self-deny
To satisfy his least desires.

I have a friend; his name is John;
I tell him he is "getting on"
And "growing fat," and things like that . . .
He pays no heed. He 's too far gone.

HENRY.

"PUPILS wanted for Pianoforte and Theory. —J. G. Peat, Dyer and Cleaner."
New Zealand Herald.

"That strain again! It had a dying fall."—*Twelfth Night*, Act I., Sc. 1, 4.

"The lowest grade of porter is the grade from which railway employees in the traffic departments gravitate to higher positions."
Daily Paper.

The EINSTEIN theory is beginning to capture our journalists.

There was a Society Sinner
Who no longer was asked out to dinner;
This proof of his guilt
So caused him to wilt
That he 's now emigrated to Pinner.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Post-War Sportsman. "WOT'S THE MATTER?"
Mrs. P.-W.S. "WHEN I WANT HIM TO JUMP THE FENCE HE JUST STOPS AND EATS IT. WHAT AM I TO DO?"
P.-W.S. "COME ALONG WI' ME, MY DEAR; I'LL SHOW YOU. 'E CAN'T EAT A GATE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN the war-after-the-war, the bombardment of books that is now so violently raging upon all fronts, any contribution by a writer as eminent as Lord HALDANE naturally commands the respect due to weapons of the heaviest calibre. Unfortunately "heavy" is here an epithet unkindly apt, since it has to be admitted that the noble lord wields a pen rather philosophic than popular, with the result that *Before the War* (CASSELL) tells a story of the highest interest in a manner that can only be called ponderous. Our ex-War Minister is, at least chiefly, responding to the literary offensives of BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and TIRPITZ, in connection with whose books his should be read, if the many references are properly to be understood. As every reader will know, however, Lord HALDANE could hardly have delivered his apologia before the accuser without the gates and not at the same time had an eye on the critic within. Fortunately it is here no part of a reviewer's task to obtrude his own political theories. With regard to the chief indictment, of having permitted the country to be taken unawares, the author betrays his legal training by a defence which is in effect (1) that circumstances compelled our being so taken, and that (2) we weren't. On this and other matter, however, the individual reader, having paid his money (7*s.* 6*d.* net), remains at liberty to take his choice. One revelation at least emerges clearly enough from Lord HALDANE'S pages—the danger of playing diplomat to a democracy. "Extremists, whether Chauvinist or Pacifist, are not helpful in avoiding wars" is one of many conclusions, double-edged perhaps, to which he is led by retrospect of his own trials. His book, while making no concessions to the modern demand for vivacity, is one that no student of the War and its first causes can neglect.

It is not Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD'S fault that his initials are identical with those of the London County Council, nor do I consider it to be mine that his rather pontifical attitude towards men and matters reminds me of that august body. Anyone ignorant of recent inventions might be excused for thinking that *The Paravane Adventure* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the title of a stirring piece of sensational fiction. But fiction it is not, though in some of its disclosures it may be considered sensational enough. In this history of the invention of the Paravane Mr. CORNFORD hurls a lot of well-directed bricks at Officialdom, and concludes his book by giving us his frank opinion of the way in which the Navy ought to be run. It is impossible, even if one does not subscribe to all his ideas, to refrain from commending the enthusiasm with which he writes of those who, in spite of great difficulties, set to work to invent and perfect the Paravane. If you don't know what a Paravane is I have neither the space nor the ability to tell you; but Mr. CORNFORD has, and it's all in the book.

A stray paragraph in a contemporary, to the effect that the portrait of the heroine and the story of her life in Baroness VON HUTTEN'S *Happy House* (HUTCHINSON) is a transcript of actual fact, saves me from the indiscretion of

declaring that I found *Mrs. Walbridge* and her egregious husband and the general situation at Happy House frankly incredible. Pleasantly incredible, I should have added; and I rather liked the young man, *Oliver*, from Fleet Street, whom the Great Man had recently made Editor of *Sparks* and who realised that he was destined to be a titled millionaire, for is not that the authentic procedure? Hence his fanatical obstinacy in wooing his, if you ask me, none too desirable bride. I hope I am not doing the author a disservice in describing this as a thoroughly wholesome book, well on the side of the angels. It has the air of flowing easily from a practised pen. But nothing will induce me to believe that *Mrs. Walbridge*, putting off her Victorian airs, did win the prize competition with a novel in the modern manner.

Mr. ALEXANDER MACFARLAN'S new story, *The Inscrutable Lovers* (HEINEMANN), is not the first to have what one may call Revolutionary Ireland for its background, but it is by all odds the most readable, possibly because it is not in any sense a political novel. It is in characters rather than events that the author interests himself. A highly refined, well-to-do and extremely picturesque Irish revolutionary, whom the author not very happily christens *Count Kettle*, has a daughter who secretly abhors romance and the high-falutin sentimentality that he and his circle mistake for patriotism. To her father's disgust she marries an apparently staid and practical young Scotch shipowner, who at heart is a confirmed romantic. The circumstances which lead to their marriage and the subsequent events which reveal to each the other's true temperament provide the "plot" of *The Inscrutable Lovers*. Though slender it is original and might lend itself either to farce or tragedy. Mr. MACFARLAN'S attitude is pleasantly analytical. It is indeed his delightful air of remote criticism, his restrained and epigrammatic style queerly suggestive of ROMAIN ROLLAND in *The Market Place*, and his extremely clever portraiture, rather than any breadth or depth appertaining to the story itself, that entitle the author to a high place among the young novelists of to-day. Mr. MACFARLAN—is he by any chance the Rev. ALEXANDER MACFARLAN?—may and doubtless will produce more formidable works of fiction in due course; he will scarcely write anything smoother, more sparing of the superfluous word or that offers a more perfect blend of sympathy and analysis.

Susie (DUCKWORTH) is the story of a minx or an exposition of the eternal feminine according to the reader's own convictions. I am not sure—and I suppose that places me among those who regard her heroine as the mere minx—that the HON. Mrs. DOWDALL has done well in expending so much cleverness in telling *Susie's* story. Certainly those who think of marriage as a high calling, for which the vocation is love, will be as much annoyed with her as was her cousin *Lucy*, the idealist, at once the most amusing and most pathetic figure in the book. I am quite sure that Susies and Lucys both abound, and that Mrs. DOWDALL knows all about them; but I am not equally sure that the Susies deserve the encouragement of such a brilliant dissection. Yet the men whose happiness she played with believed in *Susie's* representation of herself as quite well-meaning, and other women who saw through her liked her in spite of their annoyance; and—after all the other things I have said—I am bound, in sincerity, to admit that I liked her too.



The Fool. "GOOD MASTER CARPENTER, I AM IN GREAT NEED OF WIT FOR TO-NIGHT'S FEAST. HAST THOU ANY MERRY QUIP OR QUAINT CONCEIT WHEREWITH I MIGHT SET THE TABLE IN A ROAR?"

The Carpenter. "NAY, MASTER FOOL, I HAVE BUT ONE, WHICH I FASHIONED MYSELF WITH MUCH LABOUR. IT GOETH THUS: 'WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A——?'"

The Fool. "ENOUGH! THAT JOKE HATH ALREADY COST ME TWO GOOD SITUATIONS."

You could scarcely have given a novelist a harder case than to prove the likeableness of *Cherry Mart*, as her actions show her in *September* (METHUEN), and I wonder how a Victorian writer would have dealt with the terrible chit. But FRANK SWINNERTON, of course, is able to hold these astonishing briefs with ease. Here is a girl who first turns the head of *Marian Forster's* middle-aged husband in a pure fit of experimentalism, and then sets her cap with defiant malice at the young man who seems likely to bring real love into the elder woman's life. And yet *Marian* grows always fonder of her, and she, in the manner of a wayward and naughty child, of *Marian*. Insolence and *gaucherie* are on the one hand, coolness and finished grace on the other, and, although there are several moments of hatred between the two, their affection is the proper theme of the book. As for *Nigel*, he is impetuous and handsome, and falls in love with *Marian* because she is sympathetic, and with *Cherry* because she is *Cherry*, and also perhaps a little because the War has begun and the day of youth triumphant has arrived. But he does not make a very deep impression upon me, and as for *Marian's* husband, who is big and rather stupid, and always has been, I gather, a bit of a dog, he scarcely counts at all. *Marian*, however, is an extremely clever and intricate study, and for *Cherry*—I don't really know whether I like *Cherry* or not. But I have certainly met her.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in calling attention to two small volumes, lately issued, which reproduce matter that has appeared in his pages and therefore does not need any further token of his approbation: to wit, *A Little Loot* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), by Captain E. V. KNOX ("EVOE"); and *Staff Tales* (CONSTABLE), by Captain W. P. LIPSCOMB, M.C. ("L."), with illustrations, now first published, by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN. Also to *A Zoovenir* (Dublin: The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland), by Mr. CYRIL BRETHERTON ("ALGOL"), a book of verses which have appeared elsewhere and are being sold for the benefit of the Dublin Zoo.

CHARIVARIA.

A RUMOUR is going about that martial law may be declared in Ireland at any moment. By which of the armies of occupation does not seem clear.

* * *

To make money, says a London magistrate, one must work hard. This is a great improvement on the present method of entering a post-office and helping yourself.

* * *

Cat skins are advertised for in Essex. A suburban resident writes to say he has a few brace on his garden wall each night, if the advertiser is prepared to entice the cats from inside them.

* * *

Much alarm has been caused in foreign countries by the report that British scientists are experimenting with a machine that makes a noise like Lord FISHER.

* * *

According to a witness at a police court in London nearly two hundred people stood and watched a fight between dockers in City Road last week. The way some people take advantage of Mr. COCHRAN'S absence in America seems most unsportsmanlike.

* * *

Horse-radish from Germany is being sold in Manchester at six shillings a bundle. Even during the War, thanks to the efforts of the local Press, the Mancunian has never wanted for his little bit of German hot stuff.

* * *

Asked how old he was by the magistrate a railway-worker is said to have replied, "Thirty-nine last strike."

* * *

The House of Representatives at Washington have offered one hundred thousand pounds to fight the influenza germ. It is said that, if they will make it two hundred thousand, DEMPSEY'S manager will consider it.

* * *

An American millionaire, says a gossip, has decided to stay at one London hotel for three months. There was no need to tell us he was a millionaire.

* * *

A way is said to have been found for washing linen by electricity. In future patrons will have to tear the buttonholes themselves.

It is all very well asking Germany to hand over her war criminals, but the trouble is to find enough innocent men to round them up.

* * *

The rumour current in France, to the effect that our PREMIER has been seen in London, is believed by Parisians to have been spread by political rivals.

* * *

The Bolshevists recently deported from America were welcomed on the Finnish frontier by the Red Army and eleven brass bands playing "The International." That ought to teach them to get deported again.

* * *

A Thames bargee has summoned a colleague for throwing a huge piece of coal at him. Quite right too. The coal might have fallen into the river.

* * *

One Scottish M.P., says a weekly paper, has not made a speech in the House of Commons for twenty years. This is probably due to the fact that a Scotsman rarely butts in when a fellow-countryman is speaking.

* * *

The so-called "pneumonia" blouse is conducive to health, declares the Medical Research Committee. On the other hand the sunstroke cravat continues to prove fatal in a great number of cases.

* * *

A Swansea man who went to his allotment to dig up some parsnips and ended by taking three cabbages from a neighbour's plot has been fined ten pounds. We approve of the sentence. A man who deliberately associates with parsnips should be shown no mercy.

* * *

A news message states that passports enabling Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD to proceed to Russia have been refused. As a result we understand that the well-known Socialist has threatened to remain in this country.

* * *

Greenwich Council has refused a war trophy, consisting of a hundred bayonets. It appears that in those parts they still adhere to the fantastic theory that the chronometer won the War.

* * *

A novel idea is reported from a small town in Norfolk. It appears that at the annual fancy-dress ball all the inhabitants clubbed together and went as a Brontosaurus.

* * *

The Hotel Métropole has now been vacated by the Government, and it is thought that, as soon as the extra sleeping accommodation has been cleared away, it will be used as an hotel once again.

* * *

We understand there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE has offered the ex-Kaiser a leading part in his revue, *Come Over Here*.

* * *

A correspondent points out in *The Daily Express* that there are five Sundays in the present month. We understand however that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is not to blame this time.



Benevolent deck-hand (to solitary small boy). "'ULLO, BEATTY! WHERE'S YER PA?"

Small boy. "UP AT THE SHARP END, LEANING OVER THE PALINGS."

Our Cynics.

"It is stated that the management of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Co. intend to change the name of the newly-acquired steamer Onward to something more in keeping with the traditions of the Company."
Ramsey Courier.

"Serious complaint is being made at another recurrence of the failure of the electric light in ——. It is no light matter."—*Local Paper.*

It wouldn't be.

OF CERTAIN BRUTUSES WHO MISSED THEIR MARK.

["Coalition Doomed."—*Poster of "Evening News."*
"Coalition Death Sentence."
"Times'" Headline on Mr. Asquith at Paisley.
"Blow to the Coalition."
"Times'" Headline on Mr. Barnes's resignation.]

Have you heard of the coming of Nemesis,
How she glides through the ambient gloom
That envelops the Downing-Street premises
Where George is awaiting his doom?
For the hour of his utter discredit
Has struck and the blighter must go
If the Carmelite organs have said it
It's bound to be so.

The Cabinet's daily imbroglio
Amounts to a permanent brawl;
Mr. Barnes has resigned a portfolio
Which never existed at all;
It is true he was, anyhow, going,
Yet it serves (in *The Times*) for a sign
Of the symptoms, perceptibly growing,
Of George's decline.

Mr. Asquith (of Paisley) endorses
The sentence of violent death,
Though he leaves him alternative courses
For yielding his ultimate breath;
He allows him an optional charter—
To swing by his neck from a tree,
Or to perish a piteous martyr
To *felo-de-se*.

And what of poor Damocles under
This horror that hangs by a thread?
Does he wilt in a palsy and wonder
How soon it will sever his head?
Are his lips and his cheeks of a blank hue?
Does he toy with his victuals and drink?
Not at all; on the contrary, thankyou,
His health's in the pink.

He'll be bashed to the semblance of suet,
So say the familiars of Fate;
But they don't tell us who is to do it
Or mention the actual date;
Though the lords of the Circus assure us
His voice will be presently mute,
Yet the victim, pronounced *moriturus*,
Declines to salute.

All colours, from purple to yellow,
The oracles kill him in print,
But he turns not a hair, for the fellow
Is hopeless at taking a hint;
Apparently free from suspicion
And mindless of what it all means,
He careers on the road to perdition,
Ebullient with beans.

O. S.

"Our Invincible Navy."

In the article which appeared under the above title in the issue of *Punch* for January 14th, the setting of the nautical episode, in which the subject of the story conducted himself with so much aplomb and resourcefulness, was derived from a personal experience related to the author; but Mr. Punch has his assurance that *Reginald McTaggart* was not intended even remotely to represent any actual individual.

HIS FUTURE.

Part I.—The Proposal, 1920.

"About this boy of ours, my dear," said Gerald.

"Well, what about it?" said Margaret. "He weighed fourteen pounds and an eighth this morning, and he's only four months and ten days old, you know."

"Is he? I mean, does he? Splendid. But what I was going to say was this: in view of the present social and economic disturbances and the price of coal and butter——"

"He doesn't need either of those yet, dear."

"—and the price of coal and butter, it behoves us, don't you think, to very seriously consider (yes, I meant to split it)—to very seriously consider Nat's future?"

"Oh, I've been doing that for ever so long, Gerald. Probably in a year or two we shan't be able to get even a general or a char, so I'm going to teach him all sorts of household jobs—as a great treat, of course. Washing up the plates and dishes and laying fires—oh, and darning as well. He must certainly mend his own socks, and yours too."

"Well, perhaps, if he has time. But I have a much better proposal to make than that. My idea is that we should bring him up to be a miner."

"I thought children under twenty-one always were."

"Not minor, silly—miner."

"Well, what's the difference? Saying it twice doesn't help. And neither does shouting," she added.

Gerald wrote it down.

"Oh, I *see*. But why?"

"Because then he can earn enough money to keep us all comfortably—us in idle dependence at Chelsea, him in idle independence at Merthyr-Tydfil or wherever one mines."

"He might send us diamonds now and then too. Or perhaps it isn't allowed."

"No, no. He'll be a coal-miner, naturally."

Margaret pondered this for some minutes.

"No, I don't think much of your idea," she said finally. "Very likely coal will have gone out of fashion by then and we shall all be warming ourselves with Cape gooseberries or pine-kernels or something. I think he ought to be taught *all* kinds of mining—diamond-mining, salt-mining, gold-mining and undermining at Lloyd's. Then he could take up whatever was most profitable at the moment."

"He has a busy youth ahead of him, I see. Have you thought of anything else?"

"Not at present. Don't you think, though, that this little talk of ours has been rather instructive, Gerald? Shall we open a correspondence in *The Literary Supplement* on 'The Boy: What Will He Become'?"

"Not quite the sort of thing for their readers, I should say."

"But surely some of them must be quite human. It isn't as if I'd said *Notes and Queries*. One can't imagine the readers of that ever——"

"Listen!" said Gerald. "I think I hear——"

But Margaret had vanished. Nat's already pessimistic views on his future were being published for the benefit of the Man in the Street.

Part II.—The Disposal, 1945.

The President and Committee of the British Lepidopterists' Association request the pleasure of your company on January the 15th, at 5 p.m., when Mr. Nathaniel Prendergast will give an illustrated address on The Haunts and Habits of the minor Copperwing, together with a few Notes on Gnats.

"Linen collars at 3s. 6d. each sounds incredible."—*Daily News.*

A bit stiff, no doubt.



A DOWNING STREET MELODRAMA.

The Premier. "COME ON IN, BONAR; I LOVE THESE FANCY BLOOD-CURDLERS. BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD."



Disgusted Parent. "NAH THEN, 'ORACE, SET ABAHT 'IM! ANYONE CAN SEE THE 'ORSE 'AS LOST ALL RESPECT FOR YER."

SPORTING GOLF.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"I NOTICED the old sapper instinct asserting itself in Mac when he tried to tunnel out of that bunker at the seventh," said Denny after tea in the golf club-house. "He'd have found some opportunities on a really sporting course like ours at Villers-Vereux. Remember Villers, Ponting?"

"It wasn't a golf links as I remember it," said Ponting grimly.

"Bless you, I'm not speaking of those far-away days. I'm talking of a month or two back, when I was there with a Chinese Salvage Company trying to clear up the mess you made. Beastly quiet it was, too. The only excitement was a playful habit the Chink had contracted of picking up a rusty rifle and a salvaged clip of cartridges, pointing the gun anywhere and pulling the trigger to make it say *Bang!* I often found myself doin' the old B.E.F. tummy-wriggle when the *Chinois* was really happy.

"One Sunday—a non-working day—when all was drab and dreary and existence seemed a double-blank, my orderly mentioned that he had discovered some old 'golfing bats' in one of the hutments. Evidently they were the remains of the spoils of a lightning foray on the Base. A further search revealed a couple of elliptical balls, quite good in places. So I tipped my cub, Laxey, out of his bunk and we proceeded to resurrect our pre-war form. By-and-by we got adventurous, and Laxey challenged me to play him a match after lunch for ten francs a side. The details required some arranging, as there were no greens or holes, but eventually we decided on a cross-country stroke competition, starting from the hut-door and finishing at a crump hole, map ref.: B 26c, 08,35.

"We tossed for clubs, and as I won I picked a driver and a hockey stick, leaving Laxey a brassie and a putter head tied to a whangee cane that gave it plenty of whip. Laxey was spot, and broke with a ten-yard drive. Then I teed up and drove with a good follow-through action that carried me round several circles before I could stop.

"I did better the next time, and made my ball rather sorry that it had been making fun of me. Laxey had a bad lie and, though he lofted his ball with the putter (as I said, the whangee *did* give it 'whip'), he didn't clear the hutments. After he had cannoned off the roof of a 'Nissen' into the cook-house I took my turn, and to my disgust pulled into a trench that formed part of our old support line.

"'Our ways lie apart now, old melon,' I said, 'and I should advise you to follow my example and get your batman to keep the count. Otherwise your play will be affected by arithmetical troubles.'

"Accompanied by my faithful Wilkins I found my ball and reviewed the situation. The driver and hockey stick were hopeless for mashie shots, but Wilkins reported a practicable C.T. a few yards to the right, leading to the front line, and some gently sloping revetting from thence to the level. Luckily the C.T. had plenty of length to each traverse, and when I emerged in the open with my sixty-seventh Laxey was only just getting clear of the huts, having been badly bunkered in the coal dump. He made good progress from there, but I got into the rough—a regular Gruyère of shell-holes. While I was attempting to hack my way through I heard a delighted gurgle of laughter and turned round to see half-a-dozen of the Chinks sitting on their hams and watching me with undisguised jubilation.

"'Send them away, Wilkins,' I said irritably. 'Can't you see they're putting me off my game?'

"Wilkins shoved them off, and I took the old German line with a rush. While I was so to speak consolidating, a runner arrived from Laxey asking for the loan of a pair of wire-cutters.

"''E's 'ung up on the wire, Sir,' said the runner, 'an' cursing the artillery somethink awful from force of 'abit.'

"I sent a pair of nail-scissors with my compliments, and would Mr. Laxey kindly inform me what was his score to date? Laxey returned the scissors, saying that he found he could manage better with a tie-clip, and his score at 15.30 hours was 346, please. Cheered by the knowledge that I was a matter of twenty to the good, I executed a brilliant dribble along a ditch, neatly tricked a couple of saplings and finished with a long spinning-jenny into a camouflaged strong point. By this time Wilkins was in such a maze of mathematics that he hadn't time to scare off the coolies, who were tumbling up in large numbers and giving a generous meed of applause.

"Towards the 400 Laxey, who also had a good gallery of Chinks, was losing touch, and I advised him by runner to change direction. He thanked me, but said that, in view of the difficult nature of the terrain, he had decided to work round from a flank. Feeling that I was nearing the objective I organised a series of approach-shots with the driver, and sent to ask Laxey if he would care to accept fifty start. However, having foozled into a ruined pillbox, I reduced the offer by half, and later on, confident—not to say insulting—reports from Laxey induced me to withdraw the concession altogether.

"At 16.30 hours precisely, amid intense excitement on the part of the Celestial audience, we arrived at the deciding crump-hole simultaneously. When I say we arrived, I mean that Laxey had an eight-yard putt from a good lie—an easy proposition with the whangee putter—and I was ten yards away in as wicked a little crevice as you could wish to find.

"'If it doesn't shake your nerve, skipper,' said Laxey, 'I might mention that my score is 543.'

"'You'd better give me the game, then,' I answered. 'I'm but a modest 520.'

"'Not jolly likely. You'll take at least twenty to get out of that burrow. Besides, I know Wilkins is rotten at figures, and I claim a recount.'

"An audit and scrutiny showed that we were both 537, and although Laxey held a distinct advantage in position I decided on a strenuous effort to halve the game. I took a firm stance and the hockey stick and let drive for the hole with a tremendous pickaxe stroke. Instantly there was a blinding flash and an explosion, and, when we had finished picking sand out of our ears and eyes and allayed the excitement of the Chinks, we discovered my ball comfortably nestling in the crump-hole.

"'If assistance with derelict Mills bombs is allowed,' said Laxey, 'we've halved.'

"'On the contrary,' I replied, 'as your ball is apparently missing I've won.'

"And, if you believe me, we couldn't find Laxey's ball anywhere, though we had seen it but a minute or two before. So I claimed the ten francs; but I didn't mention to Laxey that the following morning I was passing a group of the coolies and saw them with an object that looked suspiciously like Laxey's ball, hammering it with a stick and trying to make it say *Bang*!"



Constable (to dreamy little foreigner). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE BORN, TICH, BUT I'LL GIVE ODDS YOU'LL DIE IN ENGLAND."

"Wanted, Second Housemaid of three, Scotchwoman preferred; willing to wait on table if required; comfortable situation."

Daily Paper.

Possibly; but we always prefer our servants to do their waiting on the floor.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM HIND.

1920.

Back in the years of youth, a thoughtless thruster,
I did adventure to the East and spurn
My native land, and foolishly entrust her
To other guardians pending my return;
And now time bears me to the second lustre,
And I am old and weary and I burn
To freshen memories waxing somewhat vague;
But men say, "Shun old England like the plague."

Lord knoweth Hind is not a place of pleasure
Nor such a land as men forsake with tears;
Lord knoweth how we venerate and treasure
The English memory down the Indian years;
Yet now the mail pours forth in flowing measure
England's un-Englishness, and in our ears
Echo the words of men returned from leave,
Describing Englands one can scarce believe.

Englands abandoned to the fleeting passions,
Feckless as Fez, hysterical as Gaul,
All nigger-music and fantastic fashions
(And not a house from Leith to London Wall);
Where food and coal are dealt you out in rations
And you can hardly raise a drink at all,
And tailors charge you twenty pounds a touch.
Is that a place for Nabobs? No, not much.

Better were Hind where troubles more or less stick
To one set style and do not drive you mad
With changes; where a roof and a domestic,
Petrol and usquebagh can still be had;
And one can trust the Taj and the Majestic
(Bombay hotels be these and none too bad)
To stand for culture in the hour of need
And stop one running utterly to seed.

Hind be it; as for Home—*festina lente;*
Hind be it and a station in the sun,
Wherein if peace abideth not nor plenty
At least you are not ruined and undone.
I am not coming home in 1920,
And maybe not in 1921;
If all the English England 's dead and gone,
One can remember; one can carry on.

H. B.

LITTLE TALES FOR YOUNG PLUMBERS.

The Conversion of George.

George was a plumber by trade and a striker by occupation. He did his plumbing in his holidays, when he was not busy. He liked plumbing, as it gave his throat a rest. He was really the Champion Long Distance Plumber of the World and had gained the R.S.V.P.'s gold medal for doing the back-in-a-minute-to-get-your-tools in more than two hours. And his heart was as tender as his feet. If he heard a clock strike he longed to strike in sympathy, so that hard-hearted employers who knew George's weakness always kept their time-pieces muffled.

The bursting of our water-pipe was the means of bringing me into touch with George. He joined our bathing-party in the front hall, and said simply, "I am the plumber." Just like that. He then said that he would swim home for his tools, as he had forgotten the can-opener. When he got back Auntie was drowned.

He did not stay long, as he had to go on sympathetic strike with the graziers. He was not really a grazier as well as a plumber, but his heart was so tender that he couldn't keep on plumbing so as to give satisfaction, he said, as long as the graziers were not grazing, so to speak. It didn't really matter. Nothing matters nowadays. I just went out and sold the house as it stood for an enormous sum and emigrated on the proceeds to Tooting Bec.

But this tract deals with George and his conversion, and has been written specially to be put into the hands of young plumbers. Let us see then how George gave up his sinful ways and how his heart was changed.

It began with his tooth—an old, old tooth. It had done some work in its time, but it decided to strike. And strike it did. George gave it beer—Government beer—and it hit George back, good and hard. George then began to talk to it. He asked if it knew what it was doing of. He threatened it with more Government beer if it didn't get on with its work more quiet-like. The tooth sat up then and bit George.

"All right, young fellow my lad," said George; "you come out along o' me, and come quiet. You 're going to the dentist's, you are, and he 'll Bolshevise you proper, he will."

The tooth stopped aching at once; it was a wisdom tooth. But George knew it was only just lying low, to break out into sympathetic strike on Monday morning. So out he rushed with it and took it to the dentist. I was the dentist.

I led George gently by the hand to my nice little chair and told him what beautiful weather we were having for the time of the year. I said, "Open, please," and George opened. I then took my nice little steel whangee, beautifully polished, and tickled the delinquent. A gentle tickle and no more. I didn't really go far—not farther than his back collar-stud—but George said things as if I were a capitalist.

I then said coldly, "It doesn't hurt!" I am what is known in the profession as a painless dentist and rarely feel much pain.

I capped his repartee by remarking, "Keep open, please." That always shuts 'em up. George kept open. I then spilt some cotton-wool in his tooth and put up some scaffolding in the entrance of his mouth, and said nonchalantly (I always charge extra for this), "I have forgotten my niblick: keep open. I shall be back anon." I then went out and had lunch.

When I came back George was still keeping open, but he looked at me very wicked with his blue eyes and asked me from under the cotton-wool if I ever intended to finish my ruddy little job.

I said, "Dear brother and oppressed fellow-striker, I regret that I cannot. I see by *The Dentists' Daily* that our Union has declared a sympathetic strike with the Amalgamated Excavators and Theological Students. You have my sympathy. I can no more."

George tried to persuade me as we went downstairs together, bumping our heads on each step in turn, but it was of no avail.

I do not however regret my pious invention, as I hear that George is a changed man. Being intelligent, he thought things over for himself, instead of letting a man in a red tie do it for him, and after six weeks came to the conclusion that a strike is a game that more than one can play at. He strikes now only in his holidays. He never now forgets his tools or leaves taps running. He does a good day's plumb for a good day's pay. And he sings while he works. Strange to say that little tooth of his has given up striking too.

But yet it is not strange, for, as I told you, it was a wisdom tooth.

"£3 10s. HUSBANDS.

Wife who Housekeeps for Three on £2 a Week."

Daily Paper.

But isn't this rather trigamous?



MANNERS AND MODES.

TYPICAL VOTARIES OF TERPSICHORE, MOST GRACEFUL OF THE MUSES.

FIXES THE HARE.

I found Andy Devenish, of Castle Devenish, Co. Cork, in Piccadilly. He was wearing an old frieze overcoat, the bottom of which had suffered from a puppy's teeth, and a bowler hat with a guard-ring dangling from its flat brim. His freckled nose was squashed against Fore's window as he gazed wistfully at the sporting prints within. I led him gently westwards, pushed him into the club's best arm-chair, placed the wine of our mutual country at his elbow and spoke to him severely.

"Tell me," said I, "how is it I find you thus, got up in the height of fashion, loitering with intent to lady-kill in this colossal rabbit-warren which knows no foxes, eh? Aren't they entitled to some consideration? Didn't they carry on patiently for four dull years while you were in France, learning to walk in the cavalry, on the understanding that you'd make up for it when you got back by hunting them every day of the week? Have you no love or sympathy for dumb animals? Why are you here? What are you flying from? Tell me your dread secret. Is it debt, arson, murder—or is some woman threatening to marry you?"

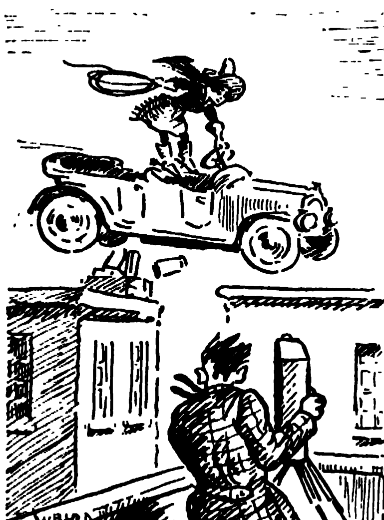
Andy growled into his whiskey-and-soda, then suddenly pointed out of the window. "See the advertisement on that bus?"

"'Mind the Widow,'" I read, "'shrieking comedy by Cosmo——'"

"But how?" I asked.

"Ye'll discover if ye'll let me speak for a half a minute. I may admit to you I was very sweet on a little girl that was staying with the MacManuses a while back, so I bought a bottle of that stuff to keep my hair down while I was pitching her the yarn. I cornered the lass alone in the MacManus' drawing-room, went down on my knees and threw off a dandy proposal I had learnt by heart out of a book. The girl curled about all over the sofa with emotion, and for a bit I thought my eloquence was doing it. Then I perceived she was near shaken to pieces with laughter. Couldn't think why till I happened to catch sight of myself in a mirror and saw that my darned old

BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.





The film actress has a life of constant change. As soon as she has finished being "Dare-Devil Daisy"—



She is exhorted to play the name part in "Violet, the Mascot of Buttercup Farm," featuring a pensive smile.

hound but the sleuth, no horse but the towel? How is it, man, when there's a Peace on and the month is February and there's no frost south of the Liffey? Why aren't you dressed in a coat that is pink in spots and a cap that is velvet in places, flipping over your stone-faced banks on a rampageous four-year-old that you bought for ten pounds down, ten pounds some time, a sack of seed oats and an old saddle, and will eventually palm off on an Englishman at Ballsbridge for two hundred cash? What about the hounds? The Ballinknock Versatiles? What are they doing without their master? Going for improving country walks with Patsey Mike, two and two like young ladies from a seminary, or sitting up on their benches, a tear in every eye, wailing, 'Oh, where is our wandering boy to-night?'

"And what about the Ballinknock

"No, not that one," Andy grumbled; "t'other."

It was a picture of a smiling gentleman with a head that gleamed like patent leather. The gentleman attributed his happiness to the fact that he mixed "Florazora" cream with his scalp. "Florazora Cream," I read, "fixes the hair. Subtly perfumed with honey and flowers. Imparts a lustre and——" The bus resumed its journey.

I studied Andy's head. Normally it looks as though he had been mopping out a rusty drain with it. It was quite normal, every hair on end and pointing in a different direction.

"Well, what of Florazora?" I asked. "It's evident she has never entered into your life, at any rate."

"That's all you know about it," said Andy. "They're sitting up for me with blunderbusses and brickbats at home, and 'Florazora' is the cause."

hair had come unstuck again and was bobbing up all over my head, not singly as it is now, but a cockatoo tuft at a time, thanks to 'Florazora.' I rose up off the MacManus carpet and ran all the way home."

"Still I don't see——" I began.

"Ye never will if ye don't give me a chance to tell ye," said Andy.

"Do ye remember that greasy divil Peter Flynn that owns a draper's shop in Ballinknock main street? A fat man he is with the flowing locks of a stump orator, given to fancy waistcoats and a frock-coat—very dressy. Ye'd see him standing at the shop-door on fair-days, bobbing to the women and how-dy-doin' the country boys the way he'd tout a vote or two, he being the leading Sinn Fein organiser down our way now. Anyhow he and his raparees got after me and the hunt, on account of me evicting a tenant that hadn't



Odd Job Man (*to Gardener, discussing dinner which has been sent them from the house*). "NASTY BIT O' MUTTON THIS, AIN'T IT?"
Gardener. "'TAIN'T MUTTON—IT'S PORK."
Odd Job Man. "IS IT? I 'OPE IT IS. I'M VERY FOND OF A BIT O' PORK."

paid a penny of rent for seven years and didn't ever intend to. They hinted to the decent poor farmers round about that there'd be ricks fired and cows ripped if they allowed me to hunt their lands, so I got stopped everywhere. I had land enough of my own to carry on with, so I hunted there till the foxes and hares gave out, which they precious soon did, seeing that half the neighbourhood was out shooting, trapping, poisoning and lurching them.

"I bought a stag from a feller in Limerick and chased that for a bit; then on a 'tween day, when I was away and the deer out grazing in the demesne, somebody slipped a brace of Mauser bullets into it, and that form of diversion was likewise at an end. As far as I could see an animal wouldn't stand a ten minutes' chance in my country unless it were an armadillo.

"I wrote to the War Office, asking them could they kindly oblige me with the loan of a lively little tank for pursuing purposes, but got no answer. I guess WINSTON had a liver on him that morning. So there was nothing for it but to give up the hounds. I went and broke the sad news to Patsey Mike, who was mixing stirabout at the time. 'Oh, God save us, don't be doing that, Sor,' says he. 'Hoult hard a day or so and I'll be afther findin' some little object to hunt, that them dirthy blagyards won't shoot at all.'

"Two mornings later he turned up, dragging something in an oat-sack.

"'I have it here that'll course out before the houn's like a shootin'-star,' says he.

"'What is it?' says I.

"The rogue put his hand in the sack and drew out a yellow mongrel dog.

"'Where did ye get that?' says I.

"'Shure didn't I borry it?' says he.

"'And who did ye borrow it from?' says I.

"'From Misther Flynn, no less,' says he. 'Tis his little foxey pet dog.'

"'Does Mr. Flynn know you borrowed it from him?' says I.

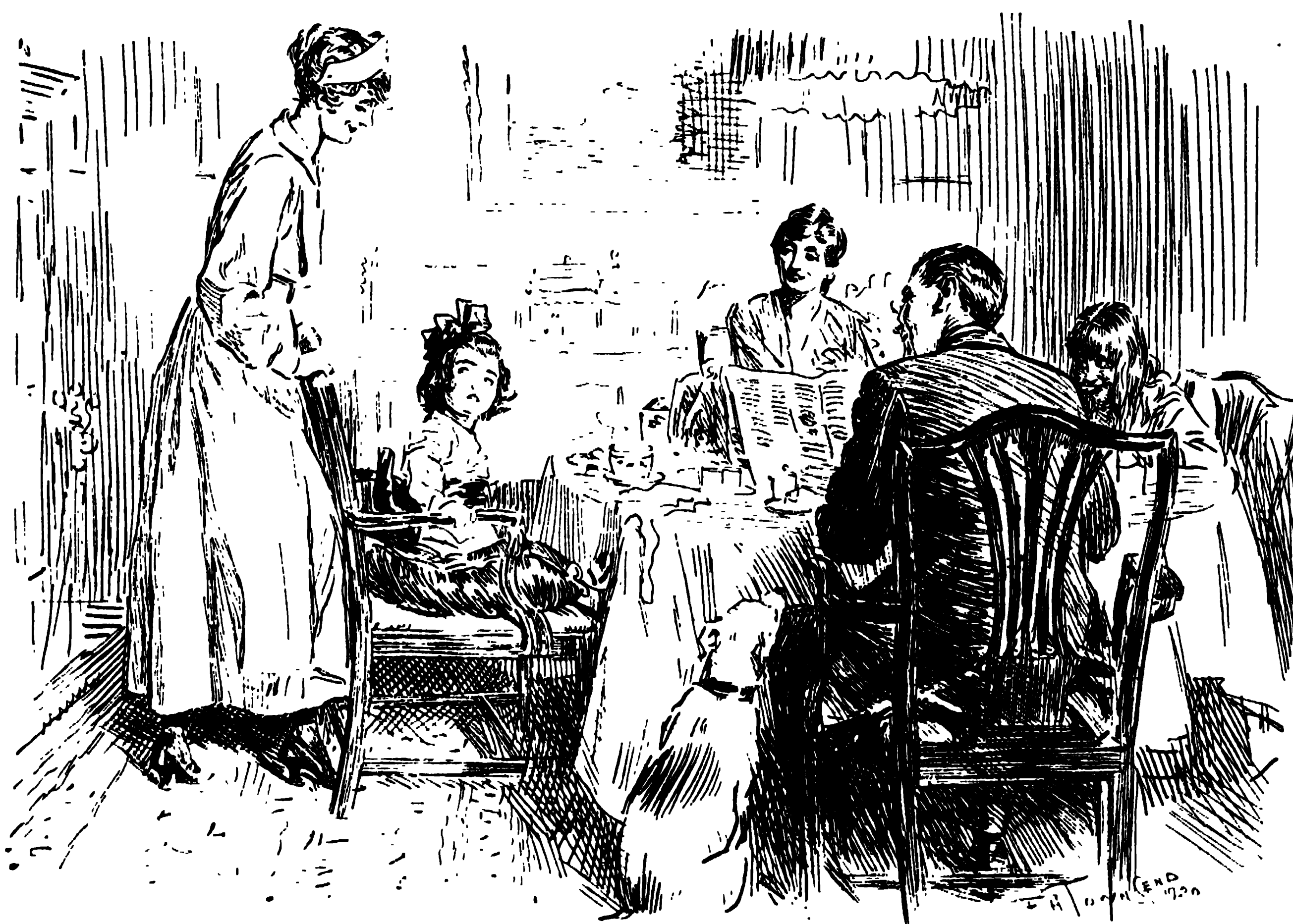
"'Begob that he does not,' says he. 'Mr. Flynn is beyond in Youghal and I borryed it in the dark dead of night over the yard wall. Faith, he'll run home like a flick of lightning, he's that scared, the same dog.'

"'Ye did well,' said I; 'but will the hounds chase him?'

"'That they will, Sor. What with foxes one day, stags the next and hares the next, there's sorra a born thing they wouldn't hunt given there's smell enough in it,' says the lad. 'Have ye the laste little trace of aniseed in the house that you could drench the crature with the way the houn's would folly him?'

"Divil a drop of aniseed or anything else had I on the place, and I stood there scratching my ear with my crop wondering what to do, when suddenly I remembered that relic of my courting days, 'Florazora.' 'I have it,' I said; 'I've got something that'll fix *that* hare all right.'

"I fetched the bottle and rubbed a handful or so of the stuff well into Mr. Flynn's pet dog and let him go with a flip of my whip lash to help him on his way. He lit out for home as though the devil had kicked him, yelling blue murder and laying a trail of flowers



Rosamund (who has had a restless night). "Now I think of it, Nurse, if you should find a flea in my bed I don't want it kept."

and honey across the country so thick you could pretty nigh eat it. I gave him a fair start, then laid the hounds on and we had a five-mile point, going like a steeplechase all the way. Flynn lives in a lonely house about half a mile out of Ballinknock, and the 'bag-man' got home to it and through the wee dog-hole into the yard with just six inches to spare.

"Patsey went over the wall and borrowed the dog three times after that. It was no trouble at all. Flynn was still away in Youghal, and his housekeeper was that deaf Gabriel would have to announce the Crack of Doom to her on his fingers. But it was too good to last. On the fourth day we were nearing Flynn's house, the dog leading the pack by not fifty yards, when I saw him cut across a field to the left, while the hounds tumbled into a little boreen that runs up from the railway-station and went streaking down it singing out as if they were on a breast-high scent and in view.

"'Begob,' says I to Patsey, 'they've changed; they're running a hare, I believe.'

"'Tis a hare in a frock-coat then, Sor,' says he, pointing with his whip.

"Sure enough it was a man they were after. I saw him then galloping down the boreen for dear life, coat-tails flying, hair streaming, terror in his big white face. Flynn! I did my damdest, but I had no hope of stopping them, not in that little lane. When I came out on the high-road I found what was left of the politician half-way up a telegraph post, like a treed cat, screeching and scrambling and calling on the Saints, with old Actress swinging by her teeth to the tails of his shirt, Cruiskeen ripping the trousers off him a leg at a time, and the rest of the pack leaping under him like the surf of the sea.

"I nearly rolled off my mare with laughter, though well I knew the screeching scarecrow up the pole would have me drawn and quartered for that day's work. I whipped the hounds off in the end, took 'em by road to Fermoy that same evening and boxed 'em to my brother-in-law in Carlow. 'Twas fortunate I did, for my kennels were burnt to the ground that night."

Andy sighed, drained his glass and gazed regretfully at the bottom.

"H-m, ye-es, but there's still a point I would like cleared up," said I. "What made the pack change and chase Flynn?"

"Appears he was strongly addicted to 'Florazora' too," said Andy.

Patlander.

Another Impending Apology.

From the account of a farewell meeting in honour of a retiring Minister:—

"It was altogether a notable gathering, and perhaps the congregational repetition of the General Thanksgiving at the opening of the meeting gave the keynote to the whole proceedings."—*Christian World.*

"An immediate advance of 10s. a week for adult workers and 5s. for juniors is being made to employers by the National Transport Workers' Federation."—*Evening Paper.*

We have always contended that the motto "For others" is the guiding principle of Labour.

"There are Germans still in the Baltic Provinces—which is full of uuuuuuuuuuuuu eaoi aoa."—*Daily Paper.*

Very suspicious.



A WOMAN OF SOME IMPORTANCE

(*Mr. Asquith and the Paisley Mill-hand*).

"How are you voting, my pretty maid?"
"Wait and you'll see, kind sir," she said.



SCENE.—*Local Hall.* DRAMA, "*The Alaskan Tiger Cat.*"
Hero (after unsuccessful proposal). "THEN, MARGARET, AM I TO TAKE IT THAT YOU REFUSE ME?"

LABOUR AND ART;

OR, THE CONVERSION OF BINKS.

You have stood at some time, I suppose, with a sense of disaster
And gazed at a picture resembling an egg on a mat,
Or a sideslip of squares in the mode of a Pimlico master?
Well, Binks's "Rebellion" and "Afternoon Tea in my Flat"
Were extremely like that.

He was nuts upon Beauty was Binks, and from boyhood acquainted
With Art, and so bound to her side with such delicate links
That I doubt if the soul of her, much as we've written and painted,
Had ever been fathomed (for is she not strange as the Sphinx?)
Till she got to know Binks.

He had hundreds of phases, and all of them highly sensational,
A Cubist unbending, a Vorticist equally stout;
Scorned one thing, he said, and one only, the Representational,
Meaning, I take it, a school where there isn't much doubt
What the whole thing's about.

And at times he would say, as I stared at his riotous scrimmages
And asked what on earth was the meaning, "You must have regard
To the mind of the artist, for Art is a matter of images,"
And it seemed that he thought all those things when he gazed very hard
At a tub in a yard.

But at times he would tell me that Art was a mere interweaving
Of hues and designs; he had done what he could to expel
All thoughts and all visual objects, for those were deceiving,
And I told him, so far as an ignorant layman could tell,
He had done that quite well.

But I think that of all of his phases the last was most funny;
He was vestured in white when I met him by chance in the town;
He had shaved off his beard, his beard, like Apollo's, of honey;
His hair was quite short, he had lost his habitual frown,
He was looking quite brown.

He told me he never exhibited now in a gallery;
Commissions were filling his time and engaging his heart;
What was more, he observed, he was making a regular salary,
So I asked him to tell me the worst and explain from the start
What had happened to Art.

"I have banished Design," he informed me, "and thoughts are all duller
Than Beauty, and Beauty is Art; but no critic can grouse
At the notion of Absolute Pure Indivisible Colour
As calm as Eternity, smooth as omnipotent *nous*—
I am painting a house."

EVOE.



Visitor. "Your father seems to be having a stiff time with the roller?"
Daughter of the House. "Oh, mummy only sets him on to it when he's been naughty."

THE BEST OF THINGS.

"The New Poor?" said Holder, like myself, one of them. "Nonsense. There are none. There are people who will not use their imaginations, of course. They are poor, but not newly so. This so-called new poverty doesn't touch me. True, the money I make will not go so far as it used to, but my imagination goes very much farther. I have trained it, encouraged it, my wife's and boy's too. We have cast off the absurd restraints imposed by the law of probability. In the old days, when I used to think, say, of motors, I was invariably badgered by the spectre of improbability. I used to think of a four-hundred-pound car, or perhaps, in a daring moment, my thoughts would creep timidly, like mice out into a still kitchen, on to the six-hundred-pound plane, only to scurry back to the lower plane almost instantly. *Now* I've thrown all that overboard. Rubbish! When I think of motors I think in terms of Rolls-Royces. Why think cheaply? It's a poor imagination that won't run to a six-cylinder car at least. Strictly, I shall never own a real motor scooter. What of it? In my mind I use Rolls-Royces. We've rather worked the thing up at home. Come and dine with us and see for yourself."

We had sausages and mashed potatoes, with water. And I may say that never have I enjoyed a meal more. You see, Holder kept on telling us all the time about the famous dinner which now, owing to the War, we should never really eat, but which we were at perfect liberty to imagine we were eating. I am sorry you were not there. The *hors d'œuvres!* Holder describes *hors d'œuvres* better than any man I know. Oh, masterly, the colour . . . Ruskin, perhaps. Anyhow, he carried us quite away.

His wife chose oysters. His description of oysters, instantly furnished, was a little gem—a pearl, silver-grey, so much so that I too chose oysters. His little boy, Dickie, chose caviare; but he really did not care for it. He bit on a piece of button in his sausage, poor child. That was why he did not appreciate the caviare. But Holder distracted his mind with some very remarkable mushroom soup—*potage de champignons*—a brilliant word-sketch. We all chose it.

For fish there was saus—pardon me, sole. The little lad, Dickie, chose salmon; but Holder reminded him that he had had salmon the previous evening; it was out of season in any case, and he described how the sole tasted that probably Dickie will never touch. The boy appeared to enjoy it immensely.

I think it was the game, simple roast partridges, exquisitely cooked, which Mrs. Holder enjoyed most. Her eyes were frankly shining as she pensively chewed the third quarter of her sausage, and she thrilled to the juices of the partridge of the dinner she could no longer hope really to eat, but which Holder, thank God, would often describe, at any rate until a tax is put on conversation. Even then something might be done—deaf and dumb language, possibly—an evasion, I admit, but even the New Poor must eat occasionally.

We all enjoyed the game course most, with the exception of Dickie. The lad had finished his sausage, and mashed potato alone is not inspiring. But that great man, Holder, noticed it in time, and he satisfied the child with a word-painting of the brown crisp skin of cooked goose. Then we drank some magnificent wine. Holder



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

CHANCING, ON THE WAY HOME, TO COME UPON HOUNDS WHEN THEY HAVE JUST KILLED, HE PROPOSES TO SECURE THE BRUSH FOR MRS. P.-W. S., BUT CONCLUDES THAT UPON THE WHOLE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO BUY ONE IN TOWN.

ransacked the English language for it. A vivifying champagne.

But enough of food, or you will think we were gourmands. None of us cared for any sweets after such a meal. And that is what I like about the Holders: with them enough is as good as the feast they will never have.

After dinner we smoked a very fine cigar in the imaginary conservatory which Holder has just run up, and I have rarely, if ever, heard a better description of men smoking cigars in a conservatory. Next, Holder played me a fast game of billiards. He allowed me to choose my own table, and I picked the most expensive in the catalogue. Dickie marked for us. Then he went to bed. I heard his father whisper a most convincing description of eider-downs and real wool blankets when he kissed him. He is only a very little boy—big blue eyes, you know, like a girl's; they watered a little. Excitement. . . .

It was a clear moonlit night with a touch of frost in the air, so Mrs. Holder rang for the visionary footman, a good-looking, most willing, sensible man, according to Holder's quick portrait of him, who piled up some great logs on a bank of coals of a positively fantastic size, and we gathered round to enjoy a run in the brand-new, latest model Rolls-Royce which is one of the special things which Holder will never possess in this world. Ah, but she was a queen of cars, and the best of cars always run better at night. I wonder why. So smoothly silky, so dreamily sweet-running, a pouring of cream! I wish I could convey to you the satin sound of her transmission, the low golden purr of her gears, the fanning of her velvet wings—wheels, that is. I would sooner ride in that verbal car of Holder's than walk round the real backyard that is my own, unless I fall behind with the rent, as I begin to fear I shall. . . .

Down the dreamy moon-drenched highways, across the magic silver-flecked moors, we climbed on the wings of the peregrine to the keen, cold uplands, soared awhile, then dropped to the warm and sheltered valley and so home again. We felt the radiator, Holder and I, and it was quite cool. *She* will never boil on a stiff hill. Mrs. Holder was glowing from her ride; for an instant she looked pink and pretty; she had lost that wistful pinched look.

I went inside for a phrase or so of Holder's admirable idea of what cherry brandy should be. We chatted for a little about the estate that he will never purchase, and then I left, having promised to go round there to-morrow for a little shooting. It will be hot work among the pheasants if Holder has not lost his voice.

He and his wife came down the drive to the entrance-gates with me.

"Good-night," they said; "we're glad you've enjoyed yourself."

Holder was a little hoarse, for he is a generous host. I think too the motor run had tired them both, for their faces were again a little haggard; and the wind had brought tears to the eyes of Mrs. Holder.

So I said good-bye to them—and to Jack, their older boy, whom they will never see again. He lies in France. But, you understand, it was as if he had been with us all again for a little while that evening.

HOPE FOR POSTERITY.

Full many a year has waxed and waned
And sunk into its shroud
Since that first day that I obtained
A diary and vowed
To keep (as I informed my wife)
"The Records of a Simple Life."

Within it I resolved to state,
Like Mr. Pepys of yore,
The things that I, for instance, ate
And she, my Mary, wore,
Facts that would have a curious worth
When I was famed and—under earth.

And generations yet unborn
Would feel a thrill to note
How I upon an April morn
Left off my overcoat,
Or showed a pardonable spleen
At having missed the 9.16.

Nine volumes I 've commenced at least
To write with eager pen;
The first, I note, abruptly ceased
On January 10,
While yesteryear the break occurred,
I think, upon the 23rd.

But this year, I am proud to see,
Stands not as others stood;
The prospects of posterity
Are really rather good,
Now that my zeal (not on the ebb)
Has borne me safely into Feb.

MUSICAL AMENITIES.

The connection of occultism with music was recently discussed by Mr. Cyril Scott in his interesting volume on Modernism in Music. It is satisfactory to know that the subject is not to be allowed to drop. Grave discontent is rife in orchestral circles at the monopoly enjoyed at spiritualist *séances* by the tambourine, and it is reported that Mr. Ernest Newman, the distinguished and outspoken musical critic, will shortly deliver a public lecture on behalf of the admission of other instruments to these mysteries, and in particular the tuba. The claim of the tuba, Mr. Newman holds, is not only based on the profundity of its tones, but upon long literary tradition. Nothing could be more conclusive than the reference in the old Latin hymn:—

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum."

It is anticipated that the discussion will be attended by Signor Marconi, Lord Dunsany, Mr. Yeats and Lieutenant Jones, the author of *The Road to En-Dor*.

* * *

Meanwhile the conflicting current of musical materialism is running strong. *The Daily Mail*, always in the van of artistic progress, has espoused the cause of the insurgent Georgians with intrepid zeal. Mr. Julius Harrison is extolled in a leading article for finding a theme for an orchestral work, not in any of the misty or metaphysical abstractions which appealed to the effete Victorian composers, but in plums. And, mind you, not Carlsbad, but honest Worcestershire plums, without any Teutonic taint. Mr. Julius Harrison's patriotic example is not likely to be lost on his brother composers. Indeed it is asserted on credible authority that Mr. Granville Bantock, who has completely forsworn all Oriental and exotic subjects, is engaged on a gigantic symphony, with choral interludes, entitled "Yorkshire Pudding;" and that Mr. Josef Holbrooke is collaborating with Lord Howard de Walden in a romantic historical opera in fifteen Acts called "From Woad to Broadcloth."

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, it may be necessary to remind youthful readers, was a musical critic on *The Star* and *The World* before he achieved fame as a dramatist, has been causing his friends and admirers serious misgivings by his article on Sir Edward Elgar in a new musical journal, *Music and Letters*. Sir Edward Elgar has a great following; he has written oratorios; he is an O.M.; yet Mr. Shaw salutes him as the greatest English composer, the true lineal descendant of Beethoven, one of the Immortals and the only candidate for Westminster Abbey! To find Mr. Shaw taking a majority view is bad enough; it is a case of proving false to the tradition of a lifetime—a moral suicide. But why drag in Beethoven? So left-handed a compliment prompts the suspicion that, after all, what appears to be eulogy is in reality nothing more than an essay in adroitly dissembled obloquy. *Mutatis mutandis*, Mr. Shaw would not thank Sir Edward Elgar for calling him, for example, the Voltaire *de nos jours*. What he does enjoy is the frank disparagement of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who describes him in the second volume of *My Diary*, just published, as "an ugly fellow, his face a pasty-white, with a red nose and a rusty red beard, and little slaty-blue eyes."

* * *

An interesting but, we regret to say, decidedly hostile estimate of Mr. Lloyd George as a musician appears in the columns of a leading anti-Coalition daily. The critic discusses the Premier both as vocalist and instrumentalist, and in both capacities finds him sadly wanting. The volume of his voice is small, the timbre is unpleasant, the production faulty and the intonation far from pure. Admitting that Mr. Lloyd George has a certain flexibility and facility common to all Welsh singers, the critic condemns his habit of resorting to an emotional tremolo which frequently degenerates into a mere "wobble." The Premier, he continues, shows agility and spirit in florid passages, but his declamation lacks dignity and his articulation is often indistinct. As a pianist he is equally unsatisfactory; his repertory is extremely limited and he is quite unable to interpret the complex harmonies of the Russian School.

* * *

A painful example of Mr. Lloyd George's ignorance is forthcoming in the astounding fact that he is, or was, under the impression that Karsavina was the name of a town, and that the only musician of the name of Corelli was the author of *The Sorrows of Satan*. The critic concludes with a masterly analysis of the results of these shortcomings on the vitality of the Coalition Cabinet, already weakened by the withdrawal of Mr. Balfour, a very sound and accomplished musician of the old school.

THE EXILE.

Now I return to my own land and people,
Old familiar things so to recover,
Hedgerows and little lanes and meadows,
The friendliness of my own land and people.

I have seen a world-frieze of glowing orange,
Palms painted black on a satin horizon;
Palm-trees in the dusk and the silence standing
Straight and still against a background of orange;

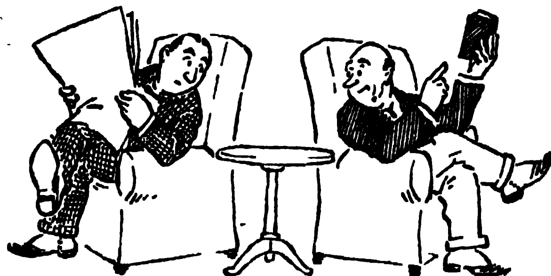
A gorgeous magical pomp of light and colour,
A dream-world, a sparkling gem in the sunlight,
The minarets and domes of an Eastern city;
And, in the midst of all the pomp of colour,

My heart cried out for my own land and people,
My heart cried out for the lush meadows of England,
The hedgerows and the little lanes of England,
And for the faces of my own people.

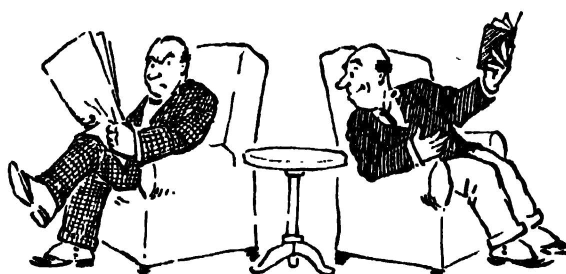
"The Viceroy, fishing in the Kabini river yesterday, caught a mahseer weighing 77 pounds. This is the best fish so far caught in one day."—*Weekly Rangoon Times.*

We gather that the giant would not have allowed any less august angler to land it except by instalments.

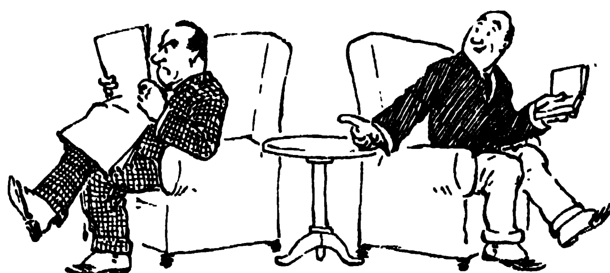
Fougasse



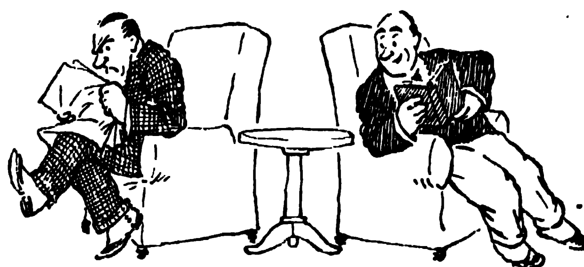
"Rattling good book this, *Courtship and Crime*."
"Yes, I've read it."



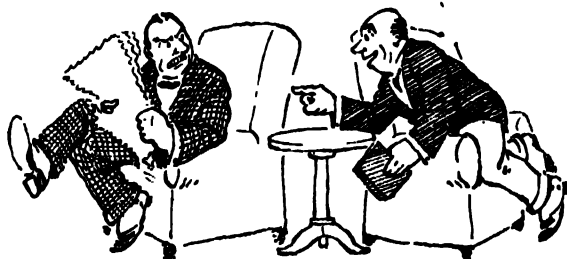
"Splendidly written."
"Yes, I've read it."



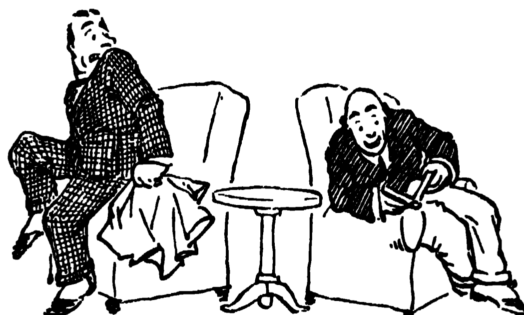
"By Jove, it's exciting!"
"I've read it."



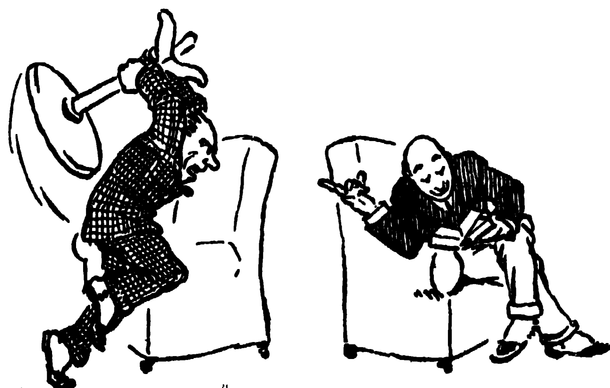
"There's one thrilling bit where—"
"Yes, I've "



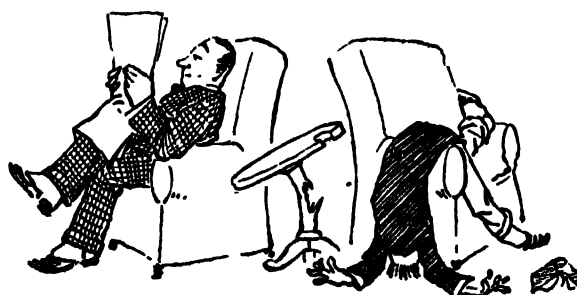
"—the hero—"
"—read it."



"—but I must read it to you."
"I've read it."



"I know you'll—"
"I've read it."



"—enjoy it."
"I've read it."

GUINEA-PIGS.

It was with ill-concealed trepidation that I approached the Pontifical Personage who presides over Messrs. Barkrod and Tomridge's Zoological Department. The recollection of my previous and only encounter with him still burned in my memory. I had gone thither with a young nephew on whom in a rash moment I had urged the satisfaction to be derived from the study of natural history and he had countered with a birthday and a demand that I should convert precept to practice by providing him with a pet.

The P.P. greeted us with benignant expectancy. His white apron merely accentuated the obvious fact that he had come in a limousine. I have since decided that he mistook me for an eccentric peer. It seems that eccentric peers and struggling journalists are apt to provide the same air of sartorial abandon to the eye of the uninitiated.

It was the young nephew, however, who made the running. The entire menagerie whistled, barked, sat up on its hind legs, performed acrobatic feats and said, "Scratch poor Polly," at his discriminating behest. Finally he reached a point where he simply could not decide between a Goliath cockatoo at £22 10s. and a white-faced Douroucouli at twenty-seven guineas.

At this juncture I insinuated myself into the discussion, and by the exercise of subtle pressure got him to compromise on a pair of white rats at half-a-crown. Never shall I forget the look of majestic contempt with which the Personage withered me as he extracted two torpid rodents from a congeries of their kith and, holding them by their pink tails, dropped them into a paper bag with the air of a Marchese depositing alms in the palm of a lazzarone.

Not lightly indeed did I again enter into the Presence. But on this occasion duty called. The troubadour with lady's glove in helm never showed a bolder front than the journalist in search of copy. And boldness, it seemed, was to be rewarded. As I approached the Pontifical Personage it appeared certain that he did not remember me. And why, I asked myself, should he? Had I been the Duke of BEDFORD or the President of the Ladies' Kennel Club I might have expected a place in his august memory. But an insignificant uncle buying white rats—it was absurd, of course, to fear recognition.

I plunged straightway *in medias res.* "I have here," I said, "a journal of unimpeachable veracity which declares that the Pasteur Institute in Paris is suffering from a guinea-pig shortage. Please oblige me with your expert opinion on this momentous matter."

The P.P. smiled slightly, cleared his throat and, waving me to the further end of the menagerie, proceeded to answer my question. "The common or Sicilian guinea-pig," he began, "the *Porculus Auriferus Excubitor* of BUFFON, is still fairly common, though I may say that it is many a day since they could be purchased for a guinea. An allied species, the Chinese or edible guinea-pig, the Sing Fat Soo of the Cantonese restaurateur, is indeed quite plentiful, but for some reason or other has never found favour with the leading English fanciers. The fact is that since the War our customers have become more discerning, and the common guinea-pig, being no longer called for, is not bred and has therefore ceased to be available for scientific purposes. A few of the art shades, notably *tête-nègre* and *beige* pigs, are still in request by the furriers; but the public demand is for something more select.

"Now here"—and reaching into an adjoining cage the Pontifical Personage extracted between finger and thumb a pinch of twitching fluff—"is the most highly-prized of the race, the blue Himalayan pig. Only five specimens have so far reached this country. The first pair were presented to the Duchess of Snoblands by the Maharajah of Khidmutgar about three years ago, but the sow met with an unfortunate accident in her ladyship's absence, being dipped into a box of face-powder by a thoughtless maidservant. The third specimen, a fine boar, was brought from China as the mascot of H.M.S. *Colossus*, but just after reaching harbour was accidentally devoured by the ship's cat. The remaining two I have here. They are expensive, of course, a hundred-and-five guineas the pair, but quite unique.

"Of greater zoological interest perhaps is this little fellow, *Porculus Auriferus Decaudatus*, an arboreal species from the Solomon Islands; or the striated guinea-pig of Central Nicaragua, which I am happily able to show you."

He placed Nicaragua's most valuable product in my hand, and it promptly bit me. That I did not drop it into a cageful of terrier-pups was wholly due to the native vigour with which *Striatus* hung on.



Magistrate. "DO YOU WANT A LAWYER TO DEFEND YOU?"
Prisoner. "NOT PARTICULARLY, SIR."
Magistrate. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT THE CASE?"
Prisoner. "OH, I'M QUITE WILLING TO DROP IT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

"The price of that is forty-five guineas," continued the Pontifical Person smoothly, as he restored it to its cage. I shivered.

"Now here," he went on, "is a pig of real historic interest. I have a fair number of them just in from my collectors in the Persian Gulf and can do them at eighteen pounds the pair." He motioned me towards a larger cage wherein a bevy of dun-coloured piglets were holding a soviet. "The Sumerian or Desert Pig," he explained, "of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, erroneously identified by GRENFELL and HUNT with the Southern form of the Tree Hyrax."

It was at this point that my intelligence forsook me. I had been getting on too well. It was the old story of over-confidence.

"Honestly now, old chap," I said, "and strictly between ourselves, do you ever sell any of the little beasts?"

His face lit up in a brilliant smile. "No, Sir," he replied, drawing himself up majestically and looking me squarely in the eye, "we keep these to show to inquisitive customers. *We only sell* WHITE RATS!"

I fled. As I crossed the interminable length of floor that separated me from the door I could feel that contemptuous smile rowelling my shrinking vertebræ. Halfway across, the Blue Himalayan guinea-pig could have given me three drachms and whipped me by sheer brute strength. As I sped towards the door an attendant opened it. It was unnecessary. I could easily have crept underneath it.

ALGOL.

"VACUUM for Sale, good condition. After 6 o'clock."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our own is generally at its best about an hour and a-half later.



Mistress (returned from shopping). "Has anyone called, Laura, while I've been out?"
Laura (newly from the country and eager to display her progress in urban manners). "No, Ma'am, only the telephone rang, Ma'am, and I did put on my clean cap and apron to answer it, Ma'am."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"A tough hide and some facility of expression"—to quote the author's modest estimate of his qualifications—have enabled Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg to make his *Indiscretions of the Naval Censor* (Cassell) the liveliest book of the War that has come my way. Thanks to the first element in his make-up he managed to retain his difficult and delicate post throughout the War, and only once came into serious collision with any of his official superiors. As these included First Lords of such diverse temperament as Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher, and First Sea Lords with such diametrically opposite views regarding publicity as Lord Fisher and Sir Henry Jackson, this was no small achievement. Thanks to the second element he has written a book which scarcely contains a dull page. Whether he is giving us a pen-picture of Mr. Churchill conducting Admiralty business from a sick-bed, with his head swathed in flannel and an immense cigar protruding from the bandage; or explaining how the legend of Lord Kitchener's survival arose from a trivial error that caused the news of the *Hampshire* disaster to reach Berlin a few minutes before it was published in London, he always writes with directness and *verve*. Admiral Brownrigg tells a good deal about the censorship, and illustrates his theme with some excellent reproductions of naval photographs before and after the Censor had "re-touched" them. He tells us even more about his work in a less familiar *rôle*, that of Publicity Agent to the Silent Service. It was he who arranged visits to the Fleet by more or less distinguished personages—"Brownrigg's circus parties," as they were dubbed in the gun-room—and who engaged authors like Mr. Kipling and artists like Sir John Lavery to describe and portray the doings of the Fleet and its auxiliaries. It pains me to learn, however, that "Passed by Censor" was only a guarantee for the harmlessness and not for the veracity of the stories narrated; and in particular that the famous "Q"-boat ruse of the demented female with the explosive baby was a pure work of imagination.

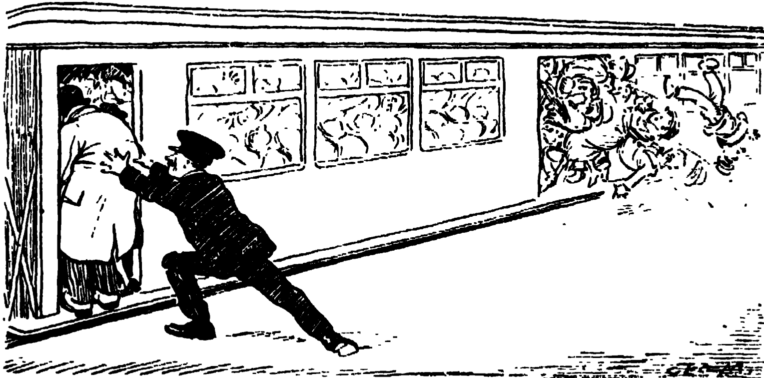
Without any special heralding, Mr. Eric Leadbitter seems to have stepped into the front rank, perhaps even to the leadership, of those active novelists whose theme is English rural life. I emphasize the word "active," with of course a thought for the master of them all, the wizard of Dorchester, at whose feet it would probably be fair to suppose Mr. Leadbitter to have learnt some at least of his craft. His new story, *Shepherd's Warning* (Allen and Unwin), is a quiet tale of life in a not specially attractive village—a tale that conquers by its direct humanity and by an art so delicate and so deftly concealed that the book has a deceptive appearance of having written itself without effort on the part of its author. It concerns a group of peasants, agricultural labourers, inhabitants of Fidding, a village gradually yielding to the encroachments by tram and villa of the neighbouring town. The simple annals of

these folk, and especially of one family, old *Bob Garrett* and his grandsons, provide the matter of a tale gentle as the passage of time itself, never dull, instinct with quality in every line of it. Mr. LEADBITTER has a method of concentration so pronounced that, once let his characters, even his heroine, step outside the beam that he has focussed upon Fidding, and they vanish utterly, till the working (apparently) of fate brings them back again. Even the murder in his early chapters is so lightly touched upon as to produce hardly any effect of violence. His sympathy with the life of the soil, and the human lives that are so near to it, is clearly absorbing; the result is that, to all save the confirmed sensationalist (piqued possibly by the waste of good homicide), *Shepherd's Warning* will also, I think, prove Reader's Delight.

Mr. H. COLLINSON OWEN, formerly Editor of the soldiers' paper, *The Balkan News*, would just love to trap you into an argument on the value of our Macedonian campaign as compared with certain other war efforts. His book, *Salonika and After* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), shows him thirsting to accept battle for the cause he champions; and in the sub-title, *The Side-Show that Ended the War*, he fairly throws down the gauntlet. But take my advice and don't be drawn. He has a foreword from General MILNE to support him, and an extract from LUDENDORFF'S *Memoirs*, and a quotation from *The Times*. He has a very lively and convincing way of putting things too, and once he gets his enthusiasm fairly in hand becomes an uncommonly powerful advocate. Not that this volume is by any means just a piece of special pleading; only the author is honourably concerned to show both the importance and the severity of the war against the Bulgars, which he thinks people at home were a little inclined to disparage. I certainly cannot remember doing so, but, putting controversy aside, this book remains an adequate first-hand account of an adventure so great as to demand an heroic literature all its own, where it can be seen in true perspective. Mr. OWEN deals delightfully with nights in Salonika clubland or the vagaries of King "TINO," or with the more warlike matters culminating in the terrific actions that held the enemy's left wing tight while our allies smashed his centre. An excellent book, with illustrations above the average and a good map handily placed.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY'S *Spade Work* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a queer story queerly told. A musician and an art-and-crafty girl, both poor and both dull, are engaged. The musician, visiting his *fiancée*, now well off and installed in a comfortable village farm-house, lets the strong air of the place get into his head and falls deep in love with a yeoman's daughter, who in turn, stimulated by this experience, straightway succumbs (at her first dance in real society, into which the great lady of the village, her patron, has introduced her) to the suggestion that she shall spend an unchaperoned night on a young blood's yacht, with results usual in distressful fiction. However, after many tribulations she and her musician, now duller than ever, are united, while the jilted craftswoman is left "full of ideas, sumptious (*sic*), a little feverish" for village industries which from my impression of her mentality I should judge would be of a devastating order. Lovers of that charming little West-country village in which the author sets her scene will not easily forgive her for naming it and baldly cataloguing its houses and sundry points of its environment, leaving out most that is the essential of its charm. It's simply not done by authentic writers of fiction — barring house-agents.





SQUEEZED IN AND SQUEEZED OUT.
REGRETTABLE RESULT OF OVER-PRESSURE ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Those who experienced the rapture of discovery in an exhibition last May of caricatures by EDMUND X. KAPP may now rejoice (supposing them to command the needful guinea) that they can recapture this pleasure through a volume of twenty-four representative drawings collected under the apt title of *Personalities* (SECKER). Not for me to attempt detailed consideration, even if it were not the duty of every amateur to fall a victim at first hand to Mr. KAPP'S amazing art. But one can hardly pass without tribute such things as the head of the Japanese poet on page 1 ("Seer of Visions"), a really wonderful example of much meaning in few lines, or the WYNDHAM LEWIS, the only drawing in the book in which a suggestion of cruelty tinges the satire. Perhaps the most directly laughter-moving pages are those devoted to the brilliant series of musical conductors; is this because we have all stared our two hours into expert familiarity with these variously-tailored backs? But indeed here is a volume of twenty-four joys, or rather twenty-five, the last being anticipation of Mr. KAPP'S further activities, which I for one shall await with very genuine interest.

"Miss ——, the well-known lady golfer, was married yesterday. Several well-known golfers formed a guard of honour, and made an arch of golf clubs for the bridal couple to pass under. The bride and bridegroom were pelted with wooden golf balls."—*Provincial Paper.*

Rubber-cores might have been less painful, but were perhaps too expensive.

CHARIVARIA.

"IF a burglar broke into my house," says Lady BEECHAM, "I should use the telephone to summon help." Lady BEECHAM seems to have a sanguine temperament.

Asked how she would act in case a burglar broke into her house, Miss IRIS HOEY said she would stand before him and recite SHAKSPEARE. If anybody else had said this we should have suspected a cruel nature.

A libel action arising out of the representation by a German artist of the ex-CROWN PRINCE as a baboon is to be heard shortly. It is not yet known who is to prosecute on behalf of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Nine thousand officials have been appointed to control the food supplies in Petrograd. English Government officials regard this arrangement as the work of an amateur.

It is said that the exchange crisis is regarded by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN as a deliberate attempt to divert attention from the DEMPSEY contest.

The rumour that CARPENTIER and DEMPSEY, in order to avoid further fuss and publicity, have decided to fight it out privately, appears to have no foundation.

Wrexham Education Committee is reconsidering its decision against teaching Welsh in the elementary schools. The pathetic case of a local man who was recently convicted of stealing a leg of beef owing to his being unable to give his evidence in Welsh is thought to have something to do with it.

A domestic servants' union has been formed and an advertisement for a good plain shop stewardess (two in family; policeman kept) will, we understand, shortly appear in *The Morning Post*.

During the recent gales on the West Coast of Ireland the anemometer registered the unprecedented velocity of one hundred-and-ten miles per hour. A number of cases of anemonia are reported from the Phœnix Park district.

According to *Men's Wear*, silk hats are to be increased in price by at least thirty per cent. Is it by this process, we wonder, that they hope to drive Mr. CHURCHILL out of business?



"WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT ON SPURS?"
"I WAS GOING TO SPEAK ABOUT THAT, SIR. I REGRET I ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED TO PUT THEM ON THIS MORNING, AND CONSEQUENTLY HAVE CAUGHT COLD. SO I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE KIND ENOUGH TO GRANT ME LEAVE UNTIL.——"

A pig and sty constituted first prize at a recent whist drive at Bishop's Waltham. We understand that a difference of opinion between the winner and the pig as regards the user of the sty has ended fatally for the latter.

It is reported that the Victory badge now being worn extensively in New York is to be replaced by another bearing the inscription, "We did them."

"I intend to tour England," says a Prohibition lecturer, "and I will not be hurried." We recommend the railway.

A Tralee man charged with shooting a neighbour said he had no desire to break the law. It seems that he mistook the man for a policeman.

A French physician declares that a gift for yawning is one of the most valuable health-assets. This should be good news for revue-producers.

"Honesty," says Dr. INGRAM, "is the best policy after all." All the same some of our profiteers seem to get along pretty well, thank you.

The egg-laying competition promoted by *The Daily Mail* has proved a great success. It is most gratifying to learn that the hens have done their best for "the paper that got us the shells."

"The influenza microbe," announces a medical journal, "has made its appearance in many parts of the country and is slowly but surely making its way towards London." With any other Government than ours a simple suggestion that the sign-posts *en route* should be reversed would have been at once adopted.

During the last four weeks exactly four hundred and ninety-nine rats have been destroyed in a small town in South Bedfordshire. It is hoped that as soon as these figures are published a sporting rodent will give itself up in order to complete the fifth century.

"A champagne support was provided in the lower hall." *Local Paper.*

Very sustaining, we feel sure.

"The paper supports the proposed formation of a first army of 'shock troops,' which would be capable of preventing the mobilisation of a great Germy army."—*Evening Paper.*

Anything to keep the influenza at bay.

"The times for the incubation of the eggs of various birds are as under:—
Ostrich . . . . . 41 days.
Gnu . . . . 49 days."
Poultry-Keeping.

"Gnus, indeed!" said the Emu.

TO AMERICA

(deferentially hinting how others see her and what they think of her threatened repudiation of her President's pledges).

When you refuse to sign the Peace
Except with various "reservations,"
And prophesy a swift decease
Impinging on the League of Nations;
When you whose arms (we've understood)
Settled the War and wiped the Bosch out
Regard the whole world's brotherhood
As just a wash-out;

You say, in terms a little blunt,
"This scheme that you are advertising
Was all along a private stunt
Of Wilson's singular devising;
His game we weren't allowed to know;
Under a misty smile he masked it;
We never gave him leave to go
(He never asked it).

"And you, poor credulous Allies,
Found in this fellow, self-appointed,
The worth he had in his own eyes
And let him pose as God's anointed;
Taking no sort of pains to see
Whether or not he had a mandate,
Like puppy-dogs the other Three
Out of his hand ate."

But how if *we* had queered his claim
Or questioned his credentials, saying,
"Who is this Woodrow What's-his-name?
And what's the *rôle* he thinks he's playing?
Is he a Methodist divine?
Or does he boom Chicago bacon?"—
I think that I can guess the line
You would have taken.

"Behold a Man," I hear you say,
"Of peerless wit and ripe instruction,
Elect of Heaven and U.S.A.—
Surely an ample introduction;
He comes to put Creation right;
He brings no chits—he doesn't need 'em;
Who doubts his faith will have to fight
The Bird of Freedom!" O. S.

"SMALL ADS."

"Where do you get servants from?" I asked.

"From small ads.," said Phyllis promptly.

I picked up the paper from the floor where I had thrown it in the morning. My wife is one of those rare women who always leave things where you put them. It is this trait that endears her to me. I ran my trained eye over an ad. column.

"Got it at once," I said with pardonable pride. "How's this?—'General (genuine), stand any test trd. £70 possess. s. hands yrs. s.a.v.'"

"I like genuine people," said Phyllis thoughtfully. "And under the circumstances"—(here she looked hard at me, as if I were a circumstance)—"under the circumstances I think we ought to have one that will stand any test. Seventy pounds is out of the question, of course, but she might come for less when she sees how small we are. What does 's. hands yrs,' stand for?"

"I don't know," I said; "I can only think of 'soft hands for years.'"

"I should like her," said Phyllis. "Their hands are the one thing against Generals. She must be a nice girl to take such care of them. Think how careful she'd be with the china. What's 'trd.'?"

"I'm afraid it must mean tired," I said.

"Oh, she'd soon get rested here," said Phyllis; "I don't think that need be against her. She's probably been in a hard place lately. Are there any more?"

"Plenty," I said. "How does this one strike you?—'General. no bacon. possess. 2 rms. £45 wky. s.a.v.'"

"I like that one," said Phyllis. "She must be an awfully unselfish girl to go without bacon. I don't see how we are going to spare two rooms, though, unless she's willing to count the kitchen as one. Forty-five pounds a week must be a printer's error. But we can easily afford forty-five pounds a year."

"It may mean that she's 'weakly,'" I suggested.

"That wouldn't matter much," said Phyllis; "and I like her the better for being honest about it."

"'Wky.' *might* stand for 'whisky,'" I hinted darkly.

Phyllis blanched. "Then she's no good," she said; "I simply couldn't stand one that drinks. What's the next one like?"

I read on: "Domestic oil no risk. 6 dys. trd. s. hands 10 yrs. s.a.v."

"I wonder whether that means that she *can* cook on an oil-stove or that she *can't* cook on any other kind? And does the 'no risk' refer to her or the stove? It's not very clear. I don't think we'll take up this one's references. Besides I shouldn't like one that was tired for six days."

"Out of every seven," I added, "and the seventh day would be the Sabbath, and her day off."

"Go on to the next," said Phyllis firmly.

The next one merely said; "General. Kilburn tkg. £40 1 rm. s.a.v."

"It would be nice to have a taking sort of girl," I thought (unfortunately aloud).

"We won't think of her, the hussy!" said Phyllis. "Pass me the paper, please."

"They all seem to want 's.a.v.,'" she said. "What do you suppose it means? I wish they wouldn't use so many abbreviations. 'S.a.' stands for Sunday afternoon, of course, but I can't think what the 'v.' is for. Of course we'll give them Sunday afternoons free, if that's what it means. I only wonder they don't want an evening off in the week as well. I call them most reasonable. And there are so many to choose from. I always understood from mother that they're so hard to get."

Then she turned the paper over.

"Oh, you are stupid!" she said. "You've been looking at the 'Shops and Businesses for Sale' column."

"So 've you," I snapped.

And then I regret to say we had our first quarrel.

I told Phyllis firmly that she is not at all tkg., nor would she stand any test; that no one could engage her, much less marry her, without taking risks; that she hadn't had s. hands for yrs., that *she* wouldn't go without her bacon for anyone, and that I should be jolly thankful if she would take every blessed s.a.v.

I admit that Phyllis was more dignified. She merely sailed out of the room, remarking that I made her trd.

"Our Invincible Navy."

In continuation of a paragraph in his last issue, Mr. Punch expresses his regret if the article which appeared under the above title in these pages on January 14th has unwittingly given offence to any one of his readers through others having connected him with the character of *Reginald McTaggart*.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS BURGLAR.

Paisley Humanitarian. "IF I COULD ONLY BE QUITE SURE THAT I SHOULDN'T BE DISCOURAGING HIM FROM SAVING."

[Mr. Asquith has pronounced himself cautiously in favour of a Capital Levy, on the condition, amongst others, that it must not be allowed to discourage the habit of saving.]



JULIUS CÆSAR ON THE LINKS.

Actor (whose knowledge of SHAKSPEARE *is greater than his golf).* "'O, PARDON ME, THOU BLEEDING PIECE OF EARTH.'"

RINGS FROM SATURN.

(*Extracted from various issues of "The Daily Mandate."*)

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mandate."

SIR,—For a number of years I have been experimenting in wireless telephony with my installation on the heights of Lavender Hill. On several occasions recently I have been puzzled by mysterious ringings of the bell attached to the instrument, which have obviously been set up by long-distance waves. On taking up the receiver, however, I have been unable to make out any coherent message, but only a succession of irregular squeaks, although once I distinctly heard a word which I can only transcribe as "Gurroo." I have no doubt in my own mind that one of the more advanced planets is trying to get in touch with us by means of wireless telephony, and that once we have deciphered the code we shall be able to converse freely with its inhabitants. I myself incline to the belief that these rings emanate from Saturn, which, in spite of its great distance from the earth, is just as likely to wish to communicate with us as any other planet. Yours faithfully,

DIOGENES DOTTLE, F.R.S.

II.

Mr. Dottle's remarkable letter, published in our issue of yesterday, suggesting that inhabitants of Saturn have been endeavouring to communicate with the earth by means of wireless telephony, has created profound excitement in scientific and other circles. To a representative of *The Daily Mandate* a number of well-known men expressed their views on the matter, which will undoubtedly stimulate further investigation into the momentous possibilities of this epoch-making revelation. The opinions advanced, which are, on the whole, highly favourable to Mr. Dottle's theory, are as follows:—

Sir Potiphar Shucks, the famous astronomer: "The possibility that Saturn is inhabited is one that, in the absence of incontrovertible evidence either way, should not lightly be set aside. Assuming that it is inhabited, that its people are skilled in the use of wireless telephony and that it is possible to set up waves of sufficient intensity to travel all the way from Saturn to us, I see no reason why communications of the nature suggested by Mr. Dottle should not at some future date become an accomplished fact."

Mr. Artesian Pitts, the well-known imaginative historian: "I have long held the belief that Saturn is inhabited by a type of being possessing a cylinder-like body composed of an unresisting pulp, a high dome-shaped head filled with gas, and long tentacles, bristling with electricity, through which all sensations are omitted and received. These tentacles would act as an ideal telephonic apparatus, so that there is every likelihood of Mr. Dottle's having actually received a message from Saturn. I take 'Gurroo' to be Saturnian for 'Hello.'"

Signor Tromboni, the pioneer of wireless telephony: **"We are making ar-**

rangements to test Mr. Dottle's interesting theory, and for this purpose are erecting a special installation on the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, which is several thousand feet higher than Lavender Hill. At our own stations we have frequently noticed mysterious ringings, which we have hitherto ascribed to carelessness on the part of operators; but Mr. Dottle's letter opens up a new world of possibilities. *The Daily Mandate* is to be congratulated on the prominence it has given to the subject, which has already had the effect of sending Tromboni shares up several points."

Mr. G. Shawburn: "It is an insult to Creation to assume that ours is the only populated planet. Of course Saturn is inhabited, but, unlike our own world, by people of intelligence. In the matter of mental advancement Saturn can make rings round the earth. All the same I don't for one moment suppose that Mr. Dottle knows what he's talking about."

The Postmaster-General: "Nothing is known in the Department under my control of telephone calls having been received from Saturn or the neighbourhood. I do not propose for the present to take any steps in the matter."

The Lord Mayor: "Saturn is a long way off."

III.

(*Extract from leading article.*)

". . . Again we ask, 'What is the Government doing?' For several days now our columns have been ringing with the world-wide acclamation of this stupendous discovery, beside the potentialities of which the wildest efforts of imaginative literature are reduced to pallid and uninspired commonplaces. Even so cautious a scientist as Sir Potiphar Shucks has declared that the idea of Saturn being inhabited is one that 'should not lightly be set aside,' and has announced his conviction that under favourable conditions communication with that planet should in the near future become 'an accomplished fact.' Other eminent leaders of thought and action, including Signor Tromboni, are even more enthusiastic in their reception of the great theory first given to the world by Mr. Diogenes Dottle in a letter to *The Daily Mandate*. But the Postmaster-General is content to treat the question with the airy scepticism and obstructive complacency that have rendered the London Telephone service a byword of inefficiency, and refuses even to make a grant in aid of the work of investigation.

"In these circumstances the proprietors of *The Daily Mandate* have much pleasure in announcing that they will pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to the first man, woman or child in the British Empire who can produce evidence of having received an intelligible telephonic message from Saturn, and a further sum of one hundred thousand pounds to the first person to send a message to that planet and receive a clear reply. The services of a Board of distinguished experts are being engaged for the purpose of testing and adjudicating all claims.

"*Meanwhile the Postmaster-General must go.*"



Indignant Egoist. "Be careful up there! What you're dropping. That precious nearly hit me!"

"It may safely be said that there are more millionaires to the square yard in Bradford than in any other city in the country, not even excepting London or New York."

Daily Paper.

The news that Britain has annexed the United States will comfort those who thought it was the other way about.

"The incessant singing of a cricket in a London church compelled the preacher to shorten his sermon."

The Children's Newspaper.

We may now expect increased enthusiasm for the "Sunday Cricket" movement.

A VERMIN OFFENSIVE.

THERE was a faint scuffling sound behind the wainscot.

"There it is again," said Araminta.

"Not a doubt of it," I replied, turning pale.

Thrusting on my hat I rushed up the hill to the Town Hall and asked to see the Clerk of the Borough Council immediately.

"I have reason to suspect," I said in a hoarse low whisper, as soon as I was shown into the man's presence, "that our premises are in imminent danger of being infested. Counsel me as to what I should do."

"It is your duty as a good citizen to take such steps as may from time to time be necessary and reasonably practicable to destroy the vermin," he said in a rather weary and mechanical tone.

"I hope I am not one to take my civic duties lightly," I replied with some *hauteur*, "but observe that I merely said I had reason to suspect the imminence of the peril. I should like to know the legal definition of infestment, if you please. I cannot definitely say that house-breaking has taken place as yet. I do not know that there has even been petty larceny. There may have been merely loitering with felonious intent."

"What is the size of your premises?" he inquired.

"It is more a messuage than a premises," I explained. "About twelve feet by ten, I should say—speaking without the lease."

"And how many vermin do you expect it to be about to harbour?"

"None have actually hove in sight at present," I said reassuringly, "but there is a sound of one in the offing—in the wainscoting, I mean."

"In a residence of your size I should say that a single mouse would constitute infestation within the meaning of the Act, so soon as it forces an ingress. It will then be your bounden duty to demolish it. How about purchasing a trap?"

"You are sure that is better than hiding behind the arras and hitting it over the head with a polo-axe?" I inquired anxiously, "or proffering it a bowl of poisoned wine?"

"Poison is no longer supplied free," he answered coldly, and I went out.

Very luckily, as I hastened up the hill, I had observed a building with the words, "Job Masters. Traps for Hire," written upon a wooden board. I went inside and found an elderly man sitting at a desk in a small office. He looked extremely patient. "Are you Job?" I asked breathlessly. "I have come to buy a mouse-trap."

Appearances, of course, are quite often deceptive. They were in this case. The elderly man was very much annoyed. When he had explained matters forcibly to me I went on down the hill and entered an ironmonger's.

"I wish to buy a trap to catch a mouse," I said to the assistant behind the counter.

"Certainly, Sir. What size?" said the lad politely.

"Small to medium," I replied, rather baffled. "It has only a medium-sized scratch."

He showed me a peculiar apparatus made of wire and wood containing apparently a vestibule, two reception rooms, staircase and first-floor lobby, with an open window and a diving-board. Underneath the window was a small swimming tank.

"I don't want a hydropathic exactly," I explained. "I propose to exterminate this rodent, not to foster longevity in it. How does it work?"

He pointed out that, after examining the various apartments, the animal would be allured by the fragrance of a small portion of cheese placed above the diving-board; overbalancing, it would then be projected into the water, where it would infallibly drown. "It is a thoroughly humane instrument," he assured me, "and used in the best 'omes."

I bought it and went on to a cheese foundry. Araminta was rather scornful of the sanatorium when I came home with it and set it, loaded and trained, on the dining-room floor; but the children were delighted. It ranked only a little lower than the pantomime, and if only we could have secured an outside visitor to it I believe that it would have defeated the Zoo. To visit it with a sort of wistful hope became the principal treat of the day. But, alas, the mansion remained untenanted. Sometimes during a lull in conversation we would hear the faint scuffling again, but after about six days I became convinced, by kneeling down and placing my ear to the carpet like an Indian, that the noise was even fainter than it had been at first. A terrible suspicion seized me. I dashed out and rang the bell of the flat next door.

"It is just as I feared," I said to Araminta on returning a few moments later. "We are not going to be infested after all. The vermin has been sighted in No. 140B."

"We must make the best of it," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "though it *is* hard on the children, poor dears."

"I wasn't thinking of the children," I replied bitterly; "I was thinking of the expense. If we had been living in a house instead of a flat we could at least have deducted it from the rates."

I sat down and made out a bill as follows to the Clerk of the Borough Council, heading it:—

On Account of Spurious Infestment.

	s.	d.
To one Mouse Institute and Aquarium	5	6
" Cheese	0	6
" Labour at 2/6 per hour	0	7½
Total	6	7½

The man replied coldly that the householder was responsible for all expenditure incurred in precautionary measures and that the Council was in no way liable for the costs resulting from an offensive that failed to materialize. He ended with the rather rude postscript, "What kind of cheese did you use?"

This was a bit sickening. However, by threatening to lay information against him, I have at last succeeded in inducing the occupier of 140B to take over the abattoir at a very satisfactory valuation. It was between that and buying his mouse.

EVOE.

TWO NIGHTMARES.

[*Dreamed after reading in a daily paper that "any style of dress that lessens one's self-confidence should be tabooed"* (*sic*)].

I TRAVELLED from the Sussex hills
With confidence divine,
Full of the conscious power that thrills
My heart when life is mine,
And strode to Lady Fancy Frills
With whom I was to dine.

Her guests had come from Clubs and Courts
And Halls of wealthy Jews;
As they surveyed my running shorts
I felt my courage ooze,
While conscious power, grown out of sorts,
Leaked through my canvas shoes.

* * *

Then I re-travelled South by West
Inflated with a joy
Which in the suit I called my best
No buffet could destroy;
I may remark I'd come full-dressed
From lunch at the Savoy.

But when the hills began to shout
I coloured to the roots,
And when the valleys cried, "Get out!"
To the last word in suits,
My joy, displaced by sudden doubt,
Leaked through my spatted boots.

Of the mysterious Marconigrams:—

"They may be the effort of sentiment beings in some neighbouring planet to communicate with us."—*Evening Paper.*

Can we have broken in on a conversation between *Venus* and *Mars*?



MANNERS AND MODES.

PROFITEERING IN THE WEST END COMPELS MAYFAIR TO PUT ON ANY OLD RAGS AND DO ITS SHOPPING IN SHOREDITCH.

A CONFLICT OF EMOTIONS.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"I 'VE seen rivetters at New York pie-foundries and stew-specialists on North Sea trawlers," said Percival severely, "but I never realised how monotonous feeding could be till I got into a Mess controlled by Binnie."

Binnie puffed his pipe severely, being of the tough fibre which enables Mess Presidents to endure. Frederick, who had been silent, rose from his seat, heaved a distressing sigh and left the room.

"There 's the moral that adorns the tale, you—you public danger!" continued Percival, indicating Frederick's retreating figure. "Look to what a condition that once bright youth has been brought by your endless stews and curries."

"Not a bit of it," answered Binnie lightly. "Frederico could eat patent breakfast food and toasted doormats without taxing his digestion. His complaint is the tender passion. I recognise the symptoms."

"It looks like an acute attack, anyhow," said Percival, rising, "and prompt counter-irritants are indicated. But I 'll confirm your diagnosis first."

Inside Frederick's quarters the sound of regular and sustained sighing suggested that the sufferer was in the throes of a spasm of melancholy. Percival entered and narrowly escaped being drawn into the vortex of a particularly powerful inspiration.

"Freddy, old pard," he said kindly, "why so *triste?* If the trouble 's financial, my cheque-book is unreservedly at your service. Havin' no balance at the bank I 've no use for it myself."

"It 's not that—at least not worse than usual," groaned Frederick.

"Then tell me all about it."

"It 's a long story," commenced Frederick.

"Let me off with a synopsis," interrupted Percival.

"Once upon a time," continued Frederick, "there was a big war, which made quite a stir in the daily papers and was a common subject of discussion in the clubs. There were many casualties, amongst them being a blithe young laddy who came down to the Base with a fractured maxilla caused by nibbling an M. and V. ration without previously removing the outside tin—or something of the sort. He was sent to hospital and devotedly tended by a Sister of exquisite beauty—such a figure and such hair! It wasn't exactly auburn and not exactly burnished bronze——"

"And it wasn't pale puce and it wasn't ultramarine," broke in Percival impatiently. "Tell me what it was, not what it wasn't."

"I can't. It baffled description. Well, they drifted apart; but often afterwards, when that young laddy was studying his Manual of Military Law in his lonely dug-out, the image of Sister Carruthers glowed on the printed page. But I never met her again until the other day, when I was having a gentle toddle round Quelquepart and saw her gliding along the quay. Something gripped me by the heart; I took my courage in both hands and spoke to her.

"'Don't you remember me, Sister?' I said. 'It was you who nursed me in No. 99 General.'

"She looked at me coldly.

"'As you are the third young officer who has adopted a similar method of introduction this afternoon,' she said, 'you must forgive me if I ask for some confirmation.'

"'Surely you haven't forgotten?' I cried. 'You drew me a sweet little design in dots and dashes to hang over my bed. When I was evacuated to England I wanted to thank you, to ask if we might meet again, but you thrust a clinical thermometer between my teeth and told me not to speak till you gave me permission. Then you left me, and I was whisked away to the boat clinging grimly to the thermometer, inarticulate and heartbroken.'

"'And I presume your object in



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"Will you stand back, Sir? You 're spoiling the picture."



Conversationalist. "Extraordinary crime wave we're having—er—ah—for the time of year."

speaking to me to-day is to return the thermometer?' she said primly.

"That's where I took the full count," continued Frederick, sadly. "If I could have produced any old thing in the thermometer line my *bona fides* would have been established an' I could have gone ahead like cotton-mill shares. 'Instead of which,' she 'd said Good-day and gone while I was thinkin' out explanations. Since that time I've been parading Quelquepart simply bristling with thermometers, but I 've never met her again."

"The old Army fault of unpreparedness," remarked Percival. "You ought to go to hospital."

"Don't be juvenile! What have hospitals to do with heartache?"

"Everything, if you go to the right one—the one where your ministering angel ministrates, for instance."

"Percival, old ace," said Frederick, with admiration, "you 'll rank among the world's great thinkers yet. Turn on the current again and tell me what is my complaint."

"Digestive trouble," said Percival promptly. "There 's already been rumours about, and you 'll be doing a public service by going to dock with dyspepsia. Binnie will be so stricken by remorse that he 'll at once start providing the Mess with decent food."

"Then for your sakes I 'll rehearse the symptoms. But my curse will be on your head if I get to the wrong hospital."

It was unfortunate that the M.O. was in an unsympathetic mood next morning. He thumped Frederick on the lower chest and pooh-poohed the idea of hospital. "All you want is a few of these tablets," he said, "and you 'll be fit as nails in a day or two."

Frederick crawled away dispiritedly to confide in Percival. That sapient youth counselled perseverance.

"You must go right off your feed," he said. "Let the doc. see you feebly pecking and he 'll soon get alarmed. In the meantime I 'm off to give Binnie critical accounts of your appetite and send him to market right away."

Only a burning passion and stealthy bars of chocolate could have sustained Frederick through the next few days. To sit down to breakfast with a healthy appetite and refuse his egg and rasher put the biggest possible strain on his constancy. His task was made doubly difficult by the scheming of Percival, who was constantly inciting Binnie to procure fresh delicacies.

"You 've crocked poor Freddy," he said; "and there will be others going the same way if you don't improve the messing. Now I saw some nice plump chickens to-day in the . . ."

Thus harried, that evening Binnie provided a dinner that almost reduced Frederick to breaking-point. Only the fact that the M.O. was sitting opposite gave him strength to refuse the soup and fish, to trifle with the chicken and turn wearily from the sweet. As the savoury was being served he caught a scrap of conversation across the table.

". . . to the boat to see her off for demob.," the M.O. was saying to the Padre. "Jolly nice girl—Jim Carruthers' daughter, you know."

Frederick pricked up his ears.

"I remember," said the Padre. "She used to be at 99 General."

There was no doubt who was the girl referred to. Frederick sat back in his chair with a heavy sense of disappointment and loss. He felt acutely sorry for himself. But presently above the pain in his heart there arose a stronger and more compelling feeling.

"Corporal," he said, "I think after all I 'll try one of those crab patties. Or you might tell the waiter to bring in *two*."



Old-fashioned Aunt. "Good heavens, child! You're not going out like that? You look like a chorus-girl."
Modern Maiden. "Oh, come, Aunt! I don't look as horribly respectable as that, surely?"

PICTURES.

"Some likes picturs o' women" (said Bill) "an' some likes 'orses best,"
As he fitted a pair of fancy shackles on to his old sea-chest;
"But I likes picturs o' ships" (said he), "an' you can keep the rest.

"An' if I was a ruddy millionaire with dollars to burn that way,
Instead of a dead-broke sailorman as never saves his pay,
I'd go to some big paintin' guy, an' this is what I'd say:—

"'Paint me *The Cutty Sark*' (I'd say) 'or the old *Thermopylæ*,
Or *The Star of Peace* as I sailed in once in my young days at sea,
Shipshape an' Blackwall fashion too, as a clipper ought to be.

"'An' you might do 'er outward bound, with a sky full o' clouds,
An' the tug just droppin' astern an' gulls flyin' in crowds,
An' the decks shiny-wet with rain an' the wind shakin' the shrouds.

"'Or else racin' up-Channel with a sou'-wester blowin',
Stuns'ls set aloft and alow an' a hoist o' flags showin',
An' a white bone between her teeth, so's you can see she's goin'.

"'Or you might do 'er off Cape Stiff in the 'igh latitudes yonder,
With her main-deck a smother of white an' her lee-rail dipping under,
And the big greybeards drivin' by an' breakin' aboard like thunder.

"'Or I'd like old Tuskar somewhere around—or Sydney 'eads, maybe,
Or Bar Light, or the Tail o' the Bank, or a glimp o' Circular Quay,
Or a junk or two, if she's tradin' East, to show it's the China Sea.

"'Nor I don't want no dabs o' paint as you can't tell what they are,
Whether they're shadders or follers' faces or blocks or blobs o' tar,
But I want gear as looks like gear an' a spar that's like a spar.

"'An' I don't care if it's North or South, the Trades or the China Sea,
Shortened down or everythin' set, close-hauled or runnin' free;
You paint me a ship as is *like* a ship an' that'll do for me.'"

C. F. S.

Egyptian Darkness.

"Several letters have appeared in the native Press in some of which they ask Minindirect way, as they have done, but in a indirect way they have done but in a clear clear manner which cannot be interpreted two ways."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

Or, so far as we are concerned, even one way.



ANOTHER "RESERVATION."

Starving Europe. "GOD HELP ME!"

America. "VERY SAD CASE. BUT I'M AFRAID SHE AIN'T TRYING."

["Relief would be found in the resumption of industrial life and activity and the imposition of adequate taxation. The American people should not be called upon to finance the requirements of Europe in so far as they result from failure to take these necessary steps."—*Mr. Carter Glass, Secretary of the United States Treasury.*]



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

THE BIG-GAME CURE.

[In common with everything else, wild animals have risen considerably in price.]

In other times I might have made
 For those wild lands where growls the grisly,
Have tracked him (with some native aid)
 And held a broken-hearted Bisley;
Now that my Maud has murmured, "Nay,"
 Shrinking from matrimony's tight knot,
I might have acted thus, I say
 (Contrariwise, I might not).

In any case to-day I shrink
 From thus evading Sorrow's trammels;
A sense of duty bids me think
 How costly are the larger mammals;
To kill them just to soothe my mind
 Would seem to savour of the wasteful,
A thing all patriot poets find
 Exceedingly distasteful.

Not mine the immemorial cure;
 The voice of conscience warns me off it;
I 'll leave the following of the spoor
 To those who follow it for profit;
I feel they would not thank me for
 Turning the jungle to a shambles,
Who speculate in lions or
 Have elephantine gambles.

And so this poet will not roam;
 Remaining on his native heath, he
Will seek an anodyne at home,
 Nor look beyond the Thames for Lethe;
And if he fades away, denied
 The usual balm in cardiac crises,
Say only this of him, "He died
 A prey to soaring prices."

HOW TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES.

The Weekly Dispatch symposium, in which various celebrities discuss the way to act in the event of a burglar being found in the house, shows the need for a little advice in case of emergencies. We append the following very helpful hints:—

The old plan of offering a burglar a cigarette and asking him to take a chair whileyou telephone to the police is not now so successful as in the past. The best plan is to tackle the fellow right away. For this purpose you should step behind him, take hold of his coat and force it over his face. Then tie his left arm to his right leg across the back. Properly carried out, this method rarely fails.

* * *

To attract the attention of the young lady behind a post-office counter, fire a revolver three times in succession, using blank cartridges. After first aid has been rendered to the attendants step up to the counter and purchase your stamp.

* * *

If you should be knocked down by a taxi, don't be alarmed and try to creep out from under the thing. And don't blame the driver. Apologise to him, and, as you are being carried away, shake hands and tell him that while it was his cab it was your fault. Treated in this manner, drivers are not nearly so offensive when they knock you down the next time.

* * *

Should the telephone-bell ring in your house, don't get excited. Keep calm. Remember General Grant. Remove the women and children to a place of safety, lift off the receiver and say, "Good Heavens! Whoever can it be?"

* * *

Let us suppose that you are being attacked by a man with a chopper. Wait until the weapon is well poised over your head. Just as he begins the down stroke step aside smartly. The hatchet will then be found buried in the ground. This means that bygones are bygones.



"Are they rising the day, Sir?" "No."
"Ah, weel, just bide a wee. They aye tak best in the cool of the evening."

PETER AND JUDY.

Except for the fact that they had different sets of parents and were born some hundred miles apart, Peter and Judy are practically twins. Consequently, after an interval of three months, strenuous efforts were made by the two young mothers to bring about a proper introduction between the two wonders.

The occasion was to be one of great importance, for it was Judy's very first tea-party, marking, as it were, the dawn of her social career. For days the post-office wrestled with the correspondence necessary to bring about the meeting. The mothers, both in person and by proxy, had scoured the precincts of Kensington and Oxford Street respectively for the necessary adornments to do their offspring justice, changing their minds so often that the assistants came to take as much interest in the party as if they were going to it themselves.

And yet, when the great moment arrived and the strong silent man was borne into the room, round-eyed and expectant, he found his hostess already tired out with her first tea-party and fast asleep. He could scarcely believe his eyes; nor could Judy's scandalised father.

Peter was very good about it. He bore this chilly reception stoically, deprecating any desire to wake the sleeping beauty—deprecating, in fact, any interest in her or her cot whatsoever. Ignoring the efforts of the Big People to fix his attention by pointing him directly at the main object of the tea-party (they should have known that babies like looking the *other* way always) he remained passively interested in a fascinating brass knob, the while getting his gloves into a satisfactory state of succulence before the Big People should take it on themselves to remove them.

At last his patience is rewarded. The hostess, sighing sleepily, is beginning to show signs of realising her responsibilities. Two immense arms, two enormous fistfuls of fingers gather her up and she is borne through the air triumphantly . . . Peter and Judy are introduced.

I doubt whether any two people in this world ever displayed greater indifference. Solemnly they turn their eyes upon every other object in the room except each other. It is not until the number of permutations in which two people can look at everything is exhausted mathematically that their eyes meet at last.

Then they cut each other dead.

* * * * *

Side by side they recline on the couch. Judy, pouting with sleep, is buffeting her face with her little white boxing-gloves, while Peter stares fascinated at the fire, quite sure that social functions are not in his line. "O-o!"

With only three months' experience, Judy has not yet attained complete mastery of the art of manipulating difficult things like limbs. Inadvertently, and in excess of zeal to kick higher than any other baby, she has landed out a beautiful backhander and caught Peter hard in the tummy. Peter's eyes open wide. Creases appear on his face and widen. A cavern opens and a roar follows:—

"Ya—o-o!"

"Hullo!" (Judy looks up in amazement, for there is only one noise in the house like that, and she has the sole rights of it). "Hullo, is that me? I didn't know I was doing it"—(the roars from Peter continue)—"but I suppose I am. I must be. Let's have a lot more of this very good noise I am making—Ya—o-o!"

The duet produces a crescendo astounding to them both, for there has never been a noise so wonderful as this in all their experience. Then to Judy a very strange thing happens. She pauses for breath, but the noise goes on. "This is amazing—how do I do it? . . ."

She joins in again—and then Peter stops. He too is puzzled vaguely. However, bother introspection, the concert proceeds, both artists doing their level best. Now one of them pauses, now the other, and at length serious doubts begin to creep in. There is something queer afoot—something . . .

The matter resolves itself. Turning suddenly they behold each other, both yelling splendidly. Amazement! Cavern confronts cavern! Face to face they roar their hardest, demanding the reason for this strange phenomenon, "this other me who does when I don't."

They pause — their mouths remain agape. Slowly they close and smiles succeed. Joy! A *reasonable*-sized face at last. What a relief after the enormous faces, the great mouths, the Cyranese noses of the Big People who are wont to come and peer. Here at last is a true face, a face that—no, they both agree not to dwell unduly on the discovery.

Indifferent to each other once again they regard the special objects of their attention, their hands waving gently in the air, seeking the fairies that babies' hands are always trying to catch.

Ha! their hands have met.

"Hoo! It's a *reasonable* hand. It's got proper fingers, not stumps of bananas."

"Moreover," says Peter politely, "if you care to take advantage of my offer you will find that it is properly moistened, succulent and suitable to a baby's taste. You needn't mind; I prepared it myself."

"Goo! Gool-gur!" All is peace and chuckles. Hand-in-hand they survey their mothers. "*Our* mothers, yours—mine. Ha, ha—he, he—goo!"

The inner thoughts of the two babies may be hidden from me (I accept the punishment), but I know — I *know* what the two mothers are thinking of. Twenty years hence, a paragraph in *The Times*: "Peter—Judy——" Oh, you fatuous mothers! L.

"Public interest remains unabated in the remarkable occurrences at the poultry-house farm at Brickendon, where spirit rappings in the morse code have been heard for weeks past . . . One question put to the spirit last night was 'How many people are outside?' And the reply was 'Rorty,' which proved to be correct."—*Liverpool Paper.*

And possibly furnishes some clue to the identity of the spirit concerned.



Officer. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?" *Lighterman.* "COAL."
Officer. "I CAN SEE THAT. WHAT KIND OF COAL?" *Lighterman.* "BLACK COAL."

MORE INTENSIVE PRODUCTION.

WHEN first I learned to play the fool
In various (unaccepted) verses
There was, I found, one golden rule
For poets who would line their purses.
"If ye," it ran, "to wealth would mount,
For silk attire would change your tatters,
Mere quantity will never count;
Quality is the thing that matters."

Broadly this precept, too, was laid
On grosser forms of human labour;
E.g., on Jones's antique trade,
Or Brown, the sausage-man, his neighbour;
Until of late, throughout a land
Reeling from strikes and "reconstruction,"
A cry was heard on every hand,
A clamour for "Increased Production."

While "makers," then, gird on their might
And merchants buzz like bees in clover;
When Jones is sawing day and night
And Brown shows twice his last turnover;
Shall I not follow where they've led
And, at the PREMIER'S invitation,
Double my output, Mr. Ed.?—
I look for your co-operation.

"'Oh, to be in England now that Noel's near.' So, one might adapt one of Kipling's lines."
Indian Paper.

What do they know of BROWNING who only KIPLING know?

"LADY wishes to travel in exquisite lingerie."
Daily Paper.

By all means; but why should she be content to wear an inferior quality when she is stationary?

AT THE PLAY.

"Mr. Todd's Experiment."

A new terror—or else a new attraction—has been added to the British Drama. Mr. Walter Hackett has brought the scent of the cinema across the footlights. When he wants to inform you of certain episodes in the hero's past career, or let you know what he is doing when he is out of sight, he throws the main stage into darkness and lights up a smaller one on which he gives you as many as six little tabloid plays within the play.

Such a scheme has its obvious conveniences for the playwright, and should greatly simplify the difficulties of stage-craft. Those introductory statements which are required to explain the opening conditions and need such adroit handling will no longer be necessary. You just put everybody wise by a series of *tableaux parlants*. No longer need the author worry about the best way of conveying to his audience the details of any action that takes place off the stage; he just turns on a playlet and there it is. Altogether, with a couple of the unities disposed of, he ought to have a much easier time.

On the other hand he is going to have trouble with his principal stage and put his actors to the inconvenience of playing in a painfully congested area. Thus, in *Mr. Todd's Experiment*, the permanent scene was the hall of a house, with a large tapestry occupying more than half of the wall. Lurking behind this tapestry was the stage for the tabloids, and the general company had to crowd themselves into the remainder or wander forlornly about in the space in front of the tapestry. The playlets again are almost bound to be just concentrated episodes, probably elemental in theme and certainly elementary in treatment.

The excuses for their interpolation in *Mr. Todd's Experiment* were not marked by a very great subtlety. There was really none for the first three, which simply relieved *Mr. Todd* of the tedious recital of the hero's disillusionments in love. The next two were introduced by way of illustrating his alleged gift of clairvoyance; and the last served frankly to fill in the interval while the rest of the company was away at dinner. The general effect of all these desultory little *Guignols* was perhaps rather cheap, and not very complimentary to the intelligence of those of us who had outgrown a childish *penchant* for peep-shows.

Mr. Todd's Experiment (for I have spoken only of Mr. Hackett's) was to restore a *blasé* and valetudinarian young man of thirty to a proper state of energy by recalling the memories of his past loves and so reviving in him a desire to stand well in the eyes of the sex. For this purpose he produces (1) a bunch of wood-violets to suggest (through the nose) the environment of his first passion; (2) a specially-tipped brand of cigarettes to revive (through the mouth) the sentiment of his second; and a gramophone record to recover (through the ear) the associations of his third.

So well does he succeed that the hero pulls himself together, shaves off his beard, becomes our Owen Nares again, and sallies forth, habited for conquest, to pay calls on all the three. From all



Willoughby Todd (*Mr.* Holman Clark). "Be your old true self. Make the women adore you."

Arthur John Carrington (*Mr.* Owen Nares). "Your advice is good. I will now take off my beard and be Owen Nares once more."

the three he retires disillusioned, having found them as egoistic as himself, and in the end finds solace rather shamelessly, in the love of a devoted slave who might have been his for the taking any time in the last several years.

The matter was pleasant enough, but its interest must, I think, have left us indifferent if it had not been for the diversion afforded by the playlets. While the idea was original, the presentation of it seemed to have a touch of amateurishness, though I would not go so far as to agree with the old fogey, played by Mr. Fred Kerr, who pronounced the scheme to be "all Tommy rot." With the exception of one character--the devoted slave—the lightness of the dialogue, mildly cynical, was due not so much to its wit as to the absence of ponderable stuff. The easy trick, so popular with the modern playwright, of letting the audience down in the middle of a serious situation was illustrated by the hero when, being in deadly earnest, he tells every woman in turn that she is the only woman he has ever loved.

As *Mr. Todd*, Mr. Holman Clark was as fresh as he always is; but Mr. Owen Nares could hardly hope to satisfy the exigent demands of adoration in the part of young *Carrington*. Who, indeed, could sustain his reputation as a figure of romance when addressed as "Arthur-John"? Mr. Fred Kerr, who played *Martin Carrington*, the cantankerous uncle, cannot help being workmanlike; but he was asked to repeat himself too much. The best performance was that of Miss Marion Lorne, in the part of the hero's one devout lover, *Fancy Phipps*; her quiet sense of humour, salted with a slight American tang, kept the whole play together. O. S.

"Tea for Three."

Playwright Mr. Roi Cooper-Megrue, and principal players Miss Fay Compton, the wife; Mr. Stanley Logan, the friend, and Mr. A. E. Matthews, the husband, made a first-rate thing of two-thirds of *Tea for Three*.

The wife is without blemish physically or morally. The husband is faithful with a single-minded fidelity in thought, word and deed that looks (and, I am assured by equally innocent victims, is) positively deadly. The friend "frits and flutters" about in a distinctly casual, not to say polygamous, mood, but has one sacred place in his untidy heart in which the wife is enshrined. He can manage to sustain life so long as he may come to triangular tea on Thursdays. But the faithful husband puts his foot on that.

Hence the stolen lunch for two with which the play opens. Philosophy there is, and very good philosophy too, from the flutterer and fritter, and such love-making as every virtuous woman (at heart a minx) allows. She is sorry, doubtless, for the suffering she causes, but (this is my gloss, not, I think, the author's) is really enjoying it like anything and taking jolly good care to look her best. Then follow little lies and as little and as needless and quite innocent indiscretions; and the jealous husband on the rampage.

All this excellently put together, seasoned with wisdom and wit and most capably played; Miss Fay Compton, admirable example of a pretty actress who won't let herself be captured by stage tricks, making everything explicable except her continued love for her intolerable bore (and Turk) of a husband; Mr. A. E. Matthews

handling a desperately unsympathetic part, which was already beginning to look impossible, with great adroitness; and Mr. STANLEY LOGAN, though badly hampered by a shocking cold and fighting a coughing audience, carrying the bulk of the good talk and lifting it gently over the few difficult places with a brilliant and well-concealed art.

Thus till towards the end of the Second Act. Then a bad, a very bad, fairy stuffed into Mr. MEGRUE's head the idea of the suicide lottery. The infuriated husband, finding his wife in her friend's room at 7 P.M. (frightfully improper hour), sternly offers his bowler (or Derby) hat, in which are two cards. The one marked with a cross is drawn by the flutterer and means that he is for it. He is to kill himself within twenty-four hours . . . And all this with perfect seriousness.

You will see how the Third Act of a comedy which had tied itself in this kind of a knot simply could not be played. The author had completely sacrificed plausibility, and it was not uninteresting to see him twisting and turning, hedging and bluffing to save it; and a little uncomfortable to note the conviction oozing away out of the performers. . . . Queer also that it isn't more generally recognised that to come to the theatre with a loud persistent cough is a form of premeditated robbery with violence.

T.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

HE DETERMINES TO MASTER THE ART OF CRACKING A WHIP.

A NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

THE latest development in connection with the International Brotherhood movement is the establishment of a College of Correct Cosmopolitan Pronunciation. The need of such an institution has long been clamant, and the visit of the Ukrainian choir has brought matters to a crisis. At their concert last week several strong women wept like men at their inability to pronounce the title of one of the most beautiful items on the programme—"Shtchedryk." Again, as Mr. SMILLIE must have bitterly reflected, how can we possibly render justice to the cause of Bolshevism so long as we are unable to pronounce the names of its leaders correctly? The same remark applies to the Russian Ballet; the Yugo-Slav handbell-ringers; the vegetarian Indian-club swingers from the Karakoram Himalayas; the polyphonic gong-players from North Borneo; the synthetic quarter-tone quartette from San Domingo; the anthropophagous back-chat comedians from the Solomon Islands; not to mention a host of other interesting companies, troupes, corroborees and pow-wows which are now in our midst for the purpose of cementing the confraternity of nations.

Suitable premises for the College have been secured in the heart of Mayfair and a competent staff of instructors has already been appointed, who, with the aid of gramophones, will be able to train the students to perfection in the requisite command of the most explosive gutturals, labials and sibilants. Doctor Prtnkeivitchsvtnshchitzky will be the director of the College; Dr. SETON WATSON and Mr. WICKHAM STEED have kindly undertaken to supervise the Yugo-Slav section, and the list of patrons and patronesses includes the names of the Prince of Prinkipo; Madame KARSAVINA, so long a victim of the mispronunciation of her melodious surname; Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, the famous Irish scholar; Prenk-Bib-Doda, the Albanian chieftain; Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE; Lord PARMOOR; Sir THOMAS BEECHAM and the Dowager Begum of BHOPAL.

Pegasus at Polo.

"The following teams have entered for the Lahore Polo Tournament:—4th Cavalry, 17th Cavalry, 21st Lancers, 33rd Cavalry, 39th Central India Horse, Lahore, the Foxhunters from Meerut, and the Royal Air Horse from Delhi."

Civil and Military Gazette.

An Up-to-date Costume.

"For your evening dress I advise you simply to buy a piece of broad silver ribbon, pass it twice round the waist and knot it at the side, with a little bunch of berries and leaves caught into the knot."—*Ladies' Paper.*

REVOLT OF THE SUPER-GEORGIANS.

Wild Scenes at a Meeting of Protest.

An Indignation Meeting, to protest against the outrageous attacks levelled against Georgian writers and critics by Professor Noyes in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution and by Mr. A. D. Godley in an article in the current *Nineteenth Century*, was held last Saturday evening at the Klaxon Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Edward Marsh, C.M.G., who was supported on the platform by a compact bevy of Georgian bards; but at an early stage of the meeting it became apparent that a majority of those present in the body of the hall were extremists of violent type, and eventually, as will be seen, the proceedings ended in something approximating to a free fight.

Mr. Marsh began by a frank confession. He had taken a First Class in the Cambridge Classical Tripos. But the days in which he had been steeped to the lips in Latin and Greek were long past, never to return. For many years he had not composed hexameters, elegiacs or iambics. He had thrown in his lot with insurgent youth, not as a competitor or rival, but as an advocate, an admirer and an adviser. Indeed, if he might venture to say so, he sometimes acted as a brake on the wheels of the triumphal Chariot of Free Verse. He was not an adherent of the fantastic movement known as "Dada." He had no desire to abolish the family, morality, logic, memory, archæology, the law and the prophets. A little madness was a splendid thing, but it must be methodic. Still, for the rest he was a Georgian, heart and soul, and it pained him when men who ought to know better raised the standard of reaction and sought to discredit the achievements of his *protégés*. These attacks could not be passed over in silence, and the meeting had been convened to consider how they should be met, whether by a reasoned protest or by retaliation.

Miss Messalina Stoot, who punctuated her remarks with the clashing of a pair of cymbals, observed that as a thorough-going Dadaist she had no sympathy with the half-hearted attitude of the Chairman. It was a battle between Dada and Gaga, and emphatically Dada must win.

Mr. Mimram Stoot, who accompanied himself on the sarrusophone, endorsed the iconoclastic views of his sister. The only poetry that counted was that which caused spinal chills and issued from husky haughty lips. The moanings of mediæval molluscs were of no avail, though they might excite the crustacean fossils of Oxford, the home of lost causes.

Mr. Seumas O'Gambhaoil wished to protest against Mr. Noyes' statement that there were ten thousand Bolshevist poets in our midst. This was a shameless underestimate of the total, which was at least twice that figure. Mr. Godley's offence, however, was much worse, as he was an Irishman, though of the self-expatriated type to which Goldsmith and Moore belonged. The rest of Mr. O'Gambhaoil's speech was delivered in Irish, but he was understood to advocate a repatriation of all Irish renegades to be tried and dealt with by the Sinn Fein Republic.

Mr. Caradoc Cramp applauded the sentiments of the last speaker, but considered that he avoided the real issue. The Chairman had declared himself a Georgian, but that was not enough. The worst enemies of Free Verse were to be found in that camp. In technique and even in thought there was little to choose between many so-called Georgians and the most effete and reactionary Victorians. He alluded to the War poets, or rather the "Duration" poets, most of whom were already back-numbers. Between these and the Post-war poets, the true super-Georgians or paulo-post-Georgians, it was necessary to make a clean cut. To protest against Messrs. Godley and Noyes was a mere waste of time and energy. They might just as well protest against the existence of an extinct volcano or the skeleton of the brontosaurus. The real danger to be faced was the intrinsic subjectivity of the early and mid-Georgian poets, of whom the Chairman had been so powerful and consistent a supporter. He accordingly called for volunteers to storm the platform, and, a large number having responded to his appeal, Mr. Marsh was dislodged from the Chair after a gallant fight. A resolution of adherence to the principles of "Dada" having been passed by a large majority, the meeting broke up to the strains of the famous song—

a e ou o youyouyou i o ou o
youyouyou
drrrdrrrdrrrrgrrrrgrrrrgrrrrrrr
beng bong bong bang
boumboum boumboum boumboum.

"Gentleman, Interested in Tattooing and largely covered, would like to hear from other enthusiasts to compare notes."—*Times*.

We trust the "bare-back" mode is not going to spread to the more modest sex.

From a "stores" circular:—

"This Week's Economy Offers.
Honey in Sections, each 3/9, three for 14/0."

The economy consists, of course, in buying them one at a time.

WATER-BABIES.

In a limbo of desolate waters,
In the void of a flood-stricken plain,
You will find them—the sons and the daughters
Of tropical rain.

For when rivers are one with the ocean,
When the ricefields and roads are no more,
There 's a feeling of magic, a notion
Of fairyland lore;

And the babies of Burma can revel
In a nursery of whirlpool and slime,
Where it thunders and rains like the devil
For weeks at a time.

They paddle their rafts through the jungle;
They swim through a network of leaves;
They clamber with never a bungle
To dive from the eaves.

'Tis an orgy of goblins, an image
Of nudity flouting the flood,
Of shorn-headed brownies who scrimmage
And splash in the mud.

As we row neath a tamarind, one 'll
Roll off with a gesture of fright,
Bobbing up like a cork at our gunwale
And gurgling delight.

But never a stanza shall measure
The joy of that desperate crew
Of four-year-olds scouring for treasure
Astride a bamboo.

Their fathers smoke, huddled in sorrow,
Their mothers chew betel and fret,
And the pariahs howl for a morrow
Which shall not be wet;

The plovers wheel o'er them complaining,
And it 's only the babies who pray
That the skies may be raining and raining
For ever and aye.

J. M. S.

Another Mesopotamian Scandal.

"The commodious and fast ss. 40 will leave Basrah for Baghdad and all intermediate ports on Saturday morning at 9 a.m. Passengers will embark at 10 a.m."—*Basrah Times*.

"END OF COTTON SUIT.
DRAMATIC COLLAPSE."
Daily Paper.

We are more than ever convinced of the superior wearing qualities of woollen.

"The Government of the Commonwealth of Australia agrees to the admission on passport of Indian merchants, students, tourests, with there irrespective wives."—*Indian Paper*.

But ought any Government to encourage this sort of thing?



Dancing Man (at Galleries of New Primitive Art Society). "One would have thought, with such a good floor, they might have put up some better pictures."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Following the iconoclastic spirit of the age, Mr. Barry Pain has essayed in *The Death of Maurice* (Skeffington) the revolutionary experiment of a murder mystery tale that does not contain (*a*) a love interest, (*b*) a wrongly suspected hero, (*c*) a baffled inspector, (*d*) an amateur, but inspired, detective. It would be a grateful task to add that the result proves the superfluity of these time-worn accessories. But the cold fact is that, to me at least, the proof went the other way. From the first I was painfully aware of a lack of snap about the whole business, and I am more than suspicious that the author himself may have shared my unwilling indifference. *Maurice* was an artistic bachelor, a landowner, a manufacturer of jam, a twin (with a bogie gift of knowing at any moment the relative position of his other half, which might have been worked for far more effect than is actually obtained from it), and a reputation of making enemies. He had also an unusual neighbour, in the person of a young woman whose unconventionality led her to perambulate the common at midnight, playing the first bars of *Solveig's Song* upon the flute. One night, at the close of the first chapter, a gun was heard. But you are wrong to suppose (however naturally) that the flute-player was the victim. It was *Maurice*. And of course the problem was, who did it. I have told you my own experience of the working out; nothing written by Mr. Barry Pain can ever be really dull, just as no story starting with a mysterious murder can lack a certain intrigue; but the fact remains that my wish, heroically resisted, to look on to the last chapter was prompted more often by impatience than by any compelling curiosity. Others may be happier.

The author of *A Journal of Small Things* has done much to make us understand the sufferings of stricken France and the more intimate sorrows of war. *Chill Hours* (Melrose) deals with that dark period before the end, when, to some, it seemed all but certain that the will to victory must fail. Of the three parts of this gracious little book the first consists of six sketches of life behind the lines, life both gentle and simple, as affected by war. "Odette in Pink Taffeta," an episode of bereavement, is in particular exquisitely visualised. "Their Places" and "The Second Hay" treat, with a quiet intensity of conviction, of the absolutely deadening absorption, by overwork and anxiety, of peasant wives and children left to carry on in the absence of their men. The third part is a series of hospital vignettes. They do not attempt to be too cheery, but they have the stamp of realised truth. "Nostalgia," the second part, is in another mood—recalled memories of the beauties of a loved land and of dear common things affectionately seen. To those who dare look at war with open eyes and who take pleasure in sincere and beautifully-phrased writing I commend Mrs. Helen Mackay's book without reserve.

Somewhere in Christendom (Allen and Unwin) is some-

what embarrassing to a reviewer, for it has the theme of a great book with the manner of a trivial one. It is the history of a very much smaller nation, Ethuria, left despoiled and starving at the end of a nine-years' war, in which its great neighbours have used it as a battle-ground. Revolution begins, but a woman prophet steps in and switches it off in an unusual direction. The Ethurians perfect among themselves that fellowship which is the nice ideal behind many nasty manifestations in the real world, and, when next they are invaded by neighbouring nations anxious to use them as an excuse for belligerency, they resolutely stick to their guns (only the metaphor is most unsuitable), refuse to find any cause of quarrel with their "foreign brothers," and finally persuade them to abandon the ideals of war, so that peace on earth becomes a reality at last. Here is the book's theme; its working out allows for a boxing match between the President of Hygeia and the Foreign Secretary of Tritonia as the minimum of hostilities; a wicked newspaper lord, who pulls strings in both countries, and a faithful butler to the Royal Family, who becomes assistant state nursemaid and cleans silver as a hobby. Though I quite agree with Miss Evelyn Sharp and the Ethurians that it *is* love that makes the world go round, I am not so sure that either hers or theirs is the best way of advocating their common cause.

You may remember an original and striking book of papers about the theatre under the title of *Buzz-Buzz*. Its author, James E. Agate, has now followed it with another, called, rather grimly, *Responsibility* (Richards). You will be absolutely correct in guessing that this is not a treatise on revue, being indeed an autobiographical novel of (I feel bound to add) precisely the same calibre as, in the sister realm of drama, made the name of Manchester at one period a word of awe. Why do these young Mancunians recollect to such stupendous purpose? Here is Mr. Agate, with an introduction of forty-four pages, all about time and infinity, before he can get his protagonist so much as started anywhere at all. It is a little like one of those demon-scenes out of the pantomimes he describes so lovingly—"*Do so! May safety and success attend on Crusoe.*" But of course the subsequent action is more responsible. I imagine Mr. Agate's picture of young-man life in the Manchester of the nineties to be very much like the real thing. Relaxation was not wholly remote from it. Cotton and commandments were broken with equal facility. Also you may be impressed by the number of Germans in it. Finally, after telling us, sometimes engagingly, sometimes verbosely, all he can remember about Lancashire, Mr. Agate brings his hero to Town, levers him along, year after year, and gets (almost on his last page) to his big situation. I won't spoil it. *Responsibility*, which might better have been called "Garrulity," is a novel containing boredom and charm in about equal proportions; not to mention promise for the days when its author has learned to discipline his too-ready pen.

AN EFFECT OF THE CRIME WAVE.



Both. "Hm! He looks respectable—

—still, one never knows."

From the early part of 1915 until the end of 1917 Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon commanded at Dover, and from the preface to *The Dover Patrol* (Hutchinson) we can gather that he is smarting under a considerable sense of injustice and injury. Of the merits of his case—he frankly describes his dismissal as brutal—I do not pretend to judge, but can safely assume that the other side have something to say for themselves, if they care to. However, you are not to suppose that this is a bitter book. Most generous are the praises which the Admiral bestows upon his subordinates; his venom he reserves for just the chosen few who, no doubt, can bear it. Apart from personal recriminations, of which some of us must be more than tired, these two portly volumes are of real historical value. You will find in them not only a record of actual achievements, often carried out under desperately difficult conditions, but also of projects which for one reason or another were never fulfilled. "Why don't we try to land on the Belgian coast?" was a question our amateur strategists were never weary of asking. Well, here is their answer. Here, too, are countless photographs, charts, plans and diagrams—a really wonderful collection. Even if you are not in the least interested in Sir Reginald's grievances you will find him a writer who has a lot of useful things to say and knows how to say them.

"The normal average amount of clothing required in a temperate climate such as ours is: *One pound weight of clothing to every one stone weight of the body.* . . Thus the clothes of a child weighing 3 stones should be 3lb., and for a man or woman weighing 10 stones the clothes should weigh 10lb. This is a definite statement; at any rate, disprove it who can."

Sir James Cantlie in "The Daily Mail."

We gave instructions to our Mathematical specialist to work out the figures, and his report is that he finds them substantially correct.



THE CRIME WAVE.

Ali Baba repeating itself. Forty thieves discovered at a London railway station.

CHARIVARIA.

Writing in the *Echo de Paris* "Pertinax" asks Mr. Lloyd George to make some quite clear statement regarding his advice to electors. There is more innocence in Paris than you might suppose.

* * *

Professor Waller has demonstrated by experiment that emotion can be measured. At the same time he discouraged the man who asked for a couple of yards of Mr. Churchill's feelings when reading *The Morning Post*.

* * *

Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for the America Cup has been accepted by the New York Yacht Club. It appears that neither Mr. Secretary Daniels nor "President" de Valera was consulted.

* * *

Widespread alarm has been caused in London by the report that a certain famous artist has threatened to paint a Futurist picture of a typical O.B.E.

* * *

A Dutch paper reminds us that the ex-Crown-Prince has taken a Berlin University degree. We can only suppose that nobody saw him take it.

* * *

In the case of a will recently admitted to probate it was stated that the testator had disposed of over seven hundred thousand pounds in less than a hundred words. It is not expected that the Ministry of Munitions will take this lying down.

* * *

It is said that unless the new Unemployment Insurance is an improvement on the present rates quite a number of deserving people will be thrown into work.

* * *

Much sympathy is felt for the burglars who broke into a house at Herne Hill last week. Unfortunately for them the grocer's bill had been paid the previous day.

* * *

We gather that, if Dempsey still refuses to come to London to fight Carpentier, Mr. Cochran will arrange to take London out to him.

* * *

The Lobby Correspondent of *The Daily Express* states that it has been suggested that the Premier should take a long voyage round the world. It would be interesting to know whether the proposal comes from England or the world.

* * *

"The honest man in Germany," says Herr Haase, "will not agree to hand over the German officers to the British." We think it would be only fair if Germany would send us the name and address of this honest man.

* * *

Leather is being used in the new Spring suits, says a daily newspaper. Smith Minor informs us that he always derives greater protection from the use of a piece of stout tin.

* * *

The collecting of moleskins has been forbidden by the Belgian Government except in gardens. Lure the beast into the strawberry bed by imitating the bark of the wild slug and the rest is mere spade-work.

* * *

We understand that there is some talk of Lord Fisher giving up work and retiring into politics.

Matrimonial Economy.

"Traveling in a becoming suit of Copenhagen blue with hat to match the newly weds left on the Duluth train."—*Canadian Paper.*

"She looked as Eurydice when her captor-King carried her away from earth and gave her instead the queenship of Hell."
"*Daily Mail*" *Feuilleton.*

Presumably Persephone had secured a decree *nisi*.

"These cowardly murders and attempted assassinations are abhorrent to the national mind, whatever its political views may be, and it will not seek to exterminate in any way the position of those who have any share in them."—*Provincial Paper.*

We still think extermination is the best thing for them.

A SELFLESS PARTY.

["They (the electorate) know that we (the Labour Party) are not, and never will be, merely concerned in the interests of one particular class."—*Mr. Thomas in "The Sunday Times."*

"Nationalization was proposed not to gain increased wages for workers, but in the national interest. . . . They were prepared to produce to the last ounce of their capacity to give to the nation and to humanity all the coal they required. If he thought that this scheme was intended to or would give the miners an advantage at the expense of the State he would oppose it."—*Mr. Brace, in the House of Commons.*]

Though Comrade Smillie keeps a private passion
That yearns to see Sinn Fein upon its own,
Clearly we cannot put our Unions' cash on
Men with a motto like "Ourselves Alone;"
To us all folk are brothers
And on our bunting runs the rede, "For Others."

Our hearts are ever with the poor consumer;
We long to give his sky a touch of blue;
To doubt this fact is to commit a bloomer,
To falsify our record, misconstrue
The ends we struggle for,
As illustrated in the recent War.

We struck from time to time, but not at Cæsar,
Not to secure the highest pay we could;
Our loyalty kept gushing like a geyser;
We had for single aim the common good;
Who treads the path of duty
May well ignore the cry of "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Humanity's the cause for which we labour;
The hope that spurs us on to do our best
Is "O that I may truly serve my neighbour,
And prove the love that burns within my breast,
And save his precious soul
By a reduction in the cost of coal!"

Nationalize the mines, and there will follow
More zeal (if possible) in him that delves;
Our eager altruists will simply wallow
In work pursued for others (not themselves),
Thrilled with the noble thought—
"My Country's all to me and Class is naught!"

O. S.

A STORY WITH A POINT.

(*With Mr. Punch's apologies for not having sent it on to "The Spectator."*)

Geoffrey has an Irish terrier that he swears by. I don't mean by this that he invokes it when he becomes portentous, but he is always annoying me with tales, usually untruthful, of the wonderful things this dog has done.

Now I have a pointer, Leopold, who really is a marvellous animal, and I work off tales of his doings on Geoffrey when he is more than usually unbearable.

Until a day or two ago we were about level.

Although Geoffrey knows far more dog stories than I do, and has what must be a unique memory, I have a very fair power of invention, and by working this gift to its utmost capacity I have usually been able to keep pace with him.

As I said, the score up to a few days ago was about even; yesterday, however, was a red-letter day and I scored an overwhelming victory. Bear with me while I tell you the whole story.

I was struggling through the porridge of a late breakfast when Geoffrey strolled in. I gave him a cigarette and went on eating. He wandered round the room in a restless sort of way and I could see he was thinking out an ending for his latest lie. I was well away with the toast and marmalade when he started.

"You know that dog of mine, Rupert? Well, yesterday——"

I let him talk; I could afford to be generous this morning. He had hashed up an old story of how this regrettable hound of his had saved the household from being burnt to death in their beds the night before.

I did not listen very attentively, but I gathered it had smelt smoke, and, going into the dining-room, had found the place on fire and had promptly gone round to the police-station.

When he had finished I got up and lit a pipe.

"Not one of your best, Geoffrey, I'm afraid—not so good, for instance, as that one about the coastguard and the sea-gulls; still, I could see you were trying. Now I'll tell you about Leopold's extraordinary acuteness yesterday afternoon.

"We—he and I—were out on the parade, taking a little gentle after-luncheon exercise, when I saw him suddenly stop and start to point at a man sitting on one of the benches a hundred yards in front of us; but not in his usual rigid fashion; he seemed to be puzzled and uncertain whether, after all, he wasn't making a mistake."

Here Geoffrey was unable to contain himself, as I knew he would be.

"Lord! That chestnut! You went and asked the man his name and he told you that it was Partridge."

"No," I said, "you are wrong, Geoffrey; his name, on inquiry, proved to be Quail. But that was only half the problem solved. Why, I thought, should Leopold have been so puzzled? And then an idea struck me. I went back to the man on the bench and, with renewed apologies, asked him if he would mind telling me how he spelt his name. He put his hand into his pocket and produced a card. On it was engraved, 'J. M. Quayle.' Then I understood. It was the spelling that puzzled Leopold."

THE NEW APPEAL.

We observe with interest the latest development in the London Press—the appearance of the new Labour journal, *The Daily Nail.*

In the past, attempts to found a daily newspaper for the propagation of Labour views have not always met with success. Possibly the fault has been that they made their appeal too exclusively to the Labour public. We understand that every care will be taken that our contemporary shall under no circumstances be a financial failure.

The Daily Nail is a bright little sheet, giving well-selected news, popular "magazine" and "home" features, and, on the back page, a number of pictures. It has a strong financial section, a well-informed Society column, and a catholic and plentiful display of advertisements, including announcements of many of those costly luxuries which Labour to-day is able to afford.

While in its editorial comments it suggests emphatically that the Government of the day is not and never can be satisfactory, it refrains from embarrassing our statesmen with too many concrete proposals for alternative methods.

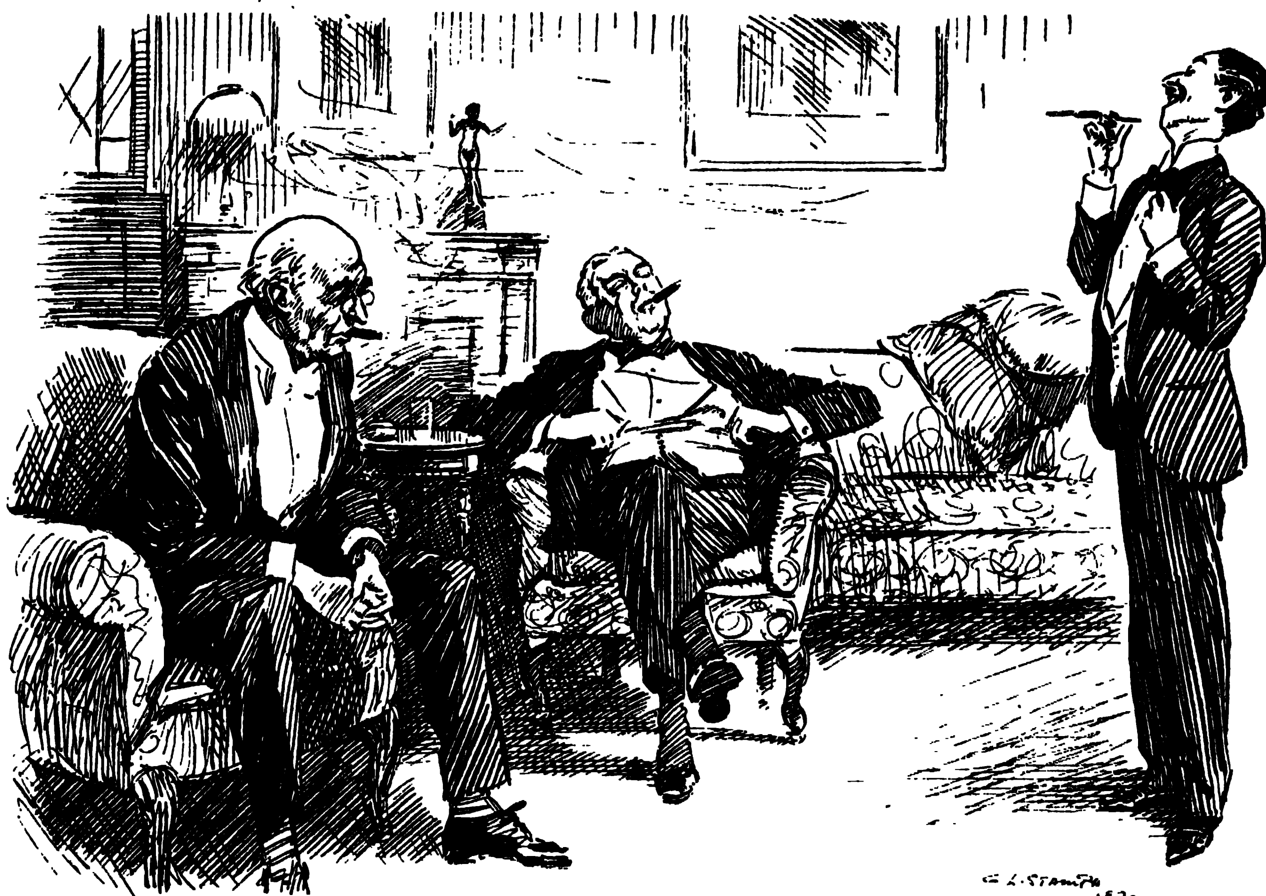
We learn that the new Labour daily is substantially backed by a nobleman of pronounced democratic ideals. From his Lordship down to the humblest employee there exists among the staff a beautiful spirit of fellowship unmarked by social distinction.

"Good morning, comrade," is the daily greeting of his Lordship to the lift-boy, who replies with the same greeting, untarnished by servility.



THE NEW COALITION.

Mr. Asquith (*to Viscount Chaplin and Lord Robert Cecil*). "THANKS, MY FRIENDS—THANKS FOR YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT. DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR DO I SEE BIG BEN?"



Son of House (entertaining famous explorer and distinguished professor). "It would astonish you fellows if I told you some of the things I've seen and heard—though I'm, comparatively speaking, a young man—twenty-two, to be exact."

THE INSOMNIAC.

Miss Brown announced her intention of retiring to roost. Not that she was likely to sleep a blink, she said; but she thought all early-Victorian old ladies should act accordingly.

She asked Aunt Angela what she took for her insomnia. Aunt Angela said she fed it exclusively on bromides. Edward said he gave his veronal and Schopenhauer, five grains of the former or a chapter of the latter.

They prattled of the dietary and idiosyncrasies of their several insomnias as though they had been so many exacting pet animals. Miss Brown then asked me what I did for mine.

Edward spluttered merrily. "He rises with the nightingale, comes bounding downstairs some time after tea and wants to know why breakfast isn't ready. Only last week I heard him exhorting Harriet to call him early next day as he was going to a dance."

They all looked reproachfully at me because I didn't keep a pet insomnia too. I spoke up for myself. I admitted I hadn't got one, and what was more was proud of it. All healthy massive thinkers are heavy sleepers, I insisted. They must sleep heavily to recuperate the enormous amount of vitality expended by them in their waking hours. Sleep, I informed my audience, is Nature's reward to the blameless and energetic liver. If they could not sleep now they were but paying for past years of idleness and excess, and they had only themselves to blame. I was going on to tell them that an easy conscience is the best anodyne, etc., but they snatched up their candles and went to bed. I went thither myself shortly afterwards.

I was awakened in the dead of night by a rapping at my door.

"Who's there?" I growled.

"I—Jane Brown," said a hollow voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Hush, there are men in the house."

"If they're burglars tell 'em the silver's in the sideboard."

"It's the police."

I sat up in bed. "The police!—why?—what?"

"Shissh! come quickly and don't make a noise," breathed Miss Brown.

I hurried into a shooting-jacket and slippers and joined the lady on the landing. She carried a candle and was adequately if somewhat grotesquely clad in a dressing-gown and an eider-down quilt secured about her waist by a knotted bath-towel. On her head she wore a large black hat. She put her finger to her lips and led the way downstairs. The hall was empty.

"That's curious," said Miss Brown. "There were eighteen mounted policemen in here just now. I was talking to the Inspector—such a nice young man, an intimate friend of the late Sir Christopher Wren, who, he informs me privately, did *not* kill Cock Robin."

She paused, winked and then suddenly dealt me three hearty smacks—one on the shoulder, one on the arm and one in the small of the back. I removed myself hastily out of range.

"Tarantulas, or Peruvian ant-bears, crawling all over you," Miss Brown explained. "Fortunate I saw them in time, as their suck is fatal in ninety-nine cases out of a million, or so Garibaldi says in the *Origin of Species*." She sniffed. "Tell me, do you smell blood?"

I told her that I did not.

"I do," she said, "quite close at hand too. Yum-yum, I like warm blood." She looked at me through half-closed eyelids. "I should think you'd bleed very prettily, very prettily."

I removed myself still further out of range, assuring her that in spite of my complexion I was in reality anæmic.

She pointed a finger at me. "I know where those policemen are. They're in the garden digging for the body."

"What body?" I gasped.

"Why, Einstein's, of course," said Miss Brown. "Edward murdered him last night for his theory. Didn't you suspect?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Oh, yes," she said; "smothered him with a pen-wiper. I saw him do it, but I said nothing for Angela's sake, she's so refined."

She darted from me into the drawing-room. I followed and found her standing before the fireplace waving the candle wildly in one hand, a poker in the other and sniffing loudly.

"We must save Edward," she said; "we must find the body and hide it before they can bring in a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. It is here. I can smell blood. Look under the sofa."

She made a flourish at me with her weapon and I at once dived under the sofa. I am a brave man, but I know better than to withstand people in Miss Brown's state of mind.

"Is it there?" she inquired.

"No."

"Then search under the carpet—quickly!"

She swung the poker round her head and I searched quickly under the carpet. During the next hour, at the dictates of her and her poker, I burrowed under a score of carpets, swarmed numerous book-cases, explored a host of cupboards, dived under a multitude of furniture and even climbed into the open chimney-place of the study, because Miss Brown's nose imagined it smelt roasting flesh up there. These people must be humoured. When I came down (accompanied by a heavy fall of soot) the lady had vanished. I rushed into the hall. She was mounting the stairs.

"Where are you going now?" I demanded.

She leaned over the balustrade and nodded to me, yawning broadly: "To Edward's room. He must have taken the corpse to bed with him."

"Stop! Hold on! Come back," I implored, panic-stricken. Miss Brown held imperviously on. I sped after her, but mercifully she had got the rooms mixed in her decomposed brain and, instead of turning into Edward's, walked straight into her own and shut the door behind her. I wedged a chair against the handle to prevent any further excursions for the night and crept softly away.

As I went I heard a soft chuckle from within, the senseless laughter, as I diagnosed it, of a raving maniac.

* * * * *

I got down to breakfast early next morning, determined to tell the whole sad story and have Miss Brown put under restraint without further ado.

Before I could get a word out, however, the lunatic herself appeared, looking, I thought, absolutely full of beans. She and Aunt Angela exchanged salutations.

"I hope you slept better last night, Jane."

"Splendidly, thank you, Angela, except for an hour or so; but I got up and walked it off."

"Walked it off! Where?"

"All over the house. Most exciting."

"Do you mean to say you were walking about the house last night all by yourself?" Aunt Angela exclaimed in horror.

Miss Brown shook her grey head. "Oh, no, not by myself. Our sympathetic young friend had a touch of insomnia himself for once and was good enough to keep me company." She smiled sweetly in my direction. "He was *most* entertaining. I've been chuckling ever since." Patlander.



Urchin (who has been "moved on" by emaciated policeman). "Ain't yer got a cook on your beat?"

Our Spartan Editors.

"Wanted: The Cat. By Horatio Bottomley."
John Bull.

MARDI GRAS.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"Have you reflected, *mon chou*," said M'sieur Bonneton, complacently regarding the green carnations on his carpet-slippers, "that to-morrow is Mardi Gras?"

"I have," replied Madame shortly.

"One may expect then, *ma petite*, that there will be *crêpes* for dinner?"

"With eggs at twelve francs the dozen?" said Madame decidedly. "One may not."

On any other matter M'sieur would probably have taken his wife's decision as final, but he had a consuming passion for *crêpes*, and was moreover a diplomat.

"*La vie chère!*" he said sadly; "it cuts at the very vitals of hospitality. With what pleasure I could have presented myself to our amiable neighbours, the Sergeant-Major Coghlan and his estimable wife, and said, 'It is the custom in France for all the world to eat *crêpes* on Mardi Gras. Accept these, then, made by Madame Bonneton herself, who in the making of this national delicacy is an incomparable artist.' But when eggs are twelve francs the dozen"—he shook his head gloomily—"generous sentiments must perish."

Madame perceptibly softened.

"Perhaps, after all, I might persuade that miser Dobelle to sell me a few at ten francs the dozen," she murmured; and M'sieur knew that diplomacy had won another notable victory.

Curiously enough, at this precise moment the tenants of the *premier étage* of 10 *bis*, rue de la République, were also engaged in a gastronomic discussion.

"If almanacs in France count as they do in Aldershot," said Mrs. Coghlan, "to-morrow will be Shrove Tuesday."

"An' what av it?" demanded Sergeant-Major Coghlan of the British Army.

"What of it? As though ye'd not been dreaming of pancakes this fortnight an' more past—fearful to mention thim an' fearful lest I should forget. Well, well, if ye'll bring a good flour ration in the marning I'll do me best."

"I've been thinking, Peggy lass," said the gratified Sergeant-Major, "it wud be the polite thing to make a few for thim dacent people on the groundflure. I'll wager they've niver seen th' taste av' a pancake in this country."

Thus it was that when Hippolyte Larivière, the cornet-player of the Palais de Cinéma, ascended the stairs to his eerie on the top-floor of 10 *bis* the following evening the appetising odour of frying batter enveloped him as a garment. He sniffed appreciatively.

"*Le gros* Bonneton can eat *crêpes* freely without considering the effect on his temperament," he said. "One sometimes regrets the demands of Art."

Outside the Coghlans' door another idea struck him. "The essence of a present lies not in its value but its appropriateness. A few *crêpes* on Mardi Gras would be a novel acknowledgment to the Sergeant-Major of his liberality in the way of cigarettes. At present my case is empty."

Retracing his steps he went to the Café aux Gourmets and persuaded the *propriétaire* to prepare half-a-dozen *crêpes* with all possible speed and send them piping-hot to his room in exchange for a promise of his influence in getting her on the free list of the Cinema. Then, in a glow of virtue, he returned to prepare his toilette for the evening performance.

It was while Hippolyte was dabbing his cheeks with a damp towel that M'sieur Bonneton and Sergeant-Major Coghlan, having comfortably satisfied their respective appetites with *crêpes* and pancakes, proceeded to call upon each other, bearing gifts. The dignity of the presentations was impaired by the fact that they almost collided on the stairs.

"Mrs. Coghlan wud like your opinion on these pancakes," said the Sergeant-Major, dexterously fielding one that was sliding from the plate.

"And permit me to beg your acceptance of these *crêpes*, a dish peculiar to France and eaten as a matter of custom on Mardi Gras," said M'sieur in his most correct English, producing his plate with a flourish worthy of a head-waiter.

"'Tis with all the pleasure in life we'll be tasting thim——" commenced Coghlan. Then his eye fell on the dish and his voice dropped. M'sieur was also showing signs of embarrassment.

"It seems *crêpes* is but another name for pancakes," said the Sergeant-Major heavily, after a pause.

"But yes—and I am already filled to repletion."

"We've aiten our fill too, Peggy an' me, an' they're spoilt whin they're cowld. It's severely disappointed Peggy will be to find thim wasted."

"And Madame will be desolated to despair."

They stared blankly at each other for a few minutes. Then M'sieur took a heroic resolve.

"We must not hurt the feelings of those excellent women," he said firmly. "There is but one course open to us."

Coghlan nodded assent. Solemnly and without enthusiasm they sat on the stairs and consumed the pancakes to the last crumb. Then, leaden-eyed and breathing hard, they took their empty plates and entered their respective flats.

A few minutes later they again encountered on the stairs. Once more they were laden with comestibles.

"For Monsieur Larivière," explained M'sieur. "Madame insisted. She has a heart of gold, that woman."

"Peggy's sending these up too," said the Sergeant-Major. "I towld her thim pancakes was the greatest surprise you iver tasted."

M'sieur nodded. In response to Hippolyte's invitation they entered the room, and M'sieur took command of the conversation. The Sergeant-Major stood stiffly to attention, feeling that the occasion demanded it.

"Two little gifts," said M'sieur, "of epicurean distinction. The *crêpes* of Madame Bonneton are an achievement, but the pancakes of Madame Coghlan are irresistible."

"I thank you from the recesses of my heart," said Hippolyte with emotion; "but—you understand me—as the slave of Art I am compelled to forgo such pleasures."

"My friend," said M'sieur sternly, "to refuse them would be an affront to the cooking of these excellent ladies. A true housewife esteems her cooking only next to her virtue. You must *eat* them—while they are hot."

"But my *tremolo*—my *sostenuto* will be ruined," said Hippolyte wildly.

"What is your *tremolo* to a woman's tears?" said M'sieur, with an elegance born of a fear that he might be compelled to eat the pancakes himself. "The laws of hospitality—chivalry—*l'entente cordiale* itself—demand that you finish them."

When Hippolyte finally yielded, his rapid and efficient despatch of the dainties excited the admiration of his hosts. They had collected their plates and were taking their departure, with expressions of regard, when a knock announced the arrival of a *garçon* from the Café aux Gourmets, bearing a dish of crisp hot *crêpes*.

"One moment, Messieurs," said Hippolyte dramatically to his departing visitors. "It must not be said that Hippolyte Larivière lacks in neighbourly feeling. Behold my seasonable gift!"

M'sieur groaned. The Sergeant-Major, being a soldier, concealed his apprehensions. Wild thoughts of surreptitiously disposing of them in a coal-bin whirled through their minds, but Hippolyte apparently divined their thoughts.

"I regret that I must forgo the pleasure I promised myself of asking the ladies to take *crêpes* with me," he



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE NEW POOR MAKE GOOD.

said. "To offer these would be a poor compliment to their superlative efforts. But there is no reason why *you* should not eat them here."

"I have an excellent reason," said M'sieur, stroking his waistcoat. "And the gallant Sergeant-Major, I imagine, has another."

"Bah! what is a little digestive inconvenience to a breach of courtesy?" cried Hippolyte maliciously. "You must eat them. *The law of hospitality demands it.*"

When M'sieur and the Sergeant-Major stumbled unsteadily downstairs ten minutes later their eyes bulged with the expression of those whose cup of suffering is filled to overflowing.

"But after all," as M'sieur remarked, placing his hand on his heart, whence it insensibly wandered to a point lower down, "it is some satisfaction to know that the feelings of our excellent wives remain unlacerated."





BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

HE SWORE TO BECOME A CINEMA-ACTOR. AND HE DID.

SHATTERED ROMANCES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in a weekly paper that "plans are well in hand for putting up other Government Department buildings at Acton, which looks to have a future of its own, that of a sort of suburban Whitehall."

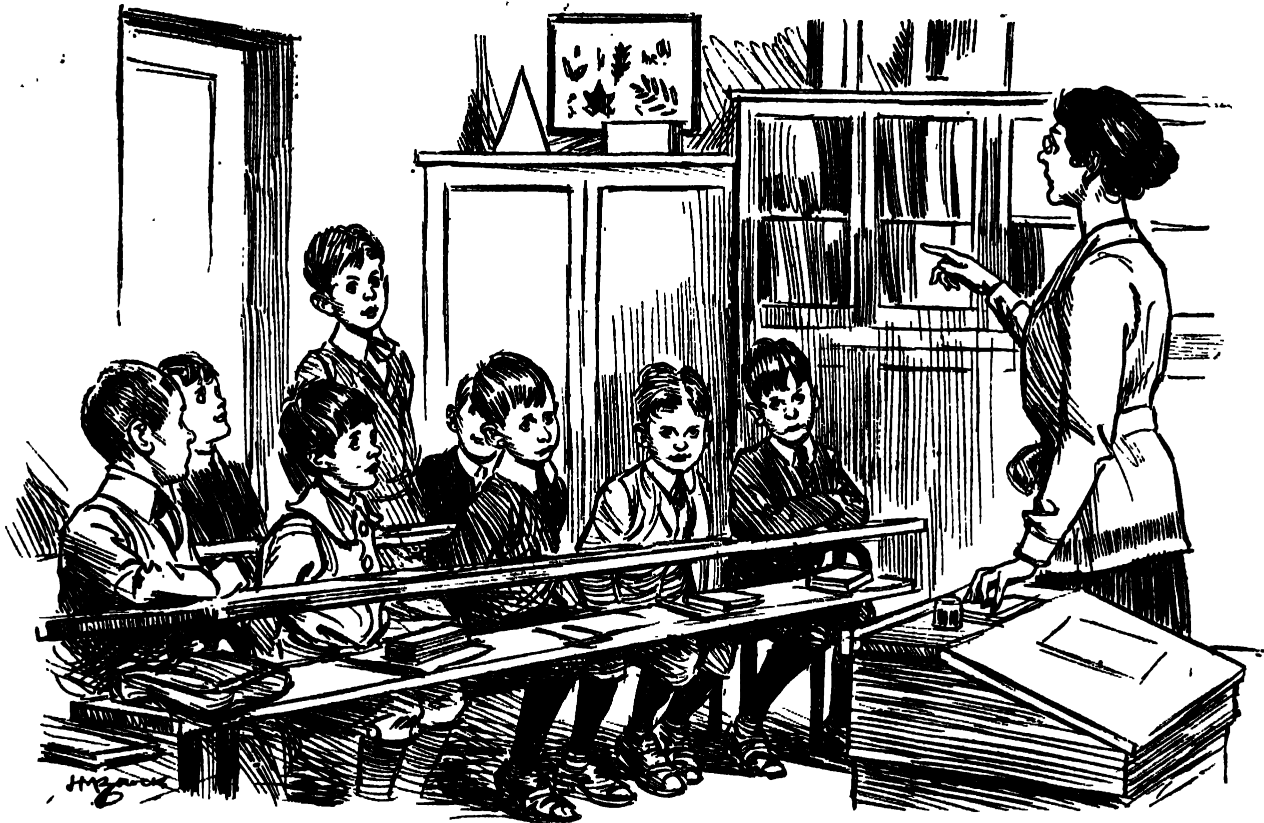
Have you considered what this new departure means for those who, like myself, are the writers of political romance? To all intents we have lost the Ball-platz; we have lost the Wilhelmstrasse, and now here is Whitehall going out into the suburbs . . . No doubt our leading Ministers, attracted by the more salubrious air, will establish themselves in the environs of the Metropolis, leaving behind them only the lower class of civil servant. Have you considered the devastating effect of this change?

Think what we used to give our readers: "A heavy mist lay over Whitehall. High above the seething traffic the busy wires hummed with the fate of Empires." How, I ask you, will it look when they read: "The busy wires above Lewisham High Street hummed with the fate of Empires"?

Or think of the thrill that was conveyed by this (it comes in three of my most recent books): "He looked, with a little catch in the throat, and read the number, 'Ten'—No. 10, Downing Street, where the finger of fate writes its decrees while a trembling continent waits, where empires are made and unmade—the hub of the universe. . . ." Doesn't that make even *your* heart beat faster? But who will thrill at this: "He waited for a moment before the bijou semi-detached villa (bath h. and c.), known as Bella Vista, in Rule Britannia Road, Willesden Junction; then with a swift glance up and down he stealthily approached. When the neat maid opened the door, 'Is the Prime Minister in?' he asked?" (He did not hiss. Who could hiss in that atmosphere?)

Or take this from my last book (shall I ever write its like again?): "Men, bent with the weight of secrets which, if known, would send a shiver through the Chancelleries of Europe, could be seen hurrying across the Mall in the pale light and going towards the great building in which England's foreign policy is shaped and formulated." But the Foreign Office at Swiss Cottage, or Wandsworth—I could not write of it. And there will be the India Office at Tooting, or Ponder's End, or at—— But how can your "dusky Sphinx-like faces, wrapt in the mystery of the East, be seen passing the purlieus of"—the Ilford Cinema?

But enough, Sir. Let me subscribe myself A RUINED MAN.



Teacher. "WHAT ARE ELEPHANTS' TUSKS MADE OF?"
Smart Boy. "PLEASE, TEACHER, IT USED TO BE IVORY; BUT NOW IT'S GENERALLY BONZOLINE."

A STORM IN A TEA-SHOP.

A NEW TALE OF A GRANDFATHER.

You ask me, Tommy, to tell you the really bravest deed
That was ever yet accomplished by one of the bull-dog breed,
And, although the hero was never so much as an O.B.E.,
I think I can safely pronounce it the bravest known to me.

It was not done in the trenches, nor yet in a submarine,
Mine-sweeper or battle-cruiser; it was not filmed on the screen;
For, though the man who performed it had three gold stripes on his sleeve,
It happened in Nineteen-Twenty, when he was in town on leave.

He was strolling along the pavement, a pavement packed to the kerb,
When he felt a sudden craving for China's fragrant herb,
So he turned into a tea-shop—as he said, "like a silly fool"—
Which was patronised by the leaders of the ultra-Georgian school.

He ordered his tea and muffin, and, as he munched and sipped,
Strange scraps of conversation his errant fancy gripped,
Strange talk of form and metre, of "Wheels" and of SHEPHARD VINES,
And scorn of TENNYSON, BROWNING and SWINBURNE (of The Pines).

He listened awhile in silence, but at last the fire grew hot,
When he heard "The Lotus-Eaters" described as "luscious rot";
And he shouted out in the madness that is one of Truth's allies,
"Old TENNYSON'S little finger is thicker than all your thighs."

A hush fell on the tea-shop, and then the storm arose
As a chunk of old dry seed-cake took him plumb upon the nose,
And a cup, a generous jorum, of boiling cocoa nibs,
Hurled by a brawny Georgian, struck squarely on his ribs.

For several hectic minutes the air was thick with buns,
It was almost as bad, so he told me, as the shelling of the Huns,
But our gallant Tennysonian held on until a clout
In the eye from a metal teapot knocked him ultimately out.

A sympathetic waitress fled off to fetch the police,
Whose opportune arrival caused hostilities to cease,
And they carefully conveyed him to a hospital hard by
Where a skilful surgeon managed to preserve his wounded eye.

It was from the self-same surgeon that I subsequently learned
The first remark of the victim when his consciousness returned:—
"The Georgians may shine at shying the crumpet and the scone,
But as poets they're just No Earthly compared with TENNYSON."

He never got a medal for his exploit, or a star,
And his only decoration was an ugly frontal scar;
But still I hold him highest among heroic men,
This lone Victorian champion in the Georgian lions' den.



"BED, SIR? HERE IS A GENUINE JACOBEAN, FOR WHICH WE ARE ASKING ONLY TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS."
"WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I WASN'T WANTING TO *BUY* ONE. BUT I CAN'T GET A BED ANYWHERE IN LONDON, AND I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD LET ME SLEEP IN IT TO-NIGHT."

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

I WILL admit that it was I who gave Mrs. Brackett the idea. But to blame me for the very unfortunate *dénouement* is ridiculous.

I met Mrs. Blackett in Sloane Street.

"I'm on my way to a registry-office," she said. "No, not that kind of registry-office; I'm not about to commit bigamy. I mean the kind where domestic assistants are sought, but mostly in vain. I suppose you don't know of a cook, a kitchenmaid, a housemaid, a parlourmaid and a tweeny?"

I confessed that I did not. But I told her the story of some friends of mine who had been in a similar position and had succeeded in reorganising their establishment by an ingenious strategy.

"The wife went away to stay with friends in the country," I said, "and the husband went to the registry-office, representing himself to be a bachelor, a rather easy-going bachelor. It seems that such establishments are popular with the few domestic servants still at large. After a short time he let it be known that he was really married, but separated from his wife; and after a further interval he called his household together and with tears in his voice informed them that he and his wife had composed their differences and that she was returning to him on the morrow. I understand that it was a complete success."

Mrs. Brackett was very much impressed by this story.

"If I don't find anyone to-day I shall try it," she said as we parted.

She did not find anyone, and she did try it. She left home the following day, as I learnt from Brackett when I met him a week later.

"Your tip's come off absolutely A 1," he said, "and I'm most awfully obliged. The worry was getting on my wife's nerves. As it is I filled up my establishment a couple of days ago and, as everything is going well, I've wired my wife to come home to-morrow."

"Have you broken it to the maids?" I asked doubtfully.

"Oh, no; but I shall just tell 'em in the morning," said Brackett. "That'll be all right."

I felt at the time that he was being far too precipitate, but he seemed so confident that I didn't interfere. The sequel was disastrous.

In the first place Brackett, in his casual way, omitted to say anything about his being married until Mrs. Brackett was actually in the house. Even then he seems to have been rather ambiguous in his explanations. Anyway the new maids were, or affected to be, profoundly shocked. They intimated that they would never have entered so irregular an establishment had they known, and departed *en masse* after spreading a scandal among the tradespeople which will take the Bracketts twenty years to live down.

The Arresting Power of Beauty.

"You dreamed of someone with whiskers who made your heart stop beating in your tiny waist every time he looked at you."
Home Notes.

"General, good plain cook; £45; flat, Maida Vale; constant hot water."—*Times.*

But why tell the poor woman beforehand?

"It recalls the distressing aphorism:
'Life is real, life is earnest,
And things are not what they seem.'"
Liverpool Post and Mercury.

For example, this may seem like a quotation from the "Psalm of Life," but it isn't.



A TEST OF SAGACITY.

Mr. Lloyd George. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WITH THE LETTERS I HAVE PLACED BEFORE HIM OUR LEARNED FRIEND WILL NOW SPELL OUT SOMETHING THAT SIGNIFIES THE GREATEST HAPPINESS FOR IRELAND."

The Pig. "*I* CAN'T MAKE THE BEASTLY THING SPELL 'REPUBLIC.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 10th.—As His Majesty read his gracious speech to the assembled Lords and Commons did his thoughts flow back for a moment to the last time he opened Parliament in person? It was on another February 10th, in 1914, and so little was the coming storm foreseen that the customary announcement, "My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly," was followed by a special reference to the satisfactory progress of "my negotiations with the German Government and the Ottoman Government" regarding—Mesopotamia, of all places.

Since then everything has changed—save one. Ireland remains the skeleton at the feast. The condition of that unhappy country still causes His Majesty "grave concern," to be removed, let us piously hope, by the promised Home Rule Bill. It is true that, as Lord Dufferin said when moving the Address in the Lords, no one in Ireland appears to want the Bill; but then, as Colonel Sidney Peel, the Mover in the Commons, remarked with equal truth, the ordinary rules of thought do not apply to the Irish Question.

The Prime Minister has lately been advised by a candid friend to take a six months' holiday "to recover his resilience." Mr. Adamson and Sir Donald Maclean found him nowise lacking in that quality when he came to reply to their criticisms of the King's Speech. The Labour leader, convinced by a fortnight in Ireland that the present Administration was all wrong, and that the Government's Bill would do nothing to improve it, was bluntly asked, "Are we to withdraw the troops and leave the assassins in charge?" while the "Wee Free" champion, who had interpreted the recent by-elections as a sign that the time for the Coalition was past, was unkindly reminded that, at any rate, the results of these contests had furnished no encouragement to the party that he adorns. "But I am afraid I am getting controversial," said Mr. Lloyd George, to the amusement of the House, which had enjoyed his sword-play for half-an-hour; and with that he turned to the task of defending the new policy in Russia. Having failed to subdue the Bolshevists by force, we are now going to try the effect of commerce—a modern reading of "Trade Follows the Flag." The Labour Party cheered the new departure vociferously, but the rest of the House seemed a little chilly, and Mr. Churchill, at the Prime Minister's elbow, looked about as happy as Napoleon on the return from Moscow.



"I am afraid I am getting controversial."—*Mr. Lloyd George.*



HILARITY OF MR. CHURCHILL ON HEARING HIS CHIEF'S VIEWS ABOUT RUSSIA.

Lord Hugh Cecil raised the standard of economy, and complained that the legislative programme was extravagantly long. "A large number of Bills generally meant a large amount of expenditure." I have myself observed this phenomenon.

Wednesday, February 11th.—The Lords, having disposed of the Address with their usual celerity, welcomed Baron Riddell of Walton Heath (and, perhaps I may add, Bouverie Street) to their ranks, and then adjourned for a week.

If all Labour Members possessed the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Brace we should view the advent of a Labour Government without any of Mr. Churchill's misgivings. The Member for Abertillery argued the case for the nationalisation of mines so gently and genially that before he sat down I am sure that a good half of his hearers began to think that, after all, there was "something in it." Visions of a carboniferous millennium, when there would be no more strikes and hardly any accidents, and altruistic colliers would hew their hardest to get cheap and abundant coal for the community, floated before the mind's eye as Mr. Brace purred persuasively along.

Unfortunately for the Nationalisers Mr. Lunn thought it necessary later to make a blood-and-thunder oration, threatening all sorts of dreadful things (including a boycott of the newspapers) if the Miners' demands were refused. Moreover, he made it clear that coal was only a beginning and that the Labour Party's ultimate objective was nationalisation



THE PIED PIPER OF ABERTILLERY (Mr. W. Brace).

"For he led us, he said, to a joyous land
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new."

all round, and wound up by reminding the House that "we are many and ye are few."

The Prime Minister is not the man either to miss a chance or refuse a challenge. The tone of his reply was set by Mr. Lunn, not by Mr. Brace; and though he had plenty of solid arguments to advance against the motion the most telling passage in his speech was a quotation from "Comrade Trotsky," showing what Nationalisation had spelt in Soviet Russia—labour conscription in its most drastic shape. The nation, he declared, that had fought for liberty throughout the world would stand to the death against this new bondage.

Result: Amendment defeated by 329 to 64.

Thursday, February 12th.—This was the first Question-day of the new Session, and the House was flattered to see Mr. Lloyd George in his place, despite the counter-claims of the Peace Conference at St. James's Palace. Evidently he means this year to "stick to the shop" more closely, in view, perhaps, of the possible return from Paisley of the old proprietor.

To a Labour Member's complaint that several ex-Generals had been appointed as divisional Food officers, Mr. McCurdy replied that no preference was given to military candidates. But why not? Where will you find more competent judges of alimentary questions than in the higher ranks of His Majesty's Forces?

In attacking the provisions of the Peace Treaty with Germany as "impracticable," Sir Donald Maclean revealed himself as a diligent student of a recent notorious book. Most of his observations—excepting, perhaps, the statement that he had "no sentimental tenderness for the Germans"—were marked with the brand of Keynes, and his assertion that the utmost Germany could pay was two thousand millions came bodily from that eminent statistician. To the same inspiration was possibly due the unhappy suggestion that our chief Ally was pursuing a policy of revenge.

For this he was promptly pulled up by Lord Robert Cecil, who warned him not to judge the policy of France by the utterances of certain French newspapers. Lord Robert had, however, his own quarrel with the Government, who, according to his account, had done nothing to set Central Europe on its legs again, except to send it a certain amount of food—not, one would would have thought, an altogether bad preliminary.

It was a pity that Mr. Balfour had not a stronger indictment to answer, for he was dialectically at his best. After complimenting the Opposition leader on his "charming tones and anodyne temper," he proceeded to take up his challenge—"if I may call it a challenge." If Germany was in doubt as to the amount she might be called upon to pay, she had her remedy, for the Peace Treaty especially provided that she might offer a "lump sum." The list of war-criminals was long, no doubt, but we had limited our own demands to those who were guilty of gratuitous brutality. As for the condition of Central Europe, that was not the fault of the Peace Treaty, it was the fault of the War, and this country had done all it reasonably could to remedy it.

The Opposition insisted on taking a division, and were beaten by 254 to 60. So far the "doomed Coalition" seems to be doing rather well.

A SINGLE HOUND.

When the opal lights in the West had died
And night was wrapping the red ferns round,
As I came home by the woodland side
I heard the cry of a single hound.

The huntsman had gathered his pack and gone;
The last late hoof had echoed away;
The horn was twanging a long way on
For the only hound that was still astray.

While, heedless of all but the work in hand,
Up through the brake where the brambles twine,
Crying his joy to the drowsy land
Javelin drove on a burning line.

The air was sharp with a touch of frost;
The moon came up like a wheel of gold;
The wall at the end of the woods he crossed
And flung away on the open wold.

And long as I listened beside the stile
The larches echoed that eerie sound,
Steady and tireless, mile on mile,
The hunting cry of a single hound.

W. H. O.

"Families Supplied."

"Village General Stores Wanted for dis. soldier: also widow and daughter; price no object if genuine."—*Daily Paper.*

"H. B. Playford is 6 feet 5 inches, or thereabouts, in height, has a fabulous reach, and weighs 13¼ stone. He rowed No. 8 in the Jesus four, beaten by Leander at Henley." *Times.*

A fabulous reach indeed! So fabulous that it made the four look as long as an eight.

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF PASSENGERS.

"I'VE hit on something at last," cried Charles exultantly, throwing himself down on my second-best armchair.

"I wish you wouldn't hit on it so hard," I complained; "the springs are half-broken already. What's the trouble?"

"Have you ever heard," he inquired, "of the black-coated salariat?"

"The egg of the greater green-backed woodpecker—"

"It isn't a bird," he said; "it's a class of people that works with its brains. And the hand of Labour, according to my evening paper, is being held out to it."

"But suppose one wears a pepper-and-salt suit," I said, "and writes 'Society Gossip.' What about that?"

"That's just my point. All these accepted lines of distinction are absolutely wrong. It isn't what people work at that divides them, it's the way they travel to their work. Sir Thomas Malory knew that. When *Lancelot* was going to rescue *Guinevere* he had his white horse badly punctured by a bushment of archers and had to finish the journey in a woodcutter's cart. And that was a great disgrace to him and made the *Queen's* ladies laugh. It would be just the same with the typists of a rich employer if his motor-car broke down and he had to arrive in a bus. How do you get to town in the morning yourself?"

"I am a Tuber," I said sadly. "Every bright morning I say I will go by bus, but when I reach the Tube station the draught sucks me in through the door, the man grabs me by the collar, throws me into the sink, lifts up the plug and down we go into the drain-pipe together. I think I have the brand of Tubal Cain on my brow. It is a kind of perpetual crease——"

"I too Tube," said Charles; "but I know many eminently respectable bus people as well. Especially bus-women. They ride about, they tell me, on the most fantastically labelled vehicles and are always seeing new suburbs swim into their ken, and gazing—

'Out over London with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a seat of No. 10,'

or whatever the bally thing may be. But I never join their rash adventures. I belong to a different *milieu.* I move in a sort of social underworld. Not that I can deny, of course, that there is a certain amount of overlapping."

"I overlapped twice to-day myself," I said, "and as the second one was knitting a jumper——"

"And then there are the Tram-ites," he went on. "I don't understand their



Constable. "Now then, what are you doin' up here?"
Burglar. "Wotcher s'pose I'm doin'? Feedin' the pussy-cats?"

world either. The tram, I am told, suddenly plunges with a loud roar like a walrus under the streets of Holborn and emerges on the Embankment. The hansom cabs were called the gondolas of London. The trams, I suppose, are the submarines. But they are not of my life. I do not mingle with them."

"I mingled with a tram once," I said. "I clasped it warmly by the rail as it was going by, but I missed the step with my foot. It spurned me rather badly. But kindly explain what you're driving at."

"All these classes," said Charles, "have their own friendships, their own jolts and jars, their own way of being bullied by conductors and thrown into the mud and squeezed into cages and arranged upon straps. But they have one great thing in common, distinct though they may be. They are all passengers, all takers of tickets. There is going to be a Bus Union, a Tube Union, and a Tram Union, and when necessary they will combine."

"Against what?"

"Against the motorists, first and foremost," said Charles. "The opulent people who ride a-wallop to their offices in cars. Suppose that Ethelinda Bellairs, who is a trifle absent-minded, has got the sack for typing a letter like this: 'I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 25th ult., and ask you to note that a sudden sense of indefinable yearning seized Hephzibah. She closed her eyes and slowly swayed towards him. Awaiting the favour of an early reply, etc.'—what happens? There is an immediate strike of the Bus Union until she is reinstated. If necessary the two other branches of the Amalgamated Society of Passengers are called out. No case of hardship will be too insignificant for the A.S.P. We shall all carry a symbol in the shape of a secret season ticket. When the strike occurs nobody will go to work in the morning. All the stations and starting-places will be picketed; business will be paralysed."

"Except for the stout fellows who walk," I suggested.

"They will find it very lonely at their offices," said Charles. "Nobody wants to work if there's any excuse to avoid it, and the beauty of the thing is that we can strike not only against ordinary employers, but against the raising of fares, and against the N.U.R. or the Vehicle and Transport Workers Union itself. That will be the quickest strike that has ever been struck. You can't go on banging lifts and gates and rushing about in empty buses without anybody to shove into the dirt or any thumbs to snip bits out of. It takes all the enjoyment out of life."

"And where exactly do you come in?" I asked.

"I intend to be the Organising Secretary of the A.S.P.," he said. "It will be hard work, but very meritorious."

"Rather a nuisance won't it be on strike days," I inquired, "going round and visiting a few thousand pickets on foot in your black coat, with the brain waves working on top?"

"The O.S. of the A.S.P.," answered Charles magnificently, "will not move about on foot. He will be provided with a handsome motor-car." Evoe.

"A van containing £3,000 worth of woollen goods has been stolen from Broad-street, Bloomsbury. It was left unattended by the driver, who went into a restaurant for dinner and later was found empty at Holloway."
Provincial Paper.

We know that kind of restaurant.

"Accounting for Women."
American Paper.

We had always been told there was no accounting for them.

AT THE PLAY.

"Carnival."

Those who imagined that they were to be given a dramatic version of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's romance must have been shocked to find that the entertainment provided at the New Theatre was just a variation, from an Italian source, of the general idea of *Pagliacci*. But it was the only palpable shock they sustained, for never did a play run a more obvious course from start to finish. When you have for your leading character an actor-manager, who plays the part of *Othello*, with his wife as *Desdemona* (how well we know to our cost this conjugal form of nepotism), and discusses in private life the character of the Moor—whether a man would be likely to indulge his jealousy on grounds so inadequate—speaking with the detached air of one who is absolutely confident of his own wife's fidelity, you don't need much intelligence to foresee what the envy of the gods is preparing for him. The remainder is only a matter of detail—what particular excuse, for instance, the lady will find for a diversion, and to what lengths she will go.

In the present case her only excuse was the old one, that she was "treated like a child." Certainly she deserved to be, for her behaviour was of the most wilful and wayward; but she was the mother of a strapping boy, and a woman who is thought old enough to play, in the premier Italian company, the part of *Desdemona* (with the accent, too, on the second syllable) could hardly justify her complaint that she was regarded as a juvenile.

The choice of the Alfieri Theatre for the scene of the culmination of the domestic drama seemed to touch the extreme of improbability. The actors were not a poor travelling company of mummers, as in *Pagliacci*, with no decent private accommodation for this kind of thing. The protagonist of *Carnival* was lodged in a perfectly good Venetian palace, where there was every convenience for having the matter out with his wife and her lover. For the rest the plot was commonplace to the verge of banality.

As *Silvio Steno*, in his home life, Mr. Matheson Lang was excellently natural, but as *Othello* his make-up spoilt his nice face and tended to alienate me. As *Simonetta* (I got very sick of the name) Miss Hilda Bayley had a difficult part, and failed, from no great fault of her own, to attach our sympathies, till in the end she explained her rather inscrutable conduct in a defence which gave us for the first time a sense of sincerity in her character. There was too much play with her Carnival dress of a Bacchante, which, perhaps, was less intriguing than we were given to understand. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry has a certain distinction, but he did not make a very perfect military paramour. His intonation seemed to lack control, and he has a curious habit of baring his upper teeth when he is getting ready to make a forcible remark.

As for the scenes, they were alleged to be Venice (where the Doges wedded the sea), but there was no visible sign of water. You called for a gondola, which always sounds better than a taxi, but it never appeared. Perhaps, however, for one has not always been very happy in one's experiences of stage navigation, this was just as well.

O. S.



Simonetta (Miss Hilda Bayley). "Are you pleased with my fancy dress? It was to be a great surprise."

Count Andrea (Mr. Neilson-Terry). "Nothing surprises me in this play."

"Peter Ibbetson."

That incorrigible romanticist, George du Maurier of happy memory, was so transparently sincere as to be disarming. No use telling him "life's not like that." "That's just it," he'd say, and get on with his pleasant illusions. *Peter Ibbetson* is certainly not tuned to the moods of this decade, but it would be a pity if we all became too sophisticated to enjoy such occasional excursions into the land of almost-grown-up make-believe.

If life doesn't give you what you want, then "cross your legs, put your hands behind your head," go to sleep and live a dream-life of your own devising—that is the theme. The bare essentials of the story are that the beloved *Mimsy* of *Peter's* happy childhood becomes the wife of a distinctly unfaithful duke; while *Peter* finds himself in prison for killing his quite gratuitously wicked uncle, and for forty years reprieved convict and deceived duchess meet in dreams till her death divides and his again unites them.

It is a considerable tribute to both author and adaptor (the late John Raphael) that their work should, at the height of the barking season, hold an audience silent and apparently enthralled, in spite of the handicap that, in order to make the story in any degree intelligible, much time had to be given to more or less tedious explanations.

I will not pretend that the motives of the characters were clear or that (for me) the phantasy quite passed the test of being translated from the medium of the written word into that of canvas, gauze and costumed players, with those scufflings of dim figures in the semi-darkness and that furtive and by no means noiseless zeal of scene-shifters; or, again, that I was much attracted by a picture of the life after death, in which opera-going (please *cf.* Mr. Vale Owen) figured so prominently. Indeed I think that the play would be better if it ended with the death of the dreamers and did not attempt that hazardous last passage.

But certainly there were quite admirable tableaux and some very intelligent individual playing—in contrast with the team-work of (particularly) the First Act, which was ragged and amateurish.

Mr. Basil Rathbone's *Peter* was an effective study, avoiding Scylla of the commonplace and Charybdis of the mawkish—no mean feat. A young man with a future, I dare hazard; with a gift of clear utterance, and sensibility and a useful figure.

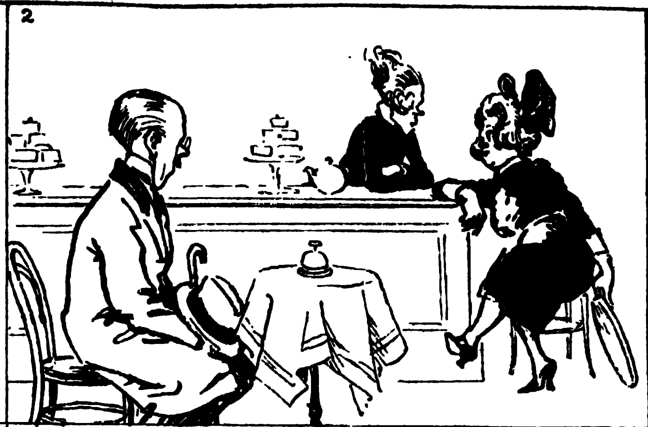
It is a good deal to say that Miss Constance Collier so contrived her *Duchess of Towers* as to make us understand *Peter's* worship.

Miss Jessie Bateman's *Mrs. Deane* seemed to me an exceedingly competent piece of work, and Mr. Gilbert Hare thoroughly enjoyed every mouthful of *Colonel Ibbetson's* wickedness, and made us share his appreciation. And you couldn't accuse him of over-playing, though he certainly looked too bad to be true.

Mr. William Burchill's little sketch of an old French officer was almost too poignant.

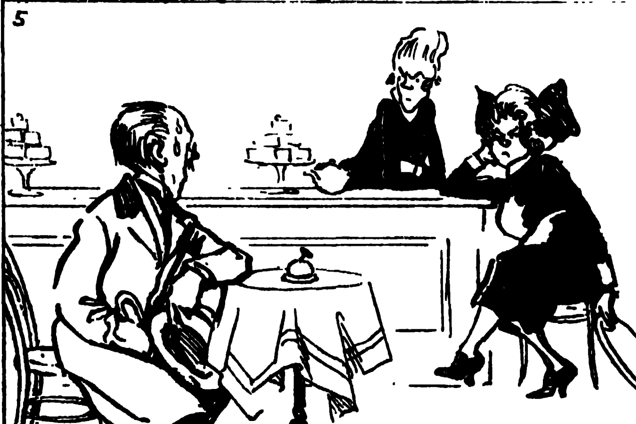
Why the landlord of the *Tête Noir* was got up to resemble Mr. Will Evans so closely is a deep matter I could not fathom, and, if ever I kill my uncle, may Fate send me a less rhetorical chaplain than Mr. Cyril Sworder! T.

















THE INTRUDER.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W. S. (who has taken a Spring fishing). "And this is what I've paid three 'undred quid for!"

THE ORDER OF THE B.S.O.

One of the oldest of Mr. Punch's young men thought he would like to hear some orchestral music on Monday week last, so he dropped in at the Queen's Hall to assist at a concert of the new British Symphony Orchestra. The name of the founder and conductor, Mr. Raymond Roze, was already familiar, for Mr. Punch's young man was old enough to remember Mr. Roze's mother, Marie Roze, in her brilliant prime as *prima donna* of the Carl Rosa Company; and he is glad to know that she is still living in her beloved Paris, where she was decorated by M. Thiers for her gallant conduct during the siege of 1870. So it is pleasant to find her son so actively associated in the good work of finding permanent musical engagements for demobilised soldiers in the British Symphony Orchestra.

The B.S.O. men are not home-keeping soldiers. Every one of them has served over-seas, and it was a pity that their names and the record of their services were not printed in the programme, for it is a fine and inspiriting list, and a striking disproof of the old tradition that musicians must needs be long-haired, sallow and unathletic. Alert and young and vigorous they appealed to the eye as well as to the ear, and they played, as they fought, gloriously, these minstrel boys who had all gone to the War. Strings and woodwind, brass and percussion, all are up to the best professional level.

There is no movement which has a stronger claim on all men and women of goodwill than that for providing employment for demobilized soldiers, and the British Symphony Orchestra is a first-rate contribution to that desirable end. The *personnel* of the orchestra is all that can be desired. It was bad luck that Mr. Raymond Roze was prevented by illness from conducting last week, but the band was fortunate in securing an admirable substitute in Mr. Frank Bridge. Mr. Punch gives the scheme his blessing without reserve, but with a word of advice. To win for the B.S.O. the success it deserves will need good judgment as well as energy and efficiency. The art of programme-framing has to be studied with especial care in view of the powerful but, we believe, perfectly friendly competition of other established organizations. Last week's programme had its *beaux moments*, but it had also at least two *mauvais quarts d'heure*. The men, however, were splendid.

The New Colour: Asquithian Rose.

"To-day everything Asquithian has a rosy hue. To begin with, there arrived a horseshoe of white chrysanthemums with the words 'Good luck' worked in green."—*Daily Paper.*

"Shakespeare's 'Otehllo' has fallen upon evil days."—*Evening Paper.*

It certainly seems to be having a bad spell.

"The vexed question, 'What is a new-laid egg?' is at present confronting a committee of poultry experts."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Committee should invite a hen to sit on it.

An "under-cut":—

"Earl Beatty is setting an example in hustle at the Admiralty. Photographed yesterday hurrying to lunch."—*Daily Paper.*

His Lordship's example is superfluous. The Admiralty has nothing to learn about hurrying to lunch.



Mistress. "Can you explain how it is, Jane, that whenever I come into the kitchen I always find you reading?"
Jane. "I think it must be them rubber 'eels you wears, Ma'am."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Mr. John Hastings Turner, who had already to his credit a play, a novel and various successful revues, has now produced, in *A Place in the World* (Cassell), what is, I understand, to some extent a fictional version of his play. How far this may be so I am uncertain (not having seen the play), but I am by no means uncertain that it makes here a wholly admirable story, one moreover that shows a notable advance in Mr. Turner's art as novelist, being firmer in touch and generally more matured than anything he has yet written. The plot concerns the adventures, spiritual and other, of *Madame Iris Iranovna*, pampered cosmopolitan beauty, when fate or her own egotistical whim had dumped her as a temporary dweller in the semi-detached villas of suburbia. The theme, you observe, is one that might excuse the wildest farce, since the effect of *Iris* upon her unfamiliar surroundings was naturally devastating. Mr. Turner however has chosen the more ambitious path of high comedy. In *Iris* herself, and even more in the kindly old vicar who so unexpectedly confronts her with her own weapons of wit and worldly wisdom, he has drawn two characters of genuine and moving humanity. I shall not tell you how the conflict (essential to real comedy) works itself out, nor after what fashion the empty brilliance of *Iris* is humiliated and transformed. If I have a criticism of Mr. Turner's method, it is that, as with *Bunthorne*, a "tendency to soliloquy" is growing upon him which will need watching. But he clothes his reflections pleasantly enough. Already known as what the old lady called "an agreeable rattlesnake," he has now proved himself a story-teller of conspicuous promise.

Von Falkenhayn's *General Headquarters 1914-1916 and its Critical Decisions* (Hutchinson) seems an honester book than Ludendorff's; less political, less querulous, less egoistic. Von Falkenhayn, who was War Minister when the War began and retained his office after he had superseded Von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff, shows himself incurably Prussian, refusing even to consider the possibility that any State which could wage war effectively would hesitate to do so from any ethical or humanitarian scruple. "Don't bother about a just cause, but see that it appears just before men," he seems to say. "The surprise effect of gas (at Ypres) was very great," is all the comment that tragic episode draws from him. He was a submarine campaign whole-hogger. But he has his own soldierly virtues of modesty and loyalty, and refuses to air his personal grievances in the matter of his supersession by the Hindenburg-Ludendorff syndicate. If, as seems likely, he speaks the truth, as he had opportunity to see it, we must revise our too flattering estimates of the German superiority in numbers and attribute a good deal of the stubbornness of their defence to their quicker appreciation of the character of siege war. The holding of front-line trenches with few men and consequent immense saving of life was, according to the General, practised by the German Command long before we discovered its value. He gives a reasoned criticism, which has to the layman a plausible air, to the effect that

the relative failure of Joffre's great combined Champagne-Flanders offensive of 1915 was due to the overcrowding of the attacking armies. General von Falkenhayn, though he has a prejudice for the German soldier, can bring himself to testify to the valour of his British and French opponent. A readable and conscientious account of a difficult stewardship.

I wish I could feel as enthusiastic about *The Booming of Bunkie* (Jenkins) as *Mr. Peter McMunn*, who, falling off a motor-cycle, landed in that quiet Scots village and proceeded to turn it, by a series of stunts, into a well-known watering-place. He undertook the job, I gather, partly for a joke and partly for the bright eyes of *Evelyn Kirbet*, whose father put up the money for the purposes of publicity and propaganda. The transformation of a hamlet into a seaside resort has been treated as a sort of psychological romance by Mr. Oliver Onions in *Mushroom Town*, where the human beings are a background as it were for the bricks and mortar; Mr. A. S. Neill, having chosen to make a farce of it, has provided a hero who believes in humorous advertisements, and has evidently persuaded the author to take him at his own valuation. This is hardly to be wondered at, since *Mr. McMunn* seems always keener on popping his puns than on selling his goods. Specimens are given of speeches, press articles, posters and cinema productions, but the fun rages with the most furious intensity round the golf links, where eighteen holes have been compressed into the usual space of one and the winner stands to lose drinks. There are also some parodies of Robert Burns, some jokes about bathing-machines and some digs at the Kirk. One has been, of course, before to seaside places that were a bit too bracing, and I am afraid that the air of Bunkie leaves me cold.



"Is he a sailor, Mum?" "Yes, Darling."
"Then where's his parrot?"

I really think that *The World of Wonderful Reality* (Hodder and Stoughton) may come to be something of a test for your true follower of Mr. E. Temple Thurston. You recall the ingredients that went towards the first, or *Beautiful Nonsense*, book? Sentiment in the slums, Venice with a very big V and poverty *passim* might be regarded as its composition. Well, here you have *John* and *Jill* home again; no more Venice, a palpably decreasing sentiment and only poverty to fill up with. I am bound to confess that I found *John's* protracted preparation for his nuptials rather less than enough as subject-matter for a whole book. Of course all this time there remained *Amber* (you recollect her; she "also ran" for the *John* stakes), and at the back of your mind a comfortable conviction that two strings are still better than one. Having censured the book for insufficient plot, I had better not proceed to give away what there is. I will content myself with a personal doubt as to whether *John* and *Jill* will quite reduplicate their former triumph—and that for various reasons, not least because (for purposes of sequel, I suppose) even *Jill* herself has been permitted so grave a lapse from the attitude of stand-anything-so-long-as-it's-slummy-enough that so endeared her to her former public. Touch that and the bloom is indeed gone.

With the Chinks (Lane), a volume of the "Active Service Series," treats of the training of Chinese coolies for work with the Labour Corps in the B.E.F. The special interest of the racial type was, for me, exhausted by the charming photographs; the task remaining for Mr. Daryl Klein, Lieutenant in the Chinese Labour Corps, of so conveying the atmosphere as to absorb the reader's attention, was not achieved. On the two main aspects of the topic, the origin in China and the result in France, he makes no serious attempt. I got no clear impression of the coolie at home or of why he took to being an ally, and I was left with but the vaguest conception of the unit in France, since the narrative ended at the disembarcation. Lastly, I have with regret to complain of one sentence in particular, where he tells us: "It is high time I said something about the officers." He had, from the general reader's point of view, already said too much. It is a pity to have to speak thus moderately of a war-book obviously written with care and treating of an enterprise which must have cost much labour in the achieving and, in the achievement, must have duly contributed to our victory. For those personally involved it will be a welcome memento. For the conscientious historian it will have a certain unique value. And in fairness it must be added that in the latter half there are touches of humour and humanity which make the reading easy and pleasant.

It has been my lot, and I am far from complaining about it, to read many war-books, but never has my luck been more completely in than when *With the Persian Expedition* (Arnold) fell into my hands. Major Donohoe, while never losing sight of his main object, finds time to tell us a number of entertaining stories with a sedate humour which is most attractive. Seldom has an expedition set out on a wilder errand than this of the "Hush-hush" Brigade, or, as it was officially known, the "Dunsterville" or "Bagdad Party." It was commanded by General Dunsterville, and briefly its objects were to combat Bolshevism, train Persian levies, prevent the Huns and Turks from threatening India by way of the Caspian Sea, and a few other little things of the same nature. The men of this "party" were picked men, and it is enough to say that their courage was as high as their numbers were few. It is indeed a mystery why any of them escaped with their lives, for, as experience proved, it was one thing to train Persian levies and another to get them to fight when they were wanted to. And without the levies the "Hush-Hush" party was outnumbered again and again. I could have wished that the excellent map which is firmly embedded in the binding had been detachable, for the interest of the chronicle compelled me constantly to refer to it, and I suffered great distraction.

Sidelights of Song (Long), by Mr. Gilbert Collins, contains a few sets of verse which have appeared in *Punch*.

CHARIVARIA.

"ANOTHER American," says a Washington despatch, "has been captured by Mexicans and is being held to ransom." We deplore these pin-prick tactics. If there is something about the United States that President CARRANZA wants changed he should say so.

* * *

A contemporary states that the old theory, that when your ears burn it means that people are talking about you, is accurate. Upon hearing this a dear old lady at once commenced to crochet a set of asbestos ear-guards for Mr. CHURCHILL.

* * *

The American gentleman who claims to have invented *revues* is shortly coming over to England for a holiday. Personally we should advise him to wait until the crime wave has died down a bit.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that in spite of the recent spring-like weather the POET LAUREATE is calmly keeping his head.

* * *

In their last Note to Holland on the subject of the ex-Kaiser's trial the Allied Governments drop a hint that it was they and not Holland who won the War. It is impossible to be too definite on this matter.

* * *

Cotton, it is announced, has gone up to tenpence a reel. The new American whisky stands at the same figure.

* * *

"Boys sing automatically, like parrots," declares the choirmaster of St. John's Church, Grimsby. His facts are wrong. The only thing automatic about a parrot is its bite.

* * *

So thirsty were the Americans on board, it is stated, that on her homeward trip the *Mauretania* was drunk dry two days out. To remedy this unsatisfactory state of affairs a syndicate of wealthy Americans is understood to be formulating an offer to tow Ireland over to the New Jersey coast if a liquor licence is granted to the tug.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that, as the result of a majority vote of the Dublin Corporation, the sword and mace have been replaced by a pistol and mitre.

We live in strenuous times. The MAD MULLAH has been reported in action and Willesden has won the London Draughts' Tournament.

* * *

By the way, those who remember the MAD MULLAH'S earlier escapades are of the opinion that it is high time for him to be killed again.

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY hopes to introduce an Anti-Firearms Bill. Under this Act it is expected that it will be made illegal for criminals to shoot at people into whose homes they break.

* * *

A postcard posted in 1888 has just been delivered to *The Leeds Mercury*, and they ask if this is a record. Not a permanent one, if the Post Office can help it.

* * *

A young lady told the Stratford magistrates that she gave up her young man because he said he was a millionaire, and she had later learned that he was a waiter. But there is nothing contradictory in this.

* * *

The ex-CROWN-PRINCE has written in the *Tägliche Rundschau* on "How I Lost the War." He pays a fine tribute to the British soldier, who, it appears, helped him to lose it.

* * *

"How to Manage Twopenny Eggs" is the headline of a morning paper. A good plan is to grip them firmly round the neck and wring it.

* * *

An article in *Tit-Bits* tells readers how to make canaries pay. We have felt for some time that there must be a better method than that of suing the birds in the County Court.

* * *

"Useful wedding-presents are now the vogue," says a weekly journal. Only last week we heard of a Scotsman who at a recent wedding gave the bride away.

* * *

"The Jolly Bachelors" is the title of a new club at Nottingham. No attempt has yet been made to start a Jolly Husbands' Club.

* * *

It is gratifying to learn that the workman who last week fell from some scaffolding in Oxford Street, but managed to grasp a rope and hang on to it till rescued fifteen minutes later, has now been elected an honorary member of the Underground Travellers' Association.

* * *

A reader living in Hertfordshire writes to say that spring-like weather is prevailing and that a pair of bricklayers who started building about three weeks ago can now be seen daily sitting on three bricks which they laid last week.

* * *

With such energy are the inhabitants of Leeds carrying out their campaign against rats that it is considered unsafe for any rodent under three years old to venture out alone after dark.

* * *

We are glad to learn that the Brixton lady who mislaid her husband last week at one of these West-End bargain sales has now received him back from the firm in fairly good condition.

* * *

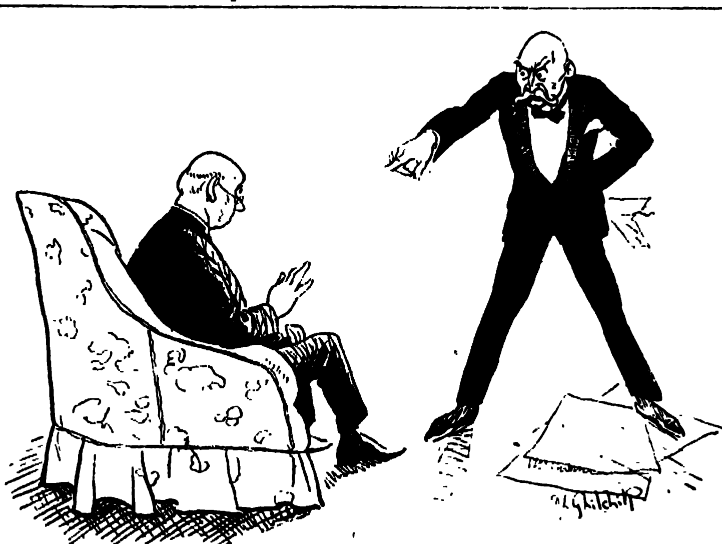
During the recent spell of warm weather several wooden houses threw out new shoots, some of which are already in bud.

* * *

We understand that the Government contemplate passing a Bill to forbid silver-weddings unless a larger percentage of alloy is used with them.

"How utterly unimpressive for ceremonial purposes is the ordinary episcopal habit . . . What dignity it ever possessed has been most successfully shorn off by the merciless scissors of ecclesiastical tailors. The history of the chimere and rochet has been truly tragic."—*Church Paper.*

Fortunately, the hat and gaiters do something to relieve the gloom.



THE CRIME WAVE.

Crank (enlarging upon pet theory). "I TELL YOU, SIR, WE ARE ALL OF US BOLSHEVISTS AT HEART. THE ONLY THING THAT'S KEEPING YOU AND ME FROM A LIFE OF CRIME IS THE THOUGHT OF THE POLICEMAN ROUND THE CORNER."

CLOTHES AND THE POET.

["The public will welcome an announcement that the standard clothing scheme may be revived on a voluntary basis."—*The Times.*]

I do not ask for silk attire,
For purple, no, nor puce;
The only wear that I require
Is something plain and loose,
A quiet set of reach-me-downs for serviceable use.

For these, which I must have because
The honour of the Press
Compels me, by unwritten laws,
To clothe my nakedness,
Four guineas is my limit—more or (preferably) less.

Let others go in Harris tweeds,
Men of the leisured sort;
Mine are the modest, homely needs
That with my state comport;
I am a simple labouring man whose work is all his sport.

I covet not the gear of those
Who neither toil nor spin;
I merely want some standard clo's
To drape my standard skin,
Wrought of material suitable for writing verses in.

Something that won't pick up the dust
When rhymes refuse to flow;
And roomy, lest the seams be bust
Should the afflatus blow—
Say, five-and-forty round the ribs and rather more below.

For poets they should stock a brand,
To serve each type's behest—
Pastoral, epic, lyric—and
An outer size of chest
For those whose puffy job it is to build the arduous jest.

O. S.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

(*An imaginary conversation.*)

[In his lecture at the Royal Institution, to which Mr. Punch recently referred, Mr. Alfred Noyes said that "our art and literature were increasingly Bolshevik, and if they looked at the columns of any newspaper they would see the unusual spectacle of the political editor desperately fighting that which the art and literary portions of the paper upheld."]

Scene.—*A Club-room near Fleet Street. The* Political Editor *and the* Literary Editor *of* "*The Daily Crisis*" *are discovered seated in adjoining armchairs.*

Political Editor. Excuse me, but haven't I seen you occasionally in *The Crisis* office?

Literary Editor. Possibly. I look after its literary pages, you know.

P. E. Really? I run the political columns. Did you read my showing-up this morning of the Bolshevik peril in the House of Lords?

L. E. I'm afraid I never read the political articles. Did you notice my two-column boom of young Applecart's latest book of poems?

P. E. No time to read the literary columns, and modern poetry 's as good as Chinese to me. Who 's Applecart?

L. E. My dear Sir, is it possible that you are unfamiliar with the author of *I Will Destroy?* He 's the hope of the future as far as English poetry is concerned.

P. E. (*cheerfully*). Never heard of him. What's he done?

L. E. (*impressively*). He has overthrown all the rules, not only of art, but of morality. He has created a new Way of Life.

P. E. Can't see that that 's anything to shout about. What 's his platform, anyway?

L. E. Platform? To anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Applecart the very idea of a platform is fantastic. He doesn't stand; he soars.

P. E. Well, what are his *views*, then? Pretty tall, I suppose, if he 's such a high flier.

L. E. You may well say so. In the first place he discards all the old artistic formulæ.

P. E. I know; you write a solid slab of purple prose, scissor it into a jig-saw puzzle, serve it with a dazzle dressing and call it the New Poetry.

L. E. Have your joke, if you will. But, more important still, Applecart is a rebel against humanity and all its fetishes, social, ethical and political.

P. E. (*startled*). A Bolshie, I suppose you mean?

L. E. The artist is proof against all these vulgar terms of abuse, culled from the hustings. Call him a Pussyfoot as well; you cannot shake him from his pinnacle.

P. E. Yes, but look here—he 's just the sort of pernicious agitator we 're out against in *The Crisis*—at least in my department. My special article this morning—three thickly-leaded columns—actually revealed the existence of a most insidious plot to undermine the restraining influence of the House of Lords by the spread of Bolshevik propaganda masquerading as literature. You see, there 's a certain section of the Lords, mainly new creations who 've only recently been released from various employments, who now for the first time in their lives have leisure for reading; then there 's the spread of education among the sporting Peers. Well, these people are ready to succumb to all sorts of poisonous doctrines, if they 're served up in what I presume to be the fashionable mode of the moment; and I expect your precious Applecart is one of the Bolsh agents who are laying the trap. You 'll have to stop booming him, you know. He 's not doing the paper any good.

L. E. My dear Sir, literature takes no account of the fads and fancies of party politics. And I gather from you that party politics have no use for literature except from a propagandist view. Let us be content to go our own ways in peace.

P. E. Yes, that 's all very well for you and me, but what about the Chief? How does he reconcile these absolutely conflicting standpoints? And what does the public think of it all?

L. E. (*confidentially*). Between you and me, the Chief knows his public. And the public knows its papers. The last thing it wants from us is consistency, which is always boring. Besides (*still more confidentially*), the public doesn't take us quite so seriously as we like to pretend.

P. E. H'm, maybe you 're right. As a matter of fact (*lowering his voice*) I sometimes think I'm a bit of a Socialist myself.

L. E. Really? As for me (*conspiratorially*), I adore Tennyson, and Ezra Pound fills me with a secret wrath. Still, the public——

P. E. Ah, the public——! Have a drink?

[*They pledge each other.* Noyes *without. They disperse hurriedly.*

In view of the serious shortage of female help, the United Boards of Trade of Western Ontaria have been discussing proposals to encourage the immigration of young women from Great Britain."—*Morning Paper.*

And have apparently feminized the Province in advance.

"If the Archdeacon of Coventry is correct in stating, as he did in Convocation, that the word 'tush' found in the Psalter means 'bosh,' it must in this sense be what the classical dons call a 'hapslegomenon.'"—*Evening Standard.*

Which, again, must be what the classical undergraduates call a "slipsus languæ."



THE IRREMOVABLES.

Turkey (*to his old patron in Holland*). "SO WE'RE BOTH REMAINING, WHAT?"
Voice from the Other End. "YES, BUT *YOU*'VE GOT TO BEHAVE."



Angry Father (of the Old School). "I SHALL CUT YOU OFF WITH A SHILLING!"
The Prodigal. "NOT ONE OF THE NEW NICKEL THINGS, I HOPE, FATHER?"

THE COWARD.

Cecilia was knitting by the fire.

"What on earth have you two been doing?" she asked as we came in. "John looks as if he'd been in a boiler explosion."

"Hardly that," I said. "We've been playing with Chris—haven't we, John?"

John gasped.

"No, we haven't," he said. "On the contrary, *they* have been playing with *me*, Cecilia."

"Well, it's all the same thing, isn't it?" said Cecilia. "Anyhow, I heard *you* making a most frightful row."

"Of course I was making a row. So would you make a row if people suddenly mistook you for a Teddy Bear or something and started banging you about the room."

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Cecilia, "but I think you're being intensely vulgar."

"Vulgar! 'Vulgar,' she says." He laughed bitterly. "You'd be vulgar too if you'd had that great hulking brute" (he pointed at me) "sitting on the small of your back, and a hooligan of a boy——"

Cecilia sat up and took notice.

"Hooligan!" she said, "Hooligan! Who's a Hooligan?"

"Sh! sister," I murmured. "You'll strain the epiglottis."

John turned on me savagely.

"You keep quiet. It isn't your epi—epi—what you said—and, anyway, can't I even have a quiet row with my own wife without——"

"John, calm yourself," said Cecilia crushingly. "Alan, tell me what you've been doing."

"Yes," muttered John, "tell her." He subsided into an armchair.

"Well," I said, "you see, Christopher and I were up in the nursery and getting on quite all right when John butted in——"

"I simply opened——"

"John, keep quiet," said his wife. "Well, Alan?"

"Well, the fact is, Chris and I were in the middle of a great war with all his soldiers. I had just firmly established fire superiority and was actually on the verge of launching a huge offensive—the one that was going to win the war, in fact—when, as I said, in butted this great clumsy elephant and knocked half of Christopher's army over."

"Purely an accident," said John.

"*Will* you keep quiet, or must I make you?" asked Cecilia.

"Well, of course," I went on, "finding ourselves suddenly attacked by a common foe, Chris and I naturally joined forces to defend ourselves."

"Defend!——" shrieked John. "No, I won't keep quiet another second. Defend! Why, they rushed at me like a couple of wild hyenas."

"My dear John," said Cecilia, "*you* attacked them first, and of course they defended themselves as best they could."

"Precisely," I said.

"After all, John," said Cecilia, "you ought to be glad your son is so ready to look after himself, instead of calling him a hooligan. You're always shouting about the noble art of self-defence."

"Noble art of self-defence *rot*," said

John. "There's nothing in the noble art about pushing lead soldiers down a man's neck."

"Down your neck?" said Cecilia.

"Yes," said John. "I keep trying to tell you and you won't let me. That brute sat on the small of my back while Christopher pushed 'em down. The little beasts all had their bayonets fixed, too."

Cecilia and I laughed.

"Yes, laugh," said John bitterly. "It *is* funny that our child should be growing up a Bolshevist; trying to flay his own father. He'll be setting fire to the cat in a week and then you'll have another laugh."

"John," shrieked Cecilia, "how dare you? If you say another word about the darling——"

The door opened and Christopher came into the room.

He seemed to have washed his face or something. Anyway, he looked quite a little angel and that's hardly—however.

"I shall tell Chris what you've been saying," said Cecilia.

John jumped.

"No, no, Cecilia," he said in a strangled voice. "Don't betray me. I—I'm sorry; I withdraw everything. Cecilia, save me. Think of our courting days; remember——"

"Christopher," said Cecilia clearly, "you see your father? Go and pull his last remaining hairs out."

Christopher looked at her in amazement. Then he walked over to John, climbed on his knee and put an arm round his neck.

"I wouldn't hurt you, dear old Dad, would I?" he asked affectionately, looking at his mother in pained surprise.

John positively gasped with relief.

"Dear old Chris," he said.

"Oh, you hypocrite!" said Cecilia.

"Coward!" said I.

I was sitting on one of those dumpy hassock sort of things. John looked down at me vindictively for a moment and then a horrid smile started spreading about his nasty face.

"Christopher," he said very gently, "wouldn't it be a good thing if we pushed Uncle Alan over and knocked his slippers off, and then I'll sit on him while you tickle his feet?"

Now it sounds silly, but a cold perspiration came over me. Being tickled is so hopelessly undignified. And, anyhow, I simply can't stand it on the feet.

"John," I said severely, "don't be absurd."

Christopher gurgled.

"He's afraid," he said. "Come on, Dad."

I saw that they really meant it, and I can only suppose that I was carried away by one of those panics that you read of as attacking the bravest at times. Anyhow, quite suddenly I found myself moving rapidly round the table, out of the door and up the stairs. Half-way up I stopped to listen. Cecilia and John were laughing loudly and coarsely and Christopher was chanting "Uncle's got the wind up" in a piercing treble. Not at all a nice phrase for a small boy to have on his tongue.

It was all very galling for one who has fought and, I may say, bled for his country. I almost decided to go back and fight if necessary. Then I heard a stage-whisper from Christopher:

"Let's creep upstairs after him and tickle him to death. Shall we, Dad?"

Sheer hooliganism. It was impossible to fight with honour against such opponents. I disdained to try. I went hastily up the remaining stairs and locked myself in my room.



Polite Straphanger (to lady who has been standing on his toes for a considerable time). "Pardon me, Madam, but you'll have to get off here—this is as far as I go."

THE INTERNATIONALIST.

"What on earth," I said to the waiter, who was standing a few yards off, lost in a pensive dream of his native land—Switzerland, France, Italy?—well, anyhow, lost in a pensive dream—"what on earth is a Petrograd steak?"

The white napkin whisked like the scut of a rabbit, and he bounded to my side. "Eet is mince-up," he said melodramatically. "Ze Petrograd steak ver good. Two minute—mince-up."

"But isn't that a Vienna steak?" I asked.

A spasm of pain passed over his face. "Before ze War," he whispered, "yes, Vienna steak. Now we call it ze Petrograd. You vill have one? Yes? Two minute."

Memories came flooding back of that moment of crisis which had found so many of our trusted statesmen ill-prepared, but, terrible as it was, had not caught the managers of London restaurants napping. I remembered the immense stores of Dutch lager beer which they had so providentially and so patriotically held in anticipation of the hour of need. Dutch beer, both light and dark, so that inveterate drinkers of Munich and Pilsener were enabled to face Armageddon almost without a jerk. They had other things ready too—Danish *pâté de fois gras*, Swiss liver sausages, Belgian pastries and the rest. It was in that dark hour, I suppose, that the Vienna steak set its face towards the steppes. But this was in 1914, and a good deal had happened since then. It appeared to me that the restaurant was not exactly *au courant* with international complications and the gastronomic consequences of the Peace. I felt entitled to further illumination.

"I don't feel at all certain," I told the man, "that I ought to eat a Petrograd steak. Is it a white steak?"

"Ah, no, not vite, not vite at all," he assured me. "Eet is underdone—not much, but a little underdone. Ver good mince-up."

"I absolutely refuse to eat a Red Petrograd steak," I declared. "Have you by any chance anything Jugo-Slavian on the menu?"

"Zere is ze jugged hare——"

"I think you misunderstand me," I interrupted; "this is a point of principle with me. Supposing I consume this Czecho-Slovakian mince-up and then have a piece of Stilton; there has been no war with Stilton, I fancy——"

"Ver good, ze Stilton," interjected the chorus.

"And coffee——"

"Turkish coffee?" he said.

"There you go again," I grumbled. "Whatever my attitude may be towards Vienna and Petrograd (and, mind you, I am not feeling at all bitter towards Vienna), my relations with Turkey are most certainly strained."

"No, not strained, ze Turkish coffee," he cried eagerly; "eet has ze grounds."

"So have I," I told him; "we will call it the Macedonian coffee. It is you who insisted in obtruding these international relations on my simple lunch, and I mean to do the thing thoroughly. Better a dish of Croat Serbs where love is than a bifteck Petrograd——Never mind, go and get the thing."

When he returned with it I fell to, but my thoughts remained with the waiter. What a man! With his dispassionate judgment, his calm sane outlook on men and affairs, shaken a little perhaps in 1911, but since then undisturbed, was he not cut out above all others to settle the vexed frontier lines of Europe? I wondered whether Lord Robert Cecil might not possibly make use of him. I was tempted to try him still further.

"Have you ever heard of Mr. J. M. Keynes?" I asked him when he brought me the Bessarabian coffee.

"Mr. Keynes I not know. He not come here, I zink."

"Or the Treaty of London?"

"I vill ask ze manager."

"Or President Wilson?"

A brilliant smile of illumination lit up his features.

"American, is he not?" he said. "Ver reech, ze Americans."

This saddened me a little. He was not then absolutely complete. There was a faint tarnish on the lustre of his innocence. He was scarcely perhaps suited for the League of Nations after all. Lighting an Albanian cigarette I asked him for my bill.

THINKING ALOUD.

Lord Haldane *loquitur*.

"Tired of laborious days and nights
Spent on the intellectual heights,
I long to raise and educate
The masters of the future State.
Besides, the people in the plains
Are lamentably short of brains,
And I have even more than Keynes.
Already in *The Herald's* page
Am I acclaimed as seer and sage;
Mine be it then to teach my neighbour
To quit the lowly rut of Labour,
And scale the heights of Pisgah, Nebo,
Or some equivalent gazebo,
For even Labour must afford
To keep one competent Law Lord."

"WAR CRIMINALS DEMAND TO BE SUSPENDED."

Evening Paper.

Too good to be true.

COX AND BOX.

My dear Charles,—Let us talk *Haute Finance*. In other words, let us indulge in that good old Anglo-Saxon pastime of blackguarding Cox and Co. It will remind us of the piping days of war. There is too much peace about, and the gentle and ever-forgiving Cox and Co. expect their customers to be men of force and character, showing temper from time to time. Everybody else may be demobilised; I remain a soldier, and as such I have my special bank. Ah, me! the battles in Charing Cross are not the easy things they used to be. No longer, as of old, I come fresh to the attack against a mere underling, worn down by the assaults of wave after wave of brother-officers attacking before me. I enter the Territorial Department alone and am taken on by a master-hand, supported and flanked by a number of unoccupied subordinates. About the Spring of 1925, when I expect to be the only "T" left, I anticipate the decisive moment when I shall cross swords or swop bombs with Sir Cox himself. Having bravely encountered "and Co." these many years, I shall not be daunted by that gilded knight.

The war having once put me in possession of my Cox and Co., I had very frequent recourse to them when in need of such solace as only money can bring. The time arrived when I applied in vain; the money had disappeared. Though I had no reason to suspect Cox and Co. of being dishonest I noticed a tone of assuredness and self-complacency in their letters strangely similar to that in my own, and I *knew* that I was being dishonest, so I demanded to see my pass-book. It was a horrid sight, and it gave me seriously to think. How came it that the side of the book which showed my takings was so clear and easily to be understood, but the side which showed their takings wrapt in mystery and hieroglyphics such as not even the world's leading financiers and mathematicians could hope to unravel? My subaltern, being consulted, agreed with me; I would have had him carpeted by the C.O. at once if he hadn't.

I stepped round to Cox and Co. and had it out with them verbally. After a discussion lasting half-an-hour, it was shown that I had been credited with a week's pay to which I wasn't entitled and that a month's income-tax, to which a grasping Government *was* entitled, had not been deducted. I left the building ninety-three shillings worse off than I entered it.

I gave Cox and Co. six months to go wrong in, and then called for that pass-



MANNERS AND MODES.

A YOUNG GIRL HAS THE TEMERITY TO BRING A CHAPERON TO A DANCE.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"This is where he swims the rapids. How shall we send him—up or down?"

book again. My eye fell upon a paying and deducting and refunding and readjusting of an item itself so shameful that it dared only appear under its initials. Why this oscillation? I asked myself. So we engaged upon another correspondence, and another interview took place, at which I was supported by my subaltern (who could multiply and add), and the bank-man was supported by a young lady (who could divide and subtract). At the end of a passionate discussion, which lasted fifty-seven minutes (forty-five of them being after closing time) the conclusion was arrived at that the total was correct to a halfpenny. Even Cox and Co. themselves were a bit surprised at that.

Years passed, and there was no doubt about it; the money continued to disappear. Trusting that Cox and Co. were now lulled into a feeling of false security I tried a surprise reconnaissance. I dropped in on them without warning and asked to see that pass-book then and there. They searched high and low, but they couldn't find it. I, on the other hand, found it quite easily, when I searched amongst my papers at home. To me this proved that I was the better searcher. My subaltern, however, would have it that the circumstances gave me no right of action against Cox and Co. His sympathies were clearly with them, so I requested him kindly to get on with his own work and not to interfere further in my private affairs. He went away in a huff, got demobilised and, I have little doubt, married the young lady who divided and subtracted and, with her, set up a bank of his own. I devoted my young life to the search for some person, firm or corporation, expert in pass-books, haughty of demeanour, capable of getting blood out of a stone and not likely to give even the devil his due; I wanted such an ally for the next assault.

I have always remained a civilian, and as such have retained my other banker. A man of unlimited possessions, I may state accurately that I have to-day no fewer than two banks of my own. Let us call this other one Box and Co. That is not the real name, but it is as far as I dare go to refer to them, even under an assumed name. Years of stern handling by them have taken all the spirit out of me. It is as much as I can do to screw up my courage so far as to ask the loan of a pound or two of my own money off them. And there have been times, in the pre-1914 past, when I have felt it would be better to go without money than to have the stuff thrown at me, shovelled at me in that contemptuous offhand manner. I now repaired in person to the premises of Box and Co., with their handsome marble façade and their costly mahogany fittings, and had a word with Mr. Box himself. A little artful flattery, a few simple lies and just a touch of ginger in the matter of professional competition, and Box and Co. were brought into the war. I handed them Cox and Co.'s pass-book and told them that now was their time to go in and win.

I used to look in every other day to see how the struggle went. At first Box and Co. were confident, remarking on my wisdom in placing myself (and my pass-book) in such competent hands as theirs. But as the correspondence went on their enthusiasm wore off; Mr. Box gave vent to observations reflecting ill on the Army system of pay, on the Army itself, even on that part of it which was me. Had it not been that the pride of Box and Co. was involved, I believe they would have gone to London in a body, there to form a lifelong friendship with Cox and Co., out of pure fellow-feeling. But I have hinted that Box and Co. were a cold inhuman institution, whose business in life it was to do people down,

or go down itself. And so Cox and Co. had to be for it. Eventually, in the late winter of 1919, Box and Co. extracted from Cox and Co. the admission that a five had been mistaken for a three, and I had been done out of twopence, an affair all the more gross in that it had happened as long ago as the early spring of 1915, and never a word of remorse meanwhile! A conclusion by which neither Box nor Cox was really satisfied, but which, for me, was enough. We English may only win one battle in a war, but that battle is the last.

Possibly, my dear Charles, you have a soft spot in your heart for this Cox and Co., never failing in courtesy and attention and ever heaped with abuse? So, to be frank, have I. Let us turn round and blackguard the other fellow. The sequel is incredible.

I next handed my Box and Co. pass-book to Cox and Co., giving them a brief and touching *résumé* of my sad story of wrong and oppression, and bidding them do their damnedest in their turn. They wrote to Box and Co.: "Our customer, your customer, we may say the customer, Second-Lieutenant, Brevet-Lieutenant, Temporary Captain, Acting Major, Local Colonel, Aspiring General (entered in your books as plain Mister) Henry Neplusultra, informs us that, though he has banked with you since the first sovereign he earned at his baptism, he has been so frowned at and scorned as to have been rendered morally unable to handle his current balance. He instructs us . . ."

But why relate the story in all its grim horror? Enough to say that so successfully did Cox and Co. pursue their instructions that they discovered a credit balance in my favour of 14*s.* 3*d.*; so politely and firmly did they conduct the correspondence that eventually Box and Co. burst into tears, admitted the claim and, upon my calling the other day personally to receive satisfaction, handed me the 14*s.* 3*d.* with a deferential bow. If you doubt the truth of this statement you have only to come round to my place, where you can see for yourself the threepence, which is still in my possession.

Yours ever, Henry.



Fusser. "I should like to know just how much this train is overdue."
Cynic. "A watch ain't no good—what you want is a halmanack."

DAY BY DAY IN THE WORLD OF CRIME.

(*By a well-known Professor of Larceny.*)

In these days when robbery with violence is an everyday occurence, few people will trust themselves alone in railway carriages. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, not unmingled with pleasure, on seeing a somewhat pompous-looking individual, with the circumference and watch-chain of the successful merchant, sitting alone in a first-class carriage on the suburban up-line from Wallingford. I always travel from Wallingford, as it is the one station on the line at which you are not required to show a ticket on entry. Accordingly I entered the old gentleman's carriage, took his ticket, and offered him a cigarette, which he accepted. I then opened the conversation.

"I wonder you wear your watch-chain so prominently," I remarked, "especially during the present vogue of crime—so tempting, you know."

"Ah!" he said, "so you may think; but, being a bit of a criminologist, I have arranged that as a little trap. It is my belief that the pickpocket, foiled in one particular, never attempts to rob his victim in any other way. Now this chain cost me precisely ninepence. It is weighted at each end with a piece of lead, which gives an appearance of genuineness to the watch-pocket. I am heavily armed, in case he should attempt violence."

It was here that I removed his pocket-book and slipped it into my great-coat. Not daring to examine it openly, I fingered it cautiously, and felt the stiff softness of bank-notes. I was so carried away with pleasure that I was quite surprised to hear his voice returning from a distance.

"As for my ticket," he continued, "that is a single from Wallingford to the next station, Sadlington; it is two years old. My season I keep inside the lining of my hat."

It was here that I returned the ticket to his pocket. After all, I reflected, I could pay at the other end with a very small portion of the contents of the pocket-book, which I reckoned must contain at least half-a-dozen fivers.

"By the way," he added, "I have a passion for biscuits; will you join me in one?" and he proffered a small tin. "I eat so many of them," he said, "that I can write all my memoranda on the slips of paper from the tins, and these I keep in my pocket-book. My money I keep next my season."

It was here that I returned the pocket-book.

"THE OPTIMISTIC WAITERS.

'Soon We Shall Go Back to Our Work Triumphantly.'"

Evening Paper.

We hope that in the case of certain restaurants the bark will not be so bad as the bite.



Mabel (who has something in her eye). "It's still very sore, Mummy. Shall I gargle it?"

THE DEAD TREE.

(Being a terrible result of reading too much poetry in the modern manner.)

Slushy is the highway between the unspeakable hedges;
I pause
Irresolute under a telegraph-pole,
The fourteenth telegraph-pole on the way
From Shere to Havering,
The twenty-first
From Havering to Shere.

Crimson is the western sky; upright it stands,
The solitary pole,
Sombre and terrible,
Splitting the dying sun
Into two semi-circular halves.
I do not think I have seen, not even in Vorticist pictures,
Anything so solitary,
So absolutely nude;
Yet this was an item once in the uninteresting forest,
With branches sticking out of it, and crude green leaves
And resinous sap,
And underneath it a litter of pine spindles
And ants;
Birds fretted in the boughs and bees were busy in it,
Squirrels ran noisily up it;
Now it is naked and dead,
Delightfully naked
And beautifully dead.

Delightfully and beautifully, for across it melodiously,
Stirred by the evening wind,
The wires where electric messages are continually being despatched
Between various post-offices,
Messages of business and messages of love,
Rates of advertisements and all the winners,
Are vibrating and thrumming
Like a thousand lutes.

Is the old grey heart of the telegraph pole stirred by these messages?
I fancy not.
Yet it all seems very strange;
And even stranger still, now that I notice it,
Is the fact that the thing is after all not absolutely naked,
For a short way up it, half obliterated with age,
Discoloured and torn,
Fastened on by tintacks,
There is a paper *affiche*
Relating to swine fever.

The sun sinks lower and I pass on,
On to the fifteenth pole from Shere to Havering,
And the twentieth
From Havering to Shere;
It is even more naked and desolate than the last.
I pause (as before) . . . .

[*Author.* We can start all over again now if you like. *Editor.* I don't like.]

Evoe.

"HOPS.

Canterbury, Saturday.—Trade was quiet, with prices steady, as follows: Kent mixed fleeces, 36d; lambs' wool, 22d to 24d; downs, 41d to 42d; and half-bred fleeces, 38d to 39d per lb."—*Financial Paper.*

This may help to explain the taste of "Government ale."

"By systematic and scientific training is it possible to produce that perfect type of manhood gifted with the best powers of what we are wont to call the 'lower orders of creation'—keen sighted and swift of motion as a bird, sharp-scented as a greyhound, faithful and acute as a dog, and full of sentient wisdom as an elephant."—*Daily Paper.*

We are doubtful about the rest, but the greyhound part should be quite easy.



INTERNATIONAL EURHYTHMICS.

AN ALLIED *PAS DE TROIS* AND AN "ASSOCIATED" *PAS SEUL.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 16th.—The great Auckland still reposes a touching faith in the Profiteering Act. In his opinion it "has had a stabilising effect on the price of clothing;" by which he means, I suppose, that West-End tailors long ago nailed their high prices to the mast-head.

In commending the Bill for the continuance of D.O.R.A., a *remanet* from last Session, the Attorney-General was almost apologetic. He laid much stress upon the "modest and attenuated form" which the measure now presented, and the short time it was to remain in force. Serious objection was taken by the Irish Members to the provision that in districts where a proclamation is in force the D.O.R.A. regulations, instead of coming to an end on August 31st, will continue for a year after the end of the War. This they naturally interpreted as a means of continuing the military government of Ireland, a country in which, according to Mr. Devlin, the Government had as much right as the Germans in Belgium. The House, however, seemed to agree with the Irish Attorney-General that in the present state of Ireland it would not be wise to dispense with the regulations, and gave the Bill a second reading by 219 votes to 61.

Then the House turned to the discussion of the levy on capital. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was still inexorably opposed to a general levy, but would like a toll on war-wealth alone, and proposed to set up a Committee to consider whether it was practicable. Mr. Adamson frankly declared that the Labour Party was in favour of a capital levy, but wanted to get at the war-profits first. Mr. Chamberlain objected to widening the scope of the inquiry on the ground that it would take too long, and also that uncertainty would promote extravagance and discourage saving. And, despite Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy's naïve suggestion that we should restore credit by making a bonfire of paper-money—he did not say whose—the House agreed with the Chancellor.

Tuesday, February 17th. — The Acting Colonial Secretary bubbled over with delight as he described the success of the operations against the Somaliland dervishes. The principal credit was due to the Royal Air Force, but the native levies had also done their part effectively. The only fly in Colonel Amery's ointment was the escape of that evasive gentleman, the Mullah, to whom he was careful on this occasion not to apply the epithet "Mad." As, however, the Mullah has lost all his forces, all his stock and all his belongings, it is hoped that it will be at any rate some time before he pops up again.



COLONEL AMERY CRUSOE RETURNS FROM A SUCCESSFUL DAY WITH HIS MAN FRIDAY.

The Coal Mines Bill was wisely entrusted to Mr. Bridgeman. Lord Spencer once delighted the House of Commons by announcing that he was "not an agricultural labourer"; and Mr. Bridgeman similarly put it in a good temper by admitting that he had never himself worked in a mine. But he showed quite a sufficient acquaintance with his subject, and succeeded in dispelling some of the fog that enshrouds the figures of coal-finance. The miners, of course, objected to the Bill on the ground that it was not nationalisation, but were left in a very small minority.

A Private Members' debate on the Housing Problem occupied the evening. There was much friendly criticism of the Minister of Health, for whom Major Lloyd Greame suggested a motto from the *Koran*:—

"This life is but a bridge;
Let no man build his house upon it."

But the lapse of time is gradually bringing performance nearer to promise, and Dr. Addison was able to announce that over one hundred thousand houses were now "in the tender stage." Let us hope no bitter blast will nip them in the bud.



TAKING THE OFFERTORY.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (as Sidesman). "The threepenny-bit is economical perhaps; but a desirable coin, from my point of view, it is not."

Wednesday, February 18th. — The Lords returned to work after their week's holiday in a rather gloomy mood. By some occult process of reasoning Lord Parmoor has convinced himself that the distress in Central Europe is largely the fault of the Peace Conference. He was supported by Lord Bryce, who declared that the "Big Four" approached the business of Treaty-making in a German rather than an English spirit (which sounds as if he thought they never meant to keep it), and by Lord Haldane, who, *more suo*, accused the negotiators of having shown "no adequate provision." Lord Crawford dealt pretty faithfully with the cavillers and pointed out that this country had already spent twelve millions on relieving European distress, and was prepared to spend nearly as

much again when the United States was ready to co-operate; but at present, he reminded them, that country was still in a state of war with Germany.

The one bright spot of the sitting was Lord Hylton's statement that the National Debt, which was within a fraction of eight thousand millions on December 31st, had since been reduced by eighty-five millions. The pace is too good to last, but it is something to have made a start.

For nearly four years we have been anxiously waiting to know what really did happen at the battle of Jutland. The voluminous efforts of Admirals and journalists have failed to clear up the mystery, and even Commander Carlyon Bellairs has not satisfied everybody so completely as himself that his recent work reveals the truth. But now the official history is on the eve of publication and Mr. Long no longer feels it necessary to keep the secret. Here it is in his own words: "The *moral* of the German fleet was very seriously shaken." What a relief!

It seems that the Turks were informed in advance of the intention of the Peace Conference to let them stay at Constantinople in the hope that they would forthwith abandon their sanguinary habits. Instead of which they appear to have said to themselves, "What a jolly day! Let us go out and kill something—Armenians for choice." So now a further message has been sent to them to the effect that the new title to the old tenement is not absolute but conditional, and that one of the covenants forbids its use as a slaughterhouse.

A modest little Bill empowering the Mint to manufacture coins worth something less than their weight in silver aroused the wrath of Professor Oman. The last time, according to his account, that the coinage was thus debased was in the days of Henry VIII., whose views both on money and matrimony were notoriously lax. Other Members were friendly to the project, and Mr. Dennis Herbert, in the avowed interest of churchwardens, urged the Government to seize the opportunity to abolish the threepenny-bit, the irreducible minimum of "respectable" almsgiving. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, stoutly championed the elusive little coin, for which he declared there was "an immense demand."

On Captain Hambro's motion deploring the action of certain trade-unions in refusing to admit ex-Service men to their ranks the Labour Party heard some very straight talking. The whips of Lady Bonham-Carter at Paisley were nothing to the scorpions of ex-Private Hopkinson, who has actually been fined at the instance of the trade-unions because he insisted upon employing some of his old comrades-in-arms.

Mr. Sexton's rather maladroit attempt to shift the blame on to the employers only deepened the impression that trade-unionism is developing into a system of caste, in which certain occupations are reserved for certain people. Only an elect bricklayer, for example, may lay bricks—though anybody can heave them—and the mere fact that a man has shouldered a rifle in the service of his country in no way entitles him to carry a hod.

Thursday, February 19th.—The impending advent of a Home Rule Bill is greatly perturbing the little remnant of Irish Nationalist Members, threatened with the extinction of their pet grievance. Although but seven in number



Ko-ko (Sir Gordon Hewart). "Pardon me, but there I am adamant."

they made almost noise enough for seventy. Question-time was punctuated with their plaints. The Chief Secretary did his best to soothe them, but his remark that "no man in Ireland need be in prison if he will obey the law" poured oil on the flames.

Despite the reduction of the Question-ration from eight to four per Member, the House collectively grows "curiouser and curiouser." This is partly due to the popularity of Premier-baiting, now to be enjoyed on Mondays and Thursdays. In future, Members are to be further restricted to three Questions *per diem*; but no substantial relief is to be hoped for until the House sets up its own censorship, with power to expunge all Questions that are trivial, personal or put for purposes of self-advertisement. Not many—a dozen or two daily, perhaps—would survive the scrutiny.

A NEW ISLE OF THE BLEST.

(The "Cubanisation" of Ireland, suggested by Mr. de Valera, *is being seriously discussed in Sinn Féin circles.)*

When Ireland is treated like Cuba,
As great de Valera suggests,
And the pestilent loyalist Pooh-Bah
No longer our island infests,
The Pearl that adorns the Antilles
We'll speedily duplicate here,
From the Lough in the North, that is Swilly's,
Right down to Cape Clear.

The militant minstrels of Tara
Will change their war-harps for guitars,
And Clare, to be called Santa Clara,
Will grow the most splendid cigars;
On the banks of the Bann the banana
Will yield us its succulent fruit,
And the pig with the gentle iguana
Together will root.

Our poets, both major and minor,
Will work the new Manganese vein,
And turn out a product diviner
Than even the Cubans obtain;
Limerigo, Galvejo, Doblino—
How lovely and noble they sound!
And think of Don José Devlino
Cavorting around!

We'll borrow a leaf from Havana;
We'll cultivate yuccas and yams;
The Curragh shall be our savannah,
Swept clear of all soldiers and shams;
And then to the cry of "Majuba"
We'll shatter the enemy's yoke,
When Ireland is governed like Cuba
And grows her own smoke.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

To-day the telephone has been installed. The members of our staff are going about their duties in a dazed fashion, and I, to whose single-handed tenacity the achievement is due, find myself unable in these first full moments of triumph to concentrate on my every-day affairs.

I can still remember that fresh summer morning when with springy step I set out to call upon the District Contract Agent for the first time. Innocently enough I expected to arrange for the installation of a telephone within the next two or three days. But I recollect that as I ascended the steps of his premises I became depressed by that House of Usher foreboding, and then, when I witnessed the way in which an imperturbable official discomfited a tempestuous gentleman who was giving tongue to a long list of his wrongs, my carefully rehearsed and resolute address shrivelled on my lips



SOUVENIR-HUNTERS OF THE PAST.

Scene.—RUNNYMEDE, 1215.

and I found myself asking tamely for a form.

This form, *plus* the information that telephones were more speedily installed where ex-Service men were employed, was the net result of my first encounter.

And now, as I turn in reminiscent mood to a dusty file, I pause before one of my early letters to the District Contract Agent: "... If you saw our staff, who are without exception ex-soldiers, you would say at once that they are a remarkably fine body of men and deserving of a telephone. They mark their possessions with their initials in indelible pencil. Between them they have seen service on every front, from Mespot to Ireland. Some have been mentioned in despatches, many have figured in Cox's Book of Martyrs, and our cashier *says* that he once opened a tin of bully with the key provided for that purpose. One of our juniors, Major Bays Waller, O.B.E., who came to us from a Control Office and who advises us on our filing, says that it is like coming from a home to a home. You must come round and have a chat with him; you would have *so* much in common.

"Trusting that you will expedite the little matter of our telephone installation, and assuring you that the spirit of our staff continues to be excellent, etc. . . ."

Although this letter was signed "Henry Thomas, James & Sons," the District Contract Agent's vague reply on the file before me commences: "Sir (or Madam);" and I feel now, as I did then, that it is not in the best of taste for him to brag as he does about his telephone and his "Private Branch Exchange" on the very paper on which he writes to baffled applicants for installation.

From this time the correspondence is marked by an increasing bitterness on my side and a level colourlessness on his. Only once did he assume the offensive, which took the shape of a demand for four pounds for possible services to be rendered at some period in the future. At Yuletide I hoped that "during this season of goodwill he would see his way to give instructions for the installation of our telephone," and in the New Year I played once more the ex-Service employees' card:—"... Whatever views you may hold on the policy of the withdrawal of British troops from Russia, we are convinced that you will sympathise with our desire to extend a hearty welcome to a member of our staff on his return to this office from Murmansk; and we feel that, since he served with the R.E. Signals, it would be a graceful compliment to him if we had the telephone installed. We therefore cordially invite your co-operation so that this may take place before his arrival . . . The idea of installing a telephone in this office is not in itself a novel one, as you may recollect that the suggestion has cropped up in the correspondence that has passed between us . . ."

* * * * *

And now, as I have said, the telephone is installed. The instrument is fashioned in a severe style (receiver and mouth-piece mounted on an ebonite column of the Roman Doric Order), and it stands for all to see as a symbol that in the seclusion of our offices we are in touch with the world at large. But as a symbol only it must remain, for the voices of the outer world that call us up as they search for other friends or obstruct us when we in turn are, as it were, groping after ours, have already frayed the temper of our staff. It was inevitable that under such constant irritation these ex-Service men of ours would one day burst into strong military idiom, so we have disconnected our telephone in order to avoid the calamity of losing our lady-typist.

"Man Wanted to lift 1,200 square yards of Turf at once."—*Provincial Paper.*

Before applying for the job our young friend Foozle would like to know whether he will be required to replace the divot.

AT THE PLAY.

"Just Like Judy."

If the author of *Just Like Judy* will look into that commodious classic, *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book*, he will find a formula for light pastry. And if he will proceed to the (for him) enlivening adventure of essaying a tartlet, he will find that most fatal among a host of fatal errors will be any failure to preserve the due proportion of ingredients. I do not suggest that there is as rigid a formula for light comedy. But certainly Mr. Denny threw in too many unnecessary mystifications and crude explanations in proportion to the wit, wisdom and lively incident of his confection. In particular he was constantly making some of his characters tell the others what we of the audience either already knew or quite easily guessed. To exhaust my tedious-homely metaphor, if you put in a double measure of water the mixture will refuse to rise. And that I imagine is essentially what happened to *Just Like Judy.*

Irish *Judy*, a charmingly pretty busybody, outwardly just like Miss Iris Hoey, comes to *Peter Keppel's* studio and hears that this casual youth has got into a deplorable habit of putting off his marriage with her friend *Milly*. She (*Judy*) will see to that! She assumes the *rôle* of a notorious Chelsea model, whom proper *Peter* has never seen. *Peter* knocks his head on the mantelpiece, just where a shrapnel splinter had hit him, and is persuaded that she, *Judy McCarthy*, affecting to be *Trixie O'Farrel*, is his wife. It all seems very horrible to him, but, shell-shock or no shell-shock, he sets to work to paint her portrait in a business-like way, and at the end of four hours it doesn't seem at all horrible. And by the time it is explained that it was all a joke (some people do have such a nice sense of humour) he is all for rushing off to the registry-office, *Judy* agreeing.

Not that *Judy* is a minx. She did her level best to make two people who obviously didn't love one another fulfil their engagement, instead of, like a sensible woman, accepting the inevitable, which was, as it happens, so congenial to her. What puzzled me was *Peter's* indignation with poor *Milly* when he found that she really didn't love him (but, on the contrary, a bounder called *Craufurd*), yet couldn't bear to cause him unhappiness, and was sacrificing herself for him. As that was his attitude precisely, I suppose he felt annoyed by this lack of originality. If we men are like that, it wasn't nice of Mr. Denny to give us away.

At any rate I am sure Mr. Donald Calthrop didn't believe in *Peter* all the time. When he did he was very good indeed. When he didn't he was horrid. Did Miss Iris Hoey believe in *Judy*? I am not so sure. I suspect not. Did I believe in either? I did not.

I was a little surprised that Miss Joan Vivian-Rees should so overplay her *Trixie*. Her work is certainly in general not like that, and I conjecture the influence of some baleful autocrat of a producer. It seemed to me that Miss Mildred Evelyn's *Milly* was, all things considered, a capable and consistent study of a desperately unsympathetic character, a more difficult and creditable feat than is commonly supposed.

T.

"Wild Geese."

I should hesitate to accuse Mr. Ronald Jeans of originality in the design



Mr. Jack Buchanan (Hon. Bill Malcolm). "What's the idea? Are you by any chance trying to give me the cold shoulder?"

Miss Phyllis Monkman (Violet Braid). "No. I just keep on doing this for the look of the thing."

of his musical trifle at the Comedy. The idea of a company of women that bans the society of men is at least as old as the Attic stage. But it is to his credit that though the theme invited suggestiveness he at least avoided the licence of *The Lysistrata*. Indeed there were moments when his restraint filled me with respectful wonder. Thus, though the Pacific Island to which the Junior Jumper Club retired—with no male attendant but the Club porter—clearly indicated a bathing scene, yet we had to be satisfied with an occasional glimpse of an exiguous *maillot* with nobody inside it.

In fact, the fun throughout had a note of reserve and was never boisterous. Mr. Jack Buchanan's quiet methods in the part of the *Hon. Bill Malcolm*, universal philanderer, lent themselves to this quality of understatement. In a scene where he tried to extricate himself from a number of coincident entanglements with various members of the Club he was quite amusing without the aid of italics. Mr. Gilbert Childs, again, as *Weekes*—Club porter and *Admirable Crichton* of the island—though a little broader in his style, was too clever to force the fun.

The other sex, as was natural with women who affected a serious purpose, had fewer chances, and Miss Phyllis Monkman spoilt hers by a bad trick of hunching her shoulders and waggling her arms as if she were out for a cake-walk on Montmartre.

There were touches of humour in Mr. Cuvillier's tuneful music and in the limited movements of the best-looking chorus that I have seen for a long time.

As for the plot, it had at least the merit of continuity and conformed to the logic, seldom too severe, of this kind of entertainment, as distinct from the so-called *revue*. Nearly everything was well within my intelligence, the chief exception being the title; for never surely did a wild-goose chase offer such easy sport. The birds were just asking to be put into the bag. I should myself have preferred, out of compliment to the chorus, to call the play "Wild Ducks," only, of course, Ibsen had been there before. Not that this would have greatly troubled an author who showed so little regard for the proprietary rights of Aristophanes and Sir James Barrie.

O. S.

WITCHES.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy,
"'tis born in 'em maybe,
The same as fits an' freckles an' follerin' the sea,
An' ginger hair in some folks—an' likin' beer in me.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy,
"an' powerful strong ones too;
They'll whistle a wind from nowhere
an' a storm out o' the blue
'Ud sink this here old hooker an' all
her bloomin' crew.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy,
rubbing his hairy chin,
"An' some counts witchcraft bunkum,
an' some a deadly sin,
But—there ain't no harm as I see in
standing well with a Finn."

C. F. S.

Our Cynical Press.

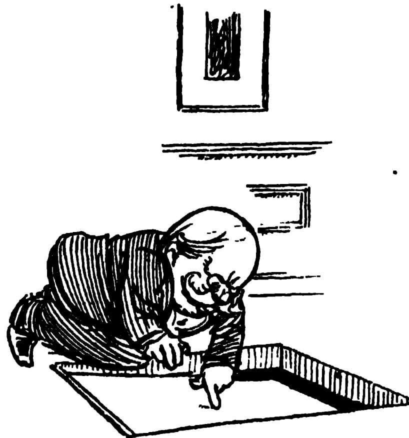
"Mr. ——, M.P., is leaving home for a fortnight's rest."—*Scotch Paper.*

PROTECTION FROM BURGLARS.

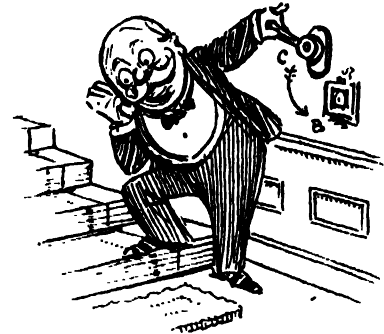
FOR IDEAL AND OTHER HOMES.



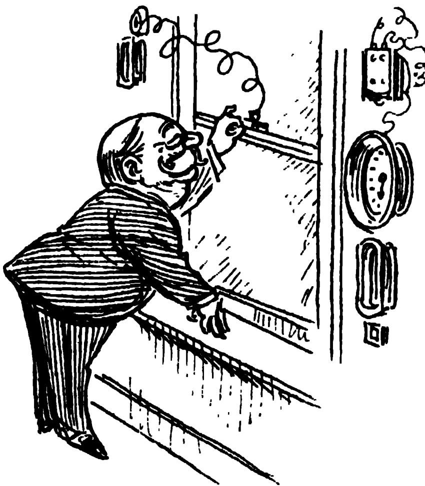
HAVING SEEN THAT THE FRONT-DOOR BURGLAR ALARM-GONG IS IN WORKING ORDER—



AND THE PASSAGE SPRING-TRAP ADJUSTED TO A NICETY—



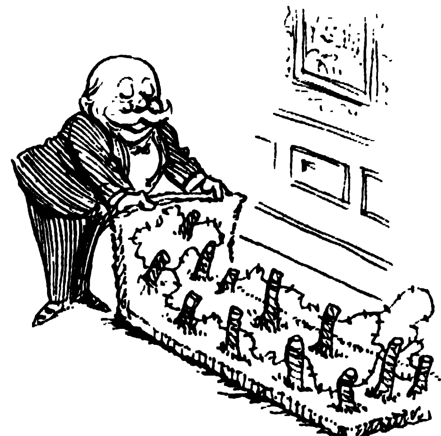
AND THE PATENT PROTECTIVE STAIR-CREAK RECORDER IS SET TO THE RIGHT KEY—



AND YOUR SYNCHRONISED WINDOW-CATCH WARNING SYSTEM GEARED PROPERLY—



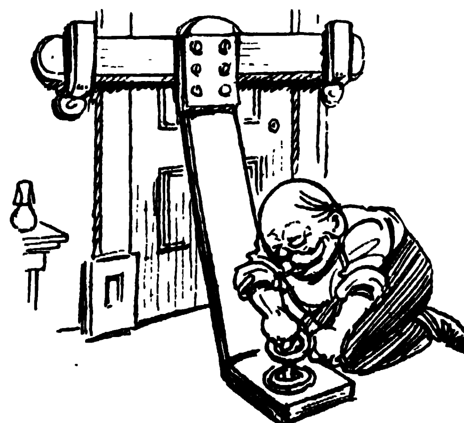
YOU CAN JUST GIVE A LOOK AT THE MECHANISM CONTROLLING THE BURGLAR CHLOROFORM SHOWER—



ARRANGE YOUR BARBED-WIRE-ENTANGLEMENT RUG—



RUN THROUGH YOUR JIU-JITSU EXERCISES ACCORDING TO CHART—



FIX YOUR INTERIOR BEDROOM-DOOR DEFENCES—



AND GO TO BED.

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

Ernest was a sprightly youth
With a passion for the truth,
Who, the other day, began
His career as midshipman.
'Twas not in the least degree
Vulgar curiosity
Urging him to ask the reason
Why, both in and out of season;
'Twas but keenness; all he lacked
Was a saving sense of tact.

Once the Lieut. of Ernie's watch,
Dour, meticulous and Scotch,
Thought he'd show the timid snotty
(Newly joined) exactly what he
Wanted when inspecting men.
Closely Ernest watched, and then
Said, saluting, "Sir, I note
Several creases in your coat,
And I see upon your trouser
Signs of paint-work; yet just now,
Sir,
Did you not think fit to blame
One poor man who had the same?"

Ere that outraged Lieut. replied
Suddenly our hero spied
Coming aft, his labours done,
Our benignant Number One
(*Most* abstemious is he,
And, in fact, a strict T.T.,
But—it shows how Fate can blunder—
No one could be rubicunder).
Ernest, after one swift glance,
Said, "Excuse my ignorance,
But, Sir, can you tell me why
You are always red, while I,
Even when I drink a lot,
Only flush if I am hot?"

Just as Number One grew pale
And collapsed against the rail,
Striving grimly not to choke,
Ernest heard the busy Bloke
Calling loudly, "Let her go!"
To a seaman down below;
"Fool! the cutter's bound to ram you,
Push the pinnace forrard, damn you!"
Ernest shook his youthful head
And he very gently said
Into his Commander's ear,
"You forget yourself, I fear.
May I ask what you would do
If I used that word to *you?*
Is it worthy, Sir, of an
Officer and gentleman?"

Aft ran little Ernest, only
Pausing when he saw a lonely
Figure bright with golden lace
Who appeared to own the place.
"Ah!" thought Ernie, "I know you;
You're the luckless Captain who
(Though you hadn't then a beard)
Most unwillingly appeared
But a year ago or less
In the Illustrated Press."
"Tell me, Sir," the youngster cried,
Crossing to the Captain's side
Of the sacred quarterdeck—
"How did you contrive the wreck
Of the cruiser you commanded
When she bumped the beach and
stranded?"

You may say, "He is so brave he
Ought some day to rule the Navy."
Certainly he *ought*, but still
I'm afraid he never will;
For they talked to him so gruffly
And they handled him so roughly
That, when he was fit to drop
And the kindly Bloke said, "Stop!
Or you'll make him even madder;
He is wiser now and sadder,"
Ernest simply answered, "Ay, Sir,
You have *made* me sad; but why,
Sir?"

ÆQUAM MEMENTO.

"I wonder," said Mary for the third time, "if we shall catch the tram at the other end."

"Calmness," I told her—this for the second time—"is the essence of comfortable travel. Meeting trouble half-way——"

"It isn't half-way," she said indignantly. "We're nearly there."

We were on a bus whose "route" terminated some five miles from home, which we proposed to reach by a tram, and, the hour being late, it was our chances of catching a car that were worrying Mary.

"Never get flurried," I went on. "If people would only go ahead calmly and steadily . . . What causes half our traffic congestion? Flurry. What makes it so difficult to move quickly in the streets? Flurry. What is it clogs the wheels of progress everywhere?"

"Don't tell me," she implored. "Let me guess. Flurry."

"Exactly," I said, and at this point we reached our terminus. Two trams were waiting, one behind the other, some thirty yards away, and, as we descended the steps of the bus, the bell of the first one rang warningly. Mary would have started running, but I detained her.

"Flurrying again," I said indulgently. "Here are two trams, but of course you must have the first one, however full it is," and I led her towards the second. As I expected, it was quite empty, and I was still using it to point my moral when its conductor began juggling with the pole. It was then that I realised that, though on the down lines, this car was going no further. It was, in fact, turning round for its journey back to London, while in the distance the rear lights of our last down tram seemed to wink a derisive farewell.

There was nothing for it but to go ahead calmly and steadily, and we did so. It was somewhere about the end of the fourth mile that Mary asked suddenly:—

"What was it you said clogged the wheels of progress everywhere?"

"Flurry," I said feebly.

"Well, *I* think it's blisters," she said.

FILM NOTES.

Those who are still inclined to question whether the cinema is to be regarded as a serious force in the realm of Art should not only read the frequent contributions to *The Times* and other newspapers on this department of the drama, but should bear in mind that quite recently it has been stated that both the Rev. Silas K. Hocking and Mr. Jack Dempsey have taken part in photo-plays. It cannot be doubted that the peculiar talent required for making the heart of the people throb is being revealed in the most unlikely places.

* * *

If proof were needed that the art of the film is a dangerous rival to that of the stage, we would point to the five-reel drama, *The Call of the Thug*, of which a private trade view was given last week. Miss Flora Poudray, who is here featured—her name is new to us—proves to be a screen actress of superb gifts. We have seen nothing quite so subtly perfect as her gesture of dissent when the villain proposes that he and she together should strangle the infant heir to the millionaire woollen merchant on the raft during the thunder-storm. Patrons of the cinema will do well to look out for this delicate yet moving passage. The film will be released as early as November, 1921.

"MR. BALFOUR ON OUR WAR CRIMINALS LIST."
Daily Paper.

We simply can't believe it.

"The amount of coal available for home consumption last year was 4,385 tons per head of the population."—*Evening Paper.*

Then somebody else must have collared our share.

"Live Stock and Pets.
General, family 2; liberal wages and outings."—*Liverpool Paper.*

The difficulty with "pets" of this kind is that they are hard to get and almost impossible to keep.

"An Englishman usually finds it about as difficult to produce an R from his thoat as to produce a rabbit from a top-hat—both feats require practice."—*Provincial Paper.*

In this case we fear it can't be done, even with practice.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Mrs. P.-W.S. (to P.-W.S., who has been pulled off at a gate, consolingly). "Never mind, Henry; the hunting season is nearly over, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty in the station to which you have been called."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The publishers of *Peter Jackson: Cigar Merchant* (Hutchinson) seem in their announcements to be desperately afraid lest anyone should guess it to be a War book. It is, they suggest, the story of the flowering of perfect love between two married folk who had drifted apart. It is really an admirable epitome of the War as seen through one pair of eyes and one particular temperament. I don't recall another War novel that is so convincing. The almost incredible confusions of the early days of the making of K.'s army; the gradual shaping of the great instrument; the comradeship of fine spirits and the intrigues of meaner; leadership good and less good; action with its energy, glory and horror; reaction (with incidentally a most moving analysis of the agonies of shell-shock and protracted neurasthenia) after the long strain of campaigning—all this is brought before you in the most vivid manner. Mr. Gilbert Frankau writes with a fierce sincerity and with perhaps the defects of that sincerity—a bitterness against the non-combatant which was not usual in the fighting-man, at least when he was fighting; or perhaps it was only that they were too kind then to say so. Also as "one of us" he is a little overwhelmed by the sterling qualities of the rank-and-file—qualities which ought, he would be inclined to assume, to be the exclusive product of public-school playing-fields. I haven't said that *Peter Jackson* gave up cigars and cigarettes for the sword, and beat that into a plough-share for a small-holding when the War was done. A jolly interesting book.

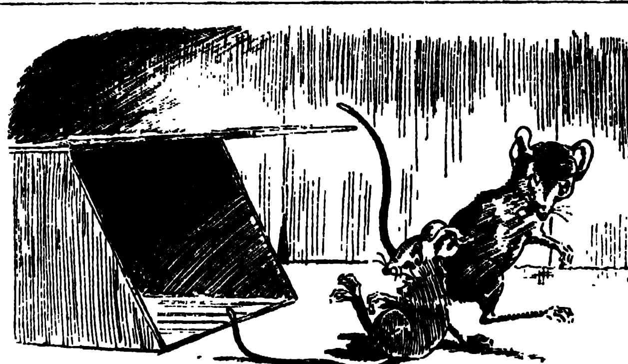
I found the arrangement of *The Clintons and Others* (Collins) at first a little confusing, because Mr. Archibald Marshall, instead of keeping his *Clinton* tales consecutive, has mixed them democratically with the *Others*. Our first sight of the family (and incidentally the most agreeable thing in the volume) is provided by "Kencote," a brightly-coloured and engaging anecdote of Regency times, and of the plucking of an honoured house from the ambiguous patronage of the First Gentleman in Europe. I found this delightful, spirited, picturesque and original. Thence we pass to the *Others*, to the theme (old, but given here with a pleasant freshness of circumstance) of maternal craft in averting a threatened mésalliance, to a study of architecture in its effect upon character, to a girls' school tale; finally to the portrait of a modern *Squire Clinton*, struggling to adjust his mind to the complexities of the War. This last, a character-study of very moving and sympathetic realism, suffers a little from a defect inherent in one of Mr. Marshall's best qualities, his gift for absolutely natural dialogue. The danger of this is that, as here in the bed-room chatter of the Squire's daughters, his folk are apt to repeat themselves, as talk does in nature, but should not (I suppose) in art. Still this is a small defect in a book that is sincere in quality and convincingly human in effect. *The Clintons and Others* is certainly miles away from the collections of reprinted pot-boilers that at one time brought

books of short stories into poor repute. Mr. MARSHALL and Others (a select band) will rapidly correct this by giving us in small compass work equal to their own best.

Shuttered Doors (LANE) is what you might call a third-and-fourth-generation story—one of those books, so rightly devastating to the skipper, in which the accidental turning of two pages together is quite liable to involve you with the great-grandchildren of the couple whose courtship you have been perusing. Observe that I was careful to say the "accidental" turning, though I can picture a type of reader who might soon be fluttering the pages of *Shuttered Doors* in impatient handfuls. The fact is that Mrs. WILLIAM HICKS BEACH has here written what is less a novel than a treatise, tasteful, informed and sympathetic, on county life and manners and houses. The last of these themes especially has an undisguised fascination for her. When *Aletta*, the chief heroine, was left pots of money by a Dutch uncle (who was so far from filling his proverbial *rôle* that he hardly talked at all) she spent it and her enthusiasm, indeed her existence, in restoring two variously dilapidated mansions—Graythorpes, her husband's home, and Doller Place, left her by an appreciative aunt. When not thus employed she would be reading a paper on Homes (given here *in extenso*), or comparing those of other persons with her own. I don't want you to get the impression that *Shuttered Doors* is precisely arid; it is too full of ideas and vitalities for that; but it does undoubtedly demand a special kind of reader. Incidentally, Mrs. HICKS BEACH should revise her chronology. For *Aletta*, who was married at twenty-eight and died at sixty-two, to have had at that time a grandson on the staff of the Viceroy of India, he must have received his appointment before the age of fifteen—which even in these experimental days sounds a little premature.

Do not allow yourself to be misled by the fact that the portrait on the paper cover of *Maureen* (JENKINS) does, I admit, remarkably suggest a lady whose mission in life is the advertisement of complexion soap. You probably know already that the methods of Mr. PATRICK MACGILL are made of sterner stuff. This "Story of Donegal," which I have no intention of giving in detail, is the history of the course of true love in an Irish village, full of types which, I dare say, are realistically observed; verbose in places to an almost infuriating degree (not till page 61 does the heroine so much as put her nose round the scenery), but working up to a climax of considerable power. *Maureen*, I need hardly say, was as fair as moonrise, but suffered from the drawback of an irregular origin, which took the poor girl a great deal of living down. Nor need I specify the fact that most of the male characters in the district are soon claimants for her hand. Really this is the plot. Having betrayed so much, however, nothing shall persuade me to expose the bogie scenes on the midnight moor, where the villain combines his illicit whiskey manufacture with his courtship, and where finally the three protagonists come by a startling finish. *Maureen* is not a story that I should recommend save for readers with abundant leisure; but those whose pluck and endurance carry them to the kill will certainly have their reward.

In *Memories of a Marine* (MURRAY) Major-General Sir GEORGE ASTON records for us, cosily and anecdotally, a life spent in service, not only of the active kind—in Egypt and South Africa—but also as a Staff College Professor, and, more intriguingly, as an expert in Secret Intelligence in the cloisters of Whitehall or up and down the Mediterranean. If his book is not so sensational in the matter of revelations as the current fashion requires, it has a restful interest all its own, varied here and there with some very attractive stories. To give just one example, the author, when setting out to co-ordinate the work of various authorities in a certain harbour, found a signal buoy, a torpedo station, a fixed mine and a boom, each under separate control, all included in the defences. But the torpedo could not be launched unless the buoy were first cleared away, and the mine, if fired, would blow up the boom. One would have welcomed more of this sort of thing, for the truth is that even restfulness may be overdone and discretion become almost too admirable. Occasionally too the writer enlarges a little on—well, he enlarges a little, as anyone would with half his provocation. Still, for all comrades of his service, at any rate, every word he has written will be of interest; and perhaps he does not really mind so much about the general public, though he has had the good sense to crown his work with an apposite quotation from *Punch*.



"COME AWAY, ROBERT. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY PUT CHEESE IN THERE JUST FOR FUN AT TWO SHILLINGS A POUND?"

The Specials (HEINEMANN) is the story of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary, and it would have been a thousand pities if it had not been told. Colonel W. T. REAY'S book will stand as a record of invaluable service performed by a devoted body of men, service for which the whole nation—and London in particular—has every reason to be grateful. If I understand Colonel REAY rightly he doesn't wish bouquets to be thrown at the Specials, but he would not, I think, discourage me from saying that they performed dangerous and ticklish work with unfailing resource and tact. All of us know that they desire no other reward for their services than the satisfaction of having done their duty; but our gratitude demands to be heard; and I for one take this occasion to trumpet forth the "All clear" signal with feelings of affectionate pride.

If *By Way of Bohemia* (SKEFFINGTON) is a fair sample of Mr. MARK ALLERTON'S work I have been missing a number of very readable stories. His hero, *Hugh Kelvin*, a journalist (they must be rare) who had no very good conceit of himself, married a barmaid, and she ran his house as if it were a third-class drinking saloon. She was one of those women who for want of a better word we call impossible; but she found *Hugh* as unsatisfactory as he found her. In the circumstances the union had to be dissolved, and, although I suspect Mr. ALLERTON'S tongue of being very near his cheek when he contrived *Hugh's* escape from a life of sordid misery, I admit that his solution of the difficulty is cleverly told. And, after all, coincidences do happen in real life, and it would be unfair to Providence to suppose that they were not put there for a useful purpose.

"Gentleman washes to be received as Paying Guest."—*Daily Paper.*

A very proper preliminary.

CHARIVARIA.

A LUNATIC who recently escaped from an asylum was eventually recaptured in a large dancing-hall in the West-End. The fact that he was waltzing divinely and keeping perfect time with the music aroused the other dancers' suspicions and led to his recapture.

⁂

The latest type of Tank, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL informed the House of Commons, weighs thirty tons and can pass over a brick without crushing it. It is said to be modelled on the Profiteering Act.

⁂

The proposal of the HOME SECRETARY to add fifty per cent. to taxi-cab fares and abolish the initial charge of sixpence is said to find favour both with owners and drivers. The men in particular have always chafed at the necessity of messing about with small silver.

⁂

Much sympathy is felt locally for the man who in the excitement caused by the declaration of the poll at Paisley lost his corkscrew.

⁂

"The ex-Kaiser was responsible for the War," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Our Hush-hush Department seems to have grown very lax of late.

⁂

A welcome case of judicial sympathy is reported from West London. It appears that a Society lady charged with shop-lifting pleaded that she was the sole support of two kennel-ridden poodles, and was immediately discharged.

⁂

The Press reports the existence of miles and miles of war-material in huge dumps near Calais and Boulogne. War Office officials, we hear, are greatly relieved, as they have been trying for several months to remember where they had left the stuff.

⁂

A lady with small capital would like to meet another similarly situated, with a view to the joint purchase of a reel of thread.

⁂

At Jerusalem a tree has been uprooted whose fall is locally believed to presage the destruction of the Turkish Empire. It is only fair to the tree to point out that if it had known of this it would probably, like the Government, have changed its mind at the last minute.

⁂

"One of the problems of civilized humanity," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "is the avoidance of pain-producing elements in ordinary diet." Nowadays it is impossible to eat even so simple a thing as a boiled egg in a restaurant without the risk of being stung.

⁂

The identity of the gentleman who, under the initials "A. G.," recently advertised in the Press for the thyroid gland of *Proteus diplomaticus* remains unrevealed.

⁂

It appears that the Government have undertaken not to engage in any more war with the Bolshevists, if they, for their part, will endeavour to quell the peace which is still raging.

⁂

"Englishmen will never forget America," says a Service paper. For ourselves we had hoped that the American bacon affair was closed.

⁂

A burglar broke into a barrister's chambers in the Temple last week. We understand that he got away without having any money taken off him.

⁂

A woman who said she had had six husbands asked a London magistrate to grant her a separation. It is supposed that she is breaking up her collection.

⁂

Owing to the thick fog experienced in London last week several daylight hold-ups were unavoidably postponed.

⁂

With the present fashion in ladies' wear many owners of beautiful brooches are in the unhappy position of having nothing to attach them to.

⁂

In order to raise funds for the building of a new church-porch in a Birmingham parish a member of the committee suggested the sale of small flags in the street. Struck by the originality of this novel idea the chairman agreed to go into the matter in order to see if it was practicable.

⁂

A farmer writing from Bridgnorth, Salop, to a daily paper states that he has a tame fox which guards the house at night and shepherds the sheep by day. We understand that the Dogs' Trade Union takes a serious view of the whole matter, but is not without hope of being able to avert a strike.

⁂

The real value of co-operation was illustrated the other day on the Underground Railway when a lady complained that a straphanger was standing on her foot. Word was immediately passed down the carriage, with the result that by a combined swaying movement in one direction the offender was enabled to remove his foot.

⁂

It is estimated that three hundred and forty thousand persons made fortunes out of the War. Of these it is only fair to say that the number who actually encouraged the War to happen are few. The vast majority simply allowed it to come along and do its worst.

⁂

The Corporation of London made £18 on the sale of waste paper in the year 1919-1920, as compared with over £9000 in the year 1918-1919. It looks as if in the last-named year the Corporation was in communication with a Government Department.

⁂

"Why will not Scotsmen eat eels?" asks *The Manchester Guardian*. We cannot say, but we have always understood that the attitude is reciprocal.



"HAVE YOU ANY—ER—HATS?"

The Post-War Hero.

It was a stainless patriot, who could
not bear to fight
For England the oppressor, or own
that she was right;
But when the War was over, to show
his martial breed,
He shot down three policemen and
made a woman bleed.

PAISLEY TO THE RESCUE OF THE COALITION.

(*The Prime Minister to Mr. Asquith*).

Welcome, for Old Long Since's sake,
  Home to your ancient seat!
It needed only this to make
  My cup of joy complete;
The weary waiting time is past;
  The yawning vacuum is mended;
And here we have you back at last—
  Oh, Herbert, this is splendid!

As one whose wisdom overflows
  With human nature's lore,
You know they make the keenest foes
  Who have been friends before;
We loved as only Liberals do
  Until their rival sabres rattle
And Greek joins Greek (like me and you)—
  Then is the tug of battle.

As an old Parliamentary hand
  Familiar with the ropes,
Those perils you will understand
  With which a Premier copes
Whose big battalions run to seed,
  Having indulged a taste for slacking,
And let their muscles moult for need
  Of foemen worth the whacking.

Such was my case. By habit's use
  They still obeyed the whip,
But loyal zeal grew limp and loose
  And things were left to rip;
I had no hope to stay the rot
  And fortify their old affections
(Save for the stimulus they got
  From losing by-elections).

Daily I took, to keep me fit,
  My tonic in *The Times*;
Daily recovered tone and grit
  Reading about my crimes;
But one strong foe is what we lack
  To put us on our best behaviour;
That's why in you I welcome back
  The Coalition's saviour. O. S.

AUCTION IN THE SPACIOUS TIMES.

"It is Our Royal pleasure to will and declare one diamond," said the Virgin Queen, when the Keeper of the Privy Purse had arranged her hand for her. Sir Walter Raleigh, who sat on her left, was on his feet in a twinkling. "Like to like, 'twas ever thus," he murmured, bowing low to his Sovereign. "I crave leave to call two humble clubs, as becometh so mean a subject of Your Majesty." It is not known whether his allusion to the Queen's call was intended to refer to the diamond rings upon Her Majesty's fingers or to the scintillating glint in Her Majesty's eyes, but she inclined her head graciously in acknowledgment of his remarks before turning to her partner.

"What say you, my Lord of Leicester?" she asked. "Wilt support a poor weak woman?" His Lordship, however, looked down his noble nose and said nothing for quite a long time. He found himself, to use a vulgar phrase, in the *consommé*. His hand contained the ace, king and six other spades, nothing to write home about in hearts or clubs, and one small diamond. To take from his partner the right to play the hand would be the act of a fool—the mere thought made him raise a hand to his neck as though to assure himself of its continuity. Even failure to support her call would be looked on as ungallant, if nothing worse.

"How now, sirrah? Art sleeping in Our presence?" prompted the Queen sharply.

The Earl swallowed noisily once or twice, just to show that he was awake, and then plunged.

"An it please you, Madam, two diamonds," he muttered, with but a sorry show of his habitual arrogance.

"Double!" said Sir Francis Drake in crisp seamanlike tones, whereat the Earl of Leicester was seen to fumble for the hilt of his rapier.

"Stay, my Lord," his liege commanded; "'tis true the Knight hath left his manners in Devonshire, or on the Spanish main mayhap, but keep your brawl for an hour and place more fitting. We redouble."

A momentary silence followed the Queen's discourse, cut short by the uncouth ejaculation "'Ods fish!" which escaped from Sir Francis apparently without his consent. He embarked on an apology at once, based on the fact that he was but an honest sailor; but, meeting with no encouragement, he gave it up and fell to sucking his teeth.

Sir Walter meanwhile made good use of the interval to perfect a flower of speech signifying, in a manner worthy a courtier of his reputation, that he was content. His effort drew from the Queen a glance as nearly approaching the "glad eye" as any that august spinster was ever known to dispense. The Laird of Kenilworth announced that he also was content; but historians should accept the statement with reserve. Sir Francis either wasn't sure whether the rules of the game allowed him to double again, or else had just enough tact not to do so. The game then proceeded.

Sir Walter led the ace of clubs. The appearance of the noble lord's solitary little diamond, as he laid down his hand, was greeted by a loud hiccough from the old salt, and the Queen herself was only saved from swooning by the timely administrations of a page with a flask of sal-volatile.

When, fourth in hand, she trumped the honest sailor's ace, her partner had the hardihood to make conventional inquiry as to whether she had any clubs. Her Majesty uttered in reply the one dreadful word, "Treason," thus avoiding with true statesmanship any direct answer to the question, and indicating clearly her opinion of his two-diamond call. The Keeper of the Privy Purse shot out a lean hand and gathered in the trick.

With the help of the ace of spades in dummy, the ace of hearts in her own hand, and a discriminating use of her Royal prerogative in the matter of following suit, all went well until the odd trick had been won. After that, however, Sir Francis, who had not doubled without good reason, proceeded to deal out six diamonds, led by the ace, king and queen. His partner unwisely allowed his feelings to get the better of him. "As Will Shakspeare hath it," he observed with unction, "'now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer——'" but stopped on a sudden, with ears and scalp twitching horribly.

"Ho without! Summon the guard!" roared the last of the Tudors, and immediately an N.C.O. and six private beefeaters appeared on the scene. "Convey Our compliments to the Governor of the Tower," she continued, addressing the N.C.O., "and bid him confine the Earl of Leicester during Our pleasure. My Lord," she added, turning to her luckless partner, "'twere well, methinks, you should have leisure in which to reflect on the folly of trifling with a woman."

It is greatly to the Earl's credit that at this point he made strenuous endeavours to surrender his sword in accordance with the drill-book, but as it refused to come out of its scabbard he was obliged to unbutton the frog from his belt and hand over the weapon complete with leather gear. This formality achieved, he was led away to durance vile.

Sir Francis, poor fellow, fared scarcely better than the Earl. "Begone to sea, Sir Knight," hissed the Queen; "mayhap the Dons will teach you more becoming manners. Begone, I say, and look to't your ships return not empty, else shall you not receive payment of your winnings."

Sir Francis went.

A glance at the pitiable condition of Sir Walter caused Her Majesty's heart to soften somewhat. "Come, Sir," she cooed, "an arm, prithee, and We will seek a place where you may read to Us the mummings of this strange bard, Will Shakspeare."

Sir Walter at once regained control of his nerve-centres and escorted Her Majesty from the painful scene.



THE ELUSIVE PEST.

John Bull. "GOT HIM!"
The Profiteer. "I DON'T THINK!"



Patient. "And you really think there is nothing wrong with my eyesight?"
Oculist. "Nothing at all. Perfectly normal."
Patient. "Ah, then it must be the way I've been holding my putter."

GEORGE AND THE COW-DRAGON.

The "rockerty-tockerty-tock" refrain of the carriage-wheels below me changed into a jarring whine as the train came to a full stop. I looked out on a dim-lit platform which seemed to be peopled only by a squad of milk-cans standing shoulder to shoulder like Noah's Ark soldiers.

As the engine shrieked and plunged into its collar again the door was jerked open and a man projected himself into the carriage and, opening the window so that the compartment was flooded with cold air, leaned out and resumed his conversation with a friend till the train bore him out of shouting range. He then pulled up the window, trod on my foot, sat on my lap and eventually came to rest on the seat opposite me.

It was a small man, red of head and bright of eye. He wore his cap at the back of his head, so as to exhibit to an admiring world a carefully-cultured curl of the "quiff" variety, which was plastered across his forehead with a great expenditure of grease. His tie was a ready-made bow of shot-colours, red, green, blue and purple, and from his glittering watch-chain hung many fanciful medals, like soles upon a line.

"Brother-in-law to me," he remarked, jerking his thumb towards the back-rushing lights of Exeter.

"Who?" I inquired.

"That young feller I was talking to just now. Didn't you see me talking to a young feller?"

"Oh, yes, I believe I did hear you talking to somebody."

"Well, him. Married a sister to me, so he's my brother-in-law, ain't he?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you're wrong then. He's only a half-brother-in-law, because she is only a half-sister to me, her ma marrying my old man. Understand?"

I said I did and pulled up my rug as a signal that I was going to sleep and the conversation was at an end.

"Anyhow, whatever he is, he's good enough for her."

I remarked that that was most satisfactory and closed my eyes.

He drew out a yellow packet of cigarettes, selected one and held them in my direction. I declined and again closed my eyes.

"Very good, please yourself, it's one more for little Willie. All I can say is that you're foolish not taking a good fag when it don't cost you nothing. You don't catch me refusing a free fag even when I don't want to smoke. I takes it and puts it in my cap for when I do. Pounds I've saved that way, pounds and pounds."

He lit his limp tube of paper and mystery, stamped out the match and spat deliberately on the floor.

"See me do that?"

I nodded with as much disgust as I could contrive.

"Know what them notices say I can get for that? Fined or imprisoned."

He paused for me to marvel at his daring.

"Think I'm mad to take risks like that, don't cher? Well, I aren't neither. They couldn't catch me out, not they."

He brushed some ash off his lap on to mine and winked sagely.

"Suppose the guard was to come in here and start fining and imprisoning me for it, do you know what I'd do? I'd swear *you* did it."

"But I should deny it," I retorted hotly.

"Of course you would, old chum, and I shouldn't blame you neither, but you wouldn't stand no chance against me"—he leaned forward and tapped me on the knee as though to emphasize his words—"*I could lie your life away.*"

He sank back in his seat, his face aglow with conscious superiority. The clamour of the wheels increased as if they were live things burning with the fever of some bloodthirsty hunt.

"Firing her up," said the red man; "always racing time, these passenger wagons. It's a dog's life and no blooming error." He prodded my foot with his. "I said 'it's a dog's life and no error.'"

"What is?" I growled.

"Engine-driving, of course. I'm on the road myself. Goods-pushing just now, but I've been on the expresses off and on, though it don't suit me—too much flaring hurry."

He rattled off into technicalities of his trade, embroidered with tales of hair-bristling adventures and escapes.

"Yes, old chum, there's more in our trade than what most fat-headed passengers thinks. As long as an accident don't occur they don't know what trouble we've been to avoiding of it. I've a good mind to give 'em a smash-up now and again just to teach 'em gratitood. F'instance, me and me mate was running a local down Ilfracombe way last week when what d'you think we runned into?"

"Ilfracombe?" I hazarded sleepily.

"An old cow! Now what d'you think of that?"

"It was so much the worse for the coo," I quoted.

"What say?"

"It was so much the worse for the cow."

"Worse for the cow?"

"So GEORGE STEPHENSON said, and he invented the locomotive and ought to know, you'll admit."

The little man stared at me, his mouth open; for once he seemed bereft of words. We had slowed to a momentary stop in a small station and pulled out again before he regained control of his tongue, then he broke loose.

"No, I don't admit it neither. I don't care if your friend George invented the moon, he talks like a fool, and you can tell him so from me."

"I can't, unfortunately; he's——"

"A chap that talks disrespectful and ignorant of cows like that didn't oughter be allowed to live. A cow is one of the worstest things you can run up against. I'd rather run into a row of brick houses than one of them nasty leathery old devils; and you can hand the information to your chum George."



Robinson. "IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CHAPS STARTED TO DO SOMETHING. HARD WORK NEVER KILLED ANYBODY."

Mendicant. "YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIR. I LOST THREE WIVES THROUGH IT."

"I tell you I can't; he's——"

"Ask any driver or fireman on the road, and if he don't slip you one with a shovel for your withering ignorance he'll tell you just what I'm telling you now. Yes, you and your funny friend."

"Look here, GEORGE STEPHENSON has been——"

"Let your funny friend try running into a cow just for 'speriment. Just let him try it once. They tangle up in your bogies, all slippery bones and hide, slither along with you a yard or two, and the next thing you know is you're over an embankment and your widder is putting in for insurance. Tell your pal George from me."

The brakes ground on and the lights of a station flickered past the windows.

"My gosh!" exclaimed the red-headed man, springing to his feet, "this is Cullumpton, and I ought to have got out at the station before." He wrestled with the door-handle. "And it's all through sitting here listening to your everlasting damfool chatter about you and your friend George."

"Who died forty years before I was born," said I. "Good night."

PATLANDER.

WIZARDS: KLINGSOR AND ANOTHER.

"ANOTHER *Parsifal* ought to be written from the angle of Klingsor, who was an enlightened Arabian, physician, scientist and probably Aristotelian . . . The Knights, and Wagner with them, call him a wizard, which was a crude mediæval way of 'slanging' any man who preferred knowledge to superstition."

This remarkable utterance by the musical critic of *The Daily Mail* in the issue of February 25th has created a sensation in the political world fully equal to that caused by the announcement of Mr. ASQUITH's return for Paisley. Scientific and artistic circles have also been deeply moved.

Sir PHILIP SASSOON, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's now secretary, interviewed by our representative, said that the tribute to his chief was all the more welcome considering its source. His only criticism was that, instead of calling the charge of wiza dry a "crude mediæval" mode of invective, he should prefer to style it an ultra-modern application of the art of obloquy.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, in a wireless message from New York, entirely approved of *The Daily Mail's* reading of KLINGSOR's character. He was clearly a scientist and a spiritualist of remarkable attainments. The defection of *Kundry* to the side of the Knights was a sad instance—but not without modern parallels—of the unrelenting pressure exerted on weak women by the zealots of orthodoxy.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY said that he had long suspected KLINGSOR of being a crypto-Aristotelian, but the arguments of the writer in *The Daily Mail* had converted his suspicion to a certainty. He proposed to deal with the matter more fully in an imaginary dialogue between KLINGSOR and Sir OSWALD STOLL (who was a devout follower of HERBERT SPENCER) which would shortly appear in *The Times*.

Mr. DEVANT professed himself delighted with the vindication of KLINGSOR, who was undoubtedly, like ROGER BACON, a first-rate conjurer, far in advance of his time, and with limited resources was yet capable of producing illusions which would not have disgraced the stage of St. George's Hall.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY excused himself from pronouncing a definite opinion on the subject, but pointed out that it would doubtless come within the purview of the inquiry into Spiritualism undertaken by high clerical authority.

Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN made the gratifying announcement that he was engaged on a colossal statue of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the character of the modern *Merlin*. His treatment might not commend itself to the leaders of Nonconformity in Wales, but his own artistic conscience was clear, and he felt he could count on the benevolent sympathy of the Northcliffe Press.

The Editor of *The Times* strongly demurred to the statement that KLINGSOR was an Arabian. The great authority on KLINGSOR was the anonymous thirteenth-century epic poem on *Lohengrin*, the father of *Parsifal*, and he had no doubt (1) that the author was either a Czecho-Slovak or a Yugo-Slav; (2) that KLINGSOR, as the etymology suggested, was of the latter race. In these circumstances the attempt to establish an affinity between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and KLINGSOR was nothing short of an outrage, which might have disastrous results on our relations with the new States of Central Europe.

Mr. J. MAYNARD KEYNES observed that the characterisation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, implicit in the defence of KLINGSOR made by the musical critic of *The Daily Mail*, indirectly confirmed his own impressions. It was true that the PREMIER did not physically resemble an Arab sheikh, and his knowledge of medicine, science or philosophy, to say nothing of geography, was decidedly jejune, but the sad case of President WILSON made it all too clear that he was capable of exerting a hypnotic influence on his colleagues. Mr. KEYNES did not think Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was an Aristotelian; he preferred to consider him an unconscious Pragmatist. This view he proposed to develop in his forthcoming volume on the Subliminal Conscience of Nonconformity.

TO JAMES (MULE) WHO HAS PLAYED ME FALSE.

[Many mules are appearing upon the streets of London and are showing an extraordinary and unexpected docility amidst the traffic.]

James, when I note your air supremely docile,
Your well-fed look of undisturbed content
(Doubtless you find this land an adipose isle
After lean times on active service spent),
I do not join with those who hymn your praises
For calmness mid the turmoil of the town;
I find myself consigning you to blazes—
James, you have let me down.

For I am one who, after having striven,
A hero (*vide* Press) though far from bold,
Has come back home and, naturally, given
Artistic touches to the tales he 's told;
The Transport was my scene of martial labours;
That was the section where I saw it through;
And I have told astonied friends and neighbours
Some lurid yarns of you.

You are the theme I have been wont to brag on;
I 've told how you, my now innocuous moke,
Would chew the tail-board off a G.S. wagon
By way of mere *plaisanterie* (or joke);
Dubbed you most diabolical of ragers,
A rampant hooligan, a fetid tough,
A thing without respect for sergeant-majors—
That is to say, hot stuff.

Full many a fair young thing I 've seen displaying
A sympathetic pallor on her cheek
And wonder in her eye, when I 've been saying
How almost every day in Salonique
You jazzed with me on brinks of precipices;
But when I talk to-day they cannot fail
To think of you in town and murmur, "This is
A likely sort of tale."

To take, without one thought of evil plotting,
Even without one last protesting kick,
Thus kindly to somnambulistic trotting—
Oh, James, old pal, it was a dirty trick;
To show the yarns I 'd told of you and written
(In letters home) were not entirely swank
At very least, I think, you might have bitten
The policeman at the Bank.

Boat Race "Intelligence."

"The Oxford University crew arrived at Henley yesterday for a week's practice. The Cambridge president, Mr. E. A. Berrisford, accompanied the crew as spare man."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The Government, said Mr. Bonar Law, had not received any intimation from the Netherlands Government that Holland had decided to keep the ex-Kaiser in Curaçoa."—*Evening Standard*.

Good news for Mr. PUSSYFOOT.

"ESSEX and SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be Let, well-built Mansion, surrounded by fine gardens, situate in one of the finest parts of this delightful country."—*Daily Paper*.

But it must be rather a nuisance to cross the Thames every time you want to go from the Essex to the Sussex wing.



MANNERS AND MODES.

TYPICAL COSTUME FOR AN EARNEST WORKER IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

SUZANNE'S BANKING ACCOUNT.

"These want paying," said Suzanne as she bounced into my nominally sacred den at a strictly prohibited hour. Therewith she thrust a *dossier* of tradesmen's bills into my feebly-resisting hands, and bang went an idea I had been tenderly nursing since breakfast.

"But I can't spend the rest of the morning writing cheques," I protested. "I'm engaged just now on a most important article."

"With your eyes shut," commented Suzanne, stooping to a grossly unfair insinuation. "I must tell Cook to make the breakfast coffee stronger in future; then you might manage to— -"

"Look here, Suzanne, you've been married to me long enough to know my methods of work. I can't begin an article until I've got the whole thing shaped in my mind, and to do that I must shut out everything else."

"Especially your wife, I suppose. Well, I won't stay. You've got all the bills there; but don't start writing the cheques till you've got them well shaped in your mind."

"But what on earth does all this mass of accounting literature represent?" I asked.

"For the benefit of new readers a synopsis is attached," said Suzanne. "They're mostly small items; for instance, Madame Pillby—she's the little dressmaker round the corner, you know; though why an all-British spinster should call herself 'Madame' I can't imagine—five-and-fourpence-ha'penny."

"Suzanne, I will *not* write a cheque for five-and-fourpence-ha'penny! Are they all like that?"

"The biggest is two guineas; that's what it cost to have my last dance-hat altered to your specifications, because you said it tickled your nose. There are seventeen of them in all—bills, not hats; total, twelve pounds fifteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings, pa-pa."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said. "I'm going to advertise in the Personal Columns of the papers that I will not be responsible for payment of any debts incurred by my wife under the sum of one pound. That'll stop this half-crown cheque nuisance. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a packet of assorted postal-orders?"

"I did once; but I got in with a nice long list just before closing-time, and there was very nearly a riot on both sides of the counter."

"Well, anyhow, this sort of thing has got to stop; I can't waste all the morning settling your miserable little bills. What we'll do is this: you shall have your own banking-account, and in future you can write your own cheques—as long as the Bank will stick it."

"Oh, how perfectly splendid!" cried Suzanne. "I've always wanted to have a cheque-book of my own, but Father thought it unsexing. Do let's go and take out the licence at once."

The precious hour of fertilisation was already wasted, so there and then I escorted Suzanne to the Bank. At my demand we were ushered into the Manager's room, where we were received with a courtesy only too obviously tempered by the suspicion that I had come to suggest an overdraft. On my explaining our errand, however, the Manager's features relaxed their tenseness, and as I wrote the cheque that brought Suzanne's account into a sordid world he even attempted a vein of fatherly benediction.

"Now we shall require a specimen of the lady's signature," he said as he produced an amazingly obese ledger and indicated where Suzanne was to sign her name. "Remove the glove, please," he added hastily.

"Just like old times in the vestry," said Suzanne to me in a whisper. Then she wrote her name—"Suzanne Désirée



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

THE RAGE EXHIBITED BY AN AUTHOR WHILE HAVING ONE OF HIS NOVELS FILMED IS UTILISED BY THE INTELLIGENT MANAGER OF THE FILM COMPANY FOR A NEW "THREE-REEL COMIC," ENTITLED "HOW AUTHORS WORK."



Brown. "WHAT DID THEY GIVE OLD SLOWCOMBE THE O.B.E. FOR?"
Jones. "THE 'OTHER BEGGARS' ENERGY,' I IMAGINE."

Beverley Trumpington-Jones"—all of it. By the time she had finished she had trespassed into several columns reserved for entirely different uses. The Manager surveyed the effect with consternation.

"Rather a long name, isn't it?" he asked diffidently. "I was only wondering if our cheque-forms would accommodate it all."

"Well, I'm not really responsible for it all," she replied. "The Trumpington-Jones part is the more or less permanent result of a serious accident when I was little more than a child. But I might shorten it a bit. I sometimes answer to the name of Soozles, but I suppose that would only do for really intimate cheques. How would 'S. Beverley T.-Jones' do? I shouldn't like to lose the 'Beverley' as it's a kind of family heirloom, and I always use it, even when I'm writing to the sweep."

I edged away to the window and left them to settle the signature question among themselves.

"And what kind of cheques would you like—'Order' or 'Bearer'?" I next heard the Manager asking.

"Show me some patterns, please," commanded Suzanne.

On the wall was a frame containing a number of different cheque varieties, to which her attention was directed.

"Haven't you any other colours?" she asked. "I thought a black-and-yellow cheque would be rather becoming; but don't bother about it if it's not in stock."

She ended by taking one book of blue and one of purple cheques, and with these and a paying-in-book (which she said would do so nicely for spills) we at last departed. From behind the closed door of the private office I distinctly heard a prolonged sigh of relief.

A few days later I came upon Suzanne sitting at her writing-table and examining a cheque with a mystified air.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"I don't quite know," she replied. "I sent Angela this cheque the other day to pay for my ticket for the Law-Courts' Revel, and she says the Bank people have returned it to her. And it's marked 'R. D.' in red ink. Who is 'R. D.'?"

"He's the gentleman who censors cheques; and he has a way of disqualifying them when there's not enough cash to pay them. Suzanne, what have you done with all that money I paid into your account last Monday?"

"But I've only paid those footling little bills. There must be tons of money left, unless the Bank's been speculating with it."

"Let me have a look at that cheque," I said.

She handed it to me and I examined it carefully.

"I see it's signed 'Thine, Suzanne.'"

"But that's how I always sign myself to Angela," she said; "and the Manager distinctly told me to use my customary signature."

"Signature—not signatures," I explained gently. "They're rooted in convention at the Bank and can't bear the least approach to variety. And what's this scribbled on the back of it?"

"Oh, that's only a note I dashed off to Angela telling her what I was going to wear. It seemed such a pity to waste a sheet of notepaper when there was all that space to spare."

I gave her a quarter-of-an-hour's lesson in the art of drawing cheques. Then I took up the paying-in book which was lying on the table. I knew it ought to be in a virgin state as I had added nothing to the entrance-money. "And what might all these figures portend?" I asked.

"Those? Oh, that's baby's weight-chart. I'm always going to keep it there."

Well, well, if Suzanne looks after the weighing-in I can at least control the paying-in. And I left it at that.



Fond Parent (who has done pretty well in woollens). "WELL, SONNY, WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST EDUCATION THAT MONEY CAN BUY. AFTER ALL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT BE A GENTLEMAN."

IF THE ARMY ADVERTISED.

BATTALION ORDERS.

(1) *Duties, Officers.*—Orderly Officer for to-morrow: Second-Lieutenant W. Jenks.

W. Jenks is prepared to undertake duty for any brother subaltern. Terms—one day's pay, plus fifty per cent. for Saturdays or Sundays (handsome discount for cash in advance). Sleepless activity. Guards visited courteously but firmly. Any unusual occurrence handled with precision and despatch. Engage W. Jenks to do your duty, then sign your report with a clear conscience. Testimonials from all ranks.

(2) *Parades.*—0830 hours and 1130 hours, as per routine.

Hello! Hello!! Hello!!! Come in your hundreds. Amusing and health-giving. Bracing barrack-square; magnificent pedestrian exercise. Come and be experimented on by Sergt.-Major Whizbang, the great military spell-binder. See the Adjutant put Company Commanders through the hoop. Screams of laughter at every performance. Best places in the ranks for those who arrive early. Twice daily (Sundays excepted) till further notice. Breakfast kept for those attending first house.

(3) *Dress, etc., Officers.*—Attention is again drawn to recent instructions on these matters.

Why invite trouble when the local A.P.M. is simply yearning to advise you on points of etiquette? A kindly benevolent man who never forgets that he himself was once a regimental officer. He will tell you whether or not you may arm your aged grandmother across a busy London street without risking your commission. If you favour whiskers, call and see his inimitable museum of permissible patterns. Always at your service.

(4) *Musketry.*—The next party to fire General Musketry Course will proceed on the 2nd prox.

The finest form of outdoor sport (for those who prefer it to any other) is shooting. We are making up a little party to proceed to camp next week. Will you join us? Sylvan scenery; country air; simple wholesome diet; young and cheery society. Cigars or cocoanuts every time you hit the bull's-eye. Practice at stray dogs about camp is encouraged. Secure the skin of one of these beautifully-marked creatures for your own barrack-room bedside.

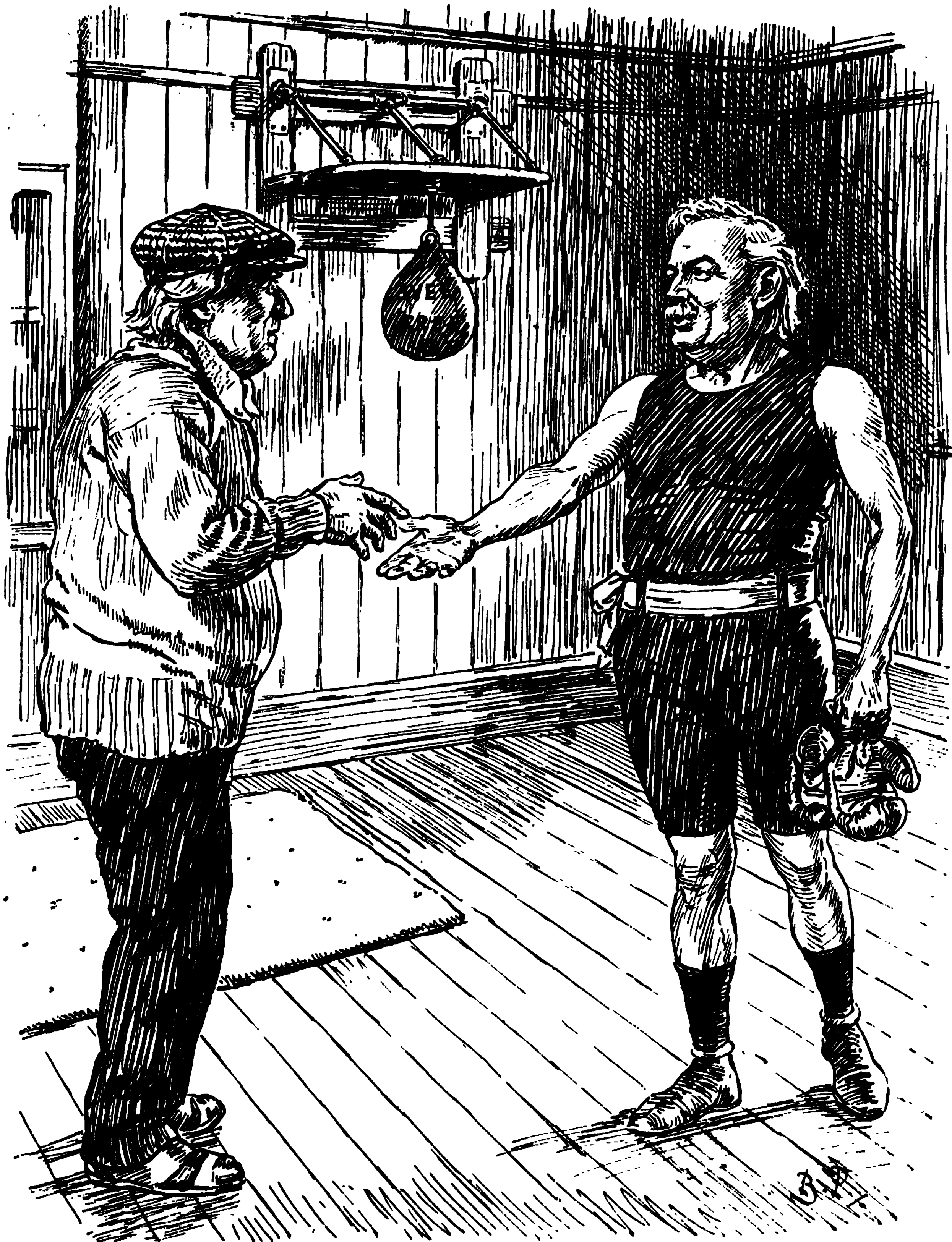
(5) *Hair, Length of.*—The practice of allowing the hair to grow beyond the regulation length must cease.

Why suffer the inconvenience of long hair when our own regimental tonsorial artist is waiting to bob it for you free of charge? Luxurious saloon; deft workmanship; no tips. His speciality — memento locks. Twelve such souvenirs guaranteed from one crop. Bald soldiers supplied to taste from surplus clippings. A delicate, lasting and inexpensive compliment to lady friends on leaving a station. Start collecting now.

Inns of Court Reserve Corps.

A psychical séance of the above disembodied Corps will be held on Friday the 26th March, in the Common Room of the Law Society in Chancery Lane (by kind permission of the Council), commencing 7.30 P.M.

Astral members desirous of attending should apply to their late Platoon Sergeants, or to Mr. H. L. BOLTON, 1, The Sanctuary, Westminster.



THE RETURN OF THE EX-CHAMPION.

Mr. Lloyd George. "WELCOME BACK! I'VE BEEN WANTING A SPARRING PARTNER TO GET ME INTO CONDITION; AND YOU'RE THE VERY MAN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

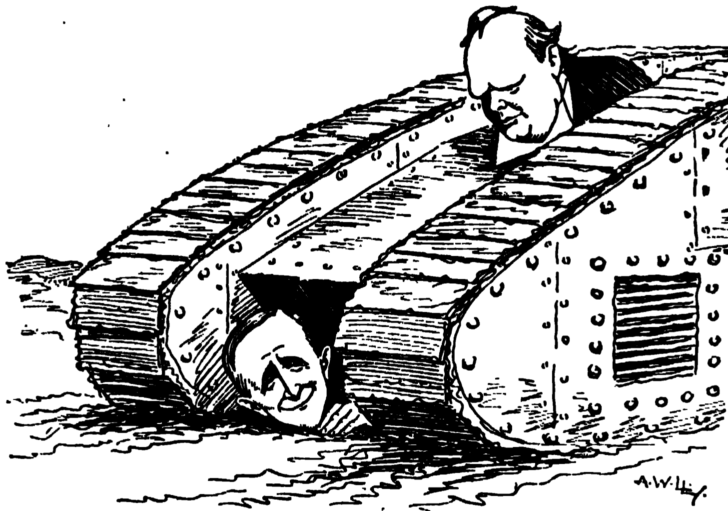
Monday, February 23rd.—The Highland Fling involves, I understand, some complicated figures, but it is nothing to the Lowland Reel (COATS' variety), on which subject Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES was rather badly heckled this afternoon. A suggestion that Messrs. COATS might use the profits of their foreign trade to reduce the price to the home consumer drove the harassed Minister into an unconscious *mot.* "Suppose," he said, "they cut the thread . . . where should we be then?"

Mr. CHARLES PALMER, the well-known *Globe*-trotter, has just completed a remarkable journey. Within the space of a few weeks he has traversed the distance from the Press Gallery to the Floor of the Chamber, going round by the Wrekin. During the last stage of the route the intrepid traveller was accompanied by Sir HENRY DALZIEL and Mr. BOTTOMLEY.

In introducing a Vote on Account of the Army for a trifle of seventy-four millions the WAR MINISTER proudly announced that Britain and Germany were the only countries in the world that had abolished conscription —and Germany's action was not exactly voluntary.

Mr. CHURCHILL's description of a new tank, so fast that it could outstrip a foxhound "over a country," so cool that even in the tropics its crew would preserve their *sangfroid traditionnel*, and so delicately sprung that it could run over a brick without hurting itself —or the brick—momentarily encouraged the belief that here was the weapon to make war impossible. But almost in the same breath Mr. CHURCHILL stated that simultaneously the War Office had invented a rifle grenade which would put the super-tank out of action. "As you were!"

Criticism was not entirely disarmed. Mr. DEVLIN of course talked of Ireland—"the only country with which the Empire is at war to-day;" and little Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN rebuked Mr. CHURCHILL for his unfilial sneer at "pious America," and was himself advised "not to develop more indignation than he could contain."



THE TANK AND THE LITTLE BRICK.
(MR. CHURCHILL AND CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.)
"The tank, weighing thirty tons, is able to pass over a brick lying on the road without crushing it. This is a very important point."—*Mr. Churchill.*

Tuesday, February 24th.—In both Houses the new policy of the Allies in regard to Soviet Russia was unfolded. The gist of it is that they will not enter into diplomatic relations with the Bolshevist Government until it is ready to adopt civilised methods, but in the meantime will heartily encourage trade with Russia. It would seem that the practical genius of our race has once more discovered a means of indulging sentiment without interfering with business.

Lord BIRKENHEAD (not BROKENHEAD, by the way, as the *Cork Constitution*, inadvertently or not, calls him) chaffed Lord HALDANE on his "How Happy could I be with Either" attitude between Liberalism and Labour, and advised him definitely to be off with the old love and on with the new, in order that when Labour came into its own the Woolsack might be adequately filled.

Sir ALFRED MOND did not allow himself to be perturbed by the description of certain pictures in the Imperial War Museum as "freaks" and "libels," for he had observed "with some astonishment" that most of the art critics had pronounced them to be very fine works of art. But when Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH asked if some of these pictures were not portraits of Cabinet Ministers, "and if so how can they possibly be works of art?" the First Commissioner's artistic conscience was stirred, and compelled him to give the questioner a little instruction in first principles. "Whether a portrait is a work of art depends," he pointed out, "on the artist and not on the subject painted."

The evening was devoted to drink. Sir JOHN REES, who urged the abolition of all war-time restrictions, would have been more effective, perhaps, if he had not striven so hard to be lively. One of his sallies, evoked by the impending *début* of Lady ASTOR as a Parliamentary orator, was indeed, as she observed, "more than polite."

She herself had her moments of gaiety, but was best, I thought, when seriously arguing for the continuance of the restrictions on alcohol in the special interests of women.

I am afraid, however, that the unregenerate were more intrigued by Mr. CARR's claim that the Carlisle experiment



THE LABOUR LORD CHANCELLOR.
A forecast.
LORD HALDANE.

had been a great success—"it was the only city in the country in which a man could buy a bottle of whisky to take home."

Wednesday, February 25th.—Question-time in the Commons was dominated by the news that Mr. ASQUITH was in for Paisley, and Members were more concerned in discussing the effect of his return upon the Government and Opposition than in listening to Ministerial replies. Sir DONALD MACLEAN was "all smiles" over his approaching release from the responsibilities of leadership; but Mr. HOGGE, I thought, looked rather like *Mrs. Gummidge* when "thinking of the old 'un."

A nod from Mr. MACPHERSON and the Government of Ireland Bill was formally and silently introduced — strange contrast to the long debates and exciting scenes that attended the birth of the Bill's three predecessors in 1886, 1893 and 1912.

Sir ROBERT HORNE explained with his usual clarity and persuasiveness the new Unemployment Insurance Bill. The debate on it was interrupted to allow the discussion of a motion by Sir J. REMNANT advocating the increase of police pensions to meet the present cost of living. The police are, with good reason, very popular with the House. In vain the HOME SECRETARY pointed out that the Government even in this cause did not feel justified in "outrunning the constable." Forgetting all their recent zeal for economy Members trooped into the Bobbies' Lobby and beat the Government by 123 to 57.

The idea that Irishmen, however much they may dislike British rule, never miss an opportunity of raiding the British Treasury, has received a rude shock. Captain REDMOND, inquiring about the allocation of a sum of a quarter-of-a-million for reconstruction in Ireland, was surprised to learn that ten thousand pounds had been allotted to his own constituency, but not claimed. Mr. DEVLIN supplied the key to the mystery: "The reason it was not asked for was because we did not know it was there."

I learn from *Who's Who?* that the recreations of Sir ALFRED MOND include "golf, motoring and all forms of sport." It must have been with keen regret, therefore, that he felt himself compelled to refuse facilities for cricket in Hyde Park, owing to the risk to the public. Viscount CURZON asked if cricket was more dangerous than inflammatory speeches. But the FIRST COMMISSIONER, speaking no doubt from personal experience, expressed the view that there was considerably more danger from a cricket-ball.

The Opposition had rather bad luck on the Constantinople debate. If they had waited till Monday, as originally arranged, they could have trained their big gun from Paisley on to the Government entrenchments. Through insisting on the earliest possible date, they had to content themselves with the far lighter artillery of Sir DONALD MACLEAN. Much, however, was hoped from Lord ROBERT CECIL, who was believed to be heavily charged with high explosives. But before he could come into range up jumped Sir EDWARD CARSON, and in a few brief sentences pointed out that until the PRIME MINISTER had told them the grounds for the decision to leave the Turk his capital, and the conditions under which he was to stay there, the House was talking in the air. Members thereupon clamoured for the



"Whether a portrait is a work of art depends on the artist and not on the subject painted." —*Sir A. Mond on the Imperial War Museum Pictures.*

PRIME MINISTER, who accordingly had to make his defence when he had heard only half the indictment, and to expend most of the ammunition he had prepared for Lord ROBERT, including some remarkable specimens of the "deadly parallel," before receiving his adversary's fire.

That in turn rather upset Lord ROBERT's plan of campaign, and he was not much more destructive than Sir DONALD MACLEAN had been. The House as a whole seemed satisfied that the Allies had done their best with a problem for which there is no perfect solution, and that there was at least a chance that the SULTAN would find the guns of an international fleet pointing at his palace windows a strong incentive to good behaviour.

Another Lady M.P.?

"Mr. Asquith was accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and the audience singing 'He's a jolly good Lady Bonham-Carter.'"
Scotch Paper.

A FANCY BIRD.

WHEN any friend of mine is in trouble I always make a point of writing and asking if there is anything I can do. As a rule there isn't, but it is a satisfaction to me to know I have made the offer. When I heard that Filmer was leaving his spacious house and grounds at Hampstead, selling half his furniture and moving into a third storey flat at Battersea, I wrote at once. I received in reply one of his usual barely decipherable scrawls: "Yes, old dear, you might find a home for my raven; it's ancient and a bit rusty, but lots of life in it yet. I'm parting with all my garden things."

I busied myself about the matter at once. When a man you have known and respected for years is driven by high prices and income-tax to vacate a beautiful home and asks such a simple thing of you as to find a shelter for his bird, you like to do your best. Personally I know nothing of ravens, but I recognized the inadequacy of my garden for the accommodation of a bird of any kind, therefore I could not think of taking it. But I had a surface acquaintance with the owner of a carriage drive, and I approached him without delay. He was cold in his manner and said with so many calls upon him he could not see his way to contribute towards the expense of Filmer's move, although he had no doubt, from my representation, that it was a deserving case.

The misunderstanding arose from my leading up to the object of my visit gradually instead of coming to the point at once and asking him to give a comfortable home to a raven. When I explained further he unbent and said he would think it over.

Later he wrote:—

Re RAVEN.

"DEAR SIR,—I have consulted an authority on this bird and find that its bad character has brought about its practical extinction in this country save in the mountain fastnesses of Wales and the craggy moors of Yorkshire. I also learn that its extended wings measure thirty-six inches on an average. I must decline to provide an asylum for such an extensive mass of depravity."

I confess I was discouraged and also somewhat shocked. I felt Filmer should have enlightened me more on the characteristics of his *protégé*. The episode taught me to avoid preamble in my next quest for a domicile. Also I thought it only right to express myself with absolute frankness. The address of a lady with a reputation for



NO, THIS IS NOT A CELEBRATED COMEDIAN TELLING A FUNNY STORY; IT'S MERELY A PRIVATE CITIZEN THREATENING TO REPORT TO THE PROFITEERING COMMITTEE.

a love of animals was given to me, and I hastened to call upon her. She answered the door herself.

"Madam," I said, "may I ask you of your kind heart to give a home to an almost extinct bird of evil character about a yard across?"

She looked startled for a moment and then quietly closed the door.

I was still further discouraged. I felt bound in honour to comply, if possible, with Filmer's comparatively simple request. By chance I ran across Timberley, a man brimful of resource and suggestion. "You want a brewery," he said; "that's the *milieu* for a raven. To my mind no brewery is artistically complete without one. A raven hopping about the casks gives a *je ne sais quoi*, a *cachet*, to the premises. You should get an introduction to a manager."

With some difficulty I did, and I waited upon him in his private office. He seemed immersed in business and asked me to be seated in such a brusque manner that I had no alternative but to remain standing.

"I must apologise for trespassing upon your valuable time, but it has been suggested to me that no brewery is complete without a raven——" I began, stammering slightly from nervousness.

"Well, we've got one. What about it?" he said.

In face of this unlooked-for development I could do nothing but bow and retire.

After this third failure to house the bird I threw convention to the winds and took to accosting utter strangers in the street with, "Will you have a raven?" I went rides in trams and tubes and canvassed the passengers. "Not to-day, thank you," was the response, save in a few instances. One man invited me to ask him again and he would do me in. A lady to whom I propounded the query as we were descending the moving staircase side by side precipitated herself forward with such haste that but for the intervening travellers she must have fallen headlong to the bottom. The mother of a family to whom I appealed shook her head politely and said she was obliged to me for the offer, but it was hard enough to pay for butcher's meat; she couldn't afford poultry.

Then at last, all my efforts having failed, I reluctantly took my pen and wrote to Filmer. In reply I received another of his scrawls:—

"What's this about a raven? Don't let it grow on you. The Victory Croquet Club is taking my ROLLER, £7 carriage forward. I gave £3 10*s.* for it second-hand ten years ago.

"N.B.—I had great difficulty in reading your writing. Don't cultivate illegibility; it's tiresome for your friends."

"Referring to charges of drunkenness the Chairman said there were 13 men and five women fined for drunkenness and residing at Chiswick."—*Local Paper.*

To reside at Chiswick may be an eccentricity, but surely is not an offence.



Auctioneer. "Come, gents, how much for these dozen braces?"
Tommy. "Can't take more'n eleven, guv'nor. Lost my second-best evening trousers on the Somme."

AT THE PLAY.

"John Ferguson."

After the unsatisfying theatre-diet which has fallen to me of late I was doubly glad to get my teeth into Mr. St. John Ervine's good meaty ration at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. His theme is as old and new as Job. *John Ferguson* is a saintly Ulster farmer, apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance (rare type in those parts, I understand) and eager justifier of the ways of God to men. *Ferguson's* beloved farm is mortgaged; foreclosure imminent. Help is confidently expected from brother *Andrew* in America, but does not come. Daughter *Hannah*, sent with a message to the brutal mortgagee, is outraged by him. Prospective son-in-law *James*, man of great words but little heart, rushes into the night to kill the ravisher. But it is silent son *Andrew* (destined for the ministry) who does the killing, because he knows *James* to be a craven.

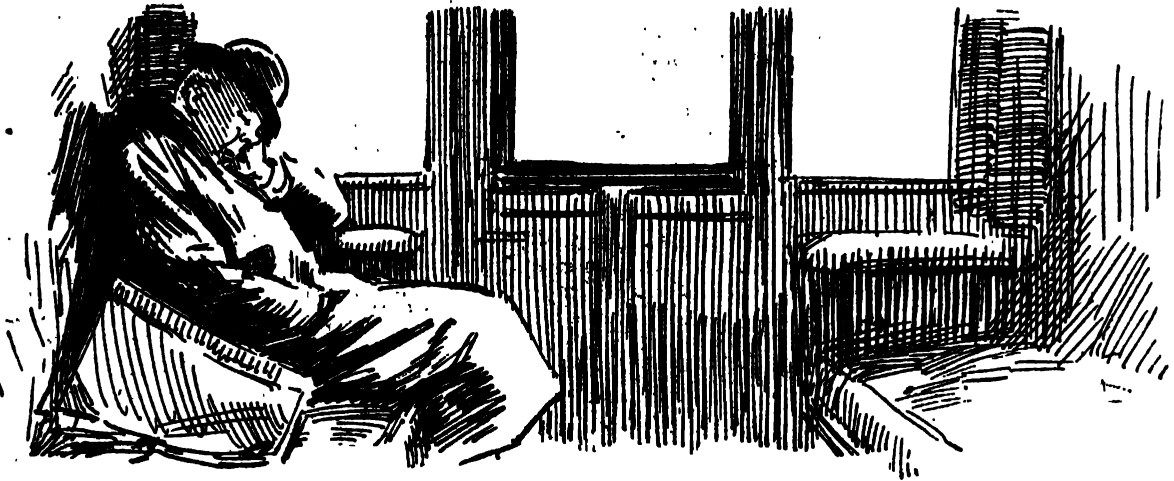
John Ferguson urges confidently the will of God that *James*, whom he believes blood-guilty, should not avoid arrest, and refuses to hide him. But when young *Andrew* insists on giving himself up to save *James* and his own peace the old man's faith, weakened, falters; he protests in his anguish, but rallies to accept this last blow from the hand of God—made none the easier to bear by the arrival, just a fatal fortnight late, of the money from his brother, a forgetful sort of man, who had mistaken the date of the mail. The tragic irony of the whole is skilfully heightened by the fact that it is half-witted "*Clutie*," with his penny whistle and his random words, who goads young *Andrew* to his vengeance.

A grim tale finely (perhaps just a little too diffusely) told and admirably presented. Mr. Ervine's most effective stroke was, I think, the character of *James Cæsar*, with his pathetic yet revolting self-condemnation, interpreted with a real mastery of art without artifice by Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, of the old band of "Irish Players." Miss Moyna MacGill (a name new to me) played her *Hannah* with an exquisite sincerity and restraint. A particular moment when, from her hysterical laughter at the careful choice made by her father's God of the moment for the arrival of the money, she breaks into a passionate "It's not right! It's not just!" was very fine. The whole character was skilfully built up. The part by no means played itself.

Mr. Herbert Marshall's *Andrew* was also an excellent performance. Was it quite right, however, that the morning after the murder he should appear so completely unruffled? (I admit I don't know my Ulster intimately). I rather think that Mr. Miles Malleson's well-studied "*Clutie*" might have been a little less coherent, with more fawning in his manner. He seemed something too normal for his purpose in the piece. The way in which the other characters staved off his piping was beyond all praise. I should guess, from specimens submitted, that his repertory was not extensive.

Mr. Rea, as the father, was of course competent, but surely a little over-placid throughout. He accepted the blow of his daughter's dishonour with scarcely a sign that submission caused him any serious pang—a seeming indifference shared by Miss Maire O'Neill (*Hannah's* mother), who appeared quite untroubled a few minutes after the harrowing relation, and indeed seemed throughout to be playing too easily. Mr. Raymond Valentine had a "fat" part as the villain, and well and fatly he played it.

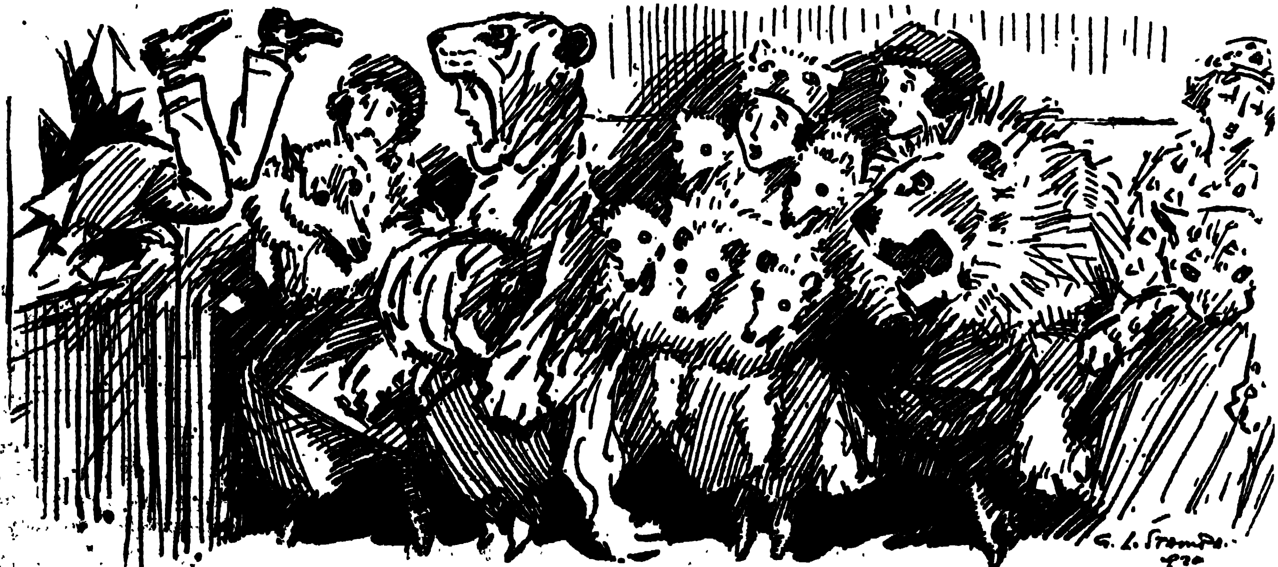
I realise more than ever the difficulties of an Irish Settlement. T.



Our animal artist, after a hard day at the Zoo, goes home in a non-smoker and falls asleep.



He sleeps so soundly that the entry of a big-game hunter's family fails to disturb him.



The roar of a passing train fits in with his dreams of wild animals, and—he wakes!

FAME.

FOR a long time past I had felt that something ought to be done about it, and then one evening as I opened my paper in the Tube I came suddenly upon the following paragraph:—

"Lunching yesterday with Jack Poppington at the Bitz, where, by the way, M. Caramel treated us to a superbly priceless *mousse à la Canadienne*, he told me that his *Little Pests* is selling like wildfire and proving a real bonanza to the lucky publishers, Messrs. Painter and Lilley. Had a pleasant chat with him about old times in the Army Pay Corps, in which we served together for nearly sixteen months during one of the hottest periods of hostilities 'out yonder.' More famous amongst the general public for his black-ribboned tortoiseshell monocle and invariable presence at all truly semi-smart Bohemian functions, Poppington keeps a brindled bulldog, grows primulas and is, of course, known to a select circle as the energetic Organising Secretary of the North Battersea Entomological Society."

The letterpress which I have quoted above was headed "Popular Pap" and formed a kind of frame for a photograph of Mr. Poppington, which seemed to show that his luncheon at the Bitz had not really agreed with him after all, and at the bottom of the column I noted the familiar signature of "*Marchand du Beurre*."

As usual when I read paragraphs of this kind I first of all blushed guiltily and glanced round to see whether anyone had noticed how eagerly I was drinking it all in. Then I put on the faint superior smile of recognition which I felt that the situation obviously demanded. Good old Poppington! One of the best. What recollections it stirred! *Marchand* and he and I——

When I left the Tube I carefully crumpled the paper up and threw it away, and in the middle of dinner I took care to remark casually to Araminta, "By the way, I suppose you put *Little Pests* on the library list?"

"Awfully sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I hadn't heard of them."

"Poppington's latest," I said curtly.

"I'm afraid I haven't heard of Poppington either."

I gave a sigh of desperation and leant back in my chair.

"Well, really!" I protested. "Surely the man himself—everybody—I mean —his—his eye-glass—his bulldog—of course only a few of us fully appreciate the extent of his actual research work —but still——"

"All right, I'll get it," she replied.

That finished off Araminta easily enough, but the situation none the less was serious. Paragraphs exactly like this had been meeting my eye in almost every popular paper for month after month, and, though I use two memory systems and have an electric scalp shampoo each week, I find them increasingly difficult to cope with. *Who's Which* already transgresses the established canons of literary art. It is almost as tall lying down as standing up, and fellows like Poppington are not even in *Who's Which*. He had not, you observed, even obtained an O.B.E. What would happen if I met him at some public gathering or dinner and by some awful mischance forgot those salient facts?

It appeared to me that a process for reproducing short biographies of this nature in a slightly larger type on the shirt-fronts of eminent personages was badly needed; it should be coupled, I felt, with an arrangement of periscopes to help one when sitting beside the great man or standing behind his back. Or he might perhaps wear upon his sleeve something like the divisional signs which were so useful in France. Old Poppington, for instance, might have a —might wear an—I mean there might be something or other on his coat in red or green or blue to indicate the nature and scope of his secretarial activities and give a fellow the right lead. And to think that every week dozens and dozens of new Poppingtons are springing up like crocuses about me! It was a bewildering thought. They were becoming perhaps the most numerous and influential class in the community. I had visions of mass meetings of "well-known" men— "well-known" men marching in procession with flags to Downing Street to demand State recognition, statues and pensions, and insisting that it should be made a penal offence not to recognise their well-known features in the street. I made a great resolve. Why should I be left out of it? I determined to join the crowd.

I had got rather out of touch with old *Marchand* for some time, and had indeed forgotten exactly what he looked like, but I persuaded a mutual friend to point him out to me, and, selecting the psychological moment, cannoned into him heavily in the street. His spectacles dropped off and his note-book fell out of his hand.

"Why, if it isn't *Du Beurre!*" I shouted, feigning an ecstatic surprise.

"I am sorry," he said rather stiffly, when he had recovered his breath, "but I am afraid I haven't the pleasure——"

"I am John Smith," I said.

"I am afraid I still——"

"Allow me to tell you all about myself," I said. And I did.

I was a little nervous as to how he would take it, but the event justified me. When I opened my paper next evening I found the following words:—

"Ran across John Smith of Ravenscourt Park yesterday afternoon. Chatting with him about one thing and another, he told me something of the methods he has employed to bring about his present celebrity in that salubrious suburb. He has never, it appears, written a book, collaborated in a review, appeared in a night-club, lunched at the Bitz, sat on a committee, or been summoned as a witness in a sensational divorce case. His record, I fancy, must be one of the most thoroughly unique in Greater London."

There was no photograph of John Smith, but, biting partly into this paragraph and partly into another on the opposite side of the column, was one of Mortimer Despenser, the new film star, featured in *Scented Sin*, which really did almost as well. Dear old *Du Beurre!* EVOE.

MUSIC À LA MODE.

THERE was a young singer whose moans
Struck a chill to her auditors' bones;
So she had to explain
That she wasn't in pain,
But was trying to sing quarter-tones.

There once was a basso, a swain
Who came from the rolling Ukraine;
He could sing double D
From breakfast till tea
Without any symptom of strain.

There was a benevolent peer
Who wished to make Art less severe,
So he learned the Jazz drum
And bids fair to become
The black man's most terrible fear.

There once was a critic whose bane
Was his dread of a style that was plain,
So, resolved to refresh us,
He strove to be precious,
But sank to the nether inane.

"AMATEUR SNOOKER POOL CHAMPIONSHIP: S. H. FRY DEFLATED."
Provincial Paper.

It was noticed even during the Billiard competition that he never really got the wind up.

"The chief obstacle to the development of water-power is usually the question of finance, and if the scheme will not hold water from that point of view it is not likely to float."
Electrical Review.

And if it holds too much water it is certain to sink.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Irishman (discussing "roarer" recently purchased by P.-W.S.). "VERY WELL KNOWN, SHE WAS, WID THE WARD UNION STAG HOUNDS. THE BOYS USED TO CALL HER 'THE WIDDA,' FOR WHY THEY SAID YE COULD ALWAYS HEAR HER SOBBIN' AFTHER THE DEER DEPARTED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

UNDENIABLY Mr. CARADOC EVANS is the bold boy. No doubt you remember (since they are so difficult to forget) the two volumes in which he dealt faithfully (and a bit over) with the manners of his countrymen in the land of their fathers. I have heard, and can well believe, that some of Mr. EVANS' own people were moved by this tribute even to the extent of threatening its author with personal violence. And now he has turned from Welsh Wales to English London, and gives us in *My Neighbours* (MELROSE) a further collection of sketches pleasantly calculated to prove that the general detestability of his compatriots remains unchanged by their migration from a whitewashed cottage to a villa in Suburbia. Whatever you may think of Mr. EVANS' work, whether it attracts or violently repels, there can be no question of its devastating skill. His sketches, no more than a few pages in length, contain never an idle word, and the phrases bite like vitriol. Moreover he employs an idiom that is (I conjecture) a direct transcription from native speech, which adds enormously to the effect. Understand me, not for worlds would I commend these volumes haphazard to the fastidious; I only say they are clever, arresting and violently individual. Also that, if you have not so far met the work of Mr. EVANS, here is your opportunity in a volume that shows it at its best, or worst. Half-an-hour's reading will give you an excellent idea of it. At the end of that time you will probably send either to the chemist for a restorative or to the bookseller for the two previous volumes. Meanwhile, if I were the writer, I should purchase a bulldog.

Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS has for some time past specialised in spinster-aunts, bachelor-uncles and charming nieces. In *Oranges and Lemons* (CONSTABLE) she introduces us pleasantly to some more. The plot, in fact, is chiefly concerned with the violent squabbles of an uncle and aunt, who belong to different sides of the family, for the good graces of *Diana* (who is nineteen, or thereabouts, and radiant), and *Shant*, (who says so—just like that—and is five). There are also several young men. To test his abilities in the *Admirable Crichton* line *Diana* maroons the most favoured of these, together with three other aspirants to her hand, and her bachelor uncle, on an island in a Scottish loch, hamperless, on a soft day. As the affections of all the lovers remain undimmed, you can guess what kind of a girl *Diana* must have been. *Shant's* even more responsible job is to tumble off a pony and allay the temporary tartness which existed between her two elderly admirers, so that nothing but oranges and orange-blossoms remain. Really, of course, none of the story much matters. But if you want the sensation of having stayed with delightful people in delightful places, where rising prices are not even mentioned or thought of, Mrs. WEMYSS can give it you all the time.

Night and Day (DUCKWORTH) is the title of VIRGINIA WOOLF'S last book; but there is no night for the author's

clarity of vision, or her cleverness in describing every detail she has seen, or her delicate precision of style; there is only daylight, temperate, pervading, but at times, I am afraid, almost irritatingly calm. "Give me one indiscretion of sympathy or emotion on behalf of your characters," the reader is tempted to implore her; "let me feel that you are a little bit excited about them and I shall feel excited too." The story, after all, is the simple one (to put it in the shudderingly crude language of former days) of a girl's change of heart from an unreal love to one of whose sincerity she eventually convinces herself. *Katharine Hilbery*, the granddaughter of a great poet, brought up by a father whose only interest is in literature, and a charming mother who wanders in fields of Victorian romance, breaks off her engagement with a civil servant who has more taste than talent for letters, and chooses instead a man slightly below her in social position, but with firmness and decision of character and genuine skill in—what? Ironmongery? No, literature. All through the book I found myself wondering whether a mind so finely tempered as *Katharine's*, a perception so acute, was really fitted for anything so commonplace as, after all, love is. And I longed for the authoress, who explained every mood so amazingly well, to explain this too.



SOUVENIR-HUNTERS OF THE PAST.
SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S APPLE.

Mrs. NORRIS is evidently a specialist in unconventional situations. In her last novel her theme was the intrigue between a man and his step-mother. In *Sisters* (MURRAY) it is the passion of a man for his living wife's married sister, and in neither case does the author seem to be conscious of anything out of the ordinary. Not that there is any air of naughtiness about the business. *Peter*, a rich cripple, loved *Cherry*, the youngest and prettiest of the three *Strickland* girls. But *Martin*, a casual impecunious stranger, stepped in and took her in one bite before *Peter* could quite realise she was no longer a child. So in default he married *Alix*, who was, incidentally, worth six of her. Meeting his *Cherry*, disillusioned about an unsatisfactory and unsuccessful *Martin*, he reaches out his hand for this forbidden fruit. Whereupon *Alix*, the selfless, drives herself and *Martin* over a cliff by way of making things smooth for *Peter* and *Cherry*, which was inconsiderate, if resourceful; for, while *Alix* is happily killed, poor *Martin* only breaks his back, so that all may end with the balance on the credit side of the Recording Angel's ledger with *Cherry* nursing her hopeless invalid. An unlikely story, pleasantly and competently told.

My appreciation of *The Ancient Allan* (CASSELL) may be measured by my keen disappointment on finding that the concluding pages of the book were absent in the copy vouchsafed to me, and that (apparently) in their place a double dose of pages 279—294 was offered. Nevertheless I can safely assert that you will find this a yarn worth reading, for here Sir RIDER HAGGARD is in as good form as ever he was, when both he and *Allan Quatermain* were younger. *Lady Ragnall*, who is an old friend to readers of *The Ivory Child*, reappears here, having in her possession a mysterious and potent herb, which she persuades *Allan* to inhale. Then the fun takes on a great liveliness. *Allan* is wafted back to the days when Egypt was under the domination of the Persians, and he in his ancient existence performed some of the very doughtiest of deeds. No one living can tell such a tale with a greater dexterity and zest than Sir RIDER. And at that I will leave it, with one more regret that I was not allowed to be present when *Allan* recovered from the effects of Taduki (the herb that did it).

I find that when the medicine of thought is wrapped up in the jam of fiction I generally take both more willingly than either alone. But if my author, holding out the spoonful, protests that the jam isn't jam at all but part of the dose, then my mouth does not open with quite its usual happy confidence. Miss W. M. LETTS has said something of the sort about her great little book, *Corporal's Corner* (WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON), and I wish she hadn't. It is cast in the form of letters written by a soldier in hospital to a nurse who has been good to him and whose lover has been killed at the Front. Miss LETTS introduces it with a foreword which conveys the impression that a real *Corporal Jack* wrote these letters to a real nurse; but the letters themselves convince—or very nearly convince—me that the foreword itself is a mere device of authorship, and one which defeats its own intention of adding weight to the wise and tender and often humorous things the writer has to say. From his own death-bed *Corporal Jack*, together with his own love-story and that of his chum *Mac*, writes what he can of comfort to his friend, and whether his hand or Miss LETTS's held the pen the book is the work of someone who knows all about sorrow, and only the initiated—who must be many for a decade to come—will know quite how well it is done.

Of the late Mr. NOEL ROSS, who, to the infinite loss of British journalism, died at the early age of twenty-seven, Mr. Punch cannot trust himself to speak with the cold detachment of the critic. He saw life with the clear eye of happy youth and set it down with the easy pen of a ready writer. Coming from New Zealand, through the War, to England, his natural talents were at once recognised, and he won a position for himself on the staff of *The Times*. In the leisure moments spared from the service of the Old Lady of Printing House Square, he would crack a jest, now and then, with the Old Sage of Bouverie Street. Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD now publishes a collection of his writings under the title, *Noel Ross and His Work*, and Mr. Punch confines himself to commending the volume to his readers.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are one hundred thousand more people living in London than in New York. But they are only just living.

* * *

"The Home Rule Bill," says *The Irish Unionist Alliance*, "would, if put into operation, cause friction in Ireland." We are sorry to hear this, for friction is the last thing we want to see in Ireland.

* * *

M. GRABSKI, who has just asked for the loan of three thousand million francs, is the Polish Minister of Finance. Yet people say there is nothing in a name.

* * *

A Welsh Prohibition Bill is suggested. We think it should be pointed out that the Welsh language is natural and not due to over-indulgence.

* * *

DEMPSEY, the American Boxer, is to be charged with "draft-dodging." The other charge of COCHRAN-dodging will not be proceeded with.

* * *

Gold in the mouth, says the American Academy of Dental Science, is out of date. Much the same applies to gold in the pocket.

* * *

We understand that an American syndicate has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the sole rights in a suit of clothes by a London tailor.

* * *

American whisky is said to create in consumers a desire to climb trees. British whisky, on the other hand, seems to create in the Americans a desire to cross the Atlantic.

* * *

With reference to the road-mender who fell down last week and injured himself an explanation has now been given. It appears that the colleague next to him must have moved.

* * *

No fewer than twenty-seven poems on Spring have been received by one weekly paper editor. Yet there are people who still maintain that the crime wave is on the wane.

* * *

"The Irish swear by two staple beverages," says *The Daily Mail*. We feel, however, that an Irishman who was really trying could swear by more than this.

* * *

We understand that the Foreign Office takes a serious view of the large number of public-houses which have been burgled during the last few weeks. It is feared that it may be the work of a foreign spy who is endeavouring to secure the recipe of British Government ale.

* * *

"A large number of army tanks have been sent to Africa," announces an article in a daily paper. However, as the brontosaurus is supposed to devour four of these delicacies at every meal, it is feared that unless a great many more are sent out immediately this dainty animal may be faced with extermination.



Holiday-maker (in difficulties). "OH, DASH IT! THERE GOES THAT LETTER MY WIFE GAVE ME TO POST A WEEK AGO."

* * *

A morning paper announces that all airships of "R 34" type are now obsolete. We have decided to stick a pin in each of ours.

* * *

From Ireland comes the pleasing news that the wife of a well-known Sinn Feiner has just presented her husband with a little bomberette.

* * *

Since the publication of Professor KEITH's statistics of efficiency, showing the superiority of the physical condition of miners over that of almost every other class of worker, the argument, so popular with the advocates of nationalisation, that a miner's occupation is a most unhealthy one, has been given a rest.

* * *

"I doubt if even the youngest child to-day will live to see the real fruits of the War," said the Bishop of Lincoln last week. Another unmerited slight on the O.B.E.

* * *

"Visitors to the Zoo," says *The Daily Mail*, "should not miss the rare spectacle of the highest five animals under one roof—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, the gibbon and man." Naturally everybody is asking, "Who is the lucky man?"

* * *

A merciless campaign against rats is to be waged by the inhabitants of a large Yorkshire town. This is supposed to be the outcome of the continued indifference with which these rodents have treated the many propaganda campaigns which the town has organised.

* * *

Liverpool City Council is to consider the appointment of women park-keepers. In support it is urged that when it comes to persuading a paper bag to go along quietly the superior tact of a woman is bound to tell.

* * *

Arrangements for the continuation of the Food Ministry, it is stated, are still incomplete. It would be a thousand pities if a mere abundance of food should lead to the disappearance of this valuable department.

* * *

"Will the gentlemen on the Allied Surrender List," says the *Berlin Official Gazette*, "inform the German authorities of their address?" This is a typical piece of Teutonic duplicity. There are, of course, no gentlemen on the List.

* * *

The chiffchaff has been heard in Hampshire and a couple of road-peckers were observed last week hovering in the neighbourhood of Wellington Street.

Another Impending Apology.

"Principal —— said there was a historical connection between the Royal Asylum for the Insane and the University of Edinburgh."
Scots Paper.

"The British rule in India is as savage as that of the Turk in Armenia."
Washington Times.

Not the "*George* Washington Times," you 'll note.

MEN AND THINGS OF THE MOMENT.

[Mr. Punch cannot hold himself responsible for the views expressed in the following correspondence.]

THE MALLABY-DEELEY EMPORIUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want you to use your influence with that great philanthropist, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. I know that he is too modest to claim to be a benefactor of the race, but I am at least right in calling him "Mr.," for that is how he describes himself on his shop-window, and he would never have done that if he had not desired to avoid confusion with the common tradesman. Well, I want you to enlist his powerful sympathy in the cause of the struggling middle classes, to which body I belong. I refer particularly to our crying need for dinner-jackets at reasonable prices. I am one of those who spend their holidays at seaside hotels, where people make a point of dressing for dinner in the hope of giving their fellow-guests the impression that this is their daily habit in the home circle. In view of the early advent of Spring I approached my tailor, the other day, with inquiries as to the cost of an abbreviated dinner-suit. His prices were as follows:—jacket £10 10*s.* 0*d.*; waistcoat £3 3*s.* 0*d.*; trousers £4 10*s.* 0*d.*; total £18 3*s.* 0*d.* I am old enough to recall the time when the most *élite* tailors of Savile Row charged no more than £10 10*s.* 0*d.* for a complete evening costume, uncurtailed.

I am all for the cheap supply of "gentlemen's lounge-suits" for the so-called working-classes to lounge in. I know of no surer antidote to the spirit of Bolshevism. But let us not forget the claims of the middle classes, who are the backbone of the Empire. If Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY cannot help us in the direction I have indicated, then let Mr. KENNEDY JONES, on behalf of the Middle Class Union, put a hyphen to his name and open a shop for the sale of evening wear at demi-popular prices.

Yours faithfully, SURBITONIAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It would be a thousand pities if Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY'S beneficent scheme should fail for lack of advertisement. Could you not persuade your colleagues of the Press to publish from day to day the route of his car's progress from his private residence (or the terminus from which he debouches) to his place of business, as in the case of the new Member for Paisley? My only fear is that the Coalition Government might be suspected of adopting the Wee Free methods of publicity for political ends; but this would surely be an unworthy suspicion in the case of a movement designed for the benefit not of a party, but of mankind.

Yours faithfully, STAGE MANAGER.

THE DECLINE OF LEARNING.

DEAR SIR,—I look for your sympathy when I say that I regard the abolition of compulsory Greek at Oxford as tantamount to the collapse of the last bulwark of British Culture. It is idle for the advocates of this act of vandalism to protest that the spirit of Ancient Hellas can be adequately conveyed in the form of translations, and to illustrate this futile argument by reference to the authorised version of the Hebrew Scriptures. Admirable as that version may be, is it for a moment to be supposed that it can take the place of the original as a source of spiritual education? or that our appreciation of Holy Writ would not be a hundred-fold increased if it were fortified by a knowledge of the first principles of Hebraic syntax and by an elementary acquaintance with Hebraic composition. It is impossible to estimate the influence of such knowledge in tending to endear the Bible to our youth. To me indeed it has always been incomprehensible that our Prelates, who presumably have the welfare of the Church at heart, have never insisted on making Hebrew a compulsory subject for Responsions.

And now Greek has gone and Oxford is the home of one more lost cause. The gods (of the gallery) may be with the winners, but it is the losing side that still appeals to

Yours incorruptibly, CATO.

"*THE TIMES*' FLIGHT."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—His many friends (among whom I take leave to count myself) will heartily sympathise with Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL on the engine troubles he has passed through, culminating in the enforced curtailment of his scientific expedition. It is gratifying to think that the pure and lofty spirit of research which animated the great newspaper-proprietor who sent him forth on this mission has been vindicated by the Doctor's discovery of an unmapped volcano. Regrettably the conditions under which he observed it precluded him from making an expert survey of it, and even from securing specimens of its geological structure. The possibility of such an unfortunate contingency, which may have escaped the consideration of the promoter of the expedition, was recognised by other scientists. But it was confidently expected by his Zoological *confrères* that his voyage of exploration would add largely to our knowledge of the habits and customs of the fauna of Africa, and notably of the giraffe, as coming, by the exceptional development of its neck, within closest range of his vision as he flew through the vast inane.

Even better opportunities for the observation of animal life would, it was thought, occur during the occasional intervals spent on *terra firma* for purposes of repose or repair. And indeed one is greatly intrigued by the following terse and airmanlike entry in the log for February 20th: "Much disturbed by lions." Nothing is said of the actual capture of one of these interesting denizens of the jungle, but reference to such a feat might well have been omitted out of regard for brevity. Is it too much to hope that the enterprise of *The Times* may yet be rewarded by the addition of a live lion to the Zoological Gardens?

In any case, by the exceptional opportunities he enjoyed for a careful study of leaking cylinder jackets insulating tape, red-leaded joints and missing engines, the intrepid Doctor must have added largely to his knowledge of mechanical science, to say nothing of the botanical discoveries he made when his machine came within a few inches of contact with a banana-tree.

I, for one, look forward eagerly to his return, when he will be able to narrate his experience with a fulness and freedom of language impossible in cabled despatches.

Yours faithfully,
STANLEY LIVINGSTONE JONES.

A "Malade Imaginaire"?

"Bath-chair wanted, small lady good condition."—*Ladies' Paper.*

A Choice of Sinecures.

"LADY-NURSE-HELP; three girls (12, 10, eight); two maids kept; month's holiday (fortnightly); salary £40."—*Daily Paper.*

"WANTED, a Housemaid, wages 27s. 6d., no duties."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"Lady would like to Join jolly Family for Dinner every night."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Yes, but how long would they remain jolly?

"Windsor Castle Niggers, from His Majesty's Chapel Royal, gave an excellent programme."

Local Paper.

The programme merely announced them as "Windsor Castle Singers," but this no doubt was to give the audience a greater surprise.

"The revival of the Hunt Ball, and the intelligence that the Race Ball is also to be re-introduced next month, has restored the —— dance season to its pre-war brilliance. The Hunt event passed off with *éclair*."

Local Paper.

Supper seems to have been all right, anyhow.



A CONVERTED SPIRIT.

Genius of Alcohol. "AND TO THINK THAT I WAS ONCE REGARDED AS AN IMPEDIMENT TO LOCOMOTION!"



Mayfair Copper. "Now then, get a move on, Tarzan. This ain't a monkey neighbourhood."

WON ON THE POSTS.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

The decisive victory of the Racing Club de Petiteville—late the *deuxième équipage* of the Sportif Club de Petiteville—over the *troisième équipage* of the Société Athlétique de Pont Neuf would not appear to have any bearing on the washing of Percival's collars and pyjamas; but, according to Elfred Fry, there was a poignant connection between the two.

When the Sportif Club received the challenge they doubted whether to accept it, as the Société Athlétique was rumoured to include several veterans approaching fifteen years of age and of tremendous physique. On being conceded the choice of ground, however, they took up the gage and trained and practised with such vigour that two days before the date of the match Georges Darré, right back, punted his toe through a previously suspected weak spot in the ball and irreparably ruined it. The Société Athlétique was informed of the disaster and asked to supply a ball, but they answered that no known authority or precedent existed for visiting teams providing the accessories. There was also an insinuation that the story of the burst ball was a fabrication, designed to give the Sportif Club a loophole of escape from a contest that spelt certain defeat.

Stung to the quick, the *deuxième équipage* made an urgent appeal to the *premier équipage* of the Sportif Club, who replied that this was the first intimation they had had of the existence of a *deuxième équipage*, and recommended a tourney at marbles or a combat of peg-tops as being more suitable to their tender years.

Naturally this insult could not be brooked, and it was decided to break away from the parent body and re-organise under the title of the Racing Club de Petiteville; but this did not help them to solve the question of a new ball. Then it was that Théo Navet, left half, and son of the *blanchisseuse* in the rue Napoléon, had an inspiration, and Percival's pyjamas became linked up with the destinies of the club.

* * * * *

"It wouldn't surprise me, Sir," said Elfred on the evening when Petiteville was ringing with the news of the Racing Club's victory by 4 *buts* to 2, "if you are the only orficer in Mess to-night with a reelly clean collar."

"And why am I singled out for so much honour?" asked Percival, taking the slacks which Elfred produced from between the mattresses. "Has the Washer-women's Union handed in notices and made a complimentary exception in my case?"

"Well, Sir, you *'ave* been favoured, but it weren't a strike," explained Elfred. "You know, Sir, there's been an alarming short ration of coal an' fuel down in the village for a long time, an' two days ago Madame Navet, who does the orficers' washing, came up an' said she was bokoo fashay but the washing was napood for the week, becos she couldn't buy, beg, borrer nor steal enough fuel to keep her copper biling . . . Do we wear the yaller boots to-night, Sir, or the *very* yaller ones?"

"The light pair," said Percival, "to give tone to the clean collar. But go on."

"Well, I put it to Madam; as my orficer was a very partickler gent, an' she'd gotter do our washing even if she 'ad to light 'er fire with the family dresser. She said she was desolated;

she 'adn't sufficient coal to take the chill off a mouchoir. I thought of trying to borrer a sack for 'or from the quarter bloke, but our relations 'ave never been the same since the time I took my weekly ration of 'Pink Princesses' back an' arsked 'im to change 'em for cigarettes with a bit o' tobacco in.

"After she 'd gone I took a kit inventory 'an found we was down to our last clean collar, an' we looked like bein' a bit grubby in the matter of pyjamas. I went a walk to the canteen to think it over, an' on my way Madame's lad came up an' said 'is team 'ad an important match for two days later an' could I possibly oblige 'em with a football. Being a sportsman—I take a franc chance in the camp football sweep every week—I said I 'd try what I could do, knowin' of a ball which me an' the other batmen punt about in our raro hintervals of leisure. But then the thought of that washing that wasn't washed came into my mind.

"'See 'ere, Meredith,' I says. 'Je voo donneray a ball si votre mère does our washing toot sweet.'"

"'E looked blue at this an' said they couldn't get fuel nohow.

"'Compree scrounge?' says I.

"It seems 'e did. It seems scrounging for fuel 'ad reached such a pitch in the village that people took their backyard fences in at night, 'an they 'ad posted a policeman on the station to prevent 'em sawing away the waiting-room. But our washing 'ad to bô done, 'an I thought if I got the whole of this football team scrounging they might find something as everyone else 'ad overlooked. So I pretended to be indifferink.

"'Very well,' says I. 'San fairy ann. Napoo washing—napoo ball.'

"That set 'em to work. Next day little boys were scraping the village over like fowls in a farmyard, getting a chip 'ere an' a shaving there, an' making themselves such a nuisance that there was talk of calling the gendarmerie out. They would 'ave done, too, only he 'd laid down for a nap an' left strict orders 'e wasn't to be disturbed. Then they slipped into the Camp, trying to lay nefarious 'ands on empty ration boxes, but the Camp police spotted 'em an' chivied them off. I never seen our police so exhausted as they were at the end of that day.

"'I can't think what 's taken the little varmints,' said the Provost-Sergeant. 'It ain't the Fifth of November.'

"On the whole it wasn't a good day's 'unting, but this morning I was waited on by a deputation wearing striped jerseys, which they appeared to 'ave put on at early dawn. They said the fire was lit under the copper, 'an could they 'ave the ball?



"I SAY, EXCUSE ME, DEAR OLD TOP, BUT YOU MUSTN'T WEAR THAT GUNNER TIE NOW YOU'RE DEMOBBED. IT SIMPLY ISN'T DONE!"

"'Doucemong!' says I. 'Allay along, an' let 's see the fire first.'

"Yes, it were lit, but only just. The water was lukewarm an' the fuel 'ad nearly all burned away, an' Madame was standing looking at it hopelessly.

"'Pas bong,' says I to the lads. 'Pas assay chaud. Voo scroungeroz ongcore.'

"They was frantic, becos it was nearly match time. I felt inclined to give 'em the ball, but the thought of you, Sir, in a dirty collar——"

"You may keep the pair of old riding-breeches you borrowed without permission," interrupted Percy.

"Thank you, Sir. Then all at once the lads 'ad a confab an' went away, an' in a few minutes they was back with some lovely straight planed props of timber, an' they chopped 'em up in a jiffy 'an got the fire roaring 'ot, an' I gave 'em the ball, an' your collars is done an' the rest of your things is out drying an' will be finished to-morrow."

"Of course I 'm grateful," said Percival. "You might tell your young friends I 'm willing to be a vice-president of their club—on the usual terms. What 's the name of it?"

"They tell me it 's called 'The Racing Club,'" said Elfred. "But I think, Sir, you 'd better give your subscription to the other club in the village—'The Sportif Club.' You see, Sir, they 'ad a match on to-day as well, an' when they arrived on the ground they found someone 'ad been and scrounged their goal-posts!"

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Having unexpectedly retained possession of my seat in the Tube the other evening I over-read myself and ran past my station; so it was rather late when I reached home.

"Hullo!" I called out cheerily.

"Hullo!" echoed Margaret in a flat sort of voice; "you back?"

I refrained from facetiousness and told her that I was.

"Oh!" she said.

"Well, well, Margaret," I said in a bright and bustling manner, "we haven't got on very well so far, have we? Can't you think of some subject on which we can conduct a conversation in words of more than one syllable? The skilful hostess should so frame her questions that not even the shyest visitor can fall back on a simple Yes or No. Now," I continued, spreading myself luxuriously over the chesterfield, "you know how shy I am. Try to draw me out, dear. I'm waiting."

I lit a cigarette. Margaret looked reproachfully at me.

"What was yesterday?" she said.

"Tuesday, my dear. We will now have a little chat about Tuesday. Coming as it does so soon after Monday, it not unnaturally exhibits——"

"Tuesday the 25th of February," said Margaret solemnly.

"Possibly, my dear, possibly. But I cannot say that I find your remarks very interesting. They may be true, or they may not, but they certainly seem to me to lack that agreeable whimsicality usually so characteristic of you."

"Our wedding-day," said Margaret impressively.

"Was it really?" I said in a whisper. "And you let it pass without reminding me. Oh, how could you?"

Margaret smiled.

"I didn't think of it till this morning—after you had gone," she said.

We both smiled. Then we laughed.

"You know, we really are a dreadful couple," I said. "Your fault is greater than mine, though. I'll tell you why. Everyone knows that a man—especially a manly man—" I tugged my moustache and let my biceps out for a run—"never remembers anniversaries, whereas a woman—a womanly woman—does." Here I plucked a daffodil from a bowl near by and tucked it coyly behind her ear.

"It really is rather awful of us." Margaret restored the daffodil to its young companions. "We've only been married three years, too, and yet already——" She threw out her arms in a hopeless gesture.

"Still," I said presently, with my hand full of her hand—"still I daresay we shall get used to it in time—forgetting the day, I mean. After about the fourth lapse there will be hardly any sting in our little piece of annual forgetfulness."

"We mustn't forget to remember we've forgotten it, though, Gerald, so that we can test the waning powers of the sting."

"I can see this habit growing on us," I said dreamily; "a few more years and we shall forget we are married even. I shall come home one day—provided I remember where we live—and be horrified to find *you* established in my house and using my sealing-wax. Or maybe I shall arrive with some little offering of early rhubarb or forced artichokes only to be sternly ordered away by a wife who does not recognise me. 'Please take your greens round to the tradesmen's entrance,' you will say coldly."

"I think," said Margaret, "that we ought to be extra nice to each other now, seeing how short our married life may be. Let's begin at once. You let me tidy your desk every day for you and——"

"Won't twice a week satisfy you?" I asked desperately.

"Perhaps; and anyway"—she put a little packet into my hand—"here's *my* present to you, even though you did forget yesterday."

"You are a dear, Margaret. And now I'll tell you something. It was——"

Just then James came in and announced dinner. James is all our staff; but her other name is Keziah, so we had no choice.

As we sat down I took a small box out of my pocket.

"Give this to your mistress, please," I said to James.

"O-o-o. How ripping of you, Gerald! So you did remember, after all."

"As soon as I got to the station this morning," I said, "I remembered that our wedding-day was to-day."

Margaret lifted her eyebrows at me. "To-day?"

"Yes. You are a little behind—or in front of—the times, I'm afraid. The twenty-fifth was a Tuesday last year, but it's trying Wednesday for a change now. Many Happy Returns of the Day, dear."

We both laughed.

"Now let's look at our presents," said Margaret happily.

DORA AT THE PLAY.

["You cannot buy a cigarette, or an ice, or a box of chocolates in a theatre after eight o'clock—by order of D.O.R.A."—*Advt. passim.*]

Attentive swain, whose lady has commanded you to be at her
Disposal as an escort on a visit to the theatre,
I give you precious doctrine that is certainly worth sticking to,
At least as long as Dora is alive on earth and kicking too.

If you would keep your fair companion satisfied and cheery, some
Provision must be made to fill the intervals so wearisome,
For many a gallant fellow has discovered with a shock o' late
That after 8 P.M. it's still a crime to sell a chocolate.

Though you may haunt the bar till ten and confidently mutter "Scotch,"
She may not even clamour for a humble slab of butterscotch,
And should the heat suggest an ice—may I be rolled out flat if I
Distort the truth—it's courting gaol that harmless wish to gratify.

As for yourself, if you should yearn for blest tobacco's medium
In those long waits between the Acts to while away the tedium,
And find you're out of cigarettes, remember that to sell any
A minute past the fatal hour is counted as a felony.

Unless the pair of you affect the life ascetic, you'll
Be well advised to carry in a hamper or a reticule
A goodly store of provender, both smokeable and eatable,
For Dora's in the saddle yet and seemingly unseatable.

Broody.

"Will the Imperial Government hen proceed to a new conquest of Southern Ireland?" *Daily Paper.*

No, we expect it will be left sitting.

"HIDDEN MUMMIES.

The Museum authorities are receiving numerous inquiries when the mummies will be on view, particularly for school children."

Daily Paper.

We hope that the N.S.P.C.C. will see to it that all mummies are allowed to return to their families without further delay.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

[*From an Early-Victorian pocket "Etiquette for Gentlemen"*:—"If you so far forget what is elegant as to smoke in the street or park, at least never omit to fling away your cigar if you speak to a lady."]

GOLF NOTES.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. A. C. M. Croome.*)

APPROACHING.

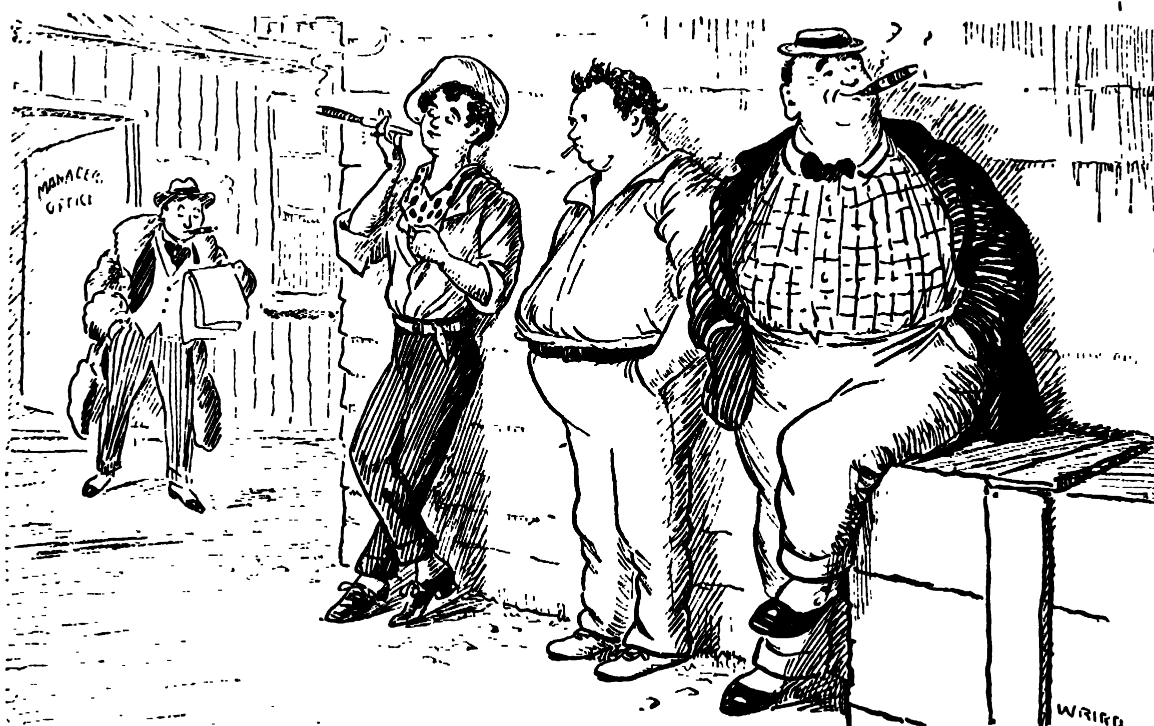
TAYLOR—or was it JAMES BRAID?—begins one of his classic and illuminating chapters with the quotation "*Ex pede Herculem*," nor can even we of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society venture to differ from so eminent an authority or grudge him so apt a phrase. *Verb. sap.* and, let me add, *sat.* To those, few perhaps in actual reckoning (though I, wearing of right the wine-dark vesture—were there half-those who have also enjoyed a University education will pick up—even as partner failed to do—what I, who write, am driving at.

Remembering how dear old W.G.—in those halcyon days when Gloucester was worthy of the cheese whereof she is now so chary a producer—used to score with that heavy cut between point and cover, I too, greatly daring, cut it and laid it (the ball, not the cheese) dead. *De mortuis* . . . For assuredly it *was* good.

The one adornment of this episode should have been a quotation from ARISTOPHANES. It is not, however, the weight and the corollary is length increased.

Then arose a certain justly eminent author, whose list of tales is equalled only by the tale of his handicap, and demonstrably discounted weight without pace.

It was then agreed that a test *ad hominem* should be applied, and that the result of such test should determine the individuality of him who should settle with our Ganymede. Partner and I pushed—*gemitu et fremitu*—a bulky sideboard against a paper ball. The inertia of the object was barely overcome.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

IT IS A TERRIBLE MOMENT FOR THE FILM ACTOR WHEN HE REALISES THAT HE IS GETTING TOO FAT TO PLAY HERO, AND NOT FAT ENOUGH TO BE FUNNY.

Blues in HOMER's time?—cannot compete with JOHN LOW *et hoc genus omne*, Cantabs confessed, in the prestidigitation of numerals and weird signs of values)—to those, then, few, but of many parts appreciative, who followed a certain foursome at Addington last week, my premiss should be intrinsically incontrovertible. Partner, whom I had "made" with a drive well and truly apportioned—*ex carne ictum*—partner, after much self-searching and mental recursion to the maxims of TOM MORRIS and LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, took his ball on the—*O horribile dictu* (or shall I say *horresco referens*?)—well, to be meticulously exact, partner shanked it. And it is just here that given to all men always to remember. *Non cuivis*, in fact.

OF IMPACT.

It was at the ensuing consumption of Bohea, or of its substitute as provided by a paternal Government, that one of the party, with the rashness of a *d'Artagnan*, reverted to the question of weight of clubs. ABE MITCHELL's driver, of course, gave him a handle; but himself he, unaided, gave away. For it is not to be boasted by every man that he has been blessed with an *Alma Mater*, and that consequently logic is to him even as hair and teeth—save only that these twain be not false. For, said this unhappy wight, increase

Then the man of letters flicked it across the room with finger and thumb. And the original theorist became the poorer by the commercial estimate of four teas and jam.

PUTTING.

It has been said elsewhere, yet may not therefore be wholly lacking in elemental veracity, that putting is the devil. Systems more numerous than dactyls and spondees in Classic verse, patent putters outnumbered only by howlers in Oxford responsions, bear witness to this graceless statement. Quite lately in these columns have I confessed—*pulvere cineribusque*—that our side had twice failed at the incon-



Eminent London Architect (submitting his designs to our Village Victory Memorial Committee and warming to his work). "... AND, SURMOUNTING THE WHOLE, A GRACEFUL FIGURE OF VICTORY, WITH WREATH—SO."

siderable distance of two yards, even after discarding the small thirty-two. But that further confession will be forthcoming is now wildly and preposterously problematical. For I have discovered the true exorcism for demoniac influence in putting. It is this: First catch your putter. Put the whole length of the shaft up your sleeve. Then—but I must retain something for next Saturday's notes, and, besides, I fancy the secretary of the Club where I am inditing these words has his frugal eye on the consumption of the note-paper. But what I have written I have written. *Litera scripta manet.*

THE COALITION OF 1950.

"AREN'T you being rather badly hit by the price of tobacco?" I asked Charles, whose pipe is a kind of extra limb to him.

"I have just been composing the plot of a novel," he replied with apparent irrelevance. "It begins something like this:—

"'Slowly and softly the violet dusk set in. The beautiful young Première stood at the window of her yellow-and-black boudoir, gazing a little wistfully at the almost deserted pavements of Downing Street. A white pigeon perched——'"

"They aren't white," I said; "they're a sort of purply pinky grey."

"All right," said Charles, unmoved, "only it rather spoils the sentence. 'A sort of purply pinky grey pigeon perched pompously——'"

"Never mind the pigeon," I said, "tell me what was the trouble with the B.Y.P."

"A change in the leadership of the Opposition. The old leaderess had just retired and her place had been taken by a new one, a man this time, young and handsome as Apollo, who had thrown up the Chair of Cinematography at the London University to plunge on to a political platform."

"What was the programme," I inquired, "of this—er—furniture-remover?"

"He was a reactionary," said Charles. "The Première's party had won a not too sweeping victory at the polls on prohibition (not of alcohol, of course—that had been done long ago—but of tobacco)."

"How on earth did she do it?"

"National economy, mostly," answered Charles. "She had the wives' vote solid, and they carried the more docile of the husbands with them. She had to throw out bribes to the unmarried electorate of both sexes, of course, bribes, which she had since been attempting to pay. Powder and chocolates had been made cheaper. There was the Endowment of Cinemas Act of 1948, and the Subsidized Football Bill of '49. But all these extravagances had largely ruined the effect of the abolition of tobacco. At the beginning of that year she had been obliged to cancel the State holiday on Mondays——"

"Why Mondays?" I inquired.

"Everyone feels beastly on Monday."

"But I don't see why they should feel any better on Tuesday."

"It was twenty-four hours nearer Saturday," he replied, "and Saturday was also a State holiday. Labour, of course, was infuriated, and unrest was every day becoming more apparent. The by-elections were going against the Première. And now this new handsome young hero had arisen not only to crystallise the support of his own sex, but capture the hearts of all the female electorate under twenty."

"Twenty!" I gasped.

"Everyone over fifteen had the franchise," said Charles calmly. "Now mark you, the programme of the Opposition was very cunning. They only proposed to reintroduce cigar and cigarette smoking. Edward Oburn, the young leader, being a film actor, naturally smoked nothing but exquisite Havanas. In



Knowledgeable Female (interpreting costumes to the crowd). "And 'im—'e 's a Esquimoke."

this he had the support of the wealthier employers, but the enormous army of cigarette-suckers, male and female, was with him.

"But I don't see how he proposed to cut down expenses," I objected.

"He was going to tax the printing of all words over two syllables in length," replied Charles. "The Press of those days was not affected by the proposal, but a considerable revenue was expected from scientific books, high-brow novels and Socialistic publications. Well, the Première, as I say, was a prey to sad reflections, when suddenly the chur-chur of a taxi——"

"Aren't you thinking of night-jars?" I said.

"Possibly I am," he admitted; "it may have been a chug-chug. Anyway, it threw a wide arc of light into the gloom and stopped at the door of No. 10. A few moments later the door of the boudoir was flung open and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was announced."

"What did *she* want?"

"She was a he this time, and had come to announce the inevitable—the very thing that the Première was thinking about and fearing. 'We must have the Bachelor Tax,'" he said.

"Now, the Bachelor Tax had been tried some twenty years before, but had failed, partly owing to the number of passive resisters who had had to be forcibly fed, and partly owing to the number of men who had shown substantial proof of recurrent rejections. How were they to bring in a reasonable and satisfactory Bill? After a long consultation, lasting several hours beyond midnight——".

"Did the taxi go on chugging?" I asked.

"Shut up. They decided eventually that if a bachelor made a written proposal and was rejected he was entitled to have his case tried before a jury of women, who should decide whether it was a reasonable offer and one that should normally have been accepted. If they found that it was, he was to be exempt from further efforts. The Bill was accordingly drafted, and carried easily, and the sequel no doubt you have guessed. On the day after it became law the beautiful young Première received a neatly-typed offer of marriage from Edward Oburn. They met; there was a scene of the utmost beauty and pathos; they became engaged, and the Coalition Government of the middle of 1950 began."

"How long did it go on?" I inquired.

"Until the day of revolution," said Charles pleasantly, refilling his foul old briar—"the great day when Fleet Street ran with blood and the pipe-smokers put up barricades in the Strand, and Piccadilly became a reeking shambles. Have you got a match?" Evoe.

"The chauffeur, who sprang into the vehicle as it started off, was injured when it collided with a lamppost. Both were removed to hospital."—*Daily Paper.*

It is hoped that when the lamp-post has recovered it may throw some light on the accident.

"'In a few more fleeting years'
The —— will still be Earning Money for its owner when other cars have caused their owners to become but a memory."
Provincial Paper.

The advertiser ought not, we think, to have suppressed the names of these murderous machines.



THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Welsh Wizard. "I NOW PROCEED TO CUT THIS MAP INTO TWO PARTS AND PLACE THEM IN THE HAT. AFTER A SUITABLE INTERVAL THEY WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE COME TOGETHER OF THEIR OWN ACCORD—(*ASIDE*)—AT LEAST LET'S HOPE SO; I'VE NEVER DONE THIS TRICK BEFORE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 1st.—Calendar note (extracted from *The Wee Free Almanack*): "Asquith comes in like a lion."

Everybody wanted to see the victor of Paisley make his *rentrée*. The Peers' Gallery was so crowded with his former colleagues that Lord ROTHERMERE had scarcely room for the big stick which typifies his present attitude towards the Government. Poor Lord BEAVERBROOK was quite in the background; but I am told that on historic occasions he always prefers, with characteristic modesty, to be behind the scenes.

As the hero of the hour walked up the floor, escorted by Sir DONALD MACLEAN and Mr. THORNE, his supporters did their best to give him a rousing welcome. But they were too few to produce much effect, and a moment or two later, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE left the Treasury Bench to greet his old chief behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, they were compelled to hear the young bloods of the Coalition "give a louder roar."

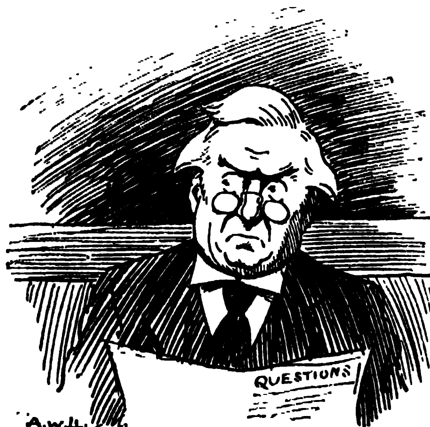
Finding the traditional seat of the Leader of the Opposition still in the occupation of Mr. ADAMSON, Mr. ASQUITH bestowed himself between the Labour Leader and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, with whom he entered into conversation. If he was endeavouring to expound for his benefit the moral of Paisley I am afraid he had but a poor success, for in the ensuing debate on food-control the Member for Govan shocked his Liberal hearers by declaring that "the Manchester School is dead and there is no going back to it." In opposing the continuance of D.O.R.A. Captain ELLIOT was again in good form. His best *mot*, "With the Cabinet a thing is always either *sub judice* or *chose jugée*," will take a good deal of beating as a summary of the Ministerial method of answering Questions.



SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS ON THE CLOTHING DIFFICULTY.

MR. G. R. THORNE TO ASK MR. MALLABY-DEELEY (CONTROLLER OF SUITINGS) WHAT IS THE PRICE OF HIS LATEST CUT.

LT.-COL. WILL THORNE TO ASK WHETHER ANY REDUCTION IS MADE IN PROPORTION TO QUANTITY OF CLOTH PURCHASED.



MR. ASQUITH SITS UP AND TAKES NOTICE.

"THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF POLITICS IS DEAD AND THERE IS NO GOING BACK TO IT."—*Mr. Neil Maclean.*

I understand that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY disclaims being the customer to whom the Disposals Board sold 577,000 suits of Government clothing. He makes a point of never being overdressed.

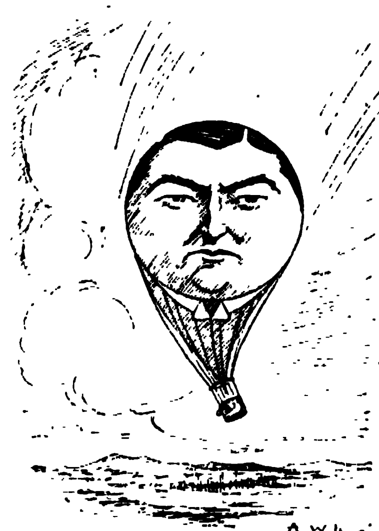
A suggestion that in view of the difficulty of filling diplomatic vacancies the Government should appoint suitable women to some of these posts was declined by the PRIME MINISTER on the ground that it was not practicable at present. I doubt if he would have had the hardihood to make this avowal but that Lady ASTOR had been ousted from her usual seat by Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING.

Tuesday, March 2nd.—Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY might be described as a pacificist who conducts a persistent offensive. He accused the WAR MINISTER of having made a false statement about Conscription in America, and later on made an allusion to General DENIKIN which Mr. CHURCHILL, to the satisfaction of the House, which does not exactly love the Central Hullaballoonist, described as "a singularly ill-conditioned sneer."

Lord WINTERTON, once the "baby" of the House, is still one of its most popular figures. Members were quite interested as he proceeded to explain, with an engaging blush, that a "hard case" which he had brought to the notice of the WAR MINISTER was his own, and sorry when the SPEAKER brought the narrative to a sudden stop by observing, "This is not the moment for autobiography."

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was roundly abused for having spent £3,250 on tapestry for Hampton Court Palace. But when it turned out that the panel in question was the long-missing number of a set belonging to Cardinal WOLSEY, and that its recovery was largely due to the enterprise and munificence of the right hon. gentleman himself, the House agreed that his completion of "Seven Deadly Sins" was a venial offence.

Other Estimates evoked more healthy



THE HULLABALLOONIST.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.



Hawker (*to lady who is in bitter need of fuel*). "EAGER AS I AM, MADAM, TO EXPLAIN THE MERITS OF THESE LOGS AT FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A HUNDRED, I CANNOT IGNORE THE NOTICE EMBLAZONED ON YOUR GATE, AND THEREFORE WISH YOU A VERY GOOD DAY."

criticism. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY was eloquent upon what he called a "hotel for gardeners" at Kew. Mr. HOGGE was for rooting up the Royal Botanical Gardens, since they were hardly ever visited by Scotsmen, and Captain STANLEY WILSON inveighed against the extravagance with which the British delegates were housed in Paris. Sir ALFRED MOND admitted that they "did themselves very well," but pleaded that they could hardly be expected to go to Montmartre—at least not collectively—and pointed out that some of the criticisms should be addressed to other Departments. He was not responsible, for example, for "clothes of typists."

Wednesday, March 3rd.—Among the things that they do better in France, according to Lord SUDELEY, is the popularisation of picture-galleries and museums. He instanced the pictures on French match-boxes. But were they always confined to reproductions of Louvre masterpieces? My recollection is that at one time they took a wider range and were distinctly more striking than the matches.

One was reminded of PRAED's lines—

"Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of thirteen-pence"—

when the Government very nearly came to grief to-night over a question of five pounds for the Inland Revenue offices in Manchester. In vain Mr. BALDWIN pointed out the desirability of giving proper accommodation to the gentlemen who pick our pockets in the interest of the State. The House was still obstinate, until Mr. BONAR LAW declared that the Government would resign if they did not get their "fiver." As he undertook, however, not to spend it without further leave, the vote at last went through.

Thursday, March 4th.—Lord BUCKMASTER's scheme for preventing the bankruptcy of the State is to make everybody invest a portion of his capital in Government securities and to withhold the interest until such time as the State should find it convenient to pay. This, he explained to his own satisfaction, was quite different from that dangerous expedient, a levy on capital. Lord PEEL took a more cheerful view of the situation, and indicated that it was quite unnecessary for noble lords to get the wind up, since the Government would have no difficulty in raising it.

Even the most rigid economists will not cavil at the latest addition to our financial burdens. The PENSIONS MINISTER announced an addition of close on two millions a year to the annual charge. The increase is chiefly for a much-needed improvement in the allowances made to disabled officers, who have hitherto been but scurvily treated.

Mr. HIGHAM objected to receiving an answer about the telephones from Mr. PIKE PEASE. He demanded a reply from the PRIME MINISTER, not from a representative of the department impugned. The SPEAKER, however, pointed out that there were limits to the PREMIER's responsibilities: "He does not run the whole show." After this descent into the vernacular I half-expected that Mr. LOWTHER would dam the stream of Supplementaries that followed with, "Oh, ring off!" but he contented himself with calling the next Question.

The debate on the Third Reading of the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill was chiefly devoted to Ireland. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, after spending a whole week in that country, is convinced that all the trouble is due to the Government's reliance upon D.O.R.A., and declared that the only people who were not in gaol were the murderers. That would mean that there are some four million assassins in Ireland; which I feel sure is an exaggeration. The two hundred thousand mentioned by the CHIEF SECRETARY would seem to be ample for any country save Russia.

Scarcely was this gloomy episode over than the House was called upon to pass a Supplementary Estimate of £860 for "Peace Celebrations in Ireland." As £500 of this sum was for flags and decorations, which, in Mr. BALDWIN's phrase, "remain for future use," the Irish outlook may, after all, be not quite so black as it is painted.

A BUY ELECTION.

[The excellent precedent set by Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY in supplying needed goods at cheap rates may prove a little awkward if adopted by Parliamentary Candidates, as shown in the following anticipatory report.]

QUIET confidence reigned in the ranks of the Muddleboro Labour Party. The action of their Candidate, Mr. Dulham, in arranging for a co-operative milk supply at sixpence per quart, was supposed to have won the hearts of all householders. They had no fear of Mr. Coddem, the representative of the great BOTTOMLEY party. It was true that Mr. Coddem had taken over a local brewery and was supplying beer at threepence per pint. But the Labour stalwarts argued that, in the first place, this would lose him the women's and temperance vote, and, in the second place, the electors would drink the brewery dry in double-quick time. All those who failed to get cheap beer would revenge themselves on the Candidate who had failed to keep his promise.

The Wee Free cause was nearly hopeless. Their candidate, Mr. Guff, had made a desperate bid for popularity by offering, in conjunction with *The Daily News*, cocoa at reduced rates. But the Labour Candidate had put the pointed question, "Who made cocoa dear in the first place?" and Mr. Guff had evaded the question.

When Mr. Stilts, the National Party Candidate, promised the public cheaper honours—urging that, if he were returned, it would be unnecessary to subscribe to party funds to get a title—the voters were quite unmoved. Perhaps they knew that they could get the O.B.E. for nothing, anyhow, and had no higher ambitions.

The Coalition Candidate, Mr. Jenkins, alone said nothing. *The Star*, that famous organ of the Anti-Gambling Party, proclaimed triumphantly that the odds offered in the constituency were ten to one against Jenkins. But Mr. Jenkins lay low and said nothing Or rather he achieved the not impossible feat in a Parliamentary contest of saying nothing and saying a good deal.

But the day before the poll Mr. Jenkins's polling cards were delivered. They were headed, "Vote for Jenkins and Kill Profiteering. Give up this card at your polling-station for free samples of silks in my great blouse offer. I sell for 9*s*. 11¾*d*. a blouse usually priced at two guineas. Not more than six sold to any one voter. OUT SIZES NO EXTRA CHARGE."

A quarter-mile queue of lady-voters was standing outside the polling booths at eight o'clock. Hundreds of them had their husbands in custody with them. In vain were representations of the Full Milk Jug and the Flowing Pint Pot paraded before them. The Wee Free procession, headed by a Brimming Cocoa Cup, was received with jeers.

When the poll was declared the figures ran—

Jenkins (Coalition)	20 428
Coddem (Bottomley) . . .	9,344
Dulham (Labour)	9 028
Guff (Wee Free)	2,008
Stilts (National Party) . . .	49

And *The Daily News'* headline the next day was—

"CORRUPT MINORITY CANDIDATE CARRIES MUDDLEBORO."



DÉMODÉ.

She. "SOMEWHAT ARCHAIC—WHAT?"
He. "YE—ES. ALL RIGHT SIX WEEKS AGO. QUITE ACADEMICAL NOW."

Commercial Candour.

From a poultry-breeder's advertisement:—

"My strains of Rhodes are only too well known."

"Miss Winnie ——, the charming and talented actress, writes:—'I am quite positive I owe my present health and spirits to ——.'"
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Poor Miss Winnie —— has had to retire suddenly from the revue—doctor's orders."
Same paper, same day

We should have liked to hear the Advertisement Manager's view of the News Editor.



"OO, LUMME! WOT PRICE REGINALD IN 'IS MALLABY-DEELEYS?"

FREUD AND JUNG.

[A reviewer in a recent issue of *The Times Literary Supplement* asks, "Why should the characters in the psychological novel be invariably horrid?" and is inclined to explain this state of affairs by the undiscriminating study of "the theories of two very estimable gentlemen, the sound of whose names one is beginning to dislike—Messrs Freud and Jung."]

IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S placid reign, the novelists of note
In one respect, at any rate, were all in the same boat;
Alike in *Richard Feverel* and in *Aurora Floyd*
You 'll seek in vain for any trace of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

They did not fail in colour, for they had their PEACOCK'S tales;
Their heroines, I must admit, ran seldom off the rails:
They had their apes and angels, but they never once employed
The psycho-analytic rules devised by JUNG and FREUD.

They ran a tilt at fraud and guilt, at snobbery and shams;
They had no lack of Meredithyrambic epigrams;
The types that most appealed to them were not neurasthenoid;
They lived, you see, before the day of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

(I 've searched the last edition of the famous *Ency. Brit.*
And neither of this noble pair is even named in it;
Only the men since Nineteen-Ten have properly enjoyed
The privilege of studying the works of JUNG and FREUD.)

Their characters, I grieve to say, were never more unclean
Than those of ordinary life, in morals or in mien;
They had not slummed or fully plumbed with rapture unalloyed
The unconscious mind as now defined by Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

The spiritual shell-shock which these scientists impart
Had not enlarged or cleared the dim horizons of their art;
They had not learned that mutual love by wedlock is destroyed,
As proved by the disciples of the school of JUNG and FREUD.

The hierophants of pure romance, ev'n in its recent mood,
From STEVENSON to CONRAD, such excesses have eschewed;
But the psycho-pathologic route was neither mapped nor buoyed
Until the new discoveries of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

That fiction should be tonic all may readily agree;
That its function is emetic I, for one, could never see;
And so I 'm glad to find *The Times Lit. Supp.* has grown annoyed
At the undiscriminating cult of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

Let earnest "educationists" assiduously preach
The value of psychology in training those who teach;
Let publicists who speak of Mr. GEORGE, without the LLOYD,
Confound him with quotations from the works of JUNG and FREUD——

But I, were I a despot, quite benevolent, of course,
Armed with the last developments of high-explosive force,
I 'd build a bigger "Bertha," and discharge it in the void
Crammed with the novelists who brood on Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.



"I S'POSE I MUSTN'T GO IN THE GARDEN WHILE YOU'RE RESTING, MUMMY?" "NO, DEAR—IT'S TOO DAMP."
"IF I *DID* GO IN THE GARDEN WHILE YOU'RE RESTING, MUMMY, WOULD YOU PUNISH ME, OR REASON WITH ME?"

OPERATICS.

It has been suggested before now that Opera might be improved if the singing were done behind the scenes and the performance on the stage were carried out in dumb show by competent actors who looked their parts. But the idea that the movements on the stage would correspond with the utterances off it is not encouraged by the present lack of collusion between singers and orchestra—I refer to cases where a performer is required to simulate music on a dummy instrument.

This reflection was forced upon me at a recent performance of *Tannhäuser*. It is true that Miss LILLIAN STANFORD as the *Shepherd* fingered her pipe in precise accord with the gentleman who played the music for her. But Mr. MULLINGS, as *Tannhäuser*, took the greatest liberties with his harp. He just slapped it whenever he liked, without any regard to the motions of his collaborator. As for Mr. MICHAEL, who played *Wolfram*, he was content to fill in the vocal pauses with a little suitable strumming; but when he sang he was so distracted by his own voice that he left his harp to play the accompaniment without visible assistance from his hand.

For the fine performance which Mr. ALBERT COATES conducted I have no word but of praise, except that I could have wished that Miss ELSA STRALIA had borne a closer resemblance to what is expected of *Elisabeth*. She seemed to want to look as much as possible like *Venus*, whose very opposite she should have been in type as in nature. Her colouring upset the whole scheme of contrast, and one never began to believe in the sincerity of her spiritual ideals or that her death from a broken heart was anything but an affectation.

O. S.

A LEONINE REVIVAL.

AMONGST the dead lions of the past, some of us have prematurely reckoned those of Peterborough Court. MATT. ARNOLD was supposed to have administered, if not the *coup de grâce*, at any rate a serious blow to their gambollings in *Friendship's Garland*.

It is therefore a matter for unfeigned rejoicing to find that they are not only alive but rampant, with all their old splendid command of polysyllabic periphrasis. One need only turn to the notice of "The John Exhibition" in last Thursday's *Daily Telegraph*, from which we select the following page:—

"It [the exhibition] is a display of purposeful portraiture that helps one to realise the effect which Theotokopoulos produced upon his watchful contemporaries, and to understand why the Cretan continued to walk alone on his way. If some insist on finding modern El Greco versions of Inspectors and Inquisitors-general in this John gathering, compounded of comparatively innocuous personalities, the privilege is, of course, permissible, and incidentally brightens conversation in irresponsible circles."

But a higher level of full-throated *bravura* is attained later on:—

"If reiteration may also be the mark of the best portraiture, *pace* Lord Fisher, commendation should be given to Mr. John for continuing to visualize the great seaman as Jupiter Tonans flashing in gold lace."

How delightful it is, after the arid methods of the modern critics, bred up on BENEDETTO CROCE, to hear the old authentic leonine ecstasy of SALA, "monarch of the florid quill!" Mr. Punch, once hailed by the *D.T.* as "the Democritus of Fleet Street," on the strength of his "memorable monosyllabic monition," in turn salutes the immortal protagonist of the purple polysyllable.

WITCHCRAFT.

(A Mediæval Tragedy.)

"I want," said the maiden, glancing round her with tremulous distaste at the stuffed crocodile, the black cat and the cauldron simmering on the hearth, "to see some of your complexion specialities."

"You want nothing of the kind," retorted the witch. "Why prevaricate? A maid with your colour hath small need even of my triple extract of toads' livers. What you have really come for is either a love-potion—" she paused and glanced keenly at her visitor—"or the means to avenge love unrequited."

The maiden had flushed crimson. "I wish he were *dead*!" she whispered.

"Now you are talking. That wish is, of course, the simplest thing in the world to gratify, if only you are prepared to pay for it. I presume Moddam would not desire anything too easy?"

"He had promised," broke out the maiden uncontrollably, "to take me to the charity bear-baiting matinée in aid of unemployed ex-Crusaders. The whole thing was arranged. And then at the last moment——"

"Precisely as I had supposed. A case for one of our superior wax images, made to model, with pins complete. Melted before a slow fire ensures the gradual wasting of the original with pangs corresponding to the insertion of each pin."

The customer's fine eyes gleamed. "Give me one."

"I will sell you one," corrected the witch. "But I should warn you. They are not cheap."

"No matter."

"Good. I was about to observe that since our sovereign liege King Richard granted peace to the Saracen the cost both of material and labour hath so parlously risen that I am unable to supply a really reliable article under fifty golden angels."

"I have them here."

"With special pins, of course, extra."

"Take what you will." The maiden flung down a leathern wallet that chinked pleasingly. The witch, having transferred the contents of this to her own pocket, proceeded to fashion the required charm, watched by her client with half-repelled eagerness.

"Hawk's eye, falcon's nose, raven's lock, peacock's clothes," chanted the crone, following the words with her cunning fingers.

"How—how know you him?" Panic was in the voice.

The other laughed unpleasantly. "Doth not the whole district know the Lord Œil-de-Veau by reputation?" She held out the image. "Handle him carefully and use a fresh pin for each record."

The maid snatched it from her hands and was turning towards the door of the hut when a low tap on its outer surface caused her to shrink back alarmed. The witch had again been watching her with an ambiguous smile. "Should Moddam wish to avoid observation," she suggested, "the side exit behind yonder curtain——" In an instant she was alone. Flinging the empty wallet into the darkest corner the witch (not without sundry chuckles) slowly unbarred the entrance.

On the threshold stood a slim female figure enveloped in a cloak. "The love potion I had here last week," began a timid voice, "seems hardly satisfactory. If you stock a stronger quality, no matter how expensive——"

"Step inside," said the witch.

* * * * * *

Some couple of months later the ladies of the house-party assembled at Sangazure Castle for the Victory jousts were gathered in the great hall, exchanging gossip and serf-stories in the firelight while awaiting the return of their menkind.

"Hath any heard," lisped one fair young thing, "how fareth the Lord Œil-de-Veau? They tell me that some mysterious ailment hath him in thrall."

At the words the Lady Yolande Sangazure (whom we have met before) was aware of a crimson flood mounting swiftly to her exquisite temples. Strange to add, the same phenomenon might have been observed in a score of damosels belonging to the best families in the district. The hall seemed suffused in a ruddy glow that was certainly not reflected from the exiguous pile of post-Crusading fuel smouldering on the great hearth.

"Tush!" broke in the cracked voice of a withered old dame, "your news is old. Not only hath the so-called fever vanished but my lord himself hath followed it."

"Gone!" The cry was echoed by twenty voices; twenty embroidery-frames fell from forty arrested hands, while nine-and-thirty dismayed eyes fixed themselves upon the maliciously-amused countenance of the speaker. Only one, belonging to the Lady Beauregarde, who squinted slightly, remained as though unmoved by the general commotion.

"Moreover," continued the old dame, "report saith that with him went his leman, who, having some art in necromancy, transformed her beauty to the semblance of a witch and provided her own dowry by the sale, to certain addle-pated wenches, of charms for which her lover himself prepared the market."

"But—his fever?" an impetuous voice broke in.

"Cozening, no doubt. Of course the tale may be but idle babble; still, if true, one would admit that such credulous fools got no more than they deserved."

She ceased, well satisfied. "I fancy," observed the Lady Yolande coldly, "that I hear our lords returning." And in the eloquent silence a score of fair young minds slowly assimilated the profound truth (as fresh to-day as eight hundred years ago) that Satan finds some mischief still for the impecunious demobilised.

TO JESSIE

("one of the Zoo's most popular elephants," now deceased).

Jessie of the melting eye,
　Wreathed trunk and horny tegument, whom I have joyed to ply
With the fugitive mince-pie
　And the seasonable legume,
Youth has left me; fortune too
　Flouts my efforts to annex it;
Still, I occupy the view,
Bored but loath to leave, while you
　Make the inevitable exit.

Ne'er again for blissful rides
　Shall our shouting offspring clamber
Up your broad and beetling sides;
Ne'er again, when eventide's
　Coming turns the skies to amber
And the fluting blackbirds call,
　Poised above a bale of fodder
In your well-appointed stall
Will you muse upon it all,
　Patient introspective plodder.

Once, an anxious mother's care,
　Day by day you roamed the jungle,
Felt the sunshine, sniffed the air;
Life, methinks, was passing fair;
　But of that no mortal tongue 'll
Tell. Perhaps you never thought
　If it bored you or enraptured
Till the wily hunter caught
You and all your friends and brought
　Home to England, bound and captured,

Jessie, fairest of your race,
　Now you're gone and few will miss you;
There will come to take your place
Creatures less replete with grace;
　Elephants of grosser tissue
Will intrigue the public sight;
　That, old girl, 's the common attitude.
Still, these few poor lines I write
May preserve your memory bright,
　Since the pen is dipped in gratitude.

Algol.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W.S. (*having struggled over many ploughed fields*). "Now then, my lad, fetch 'im over 'ere and I'll give you a tanner."
Bucolic Profiteer. "Noa, ye doan't! Give oi ten bob or oi lets he go again."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

We are apt to think of Lord Northcliffe as the "onlie begetter" of the New Journalism. But here comes Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., to remind us, in *Fleet Street and Downing Street* (Hutchinson), that he too had a very large share in its parentage. And up to a point he is a proud father. Circulations reckoned in millions instead of thousands, journalistic salaries raised from hundreds to thousands, advertisement-revenues multiplied many-fold—these are some of the outward signs of the success of a policy which the author summarised when he told Lord Morley, "You left journalism as a profession; we have made it a branch of commerce." But there is another side to the medal. *Frankenstein's* monster was perfect in everything save that it lacked a soul. In all material things the New Journalism is a long way ahead of the Old; and yet, after chronicling its many triumphs—culminating in the capture of *The Times*—its part-creator is fain to admit that "public distrust of news is the most notable feature in journalism of recent years," and that the influence of the daily Press on the public mind has hardly ever been at a lower ebb. This frankness is characteristic of a book which on nearly every page contains something to startle or amuse. The author's experiences on his first day in London, including an encounter with a sausage-seller (more friendly than Cleon's rival); his negotiations for the purchase of *The Times*, and his offer of the editorship to Lord Curzon, who unfortunately refused it; the *provenance* of "The Pekin Massacre," which originated, it appears, not with a "stunt" journalist, but with a Chinese statesman wishing to pull the Occidental leg—these and many other incidents are admirably described by a writer who, though he long ago doffed his journalistic harness, has not forgotten how to write up a "good story." Be your opinion of the New Journalism what it may I guarantee that you will find its champion an agreeable companion.

There are parts of Mr. W. J. Locke's latest novel, *The House of Baltazar* (Lane), which will, I fear, make almost prohibitive demands upon the faith (considered as belief in the incredible) of his vast following. To begin with, he introduces us to that problematical personage, whose possibility used to be so much debated, the Man Who Didn't Know There Was A War On. *John Baltazar* had preserved this unique ignorance, first by bolting from a Cambridge professorship through amorous complications, next by living many years in the Far East, and finally by settling upon a remote moorland farm (locality unspecified) with a taciturn Chinaman and an Airedale for his only companions. This and other contributory circumstances, for which I lack space, just enabled me to admit the situation as possible. Naturally, therefore, when a befogged Zeppelin laid a couple of bombs plonk into the homestead, the ex-professor experienced a mental as well as a bodily

shake-up. I had no complaint either with the transformation that developed *John Baltazar* from the only outsider to apparently the big boss of the War; while the scenes between him and the son of whose existence he had been unaware (a situation not precisely new to fiction) are presented with a sincere and moving simplicity. So far so good, even if hardly equal to the author's best. But the catastrophe and the melodramatics about War-Office secrets, preposterously put on paper, and still more preposterously preserved, simply knocked the wind of reality out of the whole affair. A pity, since Mr. LOCKE (though I prefer him in more fantastic vein) has clearly spent much care upon a tale that, till its final plunge, is at least lively and entertaining.

The amateur of lace, whether as expert or owner, will be pleasantly stirred by learning that another book has been added to the already large bibliography of a fascinating subject in *The Romance of the Lace Pillow* (H. H. ARMSTRONG), published at Olney from the pen of Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT. Olney, of course, has two claims on our regard—COWPER and Lace, and it is now evident that Mr. WRIGHT has kept as attentive an eye on the one as on the other. His book makes no pretence to be more than a brief and frankly popular survey of the art of lace-making chiefly in Northamptonshire and Bucks, and to it he has brought a wealth of various information (which the average reader must take on trust) and an enthusiasm that can be judged by his opening statement that "lace . . . is the expression of the most rapturous moments of whole dynasties of men of genius." So now you know. Even those of us who regard it with a calmer pulse can take pleasure in the many excellent photographs of lace-work of different periods and schools that adorn Mr. WRIGHT'S volume. As for the letter-press, though I will not call the writer's style wholly equal to his zeal, his chapters are full of interesting gossip, ranging from the late KATHERINE OF ARAGON (the originator, according to one theory, of English lace-making), to some jolly stuff on the literature of Bobbins and the old Tells, or working-songs, sung by "the spinners and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their threads with bones." I have a fancy that the whole volume has been more or less a labour of love (never certainly did I meet an author with such a list of helpers to thank), so I am glad to think that its reward in one sense is already assured.

In *The Fairy Man* (DENT), a most engrossing phantasy, Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD takes for raw material a family of Maida Vale, victims of all those petty, sordid, but deadly troubles known only to the middle class. Without warrant, explanation or excuse he introduces into their routine a sudden touch of magic; the tired City man, the acid foster-mother, the children (mercifully devoid of any priggishness), and the pre-eminently human housemaid and cook are transplanted for a moment into the age of the knights-errant. Thither also are transplanted their special friends and enemies, all retaining their modern identities and their current troubles, and all getting unpleasantly involved in the troubles of the ancients, to boot. Eventually the interlude is found to have provided the solution of the difficulties, pecuniary and other, of the home in Maida Vale; and I will say no more than that a very telling story ends well and naturally. No reader should imagine he has read all this before; the admixture of fairy imagination with the intensely practical things of life is something new, and there is a definite purpose in it all. The book may be labelled intellectual, but the characters always remain very human; thus *George*, finding himself back in the times of a thousand years ago, says critically, "It looks old, but it feels just the same;" and his father, seeing him engaged in an assault on the castle, shouts, "George! put that sword down instantly." Mr. CORNFORD makes his points with such discretion and understanding that even the most solid materialist must, after reading, feel a little less sure of himself.



Tramp. "YES, MUM, I'M AN OLD SOLDIER; FOUGHT IN THE——"
Mrs. Tommy Atkins. "D' YOU STILL REMEMBER THE ARMY TRAINING?"
Tramp. "THAT I DO, MUM. HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A SINGLE WORD O' COMMAND."
Mrs. T. A. "THEN, ABOUT—TURN! QUICK—MARCH!"

I rather think that if I had the opportunity of discussing with ELINOR MORDAUNT her *Old Wine in New Bottles* (HUTCHINSON) and had the courage to say what was in my mind: "Don't you think perhaps that your vigorous and unexpected characters are out of story-land rather than out of life?" and if she riposted, "But is it necessary they should be like life if they are life-like?" I should be left with no more effective retort than "Quite," or something just as futile. For there's no doubt that these queer villains, Chinese dealers, bold sailormen, travellers, rapt lovers, do get over the footlights in an effective way. They do the things that are only done in magazines, but they do them with a gusto which engages the attention. Perhaps indeed that's what the author meant by her ingenious title; though I suppose her device of setting before each story a longer or shorter, more or less relevant, passage from the Old Testament gives a clearer clue to the precise way in which she interprets "nothing new under the sun." I cheerfully prescribe of this old wine one or two bottles at bedtime. Better not, I think, the whole case at a sitting.

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE ALBERT JOACHIM, it appears, did not take part in the attack on a French officer at the Hotel Adlon, but only gave the signal. Always the little Hohenzollern!

* * *

It seems that at the last moment Mr. C. B. COCHRAN broke off negotiations for the exclusive right to organise the CARPENTIER wedding.

* * *

"Will Scotland go dry?" asks *The Daily Express*. Not on purpose, we imagine.

* * *

A new method of stopping an omnibus by a foot-lever has been patented. This is much better than the old plan of shaking one's umbrella at them.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, we read, makes a study of handwriting. The only objection that *The Times* has to this habit is that he positively refuses to notice the writing on the wall.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Government will construct an experimental tunnel between England and the United States in order (1) to cement Anglo-American friendship, and (2) to ascertain if the Channel Tunnel is practicable.

* * *

Dr. C. W. COLBY, head of the Department of History, has taken Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES' place as Principal of McGill University. The report that Sir AUCKLAND will reciprocate by taking a place in history awaits confirmation.

* * *

"It is quite usual nowadays," a well-known auctioneer states, "for mill hands to keep a few orchids. We understand that by way of a counterstroke a number of noblemen are threatening to go in for runner ducks.

* * *

A Rotherham couple who have just celebrated their diamond wedding have never tasted medicine. We ourselves have always maintained that the taste is an acquired one.

* * *

A Greenland falcon has been shot in the Orkneys. The view is widely taken that the wretched bird, which must have known it wasn't in Greenland, brought the trouble on itself.

* * *

An alleged anarchist arrested in Munich was identified as a poet and found Not Guilty—not guilty, that is to say, of being an anarchist.

* * *

With reference to the pending retirement of Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE from the Presidency of the Miners' Federation, it appears that there is talk of arranging a farewell strike.

* * *

The *Berlin Vorwaerts* states that ex-Emperor CARL has been discovered in Hungary under an assumed name. The Hungarian authorities say that unless he is claimed within three days he will be sold to defray expenses.

* * *

We understand that Mr. Justice DARLING's weekly denial of the reports of his retirement will in future be issued on Tuesdays, instead of Wednesdays, as hitherto.



"WELL, ANYHOW, NO ONE COULD TELL THAT THIS WAS ONCE A BRITISH WARM."

* * *

When hit by a bullet a tiger roars until dead, says a weekly paper, but a tigress dies quietly. Nervous people who suffer from headaches should therefore only shoot tigresses.

* * *

Two out of ten houses being built at Guildford are now complete. Builders in other parts of the country are asking who gave the word "Go."

* * *

"Marvellous to relate," says a Sunday paper, "a horse has just died at Ingatestone at the age of thirty-six." Surely it is more marvellous that it did not die before.

* * *

It is said that the Paris Peace Conference cost two million pounds. The latest suggestion is that, before the next war starts, tenders for a Peace Conference shall be asked for and the lowest estimate accepted.

* * *

A Walsall carter has summoned a fellow-worker because during a quarrel he stepped on his face. It was not so much that he had stepped on his face, we understand, as the fact that he had loitered about on it.

* * *

A painful mistake is reported from North London. It appears that a young lady who went to a fancy-dress ball as "The Silent Wife" was awarded the first prize for her clever impersonation of a telephone girl.

* * *

We are glad to learn that the thoughtless tradesman who, in spite of the notice, "Please ring the bell," deliberately knocked at the front-door of a wooden house, has now had to pay the full cost of rebuilding.

* * *

After reading in her morning paper that bumping races were held recently at Cambridge, a dear old lady expressed sorrow that the disgraceful scenes witnessed in many dance-rooms in London had spread to one of our older universities.

* * *

Tyrolese hats have reappeared in London after an interval of nearly five years. We understand that the yodel waistcoat will also be heard this spring.

* * *

A Welshman was fined fifteen pounds last week for fishing for salmon with a lamp. Defendant's plea, that he was merely investigating the scientific question of whether salmon yawn in their sleep, was not accepted.

More Boat-Race "Intelligence."

"The Oxford crew had a hard training for an hour and a-half under the direction of Mr. Harcourt Gold, who is to catch them at Putney."—*Evening Paper.*

But will they catch Cambridge at Barnes?

"The Cambridge people have elected to use a scull with a tubular shank or 'loom.'

"Oxford are using these sculls, too."

Evening Paper.

We have a silly old-fashioned preference for the use of oars in this competition.

"On St. David's Day, Welshmen wear a leak in their hats."—*Provincial Paper.*

Lest they should suffer from swelled head?

THE "NEW" WORLD.

["Direct Action," which was regarded as a novelty suitable for an age of reconstruction, has now, by the good sense of the Trades Union Congress, been relegated to its proper place in the old and discredited order of things.]

In these, the young Millennium's years,
Whereof they loudly boomed the birth,
Promising by the lips of seers
New Heavens and a brand-new Earth,
We find the advertised attraction
In point of novelty is small,
And argument by force of action
Would seem the oldest wheeze of all.

When Prehistoric Man desired
Communion with his maid elect,
And arts of suasion left him tired,
He took to action more direct;
Scaring her with a savage whoop or
Putting his club across her head,
He bore her in a state of stupor
Home to his stony bridal bed.

In ages rather more refined,
Gentlemen of the King's highway,
Whose democratic tastes inclined
To easy hours and ample pay,
Would hardly ever hold their victim
Engaged in academic strife,
But raised their blunderbuss and ticked him
Off with "Your money or your life."

So when your miners, swift to scout
The use of reason's slow appeal,
Threaten to starve our children out
And bring the country in to heel,
There's nothing, as I understand it,
So very new in this to show;
The cave-man and the cross-roads bandit
Were there before them long ago.

O. S.

FAIR WEAR AND TEAR.

In a short time now we shall have to return this flat to its proper tenants and arrive at some assessment of the damage done to their effects. With regard to the other rooms, even the room which Richard and Priscilla condescend to use as a nursery, I shall accept the owners' estimate cheerfully enough, I think; but the case of the drawing-room furniture is different. About the nursery I have only heard vague rumours, but in the drawing-room I have been an eye-witness of the facts.

The proper tenant is a bachelor who lived here with his sister; he will scarcely realise, therefore, what happens at 5 P.M. every day, when there comes, as the satiric poet, Longfellow, has so finely sung—

"A pause in the day's occupations,
Which is known as the children's hour."

Drawing-room furniture indeed! When one considers the buildings and munition dumps, the live and rolling stock, the jungles and forests in that half-charted territory; when one considers that even the mere wastepaper basket by the writing-desk (and it *does* look a bit battered, that wastepaper basket) is sometimes the tin helmet under which Richard defies the frightfulness of Lars Porsena, and sometimes a necessary stage property for Priscilla's two favourite dramatic recitations

"He plunged with a delighted *sc-weam*
Into a bowl of clotted c-weam,"

and

"This is Mr. Piggy Wee,
With tail so pink and curly,
And when I say, 'Good mornin', pig,'
He answers *vewwy* surly,
'Oomph! Oomph!'"

and sometimes the hutch that harbours a cotton-wool creation supposed to be a white rabbit, and stated by the owner to be "munsin' and munsin' and munsin' a carrot"—when, I say, I consider all these things I anticipate that the proceedings of the Reparation Commission will be something like this:—

He (*looking a little ruefully at the round music-stool*). I suppose your wife plays the piano a good deal?

I (*brightly*). If you mean the detachable steering-wheel, it is only fair to remember that a part interchangeable between the motor-omnibus and the steam-roller——

He. I don't understand.

I. Permit me to reassemble the mechanism.

He. You mean that when you put that armchair at the end of the sofa and the music-stool in front of it——

I. I mean that the motor-omnibus driver, sitting as he does in front of his vehicle and manipulating his steering-wheel like this, can do little or no harm to the apparatus. On the other hand, the steam-roller mechanic, standing *inside* the body of the vehicle, and having the steering-wheel in *this* position——

He. On the sofa?

I. Naturally. Well, supposing he happens to have a slight difference of opinion with his mate as to which of them ought to do the driving, the wheel is quite likely to be pushed off on to the macadam, where it gets a trifle frayed round the edges.

He. I see. How awfully stupid of me! And this pouffe, or whatever they call it?

I. Week in and week out, boy and girl, I have seen that dromedary ridden over more miles of desert than I can tell you, and never once have I known it under-fed or under-watered, or struck with anything harder than the human fist. Of course the hump does get a little floppy with frequent use, but considering how barren your Sahara——

He. Quite, quite. I was just looking at that armchair. Aren't there a lot of scratches on the legs?

I. Have you ever *kept* panthers? Do you realise how impatiently they chafe at times against the bars of their cage? Of course, if you haven't . . .

Finally, I imagine he will see how reasonable my attitude is and how little he has to complain of. He will recognise that one cannot deal with complicated properties of this sort without a certain amount of inevitable dilapidation and loss.

As a matter of fact I have an even stronger line of argument if I choose to take it. I can put in a counter-claim. One of the principal attractions of old furniture, after all, is historic association. There is the armchair, you know, that Dr. Johnson sat in, and the inkpot, or whatever it was, that Mary, Queen of Scots, threw at John Bunyan or somebody, and I have also seen garden-seats carved out of famous battleships. And then again, if you go to Euston, or it may be Darlington, you will find on the platform the original tea-kettle out of which George Washington constructed the first steam-engine. The drawing-room furniture that we are relinquishing combines the interest of all these things. If I like I can put a placard on the sofa, before I take its owner to see it, worded something like this:—

"Puffing Billy, the original steam-roller out of which this elegant piece was carved, held the 1920 record for fourteen trips to Brighton and back within half-an-hour." And after he has seen that I can lead him gently on to Roaring Rupert, the arm-chair. Really, therefore, when one comes to consider it, the man owes me a considerable sum of money for the enhanced sentimental value that has been given to his commonplace property.

Mind you, I have no wish to be too hard on him. I shall be content with a quite moderate claim, or even with no claim at all. Possibly, now I come to think of it, I shall simply say,

"You know what it is to have a couple of bally kids about the place. What shall I give you to call it square?"

And he will name a sum and offer me a cigarette, and we shall talk a little about putting or politics.

But it doesn't much matter. Whatever he asks he can only put it down in the receipts' column of his account-book under the heading of 'Depreciation of Furniture," whereas in my expenses it will stand as "Richard and Priscilla: for Adventures, Travel and Romance."

Evoe.



A ST. PATRICK'S DAY DREAM

(MARCH 17).

THE IDYLLIST OF DOWNING STREET (*with four-leaved shamrock*). "SHE LOVES ME! SHE—— BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER NOT GO ANY FURTHER."



Visitor. "AND HOW IS YOUR NEWLY-MARRIED DAUGHTER?"

Mrs. Brown. "OH, SHE'S NICELY, THANK YOU. SHE FINDS HER HUSBAND A BIT DULL; BUT THEN, AS I TELLS HER, THE GOOD 'UNS *ARE* DULL."

WINTER SPORT IN THE LOWER ALPS.

ABOUT two months ago, after a course of travel literature and some back numbers of *The Badminton Magazine*, I became infected with a desire to spend a winter in the Alps, skating, sliding, curling and yodelling in the intervals of ski-ing, skijoring, skilacking and skihandlung. The very names of the pastimes conjured up a picture of swift and healthy activity. As the pamphlets assured me, I should return a new man; and, though I am greatly attached to the old one, I recognised that improvement was possible.

I don't remember how it came about that I finally chose Freidegg among the multiplicity of winter-sport stations whose descriptions approximated to those of Heaven. I expect Frederick forced the choice upon me; Frederick had been to Switzerland every winter from 1906 to 1913 and knew the ropes. I somehow gathered that the ropes were of unusual complexity.

The entire journey was passed among winter-sporters of a certain type. From their conversation I was able to learn that Badeloden was formerly overrun by Germans; that Franzheim was excellent if you stayed at the Grand, but at the Kurhaus the guests were unsociable, while at the Oberalp you were not done well and the central-heating was inefficient.

I ventured a few questions about the sport available, but was gently rebuked by the silence which followed before conversation was resumed in a further discussion of comforts and social amenities.

On arrival at the hotel I took out my skates, but, on Frederick's advice, hid them again. "Don't let people see that you are a newcomer; there won't be any skating for some weeks yet," said he.

"But why not?" I objected. "The ice must be at least six inches thick."

"Well, it isn't done," he replied. "One's first week is spent in settling down; you can't go straight on the ice without preparation."

On the third day a Sports' Meeting was held, as the result of which a programme of the season was published. It was announced that there would be, weekly, three dances and one bridge tournament; a theatrical performance would be given once a fortnight, and the blank evenings filled with either a concert or an entertainment. I began to wonder how I could squeeze in time for sleep.

In order that boredom might not overtake the guests before evening came, a magnificent tea was served from four to six. During the afternoon one could visit the other hotels of the place and usually found some function in progress. We were not expected to breakfast before ten, and the short time that remained before lunch was spent in a walk to the rink, where we would solemnly take a few steps on the ice, murmur, "Not in condition yet," and return to the hotel.

After about a fortnight of this I announced to Frederick that I was going to skate, no matter how far from perfection the ice proved to be.

Frederick was indignant.

"You'll make yourself both conspicuous and unpopular. The two Marriotts are giving an exhibition to-morrow; if you spoil the ice for them their show will be ruined."

"Very well, then," said I, "I will borrow some ski and mess about on the snow."

"You can't do that," he replied, horrified; "the professionals are coming next week for the open competition, and if they don't find clean snow——"

"All right; I'll get one of those gridirons and course down the ice-run. I suppose that's what the ice-run is for," said I bitterly.

"And spoil the Alpine Derby, which you know is fixed for the tenth?" Frederick addressed me with some severity. "Look here—you must choose your sport and stick to it. I am a ski-er; you don't find me skating or bobbing or curling."

"Or ski-ing," I added.

"Before ski-ing," he informed me, "one must have one's ski in perfect condition. Mine are improving daily."

Frederick in fact spent his short mornings in giving instructions as to how his ski were to be oiled and rubbed. All the most complicated operations of unction and massage were performed upon them, and all the time Frederick watched over them as over a sick child.

Next I was told that the height of the season had arrived. The round of indoor entertainments went on and almost daily the guests walked to some near point to witness performances by professionals who seemed to tour the country for that purpose.

Just when there appeared to be a slight prospect of some general outdoor activity (and Frederick's ski were pronounced perfect) a thaw occurred. I am bound to say that the event was received philosophically. Not a single member of the company made any complaint; they faced adversity like true Britons and boldly sat in the warm hotel to save themselves for the evening. Nor did their distress put them off their feed; they punished the tea unmercifully, showing scarcely a sign of the aching sorrow which devoured them.

Soon it froze again. The daily visit to the ice was made and Frederick's ski were once more put into training.

As for me I began to believe that there was something shameful or disgraceful in my desire to skate. So I left secretly for Sicily. Here I can enjoy passive entertainment without being unpleasantly chilled.

Well, a few days ago I received from Frederick a letter, from which the following is a quotation: "The final thaw has now occurred and the season is ended. It has been one of the most successful on record. The full programme was carried out to the letter; I wish you had been here for the last Fancy Dress. My ski were really fit and I was looking forward to some great days on the snow. I think I made a bit of a hit too, playing *Lord Twinkles* in *The Gay Life*."



"ANOTHER BLOW FOR THE COALITION."

Sombre Reveller. "IS THIS PADDINGTON?"

Porter. "PADDINGTON? NO! IT'S MERSTHAM. WHY, YOU AIN'T EVEN ON THE RIGHT RAILWAY. THIS IS SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM."

Reveller. "THERE Y'ARE, Y'SEE. THAT'S WHAT COMES OF GOV'MENT CONTROL OF RAILWAYS."

The ski will no doubt miss Frederick's affectionate attention; he was very fond of them.

Yesterday, by the purest accident I came across Claudia, like myself enjoying the warmth and sunshine.

"Oh, you've been to Freidegg; how lovely! I went to Kestaag this year and was very glad to leave. Nothing to do in the evening but sit round a fire. All day the hotel was like a wilderness and outside nothing but a lot of men falling about in the snow. They were too tired to do anything during the evening. It was horrid. Next time I shall be more careful and choose a nice bright place like Freidegg."

Next time I too shall be more careful.

HOUND-FOXES.

It was really Isabel's idea. But it must be admitted that the Foxes took it up with remarkable promptitude. How it reached them is uncertain, but maybe the little bird that nests outside her nursery window knows more than we do.

The idea owed its inception to my attempt at explaining the pink-coated horsemen depicted on an old Christmas card. I did my best, right up to and including the "worry," in which Isabel joined with enthusiasm. Then she went to bed.

But not to sleep. As I passed by the open door I heard a small excited voice expounding to a lymphatic dolly the whole mystery of fox-hunting:—

"And there was a wood, and there was a smell. And all the peoploos on *'normous* huge high horses. And *nen* all the hound-foxes runned after the smell and eated it all up."

A fortnight later, taking a short cut through the Squire's coverts, I sat down to enjoy the glory of woodland springtime. "There was a wood and there was a smell." There certainly was; in fact I was all but sitting upon an earth.

All this is credible enough. Now I hope you will believe the rest of the story.

A dirty sheet of paper lay near Reynard's front doorstep. Idly curious, I picked it up. Strange paper, a form of print that I had never seen before; marked too with dirty pads.

It was a newspaper of sorts. Prominent notices adjured the reader to "Write to *John Fox* about it." The leading article was headed

"AN APPEAL."

"Foxes of Britain!" it began; "opposed though we have always been to revolutionary politics, a clear line is indicated to us out of the throes of the Re-birth. The old feudal relations between Foxes and Men have had their day. The England that has been the paradise of the wealthy, of the pink-coated, of the doubly second-horsed, must become that of the oppressed, the hunted, the hand-to-mouth liver. In a word, we have had enough of Fox-Hounds; henceforth we will have Hound-Foxes."

Then the policy was outlined. Foxes could not hunt hounds—no; but they could lead them a dog's life. They had been in the past too sporting; thought too little of their own safety, too much of the pleasure of the Hunt and of the reputation of its country.

Henceforth the League of Hound-Foxes would dispense justice to the oppressors. No more forty-minute bursts over the best line in the country; no more grass and easy fences; no more favourable crossing points at the Whissendine Brook; no more rhapsodies in *The Field* over "a game and gallant fox."

A Hound-Fox would be game, but not gallant. He would carry with him a large-scale specially-marked map, showing where bullfinches were unstormable; where the only gaps harboured on the far side a slimy ditch; where woods were rideless; where wire was unmarked; where railways lured to destruction—over and through each and every point would the Hound-Fox entice the cursing Hunt.

As for the Hounds, they feared no obstacles, but they hated mockery. *They* should be led on to the premises of sausage factories; through villages, to be greeted as brothers-in-the-chase by forty yelping curs; into infant-schools (that old joke), where the delighted babes would throw arms around their necks and call them "Doggie," until both men and hounds would begin to question whether the game were worth the candle.

Therefore let every eligible vulpine enroll himself to-day as a Hound-Fox. They must be dog-foxes, rising three or over, of good stamina, with plenty of scent, intelligent and preferably unmarried. The League Secretary was —— (here followed the name, earth and covert of a well-known veteran).

There was other matter, of course. A "Grand Prize Competition—A Turkey a Week for Life!" was announced. A humorous article on Earth-Stoppers and, on the "Vixens' Page," a discussion as to the edibility of Pekinese.

Absent-mindedly I crumpled up the astounding rag and thrust it down the hole.

* * * * *

I arose stiff, bemused. The hot March sunshine and the song of birds had left me drowsy. A glance at my watch showed me, to my astonishment, that it was tea-time. So I made my way home.

The reception of my story was as cold as the tea. They weren't such fools, they said, as to believe it. So, knowing your larger charity, dear Mr. Punch, I send it to you.

And I shall await that retrospective article in some Maytime *Field*, entitled "A Season of Disasters."

A Critical Problem.

"*The Admirable Crichton* is still one of the most captivating of modern plays, rich in humour, scenically 'telling' and close-packed with Barricisms."—*Times.*

"'Crichton' is one of the most agreeable Barrie plays, because it is so free from Barrieisms."—*Manchester Guardian.*

SURMISES AND SURPRISES.

The appearance of the Dean of St. Paul's at a recent social gathering not in the character of a wet blanket, but as a teller of jocund tales and a retailer of humorous anecdotes, must not be taken as an isolated and transient transformation, but as foreshadowing a general conversion of writers and publicists hitherto associated with utterances of a mordant, bitter, sardonic and pessimistic tone.

It is rumoured at Cambridge that Mr. Maynard Keynes, mollified by the reception of his momentous work, has plunged into an orgy of optimism, the first-fruits of which will be a treatise on *The Gastronomic Consequences of the Peace.* Those who have been fortunate enough to see the MS. declare that the personal sketches of Mr. Clynes, Mr. G. H. Roberts, Mr. Hoover and M. Escoffier are marked by a coruscating wit unparalleled in the annals of Dietetics. The account of a dinner at the "White Horse" is perhaps the *clou* of an exceptionally exhilarating entertainment.

This agreeable swing of the pendulum is further illustrated by the report that Mr. Philip Gibbs, by way of counteracting the depression caused by his last book, is contemplating a palliative under the title of *Humours of the Home Front.* It is hoped that the book will come out serially in the pages of *The Hibbert Journal.*

Very welcome too is the report, not yet officially confirmed, that Sir E. Ray Lankester is engaged on a genial biography of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with special reference to his achievements in the domain of psychical research.

Other similar rumours are flying about in Fleet Street, but we give them with necessary reserve. One of them credits Mr. Lytton Strachey with the resolve to indite a panegyric of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Another ascribes to Lord Fisher the preparation of a treatise on *The Evils of Egotism.*

The Week's Great Thought.

"We are at a crisis, and a critical one at that."—*Sir Archibald Salvidge in "The Sunday Chronicle."*

In a Good Cause.

A special matinée is to be given by Mr. Charles Gulliver at the Palladium, on Friday, March 19th, for the National Children's Adoption Association. Mrs. Lloyd George, who makes a strong appeal for this good work, will receive applications for tickets at 10, Downing Street, S.W., and cheques should be made payable to her.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE ELECT ARE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE FINISHED STATUE OF HERCULES BY A CELEBRATED SCULPTOR.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

IV.—THE BARRISTER HUSBAND.

How doth the Barrister delight,
According to his sort,
To mix in any form of fight
In any kind of Court.

When Nurse's temper runs amok,
And Cook is by the ears,
And all the home is terror-struck
By notices and tears,
And Madame begs me estimate
What argument or bounce 'll
Restore and keep the peace, I state
Opinion of Counsel:—

"With language dignified and terse
And with a haughty look
I should annihilate the Nurse
And coldly crush the Cook;
And, if they started in to weep,
A word would make them stow it:—
'That 's not effective, merely cheap;
And, what is more, you know it.'"

"You 'd bring the Cook," says she, "to book
By just a look?" "I should."
"By something terse you 'd make the Nurse
Feel even worse?" "I would."

"You 'd say to weep was merely cheap
And, what was more, they knew it?"
"I should," say I; and her reply
Is: "Come along and do it."

How doth the Barrister delight
In any low resort,
And hurry from the losing fight
To seek another Court.

"Mme. Tetrazzini had not been heard in London for five years and some little oooooo aaaaaaaay shd cf cwyyy might have been busy on her voice. Well, it has scarcely."
South African Paper.

Her many admirers will be glad to know this.

THE BOAT-RACE AGAIN.

In June, 1914, I took a house on the Thames, in order to make sure of a good view of the Boat-Race; then a man threw a bomb at Serajevo and ruined my plans. But now it is going to happen again. And instead of fighting with a vast crowd at Hammersmith Bridge I shall simply walk up into the bathroom and look out of the window. It is wonderful.

Yet meanwhile I have lost some of my illusions about this race. I have a boat myself; I myself have rowed all over the course in my boat. It is only ten feet long, but it is very, very heavy. Still, I have rowed in it all over the course—with ease. Yet people talk as if it was a marvellous thing for eight men to row a light boat over the same water. Why is that? It is because the ignorant land-lubber regards the river Thames as a pond; or else he regards it as a river flowing always to the sea. He forgets about the tide. The Boat-Race is rowed *with the tide;* they deliberately choose a moment when the tide is coming in, and hope nobody will notice; and nobody does notice. The tide runs about three miles an hour, sometimes more; if they just sat still in the boat they would reach Mortlake eventually, and the crowd would get a good look at them, instead of seeing them for ten seconds. The race ought to be rowed *against* the tide. Then it really would be a feat of strength; then it really would take ten years off their lives—perhaps more. Then perhaps small boys would drop things on them from the bridges, as they do on me. I wonder they don't try to do that now. There is a certain quiet satisfaction in dropping things on people, especially if they are labouring under Hammersmith Bridge against the tide, and I should imagine that the temptation to drop things on a University crew would be almost irresistible. It is not everyone who can look back and say, "In 1890 I hit the Oxford stroke in the stomach with a stone." As it is, though, I suppose they go too fast for that kind of thing.

But apart from the small boys on the bridges, the present system is most unsatisfactory for people who know "a man in the boat." Even in a football match it is possible for an aunt occasionally to distinguish her nephew and say, "Look, there is Edward." But if she says, "Look, there is Edward," meaning No. 5 in the Cambridge boat, you know she is imagining. All she sees is a vague splashing between two bowler-hats, or possibly the Oxford rudder moving at high speed through a horse's legs. If the race were rowed against the tide we should all get our money's worth; and the oarsmen could then put more realism into their "After-the-Finish" attitudes. As it is, they roll about in the boat with a praiseworthy suggestion of fatigue, but nobody really believes they are tired—nobody at least who has rowed on the Thames with the tide.

No, I am afraid the actual race is a sad hypocrisy. But the training must be terrible. Think of it. They started practising in the second week in January: they row the race in the fourth week in March. For ten weeks and more they have been "getting those hands away" and driving with those legs and not washing-out. For ten weeks horrible men with huge calves have shouted at them and cursed them and told them their sins, like a monk telling his beads—"Bow, you're late; Two, you're early; Three, you're bucketing; Four, you're not bucketing enough." I listen painfully, hoping against hope that at least one of the crew may be left out of the catalogue, that Stroke at least may be rowing properly. But no, Stroke is not forgotten, and even Cox doesn't always give complete satisfaction.

Sometimes I feel that I ought to



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"Hand over your money!"

"Certainly, my good man. Now I don't want to be personal, but you've got the very face I want for my new film, 'The Bad Man of Crimson Creek.' I'll give you fifty pounds a week for an exclusive contract. Can I tempt you?"



Shortsighted and quick-tempered Master of Hounds. "HI! WHAT D'YE MEAN BY HEADING MY HOUNDS WITH THAT INFERNAL CAR? HOW THE DEUCE CAN YOU HUNT IN A THING LIKE THAT, SIR?"

row out in my little boat and offer to tow the incompetents back to Putney. Yet they seem somehow to travel very easily and well. But, however harmoniously they swing past "The Doves" or quicken to thirty-five at Chiswick Eyot, I know that in their hearts they are hating each other. Goodness, how they must hate each other! For ten weeks they have been rowing together in the same boring boat, behind the same boring back. I read with grim interest about the periodical shiftings of the crew, how Stroke has moved to the Bow thwart, and Bow has replaced Number Three, and Number Three has shifted to the Stroke position. They may pretend that all this is a scientific matter of adjustment, of balance and weight and so forth. I know better. I know that Stroke is fed up with the face of Cox, and that the mole on Number Two's neck has got thoroughly on Bow's nerves, and that if Number Three has to sit any longer behind Number Four's expanse of back he will go mad. That is the secret of it all. But I suppose they each of them hate the coach, and that keeps them together.

Of all these sufferers perhaps Cox is most to be pitied. They all have to eat what they're told, no doubt, yards and yards of beefsteak, and so on. In the old days rowing men had to drink beer at breakfast; I can't think of anything worse, except, perhaps, stout. But Cox doesn't eat anything at all. He has to get thinner and thinner. And if there is one thing worse than eating beefsteak at breakfast it must be watching eight rowing men eating beefsteak at breakfast and not eating anything yourself.

Yes, beyond question Cox is the real hero. I watch him dwindling, day by day, from nine stone to eight stone, from eight stone to seven stone twelve, and my heart goes out to the little fellow. And what a job it is! If anything goes wrong, Cox did it. He kept too far out or he kept too far in, or too much in the middle. But who ever heard of Cox doing a brilliant piece of steering, or saving the situation, or even rising to the occasion? His highest ambition is for *The Times* to say that he did his work "adequately"—like the *Second Murderer* in SHAKSPEARE.

And at the finish he can't even pretend that he's tired, like the other men; even if there was any spectacular way of showing that he was half-frozen he couldn't do it, because he alone is responsible if one of the steamers runs over them and they are all drowned. We ought to take off our hats to Cox; though, of course, if we did, Stroke would think it was intended for him.

But indeed I take off my hat to all of them; not because of the race, which, as I say, is a piece of hypocrisy, being rowed with the tide, but because of the terrible preparation for the race. I wonder if it is worth it. It is true that they have lady adorers on the towing-path at Putney, and it is even rumoured that they receive anonymous presents of chocolates. But presumably they are not allowed to eat them, so that these can do little to alleviate their sufferings. It is true also that for ever after (if their wives allow it) they can hang an enormous oar on the wall and contemplate it after dinner. But, after all, I can do that too, if I like; for I too have rowed over the course.

And *I* shall have a free view of the race. But none of them will see it at all. They will all be looking at the back of the man in front, except Stroke, whose eye will be riveted on the second button of Cox's blazer. What a life!

A. P. H.

"To Let, permanent, Furnished Sitting-Boots (size 6); 20s."—*Local Paper.*

No, thanks; we already have a pair that are no good for walking.



Enthusiastic Lady (at Musical At Home). "Do you remember what this tune is out of, Doctor? Used to be all the rage when we were in our 'teens. Tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum?"

Eminent Dyspepsia Specialist. "The words are familiar."

THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

(*The advancing price of rice has occupied much space in the papers of late.*)

Maud, when you turned me down (a year to-morrow),
Bidding me rise from off my suppliant knee,
And, while regretful if you caused me sorrow,
Murmured, "Sebastian, it can never be,"
I did not lay aside my fond ambition;
I told myself, in spite of what occurred,
"This is her lunch or three o'clock edition,
And not her final word."

I merely marvelled at your eccentricity,
Feeling convinced amid my blank amaze
That, though you might "absent you from felicity
Awhile," 'twas but a temporary phase;
Convinced the mood impelling you to stifle
The aspirations that I 'd dared outline
Was simply due to some extraneous trifle,
Not any flaw of mine.

A chill or toothache might have vexed you greatly;
Perhaps you had a corn inclined to shoot,
Or possibly the sugar shortage lately
Had proved itself abnormally acute;
In short, I felt that, though unkindly treated,
A happier time to me would surely come,
When my request (impassioned) would be greeted
With no down-pointing thumb.

Maud, it occurs to me you shunned a marriage
Because that function, otherwise "quite nice,"
Involved the facing of a friendly "barrage"
Mainly composed of valedictory rice,
Stinging the cheek and nestling in the clothing;
If that was so, I share the feeling, sweet;
For rice in puddings I 've no special loathing,
But I detest it neat.

If such your reason was, there 's no material
Objection to our union to-day;
No risk remains of that offensive cereal
Being employed in such a reckless way;
You can say "Yes" without one apprehensive
Thought that your brother is a deadly shot;
Rice as a missile now is too expensive.
Anything doing—what?

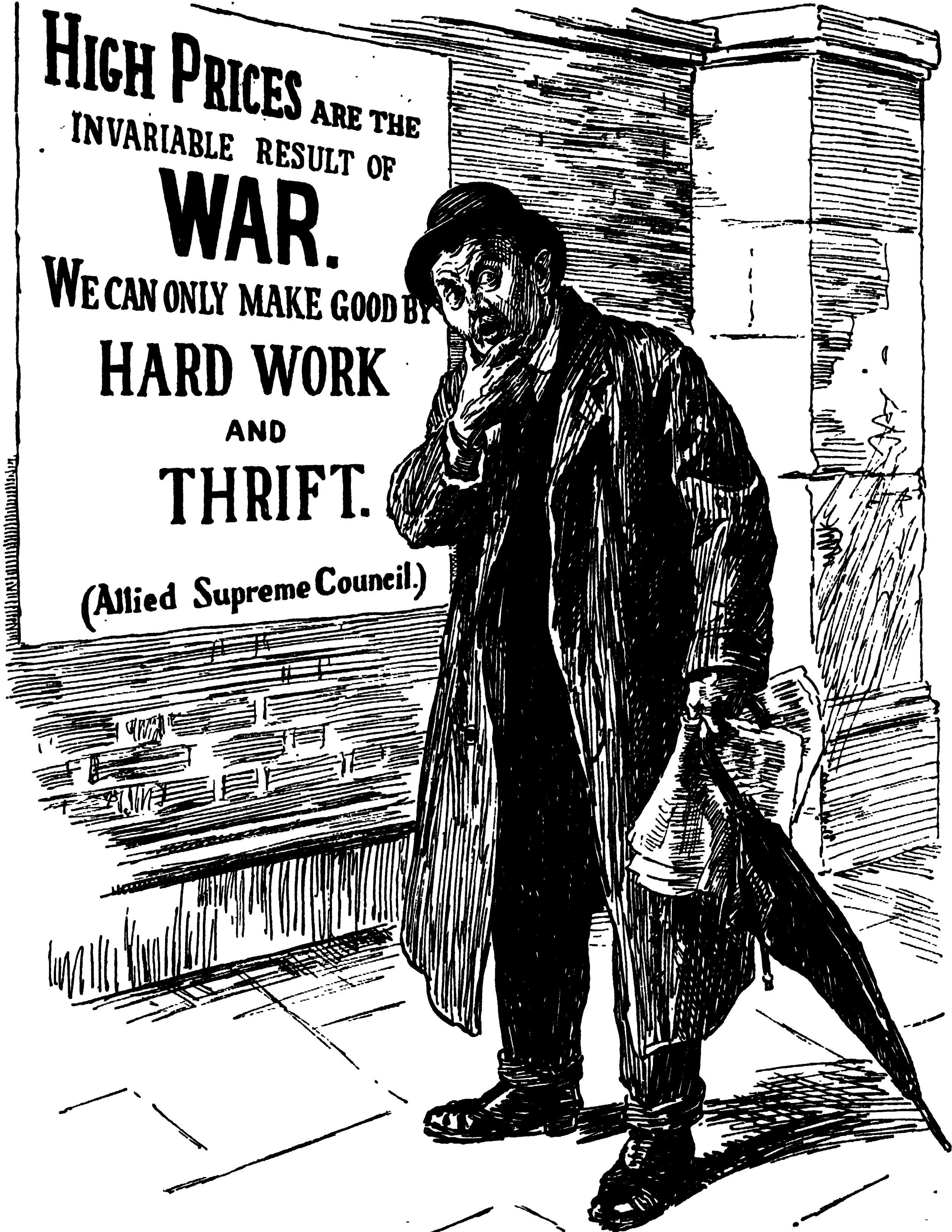
"According to a Paris report, an Anglo-British force of 50,000 are on their way to occupy Constantinople."—*Daily Paper.*

It is, no doubt, the peculiar composition of this force that has aroused the apprehensions of French chauvinists.

"Denikin's troops are fleeing partly in steamers, partly along the coast, leaving a large booby."
"*Planters and Commercial Gazette*" (*Mauritius*).

"A Bolshevist wireless says the Reds captured Tagonrog, Denikin's former headquarters, taking a huge booby."—*Same Paper.*

The booby prize has apparently been awarded to the Reds, but we feel that our contemporary might have put in a claim.



THE FORGOTTEN CAUSE.

MAN IN THE STREET. "WELL, IF THE OTHER ALLIES SAY SO TOO, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN IT. BUT *I* ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THE *GOVERNMENT* WAS TO BLAME FOR EVERYTHING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 8th.—I should hesitate to call Sir Hamar Greenwood the *Pooh-Bah* of the Ministry, though he has something of that worthy's sublime self-confidence and his capacity for taking any number of posts. The House, which knows him both as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department of the Board of Trade, was surprised to hear him answering questions relating to the nascent oil-wells in the United Kingdom, and to learn that he had become "Minister for Petroleum Affairs." But there the likeness ceases to be exact. *Pooh Bah's* interest was in palm-oil.

A few days ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer facetiously compared the critics of the Government to the poet of *Rejected Addresses* who declared that it was Buonaparte "who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise." Out of the Government's own mouth the critics are now, at any rate, partially justified, for the Prime Minister announced that the bread subsidy was to be halved, and that on and after April 12th the quartern loaf would rise — he did not quite know where.

In view of the occasional rumours of friction between Government departments it is pleasant to record that the Ministry of Transport and the War Office are on the friendliest terms. Invited to abolish, in the interests of the taxpayer, the cheap railway tickets now issued to soldiers, Mr. Neal said it was primarily a question for the War Office, as in this matter Sir Eric Geddes would wish to move in harmony with Mr. Churchill. As the War Secretary promptly announced his intention of doing his best to maintain the soldiers' privilege it is conjectured that he will return from the ride with Sir Eric inside.

The new Member for Paisley delivered his maiden speech to-night, and acquitted himself so well that in the opinion of Members many months his senior he is likely to go far. The Government had proposed to "guillotine" the remaining Supplementary Estimates in order to get them through before March 31st.



CARRYING ON.

Mr. Neal caddies for Sir Eric Geddes.

Some ardent economists, mainly drawn from the Coalition, while ready to concede the end, protested against the means, and proposed that the House should make its own arrangements.

Mr. Bonar Law promptly perceived the advantage of transferring from the Government to the House a disagreeable responsibility. Forgetting that he was cast for the executioner, not the hero, he murmured, "It is a far, far better thing," and graciously accepted the proposed alternative. Mr. Asquith, not unwilling to help in establishing a precedent which some day he himself may find useful, backed him up, and the House, as a whole, congratulating itself on its escape from the public executioner, cheerfully proceeded to commit *harakiri*.

Tuesday, March 9th.—Mr. Shortt relieved our apprehensions by stating that the few spurious "Bradburys" in circulation are of home manufacture, and that, while a few specimens emanating from Russia had been sent here for identification, they were so poorly executed that they would scarcely pass muster in this country. It is comforting to think that there is one British industry which has nothing to fear from foreign dumping, but is cheerfully forging ahead.

The Home Secretary also denied that there had been any remarkable increase in pocket-picking or that schools existed for the training of young criminals. As Sir Maurice Dockrell pointed out, there is indeed no need for them so long as the cinemas provide their present facilities. *Fagin* has been quite knocked out by the film.

The Parliamentary vocabulary extends apace. Mr. Rendall, whose motion on divorce had been postponed under the new arrangements for business until after Easter, complained that Sir Frederick Banbury had "done him down."

Part of the evening was devoted to the bread-subsidy. The debate incidentally illustrated the intellectual independence of Ministers. A few days ago Mr. Lloyd George, in advocating the resumption of trade with Russia, declared that "the corn-bins of Russia were bulging with grain." To-night Mr. McCurdy told the House that, according to his information, the resumption of trade



RARA AVIS IN TERRIS.

"Never since the days of Icarus had there been an aviator quite like the right hon. gentleman [Mr. Winston Churchill]. He had displayed much sympathy with the Air Force and had almost been one of its martyrs."—*Lord Hugh Cecil.*



Actor (*who has brought friend in for supper—to lodging-house keeper*). "Tut, tut, Ma! Cease your apologies. What if there is but twopennyworth of fish and chips? Bring it forth. This is Bohemia!"
Ma (*politely bowing to stranger*). "How d'ye do, Sir?"

with Russia was not likely to open up any large store of wheat or grain in the near future. Possibly there is no real incongruity. The grain may be there, but the Russians, greedy creatures, may be going to eat it themselves.

Wednesday, March 10th.—Even in the gloomy atmosphere of the Upper Chamber the subject of divorce lends itself to humour. Lord Buckmaster, who introduced a Bill founded on the recommendations of the Royal Commission, performed his task with due solemnity, but some of the noble Lords who opposed it were positively skittish. Lord Braye, for example, thought that, if the Bill passed, *Who's Who* would require a supplement entitled *Who's Who's Wife*; and Lord Phillimore illustrated the effects of easy divorce by a story of a Swiss marriage in which the bride-elect was attended by four of the happy man's previous spouses. He also told another of an American judge who, having explained that, in this department of his duties he was "very strict," added, "Of course I make no difficulty the first time, but if they come again within twelve months I want a good reason."

Mr. Hogge led a vigorous attack on the Ministry of Transport, which he seemed to think had done very little for its money except to divert the omnibuses at Westminster and so make it more difficult for Members of Parliament to get to the House. Mr. Kennedy Jones, who was responsible for the innovation, rather hinted that in the case of some Members this might not be altogether an objection. The brunt of the defence fell upon Mr. Neal, owing to the regretted absence of his chief, who had been ordered away by his doctor for a much-needed holiday and was reported to be recruiting himself on the golf-links. If exercise is what he needs he could have got plenty of it in the House to-night. Thanks to a persistent minority, Members were kept tramping through the Lobbies for the best part of five hours, and did not complete the full round of eighteen divisions until 2.15 a.m.

Thursday, March 11th.—Possibly the news of "direct action's" heavy cropper at the Trade Union Conference had reached the Front Bench before the Prime Minister, in reply to a question regarding the shortage of labour in the building trades, bluntly attributed it to the stringency of the Trade Union regulations." When Mr. Adamson attempted to shift the blame on to a Government Department Mr. Lloyd George retorted that he would be perfectly ready to deal with any peccant official if the Labour Leader for his part would deal with the Trade Unions.

General Seely repeated his familiar arguments in favour of an independent Air Ministry, and Mr. Churchill once more defended his position, urging that it was better for the Air Service to have half a Minister in the Cabinet than none at all. To a suggestion that the lives of the Armenians might have been saved if we had sent more aeroplanes to Asia Minor, Mr. Churchill replied that unfortunately the Armenian and Turkish populations were so intermingled that our bombs would be dropping indiscriminately, like the rain, "upon the just and unjust feller."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

(*By a Grateful Student of the New English Dictionary*).

I CAN conjugate the modern verb "to wangle,"
And, if required, translate it into Greek;
I can even tell a wurzel from a mangel;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I still can march eight furlongs at the double,
Although I shall be seventy next week;
I can separate a hubble from a bubble;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I know a catfish differs from a seamew;
I don't expect Belluggio at Belleek;
I know a cassowary from an emu;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I'm acquainted with the works of HENRY PURZELL
(My mastery of spelling is unique);
I repeat, I know a mangel from a wurzel;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I'm proficient both in jotting and in tittling;
I know a certain cure for boots that creak;
I can see through Mr. KEYNES and *Mr. Britling*:
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I can always tell a *hari* from a *kari*
("*Harakiri*" is a silly pedant's freak);
I can tell the style of CAINE from that of MARIE;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I never take a DEELEY for a DOOLEY;
I never take a putter for a cleek;
I never talk of HEALY, meaning HOOLEY;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I understand the sense of "oils are spotty";
I know the height of Siniolchum's peak;
I know that some may think my ditty dotty;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

P.S.

I know the market price of eggs in Surrey,
The acreage of maize in Mozambique—
And now at last, thanks to immortal "MURRAY,"
I've learned to tell a bubble from a squeak.



"OH, GEORGE, WE MUST HAVE STEPPED OFF WITH THE WRONG FOOT!"

THE CONSERVATISM OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you take no sides in party politics, but I still think you would like to hear why it is that I have gone over to the Independent Liberals. No, it has nothing to do with Mr. ASQUITH's triumphal procession and still less with the NORTHCLIFFE Press. The fact is that till quite recently I belonged to the true blue Tory school—was indeed probably the last survivor of the Old Guard—and I found myself out of touch with the progressive tendencies of modern Toryism, its deplorable way of moving with the times, its hopeless habit of discarding what it would call the old shibboleths when it wrongly imagined them to be outworn. My decision to leave a party that has long ceased to deserve its honoured name was immediately due to a Liberal Paper which editorially ridiculed the Liberty League, formed for the defeat of Bolshevist propaganda, and pooh-poohed the idea of the existence of dangerous Bolshevist elements in the country. This attitude attracted me enormously; for I recalled the standpoint of the same paper in the days before the War—how it ridiculed the alleged German menace and pooh-poohed the idea of the existence of hostile German elements in our midst. Here, I said, is the party for me; here is your authentic Bourbon spirit—the type that learns nothing and forgets nothing; that in the midst of a changing world remains immovable as a rock. Yes, Sir, for a Tory of the old school there is no place to-day except in the ranks of Liberalism.

Yours faithfully, SEMPER EADEM.



MODERN DRAMA BELOW STAIRS.

THE "MAID'S" HOSPITALITY TO "ROBERT."

RATES OF EXCHANGE.

Jones was reading his morning paper in the opposite corner seat with unusual attention, and he disregarded my greeting.

"Why this absorption?" I inquired. "Usually you come to the station with a piece of toast behind one ear, fastening your boots as you run, and wake us all up with your first fine morning rapture."

"I was just taking a look at the exchanges," he replied. "The mark's about the same price as fly-paper, and, judging by the news from New York, your chewing-gum is going to cost you more shortly. Do you know anything about the money market?"

"I occasionally see it stated that 'money is plentiful' in it," I returned. "I should think it must be an ideal place."

"The most gorgeous thing in the world is to make a bit on exchange," he said. "There's such a splendid feeling of not having earned it, you know."

"I understand exactly," I replied. "Cox once credited me with an extra month's pay by mistake. But I didn't realise that you ever had to think about money matters after having run our Mess in France."

He appeared to take no offence. His capacity for being insulted in that direction had probably been exhausted during the period in point.

"I know quite a lot about exchange," he remarked with a reminiscent smile. "You remember that when I got pipped in France in '15, they sent me out next time to Salonica. I hadn't been there very long before the question of exchange cropped up. In the early days most of us had English money only, and the villagers used to rook us frightfully changing it. I remember sending my batman, MacGusgogh, to a place for eggs, and he came back with the change for my Bradbury in nickel. I had a good look at it, and on each coin was the mystic inscription, 'DIHAP,' which is pronounced 'dinar.'

"'MacGusgogh,' I said, 'you pretend to be a Scotsman and yet you've been diddled. This is Serbian money, and not worth a bean.'

"'Oh the deceitfu' deevils,' said he, 'there's neither truth nor honesty in the loein' buddies, Sir. But here's your Bradbury, an', at onny rate, we hae the eggs, Sir, for I paid for them wi' a label off yin o' they Japaneesy beer bottles. It seemed an awfu' waste to spend guid siller on folk that dinna ken when they see it.'"

I began to see the possibilities of the money market.

"I was round about there till the Armistice," Jones went on, "then I drifted by stages to South Russia. All the Eastern countries live by exchange. Practically the only trade they have is playing tennis with each others' currency, and the headquarters of the industry in 1918 was South Russia. I thought I'd seen the limit of low finance when I'd experienced the franc, lira, drachma, dinar, lev and piastre; but they were all child's play to the rouble in 1918."

"I thought Russian money was all dud before that," I remarked.

"Not a bit of it," said Jones. "You see, it's not as if there were one breed, so to speak, of rouble. There were KERENSKY roubles, and Duma roubles, and NICHOLAS roubles, and every little town had a rouble-works which was turning out local notes as hard as they could go. I missed a fortune there by inches."

"Tell me," I said, in response to his anecdotal eye.

"I had a job there which consisted of going backwards and forwards on the railway between Otwiski and Triadropoldir in the Caucasus, a six days' trip. The possibilities of the situation never struck me till one day I asked a shopman in Triadropoldir to give me my change in Otwiski roubles—both towns had their own currency, of course. He gave me five Otwiski roubles for one of his own town. I thought a bit about that, and when I got back to Otwiski I tried the same thing, and found I could get three Triadropoldir roubles there for one Otwiski."

"I see," I remarked, as the beauty of this arrangement dawned upon me.

"All I had to do therefore was to change my money in Otwiski for three times as much Triadropoldir currency, and then go up the line to the other place and change it back again, making fifteen hundred per cent. on the round trip. Of course you couldn't always change the full amount, but in a couple of months I had sixty thousand roubles —my valise was crammed with them— and I was only waiting to get down to the Field Cashier to change out and make my fortune."

"And did you?" I asked.

"No, I didn't. One morning the Reds arrived in Triadropoldir, and my servant and I only just got away with the valise on one of those inspection cars which you propel by pulling a handle backwards and forwards. A section of Red Cavalry came after us, and we took it in turns to work the handle."

"Your servant won't ever be short of a job," I commented. "He ought to take to film-acting after that like a duck to water."

"We soon finished my servant's ammunition and they were closing in on us fast. My hair had appreciably lifted my tin hat when I had a brain-wave and threw out a double handful of rouble notes. It worked like a charm; they all stopped to collect the money, and we had gone quite a distance before they caught us up again. I threw out more notes at intervals, and the last thousand roubles went just as we came in sight of DENIKIN'S outposts fifteen miles down the line. We were saved, but I had lost my fortune, for there was no chance of repeating the operation."

I sighed. Then, without any regard for the conclusions of my fellow-passengers, I silently raised both my hands above my head.



Ordinary Man (to well-fed friend). "HULLO! HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU? MAKING LOTS OF MONEY, I SUPPOSE?"

Yorkshireman. "NO. WE DON'T *MAKE* MONEY AT BRADFORD—WE JUST PICK IT OOP."

"She had her hair cut short, and claimed to be a member of a tilted family."
Provincial Paper.

One with a bend sinister, we presume.

A leader of fashion at Ely
Whose clothes were a bit down-at-heely
Was quite overcome
When he found he'd the sum
That would buy him a Mallaby-Deeley.

"BLACK CATS' STRIKE THREAT."
Heading in a Sunday Paper of a report of a demand made by Viennese clerks for doubled salaries.

For "CATS'," read "COATS'." *O* the diff! (as WORDSWORTH said).

"Retriever Wanted; steady good worker: retrieve feather or fur, land or water."
Provincial Paper.

The exile of Amerongen could do with one of this breed.

"The act of the donor suggests the lines:
'How far doth that little candle throw its beams
On like a good deed in a naughty world.'"
Daily Graphic.

The author's name is not given, but we do not think he has improved much on SHAKSPEARE.

THE YEOMAN TRANSFORMED.

[In accordance with the new Territorial organisation some famous Yeomanry Regiments are to become Motor Machine-Gun Units.]

Can a horseman turn from his heart's desire at the stroke of a statesman's pen?
Can we learn to fight from a motor-car—we who were mounted men?
In a petrol-tank and a sparking-plug shall we strive to put our trust,
And hang our spurs as a souvenir to gather reproachful rust?

Shall we never again ride knee to knee in the pomp of squadron line,
With head-ropes white as a mountain drift and curb chains all a-shine?
Will they dawn no more, those glorious days when the world seemed all our own,
Who rode as scouts on an errant quest, alive, alert, alone?

Can a man be made by a motor-car as a man is made by a horse,
With strength in his back and legs and arms, and a brain of swift resource?
We cared for our mounts before ourselves, their thirst before our thirst;
Shall we come to learn, with the same content, to think of an engine first?

Grousing enough. Though times have changed a man may be needed yet.
Shall we stand aloof in an idle dream to nourish a vain regret?
Whatever England may ask of us our service must be hers;
And a horseman's quality 's in his heart and not in a pair of spurs.

W. K. H.

THE GREAT MUTTON CAMPAIGN.

The recent disclosures concerning the enormous stocks of frozen mutton held by the Ministry of Food—some of it killed two years ago—have put the Government on their mettle, and a vigorous campaign is now in preparation with the object of inducing the public to assist in the disposal of these overgrown supplies. Mr. Punch, being in touch with sources of information not accessible to the general Press, has been able to secure an advance copy of a popular appeal which is about to be issued broadcast by the Government. It runs as follows:—

"Men, Women and Children of the United Kingdom!

"The time has now arrived when each one of you is privileged to illumine these drab days of peace with a show of patriotism no less brilliant than that which lit up the dark years of war. The task that is demanded is a simple one, and no heavy price is exacted; all that is required is a single-minded concentration upon the one essential need of the moment.

"Your Government, solicitous as always for your welfare, has during the past two years accumulated a vast store of nutritious mutton to safeguard you against the peril of starvation. That danger being happily averted, it is now up to you to eat the stuff. This is not a problem that can be tackled by half-measures. If you desire to preserve the financial stability of the Empire, and if you do not wish to go on eating antiquated corpses of Australasian sheep for the rest of your lives, you must set your teeth in grim earnest, eating against time and chewing over time. You must consume mutton for breakfast, mutton for luncheon, mutton for tea and mutton for dinner. In fact, each one of you must in the interests of the State become a mutton glutton.

"Do you shrink from the task? Do you shirk the chop now that you know what is at stake? An army marches on its stomach; the nation's well-being hangs on yours. Henceforth, until the 'Cease Fire' sounds, you must fall upon the domestic enemy as our gallant soldiers fell upon the alien foe. No quarter must be given, no quarter, fore or hind, be permitted to escape. Beef must be banned and veal avoided as the plague; no Briton worthy of the name will claim a fowl.

"What are you going to do about it? Do you intend (to borrow a Trans-atlantic phrase) to give the frozen mitt to the frozen mutt? Or are you going to take it to your bosom and give it there, or thereabouts, the home for which it has so long been vainly seeking?

"Do it now and do it always. Let your daily motto be—'*Revenons à nos moutons.*'"

In addition to the foregoing, every British housewife is to be supplied with a valuable booklet containing a number of official recipes for dealing with mutton. Among the tasty dishes thus described may be mentioned Whitehall Hash, Ministerial Mince, Reconstruction Rissoles, Control Cutlets and Separation Stew.

Mr. Punch also learns that in honour of the campaign the Yeomen of the Guard are henceforth to be popularly known as the "Muttoneaters."

WHAT OF THE DUMPS?

["We repeat our question, therefore, and expect a 'Yes' or 'No' answer: *Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?*" *Daily Mail.*]

While wealth untold lies heaped in idleness
We will not see the nation go to pot;
We ask you (kindly answer "No" or "Yes"):
Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

By many a shell-torn desolate chateau
Stand monumental piles of martial store
Reared up long since to stem a savage foe
By labours of the Army Service Corps;

And day by day, in spite of our advice,
They linger wastefully to rust and rot;
We ask (and let your answer be concise):
Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

No more may Kellaway in bland retort
Disguise the truth with verbal circumstance;
Our special correspondents still report:
"Entrenching tools obscure the face of France."

The case is plain; the issue is distinct;
You either answer now or out you trot
(And kindly make that answer quite succinct):
Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

"WEDDING ROMANCE.

The acquaintanceship soon developed into a house where Miss —— was living."—*Daily Paper.*

The chief obstacle to matrimony being thus removed, there could, of course, be only one end to the story.

"The Committee has decided to call the contest the 'Golden Apple Challenge,' having in mind the legend of Paris giving a golden apple to Helen of Troy as the fairest of the three beautiful women who came to ask his judgment."—*Daily Mail.*

Personally we never attach much importance to these Paris legends.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Master. "HI! YOU! 'WARE BEANS. DON'T YOU KNOW BEANS WHEN YOU SEE 'EM?"
P.-W.S. "THEY'RE THE LITTLE THINGS THEY PUTS IN TINS WITH PORK, AIN'T THEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

DURING the past few years the plays and stories, especially the stories, of ANTON TCHEHOV have so triumphantly captured English-speaking readers that there must be many who will welcome with eagerness the volume of his *Letters* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). This happy chance we owe, of course, directly to Mrs. CONSTANCE GARNETT, who here proves once again that in her hands translation ranks as a fine art. Both the *Letters* and the Biographical Sketch that precedes them are of extraordinary charm and interest. Because TCHEHOV'S stories are so conspicuously uncoloured by the personality of their writer (his method being, as it were, to lead the reader to a window of absolute transparency and bid him look for himself), it comes almost as a shock to find how vivid and many-hued that personality in fact was. Nor is it less astonishing to observe a nature so alive with sympathy expressing itself in an art so detached. More than once his letters to literary friends are concerned with a defence of this method: "Let the jury judge them; it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are." They are filled also with a thousand instances of the author's delight in nature, in country sights and scents, and of his love and understanding for animals (from which of the Tales is it that one recalls the dog being lifted into the cart "wearing a strained smile"?) Throughout too, if you have already read the eight little volumes that contain the stories—which I certainly advise as a preliminary—you will be continually experiencing the pleasure of recognising the inspiration for this or that remembered scene. In short, one of the most fascinating books that has come my way for a long time.

I needn't pretend that *Red and Black* (METHUEN), by GRACE S. RICHMOND, is what is known to the superior as a serious work of art or that the men (particularly) of her creating are what would be called likely. But there's a sincerity about the writing which one has to respect. Of her two heroes, *Red* is *Redfield Pepper Burns*, the rude and rugged doctor, and *Black* is the *Rev. Robert McPherson Black*, the perfect paragon of a padre in an American provincial town. The author's main thesis is that padres are made of the right stuff. *Black*, who was all for getting into the War from the beginning, rushes off to Europe as chaplain with the first American drafts, gets wounded, decorated and married. The conversion of *Red Pepper*, the doctor, and of *Jane Ray*, who became *Mrs. Black*, is a little too easily contrived to be very convincing. But this is a simple work for simple souls who like a wholesome tale with a distinct list to the side of the angels. Such untoward conduct as here appears is not put in for its own interesting sake, but merely to bring out the white-souled nobility of the principals.

If I had to select an author likely to win the long-distance dialogue race of the British Isles I should, after reading *Uncle Lionel* (GRANT RICHARDS), unhesitatingly vote for Mr. S. P. B. MAIS. It is not however so much the verbosity as the gloom of Mr. MAIS'S characters that leaves me fretful. Nowadays, when a novel begins with a married hero and heroine, we should be sadly archaic if we expected the course of their conjugal love to run smoothly; but I protest that *Michael* and *Patricia* overdid their quarrels, or, at any rate, that we are told too many details about them. And when these people were nasty to each other they could be very horrid. All which would not trouble me half

so much if I were not sure that Mr. Mais, in his desire to be forceful and modern, is inflicting a quite unnecessary handicap upon himself. At present he is in peril of wrecking his craft upon some dangerous rocks which (though I know it's not the right name for rocks) I will call "The Doldrums." My advice to him is to cheer up. And the sooner the better, for all of us.

There be novelists so fertile in literary resource or so catholic in their choice of subject that the reader is never sure, when he picks up their latest masterpiece, whether he is to have a comedy of manners, a proletarian tragedy, a tale of Court intrigue or a satire on the follies of the age. To the steady-going devotee of fiction—the reader on the Clapham omnibus—this versatility is a source of annoyance rather than of attraction, and I accordingly take pleasure in stating that by those who like a light narrative, in which mystery and romance are pleasingly blended, the author of *The Pointing Man* can be relied upon to fill the bill every time. Conformity to type is a strong point with this author as far as the mystery and romance are concerned, but within those limits he (or she) provides an admirable range of scene, character and plot. In *The Further Side of the Door* (Hutchinson), the once handsome and popular hero emerges from a war-hospital badly disfigured and is promptly jilted by his fiancée and avoided, or so he thinks, by his acquaintances. Disgusted he buries himself in an old haunted house in the wilds of Ireland and abandons himself to the practice of magic. The result is highly successful, for he raises, not a spirit indeed, but something much more desirable to a lonely young man who has been contemplating suicide. So much for the romance. The mystery is provided by a villain, an enterprising young married woman, and the sinister denizens of a creepy boarding-house. I heartily recommend *Punch* readers who like a mystery to buy the book and find out what happens.



GENTLEMAN (LATE OF PARACHUTE SECTION, R.A.F.) AFTER A BAD WEEK'S RACING LEAVES HIS HOTEL WITHOUT UNNECESSARY OSTENTATION.

The publishers of *Sir Limpidus* (Collins) call it, in large print, a "new and amusing novel," but I am not confident about your subscription to the latter part of that statement; for Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's irony is either so subtle or so heavy (I cannot be positive which) that one may well imagine a not too dull-witted reader going from end to end without discovering the hidden intent. The subject of the tale, which has no special plot, is a numbskull landowner, *Sir Limpidus*, son of *Sir Rusticus*, lord of Clearfount Abbey, and type (according to Mr. Pickthall) of the landowning class that he evidently considers ripe for abolition. As propaganda to that end he conducts his hero through the usual career of the pre-war aristocrat, sending him to public school and Varsity (those sufficiently broad targets), giving him a marriage, strictly *de convenance*, with the daughter of a peer, and finishing him off as a member of the Government, alarmed at Socialist hecklers and welcoming the War as likely to give a new direction to forces that threaten to become too strong for his well-meaning incompetence. "It would rouse the ancient spirit of the people and dispel their madness . . . . Even defeat as a united nation would be better than ignoble peace with the anarchic mob supreme." Of course this may be highly amusing, but—— The fact is that, with a disappointment the greater from having genial memories of a former book of his, I have to confess myself one of the dullards for whom Mr. Pickthall's satirical darts fall apparently pointless. I am sorry.

I am feeling a little peevish about *Ladies in Waiting* (Hodder and Stoughton), because Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin has often charmed me by her writing in the past, and now she has disappointed me. Her latest book contains five stories, all nicely written and set in charming scenes; but their innocent sweetness is very nearly insipid, and the fact that Miss Wiggin's only concern has been to find suitable husbands for her six heroines (there are two in one story) makes them curiously unexciting. Of course we all know that in American fiction the hero and heroine will in the end marry, to their mutual satisfaction; but unless the author can contrive *en route* a few obstacles which will intrigue the reader a marriage announcement in the newspapers would be more economical and quite as interesting. It is difficult to be "nice" and "funny," I know, and it was very noble of Miss Wiggin if one quality had to be left out to cling to the niceness; but I hope that in her next book she will manage to be both.

While reading *With the Mad 17th to Italy* (Allen and Unwin) I could not help feeling sorry that the public's appetite for war-literature is reported to have become a little jaded for anything that is not a book of revelations; and this because Major E. H. Hody, who was in command of the 17th Divisional Supply Column, describes his trek from Flanders to Italy with uncommon zest. It is an admirable account of an achievement well worth recording, and the author in his advice to C.O.'s, which seems to me full of wisdom and sound common-sense, explains how it was that "the mad 17th" were from first to last "a happy family." There is cause for deep sorrow in the thought that Major Hody died suddenly at Cologne only a few weeks after his preface was finished. He has left behind him a book which will be valued not less for what it contains than for the sake of the man who wrote it.

In *Songs of the Links* (Duckworth) Mr. Punch commends to his readers the work of two of his contributors, Mr. R. K. Risk and Mr. H. M. Bateman.

CHARIVARIA.

"NOBODY knows," says a Berlin message, "how near the KAPP counter-revolution came to being a success." A kind word from Commander KENWORTHY, it is believed, would have made all the difference.

* * *

It is reported that Miss ISOBEL ELSOM, the cinema star, tried to get knocked down by a taxi-cab for the purposes of a film, but failed. We can only suppose that the driver must have been new to his job.

* * *

A vicar has written to the Press complaining indignantly of a London firm's offer to supply sermons at five shillings each. We are not surprised. Five shillings is a lot of money to give for a sermon.

* * *

The Llangollen Golf Club has decided to allow Sunday golf. In extenuation it is pointed out that the Welsh for "stymied" does not constitute a breach of the Sabbath, as is the case with the Scots equivalent.

* * *

At Caterham a robin has built its nest in a bully beef tin. These are the little things that give the Disposals Board a bad name.

* * *

A North of Ireland man who has just died at the age of 107 boasted that he had never had a bath. This should silence the faddists who pretend that they can hardly wait till Saturday night.

* * *

The ruins of Whitby Abbey, it is announced, are to be presented by their owner to the nation. On the other hand, the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE intends to present the ruins of the Liberal Party to Manchester City is not confirmed.

* * *

The latest information is that the recent German revolution had to be abandoned owing to the weather.

* * *

From a weekly paper article we gather that the trousers-crease will be in its accustomed frontal position this year. It is unfortunate that this announcement should have clashed with the attempted restoration of the Monarchy in Berlin.

* * *

Hot Cross Buns will probably cost threepence this year. An economical plan is for the householder to make his own hot cross and then get the local confectioner to fit a bun to it.

* * *

"There will be no whisky in Scotland in the year 1925," says a Prohibitionist speaker. He did not say whether there will be any Scotsmen.

* * *

No arrangement has yet been made for the carrying on of the Food Ministry, though it is said that one food profiteer has offered to buy the place as a memento.

* * *

"All the great men are dead," states a London newspaper. This sly dig at Mr. CHURCHILL's robust health is surely in bad taste.

* * *

We are glad to hear that the strap-hanger who was summoned by a fellow-passenger on the Underground Railway for refusing to remove his foot from off the plaintiff's toes has now been acquitted by the jury. It appears that he was able to prove that he was not in a position to do so as his was not the top foot of the heap.

* * *

According to a trade journal the latest fashion in umbrellas is a pigeon's head carved on the handle. This, we understand, is the first step towards a really reliable homing umbrella.

* * *

The appearance of a hen blackbird without any trace of feathers on its neck or back is reported by a Worcester ornithologist. The attempt on the part of this bird to follow our present fashions is most interesting.

* * *

So much difficulty is being experienced in deciding whose incendiary bullet was the most effective, that it is thought possible that the Government may arrange for the Zeppelin raids to be revived.

* * *

A society paper reports that a large number of millionaires are now staying on the Riviera. It is not known where the other shareholders of COATS's are staying.

* * *

In order to influence the exchange a contemporary suggests that we should sell our treasures to America. We understand that a cable to New York asking what they are prepared to pay for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD remains unanswered.

* * *

An egg weighing nine-and-a-half ounces has been laid at Bayonne, France. It looks like a walk-over unless *The Spectator* has something up its sleeve.

* * *

"One hears the crying of the new-born lambs on all sides," writes a Nature correspondent. On the other hand the unmistakable bubbling note of the mint-sauce will not be heard for another month or so.

* * *

Will the A.S.C. private who in 1917 was ordered to take a mule to Sutton Coldfield please note that the animal has been sighted in California still chewing an army tunic, but the badges are missing?

* * *

"So many letters are being lost in the post nowadays," states a daily paper, "that drastic action should be taken in the matter." We understand that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has expressed his willingness to be searched.



Hygienist. "FEELING THE COLD, EH? AHA—LOOK AT ME. I DON'T KNOW WHAT COLD IS."
Normal Individual. "THEN N-NATURALLY YOU D-DON'T F-FEEL IT."

A Vulnerable Spot.

"Lady, a word—but oh, beware!
And prithee do not slight it—
If you will have your back so bare,
Someone is sure to bite it."

"An official of the Coal Controller's Department said that everything possible would be done to relieve the situation.
'No stone will be left unturned,' he said, 'to ease the position.'"—*Daily Paper.*

This accounts, no doubt, for the stuff in our last half-hundredweight.

A JUNKER INTERLUDE.

ONCE more the Militant Mode recurs
With clank of sabre and clink of spurs;
Once more the long grey cloaks adorn
The bellicose backs of the high-well-born;
Once more to the click of martial boots
Junkers exchange their grave salutes,
Taking the pavement, large with side,
Shoulders padded and elbows wide;
And if a civilian dares to mutter
They boost him off and he bites the gutter.

Down by the Brandenburger Thor
Kitchens are worked by cooks of war;
Loyal moustaches cease to sag,
Leaping for joy of the old war-flag;
Drums are beating and bugles blare
And passionate bandsmen rip the air;
Prussia's original ardour rallies
At the sound of *Deutschland über alles*,
And warriors slap their fighting pants
To the tune *Heil dir im Siegeskranz.*

Life, in a word, recalls the phase
Of the glorious Hohenzollern days.
What if a War's meanwhile occurred
And talk of a humbling Peace been heard?
Treaties are meant to be torn in two
And wars are made to be fought anew.
Hoch! for the *Tag*, by land and main,
When the Monarchy comes to its own again.

Surely the wind of it, faint but sweet,
The Old Man sniffed in his Dutch retreat;
Surely it gave his pulse a jog
As he went for his thirteen thousandth log,
Possibly causing the axe to jam
When he thought of his derelict Potsdam,
Of his orb mislaid and his head's deflation,
And visions arose of a Restoration.
(If not for himself, it might be done
For LITTLE WILLIE or WILLIE'S son).

Alas for the chances of child or sire!
The *coup* went phut, for the KAPP missed fire.

O. S.

A FLAT TO LET.

IT was twelve o'clock (noon) and I was sitting over the fire in our squalid lodgings reading the attractive advertisements of country mansions in a weekly journal. I had just decided on a delightful Tudor manor-house with every modern convenience, a nice little park and excellent fishing and shooting, when Betty burst upon me like a whirlwind.

Her face was flushed and a fierce light shone in her usually mild blue eyes. She looked like a Mænad or the incarnation of Victory at a bargain sale.

"Come on," she gasped, seizing me by the arm. "Hurry."

"Good heavens! Is the house on fire? My child! Let me save my child."

"Oh, do come on," cried Betty; "there's not a moment to be lost."

"But how can I come on in slippers?" I demanded. "If I may not save the young Henry Augustus, at any rate let me put on my boots."

Betty's only reply was to drag me from the room, hustle me through the hall, where I dexterously caught my hat from the stand in passing, and thrust me into the street.

"I've got a flat," she panted. "That is, I've got it if we're quick enough. Hi, taxi!"

"But, my dear," I remonstrated as the taxi-driver, cowed by the look in her eye, drew up to the kerb, "if we take a taxi we shan't have anything left to pay for the flat."

"Victory Mansions, Trebarwith Road. Drive fast!" shouted Betty as she pushed me into the cab.

"Now you've done it," I said bitterly. "Do you know I've only five pounds ten on me at the moment? We shall lose the flat while we're quarrelling with the driver."

"Oh, dear," cried Betty, "can't you see that this is serious? It was a wonderful piece of luck. I was passing the mansions and I happened to look up just as someone was sticking up a notice, 'Flat to Let,' in one of the windows. There was a beast of a man on the other side of the street and he simply leapt across the road. I slipped, or I should have beaten him. As it was he got to the door a yard ahead of me. We looked over the flat together, but of course he was first, and he said he was sure it would suit him, only he must ask his wife. It was awful! I felt as if I must kill him."

"So you followed him out and pushed him down the lift-shaft? My dear brave girl!"

"No, but I heard him say he could be back in half-an-hour. I knew I could do it in twenty-five minutes. Look!" Betty crushed my hand as in a vice. "There he is."

As we took a corner on two wheels I looked out and saw a man running. "Taxi!" he shouted in the hoarse voice of despair. Our driver sat like a graven image and we swept on in triumph.

"Oh!" cried Betty suddenly, "suppose that, after all, somebody else——" She choked on a sob.

"Courage, dear heart," I said. "All is not yet lost."

A moment later we had reached Victory Mansions and made a dash for the flat.

"Are we in time?" asked Betty as the door was opened.

"I think so, Ma'am," said the smiling maid and ushered us into the presence of the out-going tenant. A tour of the rooms at express speed showed the flat to be a desirable one enough. There were three years to run and the rent was not extortionate—for the times.

"I'll sign the agreement now," said I.

"Half-a-minute," said the out-going tenant as he produced the documents; "I'll get a pen and ink."

The whirr of an electric bell resounded through the flat.

"Quick!" panted Betty. "Your fountain pen." I produced it and wrote my name with a hand trembling with eagerness.

"A gentleman about the flat, Sir," said the maid, and, haggard, pale and exhausted, our defeated rival staggered into the room.

He looked at us with a dumb agony in his eyes, and neither of us two men had the courage to deal the fatal blow. It was Betty who spoke.

"I'm sorry, but we've just taken this flat," she said sweetly, and added with true feminine cruelty, "I saw it first, you know."

The stranger lost control and crashed badly on the hearth-rug.

"Poor man," said Betty to the late tenant. "Be kind to him for our sakes." Then she led the way to our cab.

"Hotel Splendid!" I said magnificently to the driver.

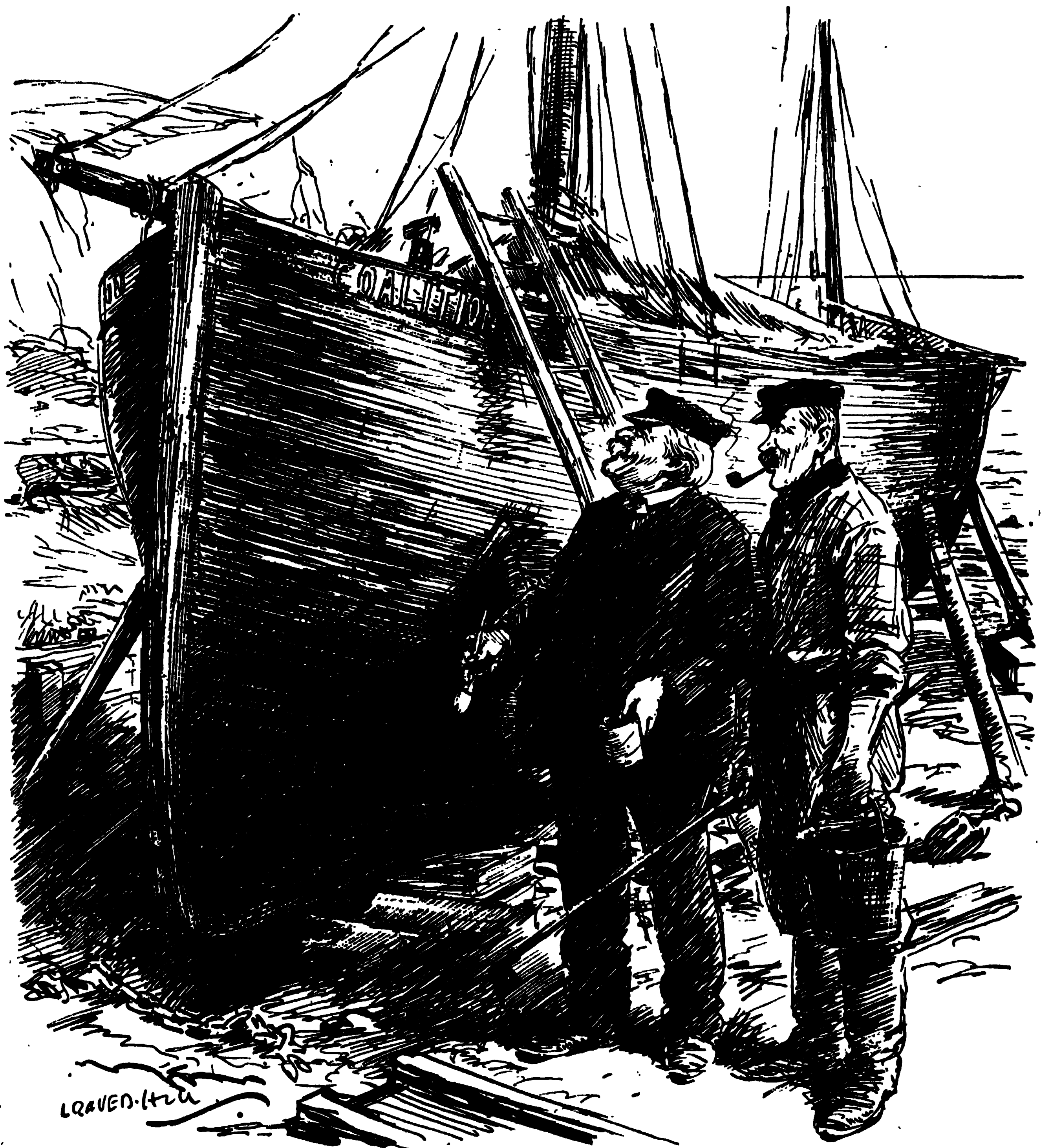
"Wot," he growled, "not in them slippers?"

"True," I said, with what dignity I could muster, and gave him the address of our lodgings.

"None the less," I said to Betty, "you shall lunch among the profiteers. This is a great day, and it is yours."

The Inter-University Sports.

Great interest is being taken in the plucky attempt of Cambridge to beat America, Africa and Europe (with Oxford).



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mate. "WHILE WE *ARE* DOIN' HER UP, WHAT ABOUT GIVIN' HER A NEW NAME? HOW WOULD 'FUSION' DO?"

Captain. "'FUSION' OR 'CONFUSION'—IT'S ALL ONE TO ME SO LONG AS I'M SKIPPER."



First Juvenile Spectator (as the Oxford crew go out to practice). "THERE Y 'ARE, 'ERB—WOT DID I TELL YER? THEY 'AVE GOT ONLY ONE OAR EACH!"

Second ditto. "YOU WAIT TILL THE DAY OF THE RACE!"

THE LAST OF THE WATCH DOGS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—In all the stirring history of the War I don't know which has been the most moving sight: the War Office trying to get me to be a soldier, or the War Office trying to get me to stop being a soldier.

Before the late Summer of 1914, England had evinced no burning interest in its Henry. It had, in fact, left me to make my own way, contenting itself with cautioning me if I didn't stick to the right side of the road, or to fining me if I exceeded the speed limit. In August of that memorable year it got, you will remember, mixed up in rather a nasty bother. Searching for friends to get it out, it bethought itself of Henry, along with 499,999 others whose names for the moment I do not recall. Between us (with subsequent assistance) we set things to rights, and nothing remained for Old England save to rid itself gracefully of what remained of its few millions of new-found friends. There was, however, no shaking off its bosom pal, Henry. I am one of those loyal characters whose affection, once gained, nothing can undo. No use saying to me: "Well, old man, it's getting late now; you must come and see us again some other day." I am one of the sort who answer: "Don't you worry yourself about that. I'm going to stay and go on seeing you now."

In the early days of demobilisation there was, I think, a certain novelty and attraction about my attitude to the problem. In contrast to the impatient hordes crowding the entrance of the War Office, ringing the front-door bell violently, tapping on the window-panes and generally disturbing that serene atmosphere of peace which was the great feature of the War in Whitehall, it was refreshing to think of Henry, plugging quietly away elsewhere at his military duties, undeterred by armistices, peaces and things of that kind. I fancy I was well thought of in those days at the War House.

"Say what you like about him," I can hear A.G.4 remarking to M.S.19 (decimal 9 recurring) as they met in the corridor on their way to lunch, "but I find him a patient, well-behaved young fellow."

"Yes," would be the thoughtful answer, "it seems almost a pity we are going to lose him."

Speaking strictly between ourselves, I have never thought much of the Military Secretary branch. What made them think they were going to lose me as easily as all that?

What I said to myself was: "Henry, my lad, thirteen shillings and elevenpence a day is thirteen shillings and elevenpence a day; now isn't it? And war isn't war when there is a peace coming on. Why then throw up a fat income just for the sake of getting into long trousers? You stay where you are till they come and fetch you."

So I just stayed where I was, and I conducted the operation with such ability and tact that Whitehall came to forget all about me. My name went on appearing, with ever-increasing dignity and beauty, in the Army List; but that made no difference. You see, though lots of people write the Army List, no one ever reads it; only from time to time a man will surreptitiously turn up his own name, just to renew his feeling of self-importance, or in an emergency he will look up the name of a friend in order to get the right initials after it and not risk giving that personal offence which may prevent the loan. . . .

But when I say that I stayed where I was I don't mean to suggest that I didn't go on leave in the usual way. Indeed I often came home, in full regimentals, too, partly to impress you and partly to travel first-class at your expense. Fellow-passengers never thought of turning on me and rending me, as being the cause of six shillings in the pound. They would be extremely polite

and make friendly conversation with me, leading up to the point that they had been soldiers themselves once, but had given it up, owing to having been told that the War was finished.

I would be just as polite to them, telling them they might count on me to return to the discomforts and risks of civil life as soon as I could be spared from the front. They had never the intelligence or daring to ask, "The front of what?"

Now the climax has arrived; I am asked if they must throw me out or will I go quietly? I fancy I have been caught by one of those card-indexes. I suspect some Departmental General of showing off to a friend. "This is my IN basket," I can hear him explaining as he shows his audience his office; "every letter which comes in goes into the IN. That is my OUT basket, and every letter which goes out goes out of the OUT.

"And then, Sir, we have the Card Index. A complete record of every officer in the Army, permanent or temporary."

"Are there still temporary officers in the Army?" asks the audience, not being able to think of anything better to ask, and clearly being called upon to ask something.

"Sergeant-Major, turn up 'Officers, army, temporary, the, in,' for this gentleman."

And thus the shameful truth comes out. One card only—mine.

Exit audience wondering what manner of intrepid man this Henry might be.

Originally the W.O. had had a great idea; they caused my regiment softly and silently to vanish away, thinking that I would vanish with it. But I had been too sharp for them. Learning that they were bent on "disembodying" me, and not liking the sound of the word, I had very quietly removed myself from my regiment to the Staff. Thus for a few happy months we see the W.O. rendered inert.

My final defeat was due to a chance remark of my own, made to one of the fifty-nine officers under whose direct command I served. Upon my first arriving on his Staff he had said to me, "Oh, by the way, P.S.C., of course?" Quite affable, frank and to the point; "P.S.C., of course?"

Not knowing the language, I could not make an equally affable answer. I asked him to repeat the question, but to change the code.

"You have Passed Staff College, of course?" he said a little less affably.

I then had the misfortune to answer: "Why, of course, if you mean that tall building on the right as I came up here from the station?"

He then made up his mind that I was not only wanting in essential parts, but was also the sort of person who jested on religious subjects. He never forgot the matter; indeed, when applied to (under "Secret and Confidential" cover) to suggest a means of getting rid of me, he very clearly remembered it. At once every department in the War House got busy; the interest of the Secretary of State was enlisted, and the War Cabinet decided that for permanent purposes my post must necessarily be held by a P.S.C. man. Done in by what was little better, when you come to think of it, than a mere postscript.

Please understand that there was no talk of discharging me; no talk of demobilising me; no talk even of disembodying me. Without any reflection on my conduct and merely upon the grounds that, not being P.S.C., I could not be regarded as quite right in the head, they intimated their intention of vacating my appointment by the simple process of an advertisement in the fashionable columns of *The London Gazette*.

"What happens next?" I asked.

"You will return to regimental duty," they said.

"But there isn't any regiment," I pointed out triumphantly, "therefore there won't be any duty."

They didn't seem to mind that, and for some time I wondered why. Then a thought occurred to me.

"But here, I say, what about my pay?"

"Ah!" said they unhelpfully. . . .

And that, my dear Charles, is why, if you keep your eye on the journals of (say) the Summer of 1925, you will read in the Stop-press Column an urgent telegram from the W.O.: "On April 1st, 1920, the following relinquishes his appointment

(Remaining, however,
Yours always), HENRY."



Old Lady. "WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ME DOWN AT THE SAME PLACE AS YOU DID LAST FRIDAY WEEK?"

Another Impending Apology.

"MOTHERS' UNION.—. . . A helpful discussion followed on 'How to Deal with Unworthy Members.' There were about 50 present."
Parish Magazine.

THE PRACTICE OF THE CREWS.

(*Ballad after C.S.C.*)

The reporter aired his aquatic lore
(*Popply water in Corney Reach*),
A thing he had yearly essayed before;
And a rowing jargon obscured his speech.

The coach he coached with a megaphone
(*Crabtree, Craven and Chiswick Eyot*)
Till the crew were prone to emit a groan,
And the Cox said nothing but "Bow, you 're late."

The Stroke he quickened to thirty-four
(*In the first half-minute struck seventeen*);
Some clocks returned it a trifle more,
Which wasn't so good as it might have been.

The towpath critic he shook his head
(*Thornycroft's, where they began to row*);
"Hung over the stretcher" was what he said,
And "missed the beginning," and "hands too slow."

The towpath critic, whoe'er he be
(*A tug and some barges blocked the way*),
For thirty odd years, it seems to me,
Has never found anything else to say.

The towpath critic's remarks are trite
(*Off Ayling's Yard in a stiffish breeze*),
Yet I study religiously morn and night
Whole columns consisting of words like these.

THE GENIUS OF MR. BRADSHAW.

(*By our Literary Expert.*)

No one will be surprised to hear that the Christian name of Mr. BRADSHAW was George. Indeed, it is difficult to think what other name a man of his calibre could have had. But many people will be surprised to hear that Mr. BRADSHAW is no longer alive. Whatever one thinks of his work one is inclined to think of him as a living personality, working laboriously at some terminus—probably at the Charing Cross Hotel. But it is not so. He died, in fact, in 1853. His first book—or rather the first edition of his book*—was published in 1839; yet, unlike the author, it still lives. He is, in fact, the supreme example of the posthumous serial writer. I have no information about Mr. DEBRETT and Mr. BURKE, but the style and substance of their work are relatively so flimsy that one is justified, I think, in neglecting them. In any case their public is a limited one. So, of course, is Mr. BRADSHAW'S; but it is better than theirs. Mr. DEBRETT'S book we read idly in an idle hour; when we read Mr. BRADSHAW'S it is because we feel that we simply must; and that perhaps is the surest test of genius.

It is no wonder that in some circles Mr. BRADSHAW holds a position comparable only to the position of HOMER. I once knew an elderly clergyman who knew the whole of Mr. BRADSHAW'S book by heart. He could tell you without hesitation the time of any train from anywhere to anywhere else. He looked forward each month to the new number, as other people look forward to the new numbers of magazines. When it came he skimmed eagerly through its pages and noted with a fierce excitement that they had taken off the 5.30 from Larne Harbour, or that the 7.30 from Galashiels was stopping that month at Shankend. He knew all the connections; he knew all the restaurant trains; and, if you mentioned the 6.15 to Little Buxton, he could tell you offhand whether it was a Saturdays Only or a Saturdays Excepted.

This is the exact truth, and I gathered that he was not unique. It seems that there is a Bradshaw cult; there may even be a Bradshaw club, where they meet at intervals for Bradshaw dinners, after which a paper is read on "Changes I have made, with some Observations on Salisbury." I suppose some of them have first editions, and talk about them very proudly; and they have hot academic discussions on the best way to get from Barnham Junction to Cardiff without going through Bristol. Then they drink the toast of "The Master" and go home in omnibuses. My friend was a schoolmaster and took a small class of boys in Bradshaw; he said they knew as much about it as he did. I call that corrupting the young.

But apart from this little band of admirers I am afraid that the book does suffer from neglect. Who is there, for example, who has read the "Directions" on page 1, where we are actually shown the method of reading tentatively suggested by the author himself? The ordinary reader, coming across a certain kind of thin line, lightly dismisses it as a misprint or a restaurant car on Fridays. If he had read the Preface he would know that it meant a SHUNT. He would know that a SHUNT means that passengers are enabled to continue their journey by changing into the next train. Whether he would know what that means I do not know. The best authorities suppose it to be a poetical way of saying that you have to change—what is called an euphemism.

No, you must not neglect the Preface; and you must not neglect the Appendix on Hotels. As sometimes happens in works of a philanthropic character, Mr. BRADSHAW'S Appendix has a human charm that is lacking in his treatment of his principal theme, the arrival and departure of trains. To the careful student it reveals also a high degree of organisation among his collaborators, the hotel-managers. It is obvious, for example, that at Bournemouth there must be at least one hotel which has the finest situation on the South coast. Indeed one would expect to find that there was more than one. But no; Bournemouth, exceptionally fortunate in having at once the most select hotel on the South coast, the largest and best-appointed hotel on the South coast and the largest and most up-to-date hotel on the South coast, has positively only one which has the finest position on the South coast. Indeed, there is only one of these in the whole of England, though there are two which have the finest position on the East coast.

How is it, we wonder, that with so much variation on a single theme such artistic restraint is achieved? It is clear, I think, that before they send in their manuscripts the hotel-managers must meet somewhere and agree together the exact terms of their contributions to the book. "The George" agrees that for the coming year "The Crown" shall have the "finest cuisine in England," provided "The George" may have "the most charming situation imaginable," and so on. I should like to be at one of those meetings.

This is the only theory which accounts for the curious phrases we find so frequently in the text:—"*Acknowledged* to be the finest"; "*Admittedly* in the best position." Who is it that acknowledges or admits these things? It must be the other managers at these annual meetings. Yes, the restraint of the collaborators is wonderful, and in one point only has it broken down. There are no fewer than seventeen hotels with an Unrivalled Situation, and two of these are at Harrogate. For a small place like the British Isles it seems to me that this is too many.

For the rest, what imagery, what exaltation we find in this Appendix! Dazed with imagined beauty we pass from one splendid haunt to another. One of them has *three* golf-courses of its own; several are *replete* with every comfort (and is not "replete" the perfect epithet?). Here is a seductive one "on the sea-edge," and another whose principal glory is its sanitary certificate. Another stands on the spot where TENNYSON received his inspiration for the *Idylls of the King*, and leaves it at

* "Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for Great Britain and Ireland."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE COMPANY-PROMOTER'S PROBLEM—HOW TO UTILISE THE BOOM IN SPRING.

that. In such a spot even "cuisine" is negligible.

On the whole, from a literary point of view, the hydros come out better than the mere hotels. But of course they have unequalled advantages. With such material as Dowsing Radiant Heat, D'Arsonval High Frequency and Fango Mud Treatment almost any writer could be sensational. What is High Frequency, I wonder? It is clear, at any rate, that it would be madness to have a hydro without it.

Well, I have selected my hotel—on purely literary grounds. Or rather I have selected two. One is the place where they have the Famous Whirlpool Baths. I shall go there at once.

The manager of the other is a great artist; alone among the collaborators he understands simplicity. His contribution occupies a whole page; but there is practically nothing in it, nothing about cuisine or sanitation, or elegance or comfort. Only, in the middle, he writes quite simply

THE MOST PERFECT HOTEL IN THE WORLD.

A. P. H.

A Zoological Curiosity.

"The complaint made was that men came to the district and asked inflated prices for shares, far above the market value, and it was argued that the new exchange would tend to obviate this system of sharks feathering their nests."—*Lancashire Paper*.

AN INTER-SERVICE MATCH.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

Frederick entered the Mess with a decided sea-roll, hitched his slacks and berthed himself on the starboard settee.

"Cheerio, my hearties," said he breezily. "Everybody on the old lugger still luffing along all serene?"

"Why so oppressively nautical?" inquired Percival. "You haven't been on the leave-boat lately."

"'Tis true, old messmate. I'm under the influence of my new batman, one 'Enery 'Enson. After a lifetime in the Marines he's now spending his declining days in the Army, and he's terribly infectious. I found myself saying, 'Ay, ay, Sir,' when the C.O. spoke to me."

"I think I've noticed your 'Enery," said Percival. "Isn't he about ten feet high by six broad, tattooed all over like a circulating art gallery, and addicted to chewing quids and swabbing out your hut in his bare feet?"

"My cabin, you mean. And says he's going ashore when he takes a trip down the village. That's 'Enery."

"Incidentally he's a confirmed bath-lifter," interjected Binnie. "Yesterday morning my batman prepared me a tub, and while he was fetching me along your hulking pirate boosted out my sponge and towels and installed your lily-white self in it. You were so busy wallowing in my hot water that you never heard my protests on the door. You really must curb his buccaneering instincts, old Tirps."

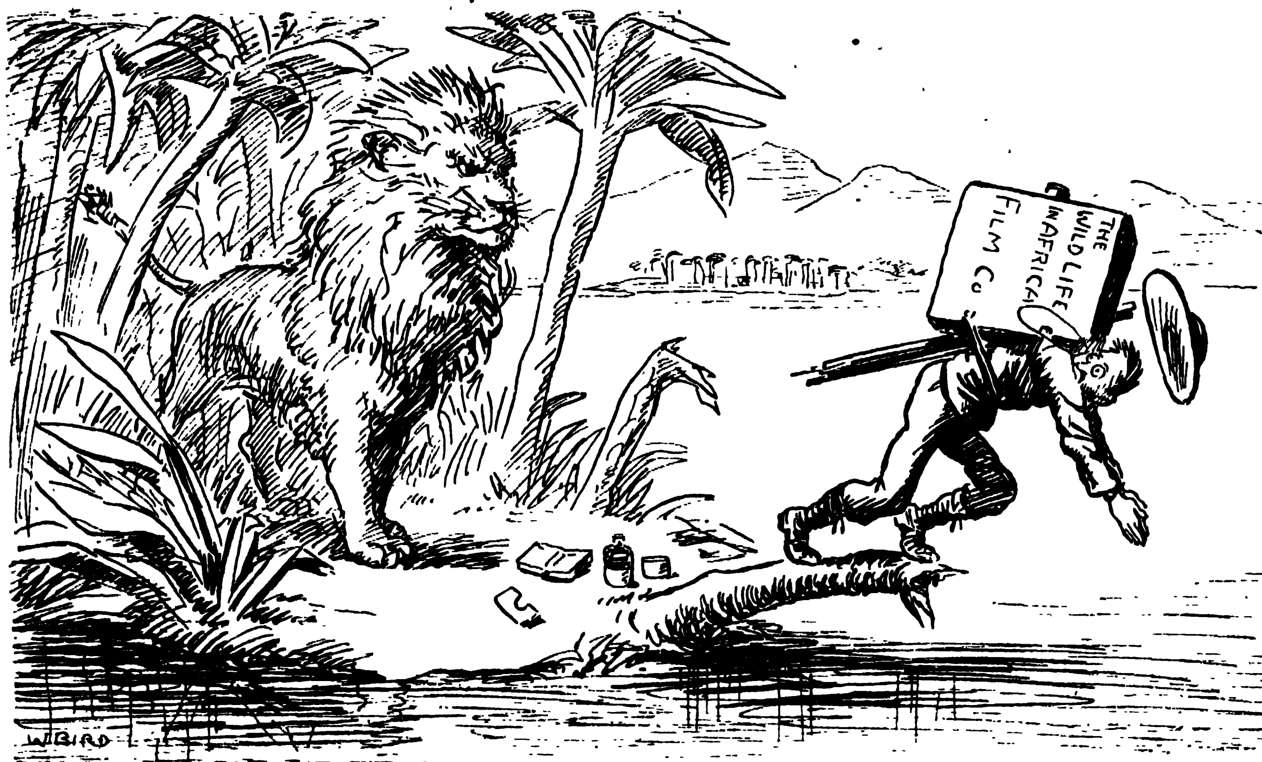
"I accept no responsibility for his methods," said Frederick haughtily; "I merely profit by them. In any case I didn't *take* your hot water; I simply used it. You should live near the bath-house and get up promptly when you are called, as I do."

"Well, I don't mind the British Navy ruling the waves," grumbled Binnie, "but I object to its extending its sphere of influence over my bath-water."

"It jolly well doesn't extend over mine," said Percival with pride. "Frederick's 'Enery doesn't get the better of my Elfred. This morning a queue, consisting of two perfectly good Loots, a really excellent Skipper and a priceless Major were waiting for vacant baths. But was Elfred Fry dismayed? To forestall an answer that might possibly be wrong I may say that he wasn't. He promptly appropriated a cubicle that happened to be unoccupied——"

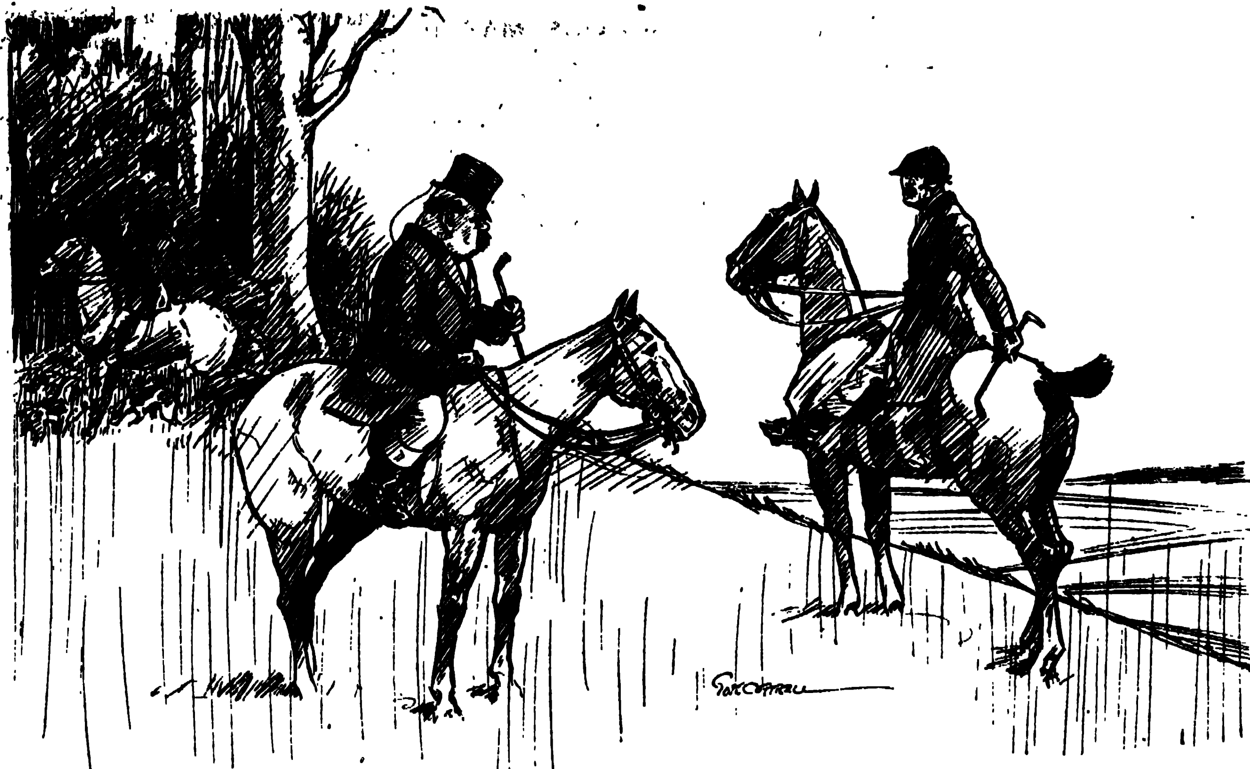
"Really, my frowsty old Camembert, don't ask us to believe that they had *all* overlooked it," expostulated Frederick.

"Not for worlds would I endeavour to impose on your gentle trusting natures. So far from their overlooking it the bath had been the subject of earnest scrutiny, and they had all re-



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"THAT'S FINE. BUT, AS I HAVEN'T GOT ANY FILMS LEFT, I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO USE STAYING HERE."



Profiteer (*to M.F.H.*). "LOOK 'ERE!—THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN OUT WITH YOUR CROWD, AN' Y' 'AVEN'T CAUGHT A FOX. BEST THING *YOU* CAN DO IS TO GIMME BACK ME 'SUB' AN' SELL YER BLOOMIN' DOGS!"

gretfully come to the conclusion that it lacked one important attribute of a bath—it wouldn't hold water. The plug was missing."

"And by a singular chance the plug happened to be in the possession of your Elfred?"

"That is my case, me luds," said Percival simply. "If the silent Navy wants to beat my Elfred it's got to rise very early in the morning."

"We shall see," said Frederick darkly. "I'm going to tell this tale to the Marines."

That evening the troops had organised a stupendous boxing tournament in the Recreation Hut. Binnie by invitation combined the offices of referee, M.C. and timekeeper, and Frederick and Percival at the ring-side unanimously disagreed with his verdicts.

"Most appalling decision," said Percival in a loud whisper. "The referee has obviously been got at."

"Sh!" replied Frederick. "He hasn't been told it's a boxing contest. He thinks it's a clog-dancing competition and is giving the points for footwork."

Unfortunately the M.C. did not hear. He was speaking himself.

"The next bout should conclude our programme," he said, "but I am asked to announce that Private Henson challenges Private Fry to box six two-minute rounds, backing himself for five francs against a small article of no intrinsic value."

Enthusiastic applause greeted the announcement. A disturbance in the rear of the hut indicated that Elfred was heading for cover.

"'E's twice my size," he wailed as strong hands hauled him back.

"The challenger admits that he holds a slight advantage in weight," continued the M.C., "but considers that is counterbalanced by his advanced years."

"This is *your* fiendish work," hissed Percival to Frederick.

"Not a bit of it, old sportsman," replied Frederick cheerfully. "The patent rights are held by 'Enery. I merely mentioned to him that Elfred possessed a desirable bath-plug that it might be useful to acquire."

Percival left his seat to confer with the shrinking Elfred.

"'E can 'ave the old bath-plug an' welcome, Sir, as far as I'm concerned," said the latter.

"Tut, tut!" said Percival. "You must make a fight for it. The honour of the Army is at stake."

"I ain't all that set on the honour of the Army," said Elfred. "But 'im being the challenger, shouldn't I be justified in putting the plug in one of my gloves?"

"The rules don't provide for such a contingency. Hurry up now and get stripped, and I'll give you twenty francs if you win."

Both combatants were warmly received. 'Enery's decorative tattooing was much admired, and Elfred was urgently requested not to spoil the pictures. By desire of the referee the stakes were handed to him—Frederick producing the five francs for 'Enery—and the battle commenced.

It was early evident that the Navy intended shock tactics, while the Army favoured a system of elastic defence. A salvo of short-arm jabs by 'Enery was answered by long-range sniping on the part of Elfred, no direct hits being recorded. Towards the end of the round 'Enery attempted to approach under cover of a smoke screen, but action was broken off at the sound of the gong.

The second round opened sensationally. Elfred, on the advice of his seconds, was "making use of the ring" when he accidentally collided with his opponent coming in the reverse direction and gave him a violent thump without return. There seemed every prospect of trouble, but clever footwork prevented the incident developing into a *fracas*. Round two concluded with Elfred leading handsomely by one point to nothing.

"Two to one on Elfred," said Percival excitedly.

"Take you—in bath plugs," answered Frederick, carefully entering the bet.

'Enery equalised in the third round, Elfred having incautiously wandered



Blusterous Person (who has forced a cigar on unwilling Club acquaintance). "THERE, MY BOY—YOU DON'T OFTEN SMOKE A THING LIKE THAT! THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A CIGAR, EH?"

The Victim. "YES—SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?"

into the track of a stray upper-cut and bounced off. More footwork followed, Elfred winning by about two yards. Both were breathing heavily when time was called, and 'Enery was complaining about his bronchitis.

Skirmishing tactics in the fourth round resulted in Elfred having a narrow escape from being torpedoed beneath the belt, and during several subsequent clinches he was requested to stop studying the pictures and get on with the business.

The fifth and sixth rounds were marked by the departure of most of the spectators, and in the end a draw was the only possible verdict.

"But what about the plug, old scout?" asked Percival, as they wandered back to their quarters.

"As referee," answered Binnie, "I gave a draw; as Battalion Boxing Board of Control I order the match to be re-fought in six months' time, to give the men a chance to get into condition; and meanwhile as stakeholder I continue to hold the five francs and the bath-plug."

THE TRUE SONG-STUFF.

[A writer in an evening paper describes a certain song as being sung, "sometimes with a lump in the throat and a tear in the eye," all over England.]

IF you wish to succeed as a writer
 Of songs that undoubtedly count,
By making the atmosphere brighter,
 The moral barometer mount,
Then be it your aim and endeavour to try
For the lump in the throat and the tear in the eye.

SCRIABINE and STRAVINSKY may flatter
 The ears of the brainy *élite*,
But the musical numbers that matter
 Express what is simple and sweet;
You may easily miss, by aspiring too high,
Both the lump in the throat and the tear in the eye.

Though cynics conspire to repress it,
 To sentiment, "heavenly link"
(As the Bard of Savoy would address it),
 With joy "I eternally drink;"
For it gives us the key, which no science can buy,
To the lump in the throat and the tear in the eye.

But, if you are anti-Victorian
 And, scorning the coo of the dove,
Hold the roar of the primitive Saurian
 The final expression of love,
You may have, if you choose, an alternative shy
At a tear in the throat and a lump in the eye.

"For 70 years Regent Street has basked in sunshine, and now it is to be cast into shadow again. It will be like a gloomy canon between dour stone walls."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We have heard of a gloomy Dean, whose habitat answers to the description given. Can this be his understudy?

"The 'brasses' worn by the modern cart-horse are a direct survival of the amulets which bedecked the horses of the time of Julius Cæsar. They are worn on the farthingale as charms against the Evil Eye."

Daily Paper.

You should see our Clydesdale in her crinoline.



AN UNPOPULAR REVIVAL.

Fritz. "This is no good to me now. You want a swelled head for this sort of thing."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 15th.—The great Food-prices debate hardly justified its preliminary advertisement. Mr. McCURDY took sure ground when he argued that high prices were mainly due to world-shortage; and, though he entered more disputable territory when he declared that the Profiteering Act was not primarily intended to punish profiteers, Mr. ASQUITH did not seriously attempt to dislodge him. Indeed, the EX-PREMIER'S speech was mainly composed of truisms, his only excursion into the speculative being an assertion—with which not all economists will agree—that inflation of currency is a consequence and not a cause of high prices.

An ex-Food Controller, Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS, defended the Government against charges of extravagance, and ventured to remind Labour—as THOMAS DRUMMOND reminded Irish landlords—that it had duties as well as rights.

Early in the evening the PRIME MINISTER, who had sat through many speeches in readiness for the threatened attack, folded his notes and silently stole away.

On the adjournment General PAGE CROFT accused the Ministry of Munitions of unfair treatment to one of its employees. The peroration to Mr. KELLAWAY'S spirited defence deserves quotation: "The decision taken by the Ministry is a decision that will stand." That's the stuff to give 'em.

Tuesday, March 16th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR was so unusually apologetic in his exposition of the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill that none of the Peers had the heart seriously to oppose him. Lord SALISBURY took note of the Government's admission that they were anxious to say Good-bye to D.O.R.A. and only complained that the farewell ceremony was so long-drawn-out. Lord BUCKMASTER failed to understand why D.O.R.A. should have a longer life in Ireland than in England, and was so carried away by his own eloquence as to declare that all the crimes attributed to the Sinn Feiners had been due "to misguided attempts to enforce special legislation against a misunderstood and a gallant people." Lord BIRKENHEAD replied that there was at least a plausible case for the contention that the boot was on the other leg.

It is unusual to find Members of the House of Commons objecting to their speeches being reported, but apparently some of them do—when the reporters are police constables. The HOME SECRETARY thought it quite possible that if Members attended certain meetings the official stenographers might think it worth while to take down their utterances; but I gathered that he was not prepared to give any guarantee on the subject, and that Colonel WEDGWOOD and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY must not count too confidently on having a further road to fame opened to them.



"CONTROLLERS" CONTROLLED.
MR. CLYNES. MR. MCCURDY. MR. G. ROBERTS.

Mr. BONAR LAW read a telegram from Lord KILMARNOCK regarding the situation in Berlin. As it was already a day old, was admittedly based on a *communiqué* from *Wolff's Bureau*, "censored" by Mr. TREBITSCH LINCOLN (late Liberal Member for Darlington), and had in the meantime been officially contradicted by the old Government, it did not add much to our knowledge.

Time was when it was usual to move to reduce a Vote by a hundred pounds if you wanted to defeat the Government. But such paltry figures are no good in these spacious days. Sir DONALD MACLEAN'S proposed reduction in the Vote on Account for the Civil Services was the much more mouth-filling morsel of one hundred million pounds. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN considered it very handsome of the Opposition, on the eve, he understood, of coming into office, thus to cut off its own supplies. Nevertheless he declined to accept the generous offer. Our finances would be all right if the House would back the Government by practising economy as well as preaching it. As it was, he thought the worst was over, for—strange and agreeable phenomenon—the floating debt was sinking.

After this it was, perhaps, not very complimentary of Mr. J. W. WILSON to urge the Government to put forth their best speakers. The PRIME MINISTER was still coy, but Sir ROBERT HORNE, in virtue of his new office as President of the Board of Trade, stepped nimbly into the breach, and made a speech so cheerful both in substance and delivery as to justify the hope that in him the Government have found the HORNE of Plenty.


THE CORNUCOPIA,
OR HORNE OF PLENTY.
SIR ROBERT HORNE.

Wednesday, March 17th.—Seventeen years ago Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, as a hard-shell Free Trader, sacrificed office sooner than bow the knee to the new gods of Birmingham. This afternoon he brought in a Bill (to safeguard "key industries" and counteract "dumping") which would have gladdened the heart of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Some of the other Free Trade Peers were still unrepentant. Lord BEAUCHAMP, for example, declaring that shipping was our real "quay-industry" and needed no protection, announced his intention of moving the rejection of the Bill; and Lord CREWE,



Captain. "'Ere, let's pack up now; it's gettin' late. Besides, the kid wants 'is shirt back."

although one of the authors of the Paris resolutions, on which the measure was ostensibly based, thought that it went far beyond present necessities. The only dumps with which Germany was likely to be associated for some time to come were doleful, not aggressive.

The Report of the Supplementary Estimates furnished the Commons with abundant points for criticism. In protesting against an increase in the remuneration of the Law Officers, Mr. Hogge revealed a hitherto unsuspected admiration for the Prime Minister, whose services, he considered, were most inadequately rewarded with five thousand pounds a year and no pension. If anyone deserved an increase of salary it was he.

Mr. Tyson-Wilson had the temerity to complain that the Government were not finding work for all the disabled ex-Service men whom they trained in the technical schools, and laid himself open to a damaging "*tu quoque*" from Sir Robert Horne, who pointed out that this lack of employment was largely due to the trade unions, which refused to admit these men as "improvers."

In introducing the Naval Estimates for eighty odd millions Mr. Long was almost apologetic for not having made them larger. The *personnel* has been drastically reduced, and parents are actually being offered a premium of three hundred pounds to remove their sons from Osborne. On the other hand promotion from the lower deck was to be encouraged, and in future every youngster entering the Navy would metaphorically carry a broad-pennant in his ditty-box.

Thursday, March 18th.—A proposal to erect a military monument on a hill near Jerusalem was adversely criticised by Lord Treowen. Lord Southborough, as a recent visitor to the Holy City, thought that the Government would be better advised to demolish some of the recent buildings, including the ex-Kaiser's ridiculous clock-tower, which had not even the negative merit of telling the time.

In consequence of his rather exhausting séance with the Liberal Party the Prime Minister was looking a little jaded. But he perked up wonderfully when Mr. Will Thorne, *à propos* of a story that the Russian Soviet Government had introduced martial law into the workshops, asked whether he did not think that all able-bodied people ought to be compelled to work. There was the old twinkle in his eyes as he replied that it would be very interesting to know if that was the view of the trade unions. From recent information I gather that the bricklayers, at any rate, would not subscribe to it.

Upon the further consideration of the Navy Estimates General Seely urged the re-establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Mr. Long said the Admiralty were most anxious for it. Mr. Asquith also approved, but from his ten years' experience as its President entered a *caveat* against expecting the Committee to take upon itself executive functions. "Had it done so," he observed, "there would have been collisions, cross-purposes, waste of application, and in many cases something approaching to administrative confusion." Which things of course never occurred under his *régime* of—shall I say?—expectant watchfulness.

The rest of the debate was chiefly remarkable for Lady Astor's bold declaration, "The sea belongs to England, and it could not be in better hands." Coming from a country-woman of Mr. Daniels it was doubly exhilarating.

"Direct Action" at Putney.

"When the Light Blues went out a second time R. C. Barrett, of the winning trial eight crew, was at stroke."—*Daily Paper.*

NEMESIS.

KINDLY the dentist was, for he
Had obviously sought
To keep his waiting victims free
From apprehensive thought,
Providing for those souls in fear,
The Comic Press of yesteryear.

I read those jests of days agone,
Those jibes at folly flown,
And wondered should I light upon
Some trifle of my own,
A par well pointed in its time
Or fragment of reputed rhyme.

Could I retrieve some sparkling fytte
Bedecked with *jeux de mots*,
I fancied that the sight of it
Might soothe my present woe,
Reminding me how once I had
Been quite a jocund kind of lad.

Lo, what a foolish hope was this!
I realised too soon
The special form of Nemesis
That waits on the buffoon:
The joke I found concerned the gloom
Inside a dentist's waiting-room.



"HE HADN'T BEEN DEAD A WEEK WHEN THEY STARTED QUARRELLING OVER HIS ESTATE."
"DID HE LEAVE MUCH?" "NO—ONLY THREE GALLONS."

THE LATEST PARTY.

(*Being the Diary of a well-intentioned Voter.*)

Monday.—Important article in my morning paper on the serious political outlook. Recommends the formation of a new party to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Sounds excellent. The new party is to be called the People's Party. I decide to join it.

Tuesday.—By a fortunate mistake my newsagent placed wrong paper on my step to-day. Find I was being misled by the sheet I usually take. A new party to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy has already been formed. It is called the National Party. I decide to join it.

Wednesday.—Attended public meeting advertised as being in support of the new party. Expected to hear all about the programme of the National Party. Instead was urged to join the Modern Party, to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Signed card before leaving the hall pledging my support.

Thursday.—Dined with Brooks, who takes very grave view of the state of the country. Said what we really want is a new party. Went on to outline some urgent progressive reforms and mentioned one or two necessary steps for combating the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Suggested that he and I should try to start a local branch of the Britannic Party. Seemed so enthusiastic that I hadn't the heart to refuse him.

Friday.—Johnson called at the office during my busiest hour. Wanted to enrol me as a member of a new party, to be known as the Efficiency Party. No time to go into it properly, so agreed, to get rid of him. Anyhow, the object 's a good one. It was something about progressive reforms and combating the forces of Revolution and Anarchy.

Saturday.—Heard at the Club that if the Coalition is not better supported in their attempts to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy, they will form themselves into a new party and go to the country. Locally we are to have, in addition to the retiring Coalitionist, a Free Liberal candidate, a Labour Party candidate, a couple of Independent candidates, a People's Party candidate, a National Party candidate, a Modern Party candidate, a Britannic Party candidate, and an Efficiency Party candidate. Afraid this would make my position extremely complicated. Decide to give undivided support to the Coalition in the hope of averting a General Election.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RUSSIAN DANCERS."

WITH that uncanny tuition of his Sir JAMES BARRIE has, of course, hit on the precise truth. Russian dancers are not born but made—by the *Maestro*, which I take it is (broadly speaking) Italian for Producer and Presenter.

When *Karissima* goes on a visit to the stately home of the *Veres* the peace of that ancient haunt of the conventionally correct is queerly broken. Young *Lord Vere* loses his heart. However, that might just as easily or more easily have happened if the Gaiety had been invited. But a dreadful change comes to *Uncle Bill*—he buys his clothes ready-made (at *La boutique fantasque*, for a guess, or possibly Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY'S), grows dundrearies and goes hopelessly off his game at golf.

Karissima, poor dear, can't walk or talk or putt, for that matter, except with her toes. *Bill* calls this last cheating, but young *Vere* thinks it simply adorable—as do we all. *Lady Vere*, his mother, can't get used to being kissed by *Karissima*, who *will* stand upon her lightly with one foot, oddly waving the other meanwhile in the air. Besides it takes too long and *is* rather too demonstrative. And couldn't *Karissima* dear just try to walk with her soles really flat on the ground in the solid English county way? Certainly *Karissima* will try, to please Madame, and with painful effort achieves a half-dozen clumsy steps till unconquerable habit and Mr. ARNOLD BAX'S allusively witty music lift her on tiptoe again. And really she is such a darling that the once reluctant dowager finally consents to the marriage; wedding bells forthwith (within); a white-haired clergyman, surprised at nothing, as becomes the very best type of padre, appears; follow *corps de ballet* bridesmaids; and *Bill* gives her away.

Karissima, says *Vere* to *Maestro* later in the evening, is depressed. Because she hasn't a child. They both tremendously want a child. *Maestro*, silently showing his watch-dial, would seem to wish to suggest that they were unreasonably impatient. *Karissima* also pleads. Well, he will see what he can do. But there's an awful penalty. For a new Russian dancer cannot be made unless another surrenders life. Anyway he fetches his black bag. And *Karissima* dances down the main staircase with her babe, who grows apace and is shortly seen prancing in the garden (on his toes—"Thank Heaven!" says the *Maestro*).

And *Karissima* dies and is brought in on her bier, and dances (she *would!*) her own funeral service. *Maestro's* heart is touched; he lies down in her stead, and she, dancing on a carpet of thistledown shot with stars (I think), and her lord (I am sure), perpetually exclaiming, "How perfectly topping!"—both achieve an enviable immortality.

Madame KARSAVINA is exquisite; she is well supported by Mr. C. M. LOWNE (*Hon. Bill*), Mr. HERMAN DE LANGE (*Maestro*), Miss G. STERROLL (*Dowager*), and Mr. BASIL FOSTER (*Lord Vere*). And I thought I detected Mr. DU MAURIER'S appreciation of the bizarre in his production. But the triumph is the triumph of the whimsical author. I don't think he has ever done anything better; more ambitious things, yes, but nothing so free from flaw.

Isn't it more than possible that just three-score years ago, on a May day (see *Who's Who*), some Maestro of Fantasy slipped into a little house in Kirriemuir, N.B., with a black bag? Wouldn't that explain the otherwise inexplicable, the unwearying resourcefulness, the unabashed playfulness of this impenitent youth? T.

DRAM.BAC.

A SUGGESTION has been put forward, with the support of the British Drama League and others, for the establishment at our universities of a "Faculty of the Theatre and Dramatic Degree." Heartily applauding the proposal, we append a typical examination paper for the final school:—

(1) Sketch briefly the progress of amateur acting in this country, from the impersonation of a Danish minstrel by ALFRED THE GREAT, to the Victory Varieties Matinée arranged by Lady Eve Tatlery.

(2) Arrange, in order of probability, the first fifty authors of SHAKSPEARE.

(3) "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." Estimate the rival claims of the Windsor Strollers.

(4) Indicate your make-up for ROMULUS, HENRY THE EIGHTH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(5) What is a point, and how made? A "straight" line lies evenly between any good points; give instances.

(6) Under what dramatic conditions can a part be greater than the whole? Cite the authority of any two actor-managers for this theory.

(7) Explain, with diagrams, (*a*) The Eternal Triangle; (*b*) Squaring the Upper Circle.

(8) Illustrate the axiom that the length of a run varies with the breadth of the dialogue.

(9) What proportion of the music-hall comedians of Great Britain is supplied by (*a*) Lancashire; (*b*) Scotland?

(10) Which European drama requires most doors for its honeymoon farces?

(11) "What Manchester thinks today England will think next Sunday evening." Analyse this statement in its bearing upon the play-producing societies.

(12) "Let who will make a nation's laws so that I make its songs." Discuss the ethical and sociological significance of this with regard to (*a*) "Where do flies go in the winter-time?" (*b*) "I *do* like an egg with my tea."

In the *vivâ-voce* portion of the examination, candidates for Honours will be required to satisfy the examiners (to the point of actual tears) by their recital of selected passages from prepared books. They may offer any two of the following: "Buckingham's Farewell;" "The Signalman's Daughter;" "The Death of Little Nell" (*with voices*).

For candidates not seeking Honours a passable imitation of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY will entitle to one group. A. E.

TWO VIEWS.

THERE was a high priest of illusion
Who rose by his leader's extrusion;
By way of amends
He invites his old friends
To extinguish their prospects by Fusion.

There was a great foe of delusion,
Who came to the honest conclusion
That Socialist Labour
Plays beggar-my-neighbour
And sought to defeat it by Fusion.

A Leap-Year Record.

"CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.—H. M. Abrahams winning the long jump with a distance of 22yds. to his credit."
Picture Paper.

"THE PREMIER AND HIS FUTURE.
WHITHER GOETH THOU?"
Headings in Daily Paper.

Answer adjudged correct: "I knowest not."

"Wanted, a Horse for its keep. Excellent cuisine."—*The Times of Ceylon.*

À la cart, we presume.

"A roof garden for cats is included in the scheme for the extension of the premises of Our Dumb Friends' League."—*Evening Paper.*

We have heard the nocturnal cat on the tiles called many names, but never a "dumb friend."

"The Police announce that dogs without dollars found wandering after 10 p.m. are liable to be destroyed."—*Hong Kong Paper.*

We understand, however, that in China dogs are almost invariably provided with taels.



TRIALS OF THE FISH-TRADE.

"Clothes, my dear! Don't mention clothes. You ought to be in the fish line. Why, I runs through a set o' furs in about a month!"

A NOTE TO NATURE,

accounting for my previous silence in an unusually temperate March and also presenting an ultimatum.

Ye great brown hares, grown madder through the Spring!
  Ye birds that utilise your tiny throttles
To make the archways of the forest ring
Or go about your easy house-hunting!
  Ye toads! ye axolotls!

Ye happy blighters all, that squeal and squat
  And fly and browse where'er the mood entices,
Noting in every hedge or woodland grot
The swelling surge of sap, but noting not
  The rise in current prices!

But chiefly you, ye birds, whose jocund note
  (Linnets and larks and jays and red-billed ousels)
Oft in those happier springtides now remote
Caused me to catch the lyre and clear my throat
  After some coy refusals!

Ay, and would cause me now—I have such bliss
  Seeing the star-set vale, the pearls, the agates
Sown on the wintry boughs by Flora's kiss—
Only the trouble in my case is this,
  I do not feed on maggots.

Could I but share your diet cheap and rude,
  Your simple ways in trees and copses lurking;
But no, I need a pipe and lots of food,
A comfortable chair on which to brood—
  Silence! the bard is working.

Could I but know that freedom from all care
  That comes, I say, from gratis sets of suitings
And homes that need not premium nor repair
Except with sticks and mud and moss and hair,
  My! there would be some flutings.

So and so only would the ivory rod
  Stir the wild strings once more to exultation,
So and so only the impetuous god
Pound in my bosom and produce that odd
  Tum-tiddly-um sensation.

And often as I heard the throstles vamp,
  Pouring their liquid notes like golden syrup,
Out would I go and round the garden tramp,
Wearing goloshes if the day were damp,
  And imitate their chirrup.

Or, bowling peacefully upon my bike,
  Well breakfasted, by no distractions flustered,
Pause near a leafy copse or brambled dyke,
And answer song for song the black-backed shrike,
  The curlew and the bustard.

But now—ah, why prolong the dreadful strain?—
  Limply my hand the unstrung harp relaxes;
The dear old days will not come back again
Whatever Mr. Austen Chamberlain
  Does with the nation's taxes.

Lambs, buds, leap up; the lark to heaven climbs;
  Bread does the same; the price of baccy's brutal;
And save (I do not note it in *The Times*)
They make exemptions for evolving rhymes,
  Dashed if I mean to tootle! Evoe.



Sportsman (just emerged from the brook). "FOUR IN, DID YOU SAY? DASH IT ALL—JUST MY LUCK. GOT MY GLASSES ALL MUD AND CAN'T SEE THE FUN."

THE METHODS OF GENIUS.

(*By our Special Literary Parasite.*)

THE public already know something of the painful difficulties under which novelists labour at the present moment owing to the paper shortage and the enhanced cost of book production. But "the economic consequences of the Peace" by no means exhaust the handicaps of the conscientious and sensitive novelist. We are glad therefore to note the efforts of *The Daily Graphic* to enlist the sympathy of the public on behalf of this sorely tried and meritorious class. Our contemporary tells us, for example, of one momentous writer who was reduced to dictating blindfold "because the facial peculiarities of first one and then another amanuensis" upset her equanimity. Then there is the tragic story of Mr. R. L. HICHENS, who, being engaged to write an article against time, sent out for a stenographer, who on arrival proved to be a man with a large black beard of so sinister an aspect that Mr. HICHENS was forced to dismiss him and write the article in his own hand. Yet Mr. HICHENS is not easily put off, for we learn that he finds he works best in big hotels and not, as we might have guessed, in the sequestered tranquillity of a minaret.

To some writers solitude is the true school of genius. Yet Sir LEWIS MORRIS found some of his happiest thoughts come to him while travelling in the Underground, while Mr. W. B. YEATS records a similar experience as the result of a journey on the top of a tram-car. Your advanced modernists, with MARINETTI at their head, find their best stimulus to creative effort in the clang and clatter of machinery. *Per contra*, to return to *The Daily Graphic*, Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON must have pretty things to look at "in business hours." But the happiest of all our authors is Madame ALBANESI, who "finds her brain-spur in a blank sheet of paper, and not the ghost of an idea what she is going to write about." Less fortunate writers labour assiduously only to leave the minds of their readers a blank, without the ghost of an idea of what the author has been writing about.

It is a pity that Mr. W. L. GEORGE, in his interesting survey of modern writers of fiction in the *English Review*, has told us nothing about the methods of the "Neo-Victorians" and "Semi-Victorians," the "Edwardians" and "belated Edwardians," and the "Georgians" and "Neo-Georgians." With all these classes he deals faithfully. But his criticism is purely literary. He fails to tell us the things that every reader wants to know. It is all very well to say that the neo-Georgians "paint in ink," but he ought to have mentioned whether it is green or red. Does Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON dictate to the sound of trumpets, garbed in crimson trouserloons? Does Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT cantillate his "copy" into the horn of a graphophone or use a motor-stylus? Does Mr. SIEGFRIED SASSOON beat his breast with one hand while he plays the loud bassoon with the other? Does Mr. ALEC WAUGH use sermon-paper or foolscap? Does Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY keep a tame gorilla? These are the really illuminating details that we hunger for. Without them it is impossible to appreciate the artistry of our young Masters. Mr. W. L. GEORGE has given us a glimpse of the working of their brains; let him now reveal to us the secrets of their workshops.



"There's that dashed bull of yours in my field again! One of these days I'll—I'll—wring its confounded neck."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

After the Day: Germany Unconquered and Unrepentant (Jenkins) is the kind of thesis-book which it is wise to read in a deliberately incredulous mood. Mr. Hayden Talbot is an American newspaper man of immense resourcefulness but, I should judge, of a not conspicuously judicial habit of mind. That, perhaps, is hardly a newspaper man's business. He is after copy, and certainly there's good enough copy in his interviews with Count Bernstorff and Dr. Rathenau, and one must admire his feat of getting out of these and seven other German publicists, including Maximilian Harden, the draft of a manifesto to the people of America, composed in the hope, vain as it happened, that the Kaiser would break his long silence and sign it. It is the author's theory that it is the inner camarilla, working for a speedy restoration of the monarchy, that is responsible for the certainly uncharacteristic reticence of Amerongen. Mr. Talbot also interviewed Hindenburg, whom he found a "broken-down, inconsequential, garrulous example of senility;" Ludendorff, who was very stiff and proud and rude; and the *fiancée* of the man who sank the *Lusitania*. His general idea of Germany is summed up in the remark of Mr. Mandelbaum, of New York: "All this talk about Fritz being down and out is all bunk!" Germany is full of energy and hate; she will soon be a monarchy again; will undersell the world; is assiduously preparing for air supremacy as the way to *revanche*. I take it that this is not so much a book as a *réchauffé* of newspaper articles, which alone will account for its formlessness and frequent changes of plane. Mr. Talbot, confessing to a total ignorance of the German tongue, seems quite unconscious that this imposes certain limitations on his capacity to make an adequate survey of a difficult problem.

I may confess at once that I finished the first chapter of *The Woman of the Picture* (Hodder and Stoughton) in a mood of slight derision, induced by Mr. G. F. Turner's allowing one hero to say of the other that he had "the interminable limbs" of an aristocrat. To the end of the book indeed I was uncertain whether such occasional lapses were meant to illumine the character of the supposed speaker or were unintentional. But again to quote, this time a phrase in which Mr. Turner clearly shares my own delight, "before we were through with the affair" such details had ceased to be of moment. The plain fact is that *The Woman of the Picture* is the most breathless, irresistible piece of convincing impossibility you have read for ages. I decline to struggle with any transcription of the plot. On the wrapper you will observe the woman stepping bodily out of the picture, like the ancestors in the whisky advertisement; this, however, is a symbolic rather than an actual presentment. But there is plenty without it: a rightful heir, mountain castles amid the eternal snows, a villain (with sorceries), half-a-dozen

attempted murders and the most hair-lifting duel imaginable. Soberly considered the whole business is a riot of delirium, belonging flagrantly to that realm where all the world's a screen, and all the men and women merely movies. But the unexpected charm of the book is that (with the possible exceptions noticed above) it is told with a touch of distinction, even of subtlety, that invests its wildest audacities with an atmosphere of fantastic truth. In short, if Mr. G. F. TURNER has done nothing else he has at least enabled the fastidious to enjoy the thrills of a shocker while retaining their self-respect.

In the first of the three stories, each about a hundred pages in length, which make up *Gold and Iron* (HEINEMANN), it is hard to escape the conviction that Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is saying between the lines, "So you thought that CONRAD was the only JOSEPH who could throw a man and woman together on a mysterious coast in the most strangely romantic circumstances, and provide a thoroughly grooly scrap into the bargain. Well, here's another little *Victory* for you." He seems definitely to challenge that air of the extraordinary and the inevitable combined which Mr. CONRAD so subtly conveys. It is a big effort, and I don't feel that the author quite brings it off, yet I cannot think of anyone but Mr. CONRAD who would have come nearer to doing so, and the fight in the dark in this story is one that even after the War will make a reader catch his breath for half-a-dozen pages at least. In the second and third stories, which actually deal with gold and iron (the first of the three is called "Wild Oranges," though perhaps "Blood Oranges" would have been a better title), the writer returns to a happier *métier*, and deals with an America remarkably interesting and wholly novel to me, an America where foundries and railways are in their infancy and crinolines are worn. Saloons, bowie knives and bags of gold-dust are all too familiar to us, but who, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, ever remembers the quiet towns with Victorian manners to which the diggers belonged and returned? Both "Tubal Cain" and "The Dark Fleece" are excellent yarns and wonderful pieces of pictorial reconstruction as well.

After reading *The Searchers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I seriously think of myself joining His Britannic Majesty's Secret Service. All the fun and firearms, and ever, at the conclusion, a startling surprise for your friends and admirers, among whom you stand cool, calm and collected. *Anthony Keene-Leslie* did not deceive me when, upon his first introduction as a secret servant, he modestly disclaimed the thrills and excitements commonly attributed to his trade. I knew that many pages would not be turned before he would land us in the middle of some crimson intrigue; mysterious strangers, disguises, cryptic and invaluable manuscripts, urgent telegrams, codes, Italian hidden hands, Scotland Yard, pseudo-taxicabs, clues and things. But let others beware of Mr. JOHN FOSTER, a most ingenious manipulator of the old stock-in-trade and possessing a rare sense of humour. For the reader to pit his wits against the author's is, in this instance, to be completely "had" and to become under the necessity (about page 265) of taking off his hat, not only to the secret servant but to a mere minion of the "Yard" also. Two minor points emerge from a close study of the book. The first is that the author is undoubtedly a barrister himself; if I am wrong on this point I finally withdraw my threat to join the Service. The second point is that he knows his Scotland even as well as he loves it. In the result you have two merits, which together amply discount the element of cheap sensationalism: one merit is the logical development of the story, and the other is its beautiful setting. I don't know whether it is due to the Scottish climate or to the legal atmosphere that the author omits all reference to the feminine sex or affairs of the heart; but anyhow it seemed right and meet that women should be left at home when men were engaged upon such violent and dastardly business.

From certain internal evidences, mainly orthographical, I am led to suppose *The Branding Iron* (CONSTABLE) to be of Transatlantic origin. This, no doubt, explains my unfamiliarity with the name of Miss KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT, also certain minor points, notably the fact that the story, though by no means badly told, suffers from what I can only call a plethora of plot. As I followed the developments of its intrigue and tracked the heroine from untutored savage, wife of the wild Westerner whose excusable suspicions caused him to brand her as private property, to the moment of her triumph as the bejewelled idol of theatrical New York, the conviction grew upon me that here was a tale surely predestined to be the screen that covers a multitude of melodramatics. Presently indeed the suggestion became so insistent that I went further and began to wonder whether I was not in fact reading a "story-form" of some already triumphant film. Certainly the resemblance is almost too pronounced to be fortuitous; from the sensational branding scene, through cowboy stunts, to the uptown playhouse, where a repentant and wife-seeking hero recognises his mark upon the shoulder of the leading lady—and so to reconciliation, slow fade-out, and the announcement of Next Week's Pictures. But though it is impossible not to suspect Miss BURT of having an eye to what poetic journalism calls the Shadow Stage, this is by no means to belittle her mastery of the colder medium of print; and I hasten to acknowledge that, upon me at least, *The Branding Iron* has left a distinct though possibly fleeting impression of good entertainment.



THE RELUCTANT PEGASUS.

A YOUNG SPRING POET HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS MOUNT.

Cane or Birch?

"House Porter wanted, to live in or out, able to manage beating apparatus.—Apply, Stating wages required, to Headmaster, —— school."—*Local Paper.*

"The total cost of the British delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris from December, 1918, to 31st September was £508,968."

Liverpool Paper.

But it is only fair to say that in the last month they seem to have put in a bit of overtime.

CHARIVARIA.

WE were glad to see that two of our most important Universities were again successful in obtaining first and second places in this year's boat-race. (As this was written before the race we crave the indulgence of our readers if our prophecy should prove incorrect.)

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Bradford Corporation is selling white collars to its citizens at sixpence a-piece. How the Labour Party proposes to combat this subtle form of capitalist propaganda is not known.

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"I have been knocked down twice by the same bus, but fortunately have sustained no serious injury," stated a plaintiff at a London police-court the other day. The bus in question, we understand, will be given one more try, and in the event of failure will be debarred from all further contests of the same nature.

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"Quite a lot of American bacon is being smoked in London," says a news item. We are glad they have found a use for it, but at the risk of appearing fastidious we must say we much prefer Havannah tobacco.

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The Variety Artists' Federation has passed a resolution against the engagement of Germans in the profession. With yet another avenue of industry closed against him General LUDENDORFF is said to be contemplating a dignified retirement.

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"Should uglier husbands have heavier damages?" was a question raised in a recent divorce action. The better opinion is that the fact that the ugly man must have gone out of his way to get married should tell against him.

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Signs of Spring are everywhere. A couple of telephone mechanics have made their nest on the roof of a house in West Kensington.

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At Question-Time in the House there was trouble over the pronunciation of Bryngwran and Gwalchmai. One of the Welsh Members present said he could have played them if he had had his harp with him.

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Saturday afternoon funerals have been stopped at Bexhill. We are very pleased to note this, because if there is one thing which mars the enjoyment of the week-end it is being buried.

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The Hon. JOHN COLLIER will shortly explain why he painted the famous picture, "The Fallen Idol." If only some of our minor artists would be equally frank.

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A weekly paper is offering a prize to anybody who discovers the oldest living fish. It is just as well that no prize is offered for the oldest dead fish.

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"Large dumps of valuable material which is slowly rotting are to be met all along the main road in Northern France to-day," complains a morning paper. A responsible Government official now admits that whilst motoring in that district last week he noticed that the road was bumpy in places.

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There is some talk of the Americans having a League of Notions of their own.

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M. CHARLES NORDMANN states that the world will end in ten thousand million years. It will be interesting to see if America will refuse to take part in this as well.

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Our horticultural expert informs us that during the next two or three weeks all wooden houses should be carefully pruned.

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The rumour that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P., will be asked to design a new uniform for the Royal Air Force is without foundation.

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It is feared that, owing to the sudden appearance of Summer weather last week, the POET LAUREATE will once again be obliged to hold over his Spring poem.

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It seems a pity that eight of the nine bricklayers who entered for the recent brick-laying contest should have collapsed, allowing the ninth an easy walk-over with seven bricks to his credit.

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Statistics show a remarkable increase in the Welsh birthrate as compared with previous years. As usual, nothing is being done about it.

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There are several ways, says Sir JAMES MACKENZIE, the eminent specialist, of tracing heart weakness. One way is to charge the owner of the heart seven-and-six for a pound of butter. If he faints he has a weak heart; if he pays he is merely weak in the head.

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A Bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to confine the headlines in murder cases to thirty-six points. The limit for international headliners is still fourteen points.

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The Government, says a contemporary, is about to start growing tobacco in Norfolk. Whether it is to be sold as Coalition Mixture or Carlton Club has not yet been decided.

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The Royal Academy have issued a notice that frames other than gilt will be admissible this year. Many people, it is thought, who never felt attracted by the old-fashioned gilt frames will now visit the exhibition.

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An auctioneer's clerk has been summoned for throwing a bun at a railway buffet waitress. It was a thoughtless thing to do. He might have broken it.

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We have just heard of a Scottish engineer who has decided to strike out along novel lines. Although only twenty-two years of age he has arranged to settle down in Scotland.



Taxi-Driver (who has been paid the correct fare). "YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, GUV'NOR."
Fare. "WHAT IS IT?"
Taxi-Driver. "YOUR ADDRESS. I MIGHT WANT ANOTHER MASCOT SOME DAY."

From a fashion-advertisement:—

"PARIS MOVES THE WAIST-LINE."
American Paper.

But it is believed that the young man's strong right arm will succeed in rediscovering it.

"SUMMER-TIME"

(*with some moral reflections*).

To-DAY I left my downy lair
  An hour before my wont;
But do I consequently wear
  An unctuous smile? I don't.
If with the early lark's ascent
  I soared from out my bed, it
Is to an Act of Parliament
  That I must give the credit.

When I escape, in butter's dearth,
  The fault of waxing fat,
Calmly I view my modest girth
  And take no praise for that;
Not mine the glory when my soul
  Abjures its ruling passion;
'Tis his, the lord of Food-control,
  Who fixed my sugar-ration.

Hampered by regulations for
  The chastisement of crime—
Arson and theft and marrying more
  Than one wife at a time—
I like to feel some sins there be
  For which the law can't hurt you,
In whose regard your heart is free
  To follow vice or virtue.

Of one temptation I rejoice
  Especially to think,
That leaves me loose to take my choice—
  My reference is to DRINK;
Here, where as yet no rules apply
  By Pussyfoot dictated,
The merit's mine whenever I
  Am not inebriated. O. S.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT AT A MOTOR SHOW.

NOT to be outdone by Olympia we have just held a motor show in our provincial Town Hall. What though the motoring magazines, obese with the rich diet of advertisement, grew no fatter in its honour, it was at least the most successful social function we have known since the War began. The Town Hall externally was magnificent with flags by day and coloured lamps by night, and within was a blaze of bunting and greenstuff. The band of the Free Shepherds played popular music, and the luncheon and tea rooms were the scene of most delightful little gatherings. Besides all this, quite a number of cars were to be found amongst the decorations.

Nearly every demobilised officer in the county seems to have taken up an agency for a car or two, and bought himself spats on the strength of a prospective fortune. Jimmy Wrigley and I are amongst them. Wrigley in the Great War was M.T., R.A.S.C., and knows so much about cars that he can tell the make of lamps from the track of the tyres; while I was a cavalryman and know so little that I judge Jimmy's cleverness only by other people's incredulity. On our stand at the show we exhibited two cars, which, as I carefully learned beforehand from the book of the words, were a Byng-Beatty and a Tanglefoot, these being the cars for which we are what they call concessionaires. (The *bit* is tricky, but one picks it up loafing about garages.)

As a rule Jimmy and I do the correspondence between us—Jimmy contributing the technique and I the punctuation; but for the three days of the show his cousin Sheila volunteered to preside at a dainty little table and make jottings of our orders. Sheila is always ornamental, and as we had the stand draped to tone with her hair, and she wore a dress which harmonized like soft music with the pale heliotrope of the Tanglefoot's body-work, our display was a magnet from the word "Go."

And then on the morning of the opening day Jimmy went down with his Lake Doiran malaria and left me to it!

I am as brave as most people, but this calamity unmanned me. "Sheila," I said to a pair of pitying grey eyes, as the crowd, having heard the show declared open, massed about our stand—"Sheila, the situation is desperate. These people will ask me about the cars. They will expect me to answer them intelligently, and it's no use in the world talking horse to them—I can see that from their sordid looks. I shall disappear. You can say I have gone out on a trial run, which won't be a lie, only an understatement. And you can just hand them out the little books and let them paw the varnish. Silence will be better than anything I could say. Probably it is better than what any conscientious man could say about the Tanglefoot."

"I'll carry on, Nobby," said Sheila. "You go and buy buns for Miss Hurdlewing, and be happy. Fly! here's a purchaser."

Sheila's whisper dispersed me into the crowd and I strolled away, while she bestowed a smile and a specification pamphlet on the first of the crowd to step on to our stand.

I found it impossible to keep away for long. Sheila looked so well against the heliotrope Tanglefoot limousine that I had to go back to look at her.

The stand was surrounded by a throng, hushed and breathless with interest. Sheila was talking volubly. Hardened motorists listened with their mouths open; zealots, feverish to expend their excess profits on motoring because it was a novelty and expensive, stood spell-bound; a rival agent drank in her words with tears in his eyes—tears for his old innocence—and his cheek flushed with a sudden and splendid determination to amalgamate with our firm.

"This chassis, gentlemen," Sheila was saying, with a glance towards the Byng-Beatty, "has the most exclusive features. The torque-tube being fitted with an automatic lighter, it is possible to change tyres without leaving your seat; while by a simple adjustment of the universal joint the car will take any reasonable obstacle gracefully and without any inconvenience to the occupants. The clutch is of the Alabama type. This new pattern created a great sensation at Olympia, owing to the ease with which it permits even the amateur driver to convert the present body into a *char-à-banc* or a tipping-waggon. The hood is reversible, so that passengers may be sheltered from the wind when the car runs backwards. In the rear of the boot, concealed by a door flush with the panels, is an EINSTEIN parachute, by means of which a passenger may leave the car before an imminent accident or when tired of the company."

I could not move: I did not want to either; and I certainly dared not interrupt.

"The Tanglefoot," continued Sheila, while a sigh of sheer rapture rose from the crowd, "is pre-eminently the car for a medical man or pushful undertaker. No horn is supplied, though this will be fitted if desired. The car is not cheap, but properly used will soon repay itself. Amongst the accessories supplied with the standard chassis I should like to call your attention to the collapsible game-bag and landing-net."

This went on for a long, long time, and I stayed till a man in the crowd recognised me and showed symptoms of coming out of his trance. I fled, and returned only at the luncheon interval.

"Sheila," I said—"Sheila, this may be fun for you, but James Wrigley and I may sing in the streets to pay for it."

"You great stupid"—her eyes were sparking as she spoke—"I've booked more orders than you will be able to carry out before you've learned wisdom. Look!" It was practically a nominal roll of the local capitalists that she showed me. "Nobody believes what you say about a car, so you can say what you like. The thing is to get it noticed."

"Did they study these cars much before they let you take their names?"

Sheila looked into my eyes and laughed happily. W. K. H.

Our Eccentric Advertisers.

"Youth Wanted to Strike."—*Provincial Paper.*



THE DACHSWOLF.

Fritz (*doubtfully*). "GOOD DOG—IF YOU STILL *ARE* A DOG."



"Oh, Auntie, 'Zymotic' is a funny word for you to be so fond of."
"My dear child, what are you talking about?"
"Well, Daddy said you were very fond of the last word, so I looked it up in the dictionary."

ABOUT BATHROOMS.

Of all the beautiful things which are to be seen in shop windows perhaps the most beautiful are those luxurious baths in white enamel, hedged round with attachments and conveniences in burnished metal. Whenever I see one of them I stand and covet it for a long time. Yet even these super-baths fall far short of what a bath should be; and as for the perfect bathroom I question if anyone has even imagined it.

The whole attitude of modern civilisation to the bathroom is wrong. Why, for one thing, is it always the smallest and barest room in the house? The Romans understood these things; we don't. I have never yet been in a bathroom which was big enough to do my exercises in without either breaking the light or barking my knuckles against a wall. It ought to be a *big* room and opulently furnished. There ought to be pictures in it, so that one could lie back and contemplate them—a picture of troops going up to the trenches, and another picture of a bus-queue standing in the rain, and another picture of a windy day with some snow in it. Then one would really enjoy one's baths.

And there ought to be rich rugs in it and profound chairs; one would walk about in bare feet on the rich rugs while the bath was running; and one would sit in the profound chairs while drying the ears.

The fact is, a bathroom ought to be equipped for comfort, like a drawing-room, a good, full, velvety room; and as things are it is solely equipped for singing. In the drawing-room, where we want to sing, we put so many curtains and carpets and things that most of us can't sing at all; and then we wonder that there is no music in England. Nothing is more maddening than to hear several men refusing to join in a simple chorus after dinner, when you know perfectly well that every one of them has been singing in a high tenor in his bath before dinner. We all know the reason, but we don't take the obvious remedy. The only thing to do is to take all the furniture out of the drawing-room and put it in the bathroom—all except the piano and a few cane chairs. Then we shouldn't have those terrible noises in the early morning, and in the evening everybody would be a singer. I suppose that is what they do in Wales.

But if we cannot make the bathroom what it ought to be, the supreme and perfect shrine of the supreme moment of the day, the one spot in the house on which no expense or trouble is spared, we can at least bring the bath itself up to date. I don't now, as I did, lay much stress on having a bath with fifteen different taps. I once stayed in a house with a bath like that. There was a hot tap and a cold tap, and hot sea-water and cold sea-water, and PLUNGE and SPRAY and SHOWER and WAVE and FLOOD, and one or two more. To turn on the top tap you had to stand on a step-ladder, and they were all very highly polished. I was naturally excited by this, and an hour before it was time to dress for dinner I slunk upstairs and hurried into the bathroom and locked myself in and turned on all the taps at once. It was strangely disappointing. The sea-water was mythical. Many of the taps refused to function at the same time as any other, and the only two which were really effective were WAVE and FLOOD. WAVE shot out

a thin jet of boiling water which caught me in the chest, and FLOOD filled the bath with cold water long before it could be identified and turned off.

No, taps are not of the first importance, though, properly polished, they look well. But no bath is complete without one of those attractive bridges or trays where one puts the sponges and the soap. Conveniences like that are a direct stimulus to washing. The first time I met one I washed myself all over two or three times simply to make the most of knowing where the soap was. Now and then, in fact, in a sort of bravado I deliberately lost it, so as to be able to catch it again and put it back in full view on the tray. You can also rest your feet on the tray when you are washing them, and so avoid cramp.

Again, I like a bathroom where there is an electric bell just above the bath, which you can ring with the big toe. This is for use when one has gone to sleep in the bath and the water has frozen, or when one has begun to commit suicide and thought better of it. Apart from these two occasions it can be used for Morsing instructions about breakfast to the cook—supposing you have a cook. And if you haven't a cook a little bell-ringing in the basement does no harm.

But the most extraordinary thing about the modern bath is that there is no provision for shaving in it. Shaving in the bath I regard as the last word in systematic luxury. But in the ordinary bath it is very difficult. There is nowhere to put anything. There ought to be a kind of shaving tray attached to every bath, which you could swing in on a flexible arm, complete with mirror and soap and strop, new blades and shaving-papers and all the other confounded paraphernalia. Then, I think, shaving would be almost tolerable, and there wouldn't be so many of these horrible beards about.

The same applies to smoking. It is incredible that to-day in the twentieth century there should be no recognised way of disposing of a cigarette-end in the bath. Personally I only smoke pipes in the bath, but it is impossible to find a place in which to deposit even a pipe so that it will not roll off into the water. But I have a brother-in-law who smokes cigars in the bath, a disgusting habit. I have often wondered where he hid the ends, and I find now that he has made a *cache* of them in the gas-ring of the geyser. One day the ash will get into the burners and then the geyser will explode.

Next door to the shaving and smoking tray should be the book-rest. I don't myself do much reading in the bath, but I have several sisters-in-law who keep on coming to stay, and they all do it. Few things make the leaves of a book stick together so easily as being dropped in a hot bath, so they had better have a book-rest; and if they go to sleep I shall set in motion my emergency waste mechanism, by which the bath can be emptied in malice from outside.

Another of my inventions is the Progress Indicator. It works like the indicators outside lifts, which show where the lift is and what it is doing. My machine shows what stage the man inside has reached—the washing stage or the merely wallowing stage, or the drying stage, or the exercises stage. It shows you at a glance whether it is worth while to go back to bed or whether it is time to dig yourself in on the mat. The machine is specially suitable for hotels and large country houses where you can't find out by hammering on the door and asking, because nobody takes any notice.

When you have properly fitted out the bathroom on these lines all that remains is to put the telephone in and have your meals there; or rather to have your meals there and not put the telephone in. It must still remain the one room where a man is safe from that.

A. P. H.



Mistress. "I SEE THE NEW CURATE HAS CALLED. WHAT IS HE LIKE, SMITHERS?"
Butler (who had noticed that the Curate was dressed for golf). "HE HAD THE APPEARANCE, MY LADY, OF BEING OUT OF 'OLY ORDERS FOR THE DAY."

NATIONAL COAL.

A great deal of nonsense is being talked about our coal-mines. I should like therefore to throw a little helpful light on the subject of nationalisation. Speaking as an owner and not as a miner (I have at the present moment at least six coals and a pound or two of assorted mineral rubbish), I want to consider some of the pros and cons of this debatable proposition. I take it, first of all, that we shall pay for our coal along with our taxes and in proportion to our income. This will come rather hard, of course, on the kind of people who insist on warming their rooms with three large electric vegetable marrows, or by means of a number of small skeletons pickled in gas. But such people will no doubt be able to claim rebates, and rebating is one of the most healthy and instructive of our British parlour games. Let us pass on, then, to the means of distribution.

I greatly doubt whether under State organisation the practice of opening up those romantic and circular caverns in the middle of the pavement and suddenly filling our cellars with smoke, rain and thunder will be allowed to continue. Rather, I expect, at the moment when John Postman pushes the budget of bills through the slit in the front-door, William Coalman, walking along the roof, will be dropping a couple of Derby Brights, in the mode of Santa Claus, down the chimney. This will get over the basement trouble, and deliveries of course will occur frequently, if irregularly, throughout the day at such times as the Government consider them to be necessary for making up the fire.

But whatever happens about deliveries the Inspector of Grates will be an infernal nuisance. Nothing makes a man more unpopular than interference in a quarrel between husband and wife, and I imagine that there will be many little suburban tragedies like the following:—

Scene.—*A Kensington drawing-room.* Mr. *and* Mrs. Smith *are discovered shivering over the fire.*

Mr. Smith. No, no. Not like that at all. You must break up that big lump first.

Mrs. Smith (coldly). This is the way my mother taught me to make up fires.

Mr. Smith. Your mother! Ha!

[*Snatches the poker from her hand.*

Mary (entering). The Coal Inspector has called.

Enter Coal Inspector.

Taking the poker from Mr. Smith's *nerveless grasp, with three vicious thrusts he assassinates the already moribund fire. They watch him with faces of horror. As he turns to go they glance at each other, and with a simultaneous impulse seize the tongs and shovel and strike him with all their strength on the back of the head.*

Mr. Smith *rings the bell. Enter Mary.*

Mr. Smith. Please sweep that up.

[*She does so. He takes up the poker and resumes the altercation.*

But let us turn again to the brighter side of things. Nothing fills a householder with such deep pleasure as a legitimate grievance against the Government on minor counts, especially when such grievances are properly ventilated in the daily Press. Thus:—

MORE GOVERNMENT CARELESSNESS.

SPARK FALLS ON A HEARTHRUG AT CROYDON.

Or

PRIME MINISTER ENCOURAGES PNEUMONIA.

FIRE GOES OUT AT PONDER'S END.

These are specimens of the headlines we may confidently expect, and little forms like the following will be found in the more popular dailies:—

PROTEST TO YOUR M.P.

I protest against the continued refusal of my fire to burn up, for which Government maladministration is responsible. I urge you to do all in your power to see that a warm ruddy glow is cast continually over my dining-room. The men, women and children of your constituency will judge you at the next election by your action in this matter.

And then there is the question of the miscellaneous material which is now being supplied in the name of coal, especially those large flat pieces of excellent slate. As things are now I often wonder that the miners don't make use of them for propaganda purposes. Chalked manifestoes such as—

We demand forty-four shillings more a ton, a five-hour week and control of the mines

would do much to convert the armchair critic as he digs about in the scuttle. When we get our coal from the State, however, we shall, of course, carefully set apart these sections of slate, wrap them in brown-paper and send them by parcel post to the nearest elementary school, with a note to say there must have been an inter-departmental error.

From State coal too it will only be a step to State firewood, and we know from the papers what lots the Government has of that. Army huts, tables, bed-boards, trestles, aeroplanes, railway trucks—there is no end to it all. And underneath the firewood, of course, carefully packed, comes the daily newspaper itself. There can be little doubt that, once they have obtained a grip of coal and kindling-wood, the Government will proceed to nationalise the Press. Evoe.

REDS AND DARK BLUES.

[Mr. R. H. Tawney and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, both Oxford Fellows, represent academic intellectualism *in excelsis* at the G.H.Q. of Labour.]

Only a simpleton or sawney
Falls short in reverence for Tawney;
Only the man without a soul
Disputes the kingliness of Cole.

Labour, no longer gross and brawny,
Finds its true hierophant in Tawney;
And, freed from all save Guild Control,
Attains its apogee in Cole.

Proud Prelates in their vestments lawny
Quail at the heresies of Tawney;
And prostrate Dukes in anguish roll,
Scared by the scrutiny of Cole.

The Nabob quits his brandy-pawnee
To listen to the lore of Tawney;
The plain beer-drinker bans the bowl,
Weaned by the witchery of Cole.

Students however slack or yawny
Grow tense beneath the spell of Tawney;
Footballers score goal after goal,
Trained in the principles of Cole.

The shrimp grows positively prawny
On list'ning to the voice of Tawney;
While upward shoots the blindest mole
Beneath the airy tread of Cole.

There's something thrilling—Colleen Bawny—
About the articles of Tawney;
And no one can so grandly toll
The knell of Capital as Cole.

As Cornwall rallied to Trelawny
So Labour rallies to its Tawney;
And miners find a "better 'ole"
Provided by the creed of Cole.

"Our evening congregations have more than doubled in two months. *Sans Deo!*"
Parish Magazine.

We don't wonder that two foreign languages were required to veil this shocking observation.

From a feuilleton ("dramatic, kinema and all other rights secured"):—

"So he just shook hands all round, and took off his coat, and lit a cigar, and laughed when Betty Cardon pointed out that he had put the wrong end of it in his mouth."—*Daily Paper.*

This incident should "film" well.

SHOULD AUTHORS PUBLISH THEIR OWN PORTRAITS?

[Mr. Punch herewith disclaims all intention of quoting the title of any actual book.]



"A LATTER-DAY LOTHARIO."



"THE YOUNG CHARMERS."



"MY LIFE-WORK IN THE SLUMS."



"THE WOMAN WITH A PURPLE PAST."



"THE LYRE OF LOVE."



"HALF-HOURS WITH BUNYAN."



"COURT LIFE FROM THE INSIDE."



"STAGE DEPORTMENT FOR AMATEURS."



"WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE HAS DONE FOR ME."

SEASIDE ISSUES.

"THIS summer," said Suzanne, "we must take the bull by the forelock."

"Dearest wife," I cried, "at your age you must not dream of joining in such dangerous sports. Besides I don't think the summer is quite the season for Spain."

"Who's talking about Spain? And what is this insinuation about my age? But a few short years have sped since you took me from the schoolroom——"

"Where you *would* mix up the proverbs in your copy-book. But let us get back to our starting-point; what exactly is it you meditate doing this summer—if any?"

"Taking the children to the seaside, of course; and, as I said, we must make our arrangements well in advance, otherwise we shall get left, as we did last year, and have to put up with lodgings in Margate."

"Have you any particular place in view?" I asked.

"No. But it must have a nice sandy beach for Barbara, and must not be too bracing for Baby, and there must be one or two caves dotted about, and a snug little harbour with a dear old fisherman who can take you sailing, and—oh, and we'll bask on the shore all day and watch the ripples dancing in the sun——"

"And hear the starfish calling to his mate," I extemporised.

"And we'll live a life of freedom in a corner by ourselves," she continued with a disconcerting change of metre into which I could not hope to follow her. But her words gave me an idea.

"I do believe," I said, "I know the exact spot you're pining for. To-morrow, something tells me, is Saturday. On Saturday I down tools at twelve. Meet me on the weighing-machine at Victoria Cross a quarter after noon and I will show you the place you seek."

"The man's a marvel," said Suzanne. "What frocks shall I pack for the week-end?"

"We return before nightfall," I replied.

Next day I sought Suzanne at the appointed hour and station. She had taken my words literally and was steadfastly occupying the automatic weighing machine, with her back impassively turned upon an indignant youth who was itching to gamble a penny on the chance of guessing his avoirdupois. Quietly I crept behind her and placed a coin in the slot, simultaneously pressing my foot upon the platform. Suzanne gazed with mingled horror and fascination at the mounting indicator, and at sixteen stone jumped off with a gasp on to my disengaged foot. For a few moments I could have believed that the machine had recorded the truth.

When we had both regained our composure Suzanne inquired if I had got the tickets. The moment for enlightenment had arrived.

I led her to a hoarding and placed her in front of a poster which depicted a most alluring seaside resort. The sea was of the royalest blue, the sands were a rich 22-carat; there was a cave in the left foreground, a gaily-striped tent on the right, and a tiny harbour with yacht attached in the middle distance; and, with the exception of a lady escaped from a lingerie advertisement whom vandal hands had pasted on the scene, the sole occupants of this coastal Paradise were a gentleman in over-tailored flannels, red blazer and Guards' tie who was dancing a Bacchanale with a bath-towel, a small boy who was apparently fleeing from his parent's frenzy, and a smaller girl, mostly sun-bonnet, who was nursing a jelly-fish. Beneath the picture was the legend, "You Can Let Yourself Go at Giddyville."

I looked anxiously at Suzanne as she surveyed this masterpiece.

"Well," I said at last, "isn't that the place of your dreams? It's all practically as you described it last night, and you will observe that it's by no means overcrowded."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"MY DEAR MISS MONTEITH, COULDN'T YOU GIVE US A MORE APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION? DON'T FORGET YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE STEPPING FROM THE TOP OF ONE SKY-SCRAPER TO ANOTHER, SO DO TRY AND LOOK JUST A LITTLE PEEVISH."

"But what objectionable children!" said Suzanne. "I shouldn't at all care for Barbara to mix with them; and jellyfish sting. Besides, that boat doesn't look at all safe, and the man's a bounder in every sense of the word. What's this other place?"

I was disappointed, and considered Suzanne's criticism superficial in the extreme. The next pictures showed an emerald sea and pink shore, two piers, a flock of aeroplanes, and a structure that combined the characteristic features of the Eiffel Tower and the Albert Memorial. One suspected a herd of minstrels in the distance, but here again the beach was remarkably and invitingly uncongested. A solitary barefooted maiden communing with a crustacean rather caught my fancy, but it didn't need the angle of Suzanne's nose to tell me that "Puddlesey for Pleasure" was a wash-out; frankly, it was too good to believe that all the holiday-makers but one were content to patronise either the piers or the aeroplanes or the hidden attractions of the architectural outrage, and to leave the beach so desirably vacant.

We passed over in eloquent silence a couple of lurid *affiches* which declared that "Exhampton Is So Exhilarating" (a middle-aged person in side-whiskers and a purple bathing-suit attempting to drown his unfortunate wife), and that "Rooksea Will Restore the Roses" (a fragile young woman in a deck-chair being nourished out of a box of chocolates by a sentimental ass whose attire proclaimed him a member of the local concert party). The next scene to engage our attention was much more simple in its appeal and striking in its effect. The sea was neither so blatantly blue nor so vividly green as the other seas had been; the beach was but normally sandy-hued, and there was a delicious little fellow, clad in nothing much except seaweed, who was splashing himself with great seriousness in the middle of a shining pool. Again that amazing absence of the seaside crowd; but somehow or other this picture seemed to ring true. There were no piers or other "attractions," and to souls that shunned such delights the *aura* of the place was extremely sympathetic. A single glance sufficed to determine us both.

"Quick!" said Suzanne with a catch in her breath. "What's the place called?"

Alas! where the legend should have appeared was an ugly gap. The picture had been badly torn in its most vital part, and nothing was there to reveal the identity of that magic spot where that delightfully real and really delightful baby boy had been caught by the camera of the publicity agent. Hurriedly we sought the Inquiry Bureau, but no answer could be obtained to Suzanne's incoherent questionings. We have since written to various agencies, but in vain; nor, strangely enough, in spite of much searching, have we ever seen the poster exhibited anywhere else.

Suzanne, however, who has not given up her sanguine interest in the sport of bull-baiting, is still intent on taking time by the horns and getting in before the rush. She has just compiled a list of "likely" places (selected for the most part because she likes the sound of their names), to which we are apparently to pay week-end visits of exploration. I have calculated that long before we come to the end of these expeditions the summer—if any—will be over. Whether we shall ever find the land of our hearts' desire is, as the bull himself said, a toss-up.



Shopman. "AMMONIA? AY, I HAE AMMONIA, BUT THE STOPPER'S OOT AN' THE GUIDNESS GANE."

Customer. "WELL, HAVE YOU BENZINE?"

Shopman. "BENZINE? AY, I HAE BENZINE, BUT THE STOPPER'S IN AN' I CANNA GET IT OOT."

No More "Feed the Brute."

"The speaker advised the women not to go in for pastry politics, but to be good suffragettes, working only for the benefit of their sex."—*South African Paper.*

"It is now announced that the America Cup defender, as well as the challenger, will be steered by an amateur helmsman, Mr. Charles Adams, of Boston, having undertaken the duty."—*Provincial Paper.*

We congratulate Mr. ADAMS on his impartiality.



THE BULLDOG BREED.

Sportsman (whose opponent has just achieved the hole in one). "THIS FOR A HALF!"

A SPRING SONG.

[A daily paper states that very few housewives will be able to indulge in the luxury of Spring-cleaning this year owing to the enormous increase in the cost of materials and labour.]

Sing!
I will make me a song about Spring;
I will write with delight of the brightness in store;
I will sing of a Spring never dreamed of before,
A Spring with a new and more beautiful meaning,
A season of reason, a Spring without cleaning,
A Spring without painters, a Spring without pain,
A Spring that for once will not drive me insane.
I lift up my voice and rejoice at this thing,
This excellent Spring.

Di
Will in all probability cry;
She will rave at the news and refuse with disgust;
She will say that she *must* have a thrust at the dust;
But I know what I 'm saying,
We 've got to go slow;
We *can't* go on paying—
Spring-cleaning must go.
It 's the knell of the mop and the doom of the broom;
We cannot afford to do even one room;
If she wants her own way I shall say with a frown,
"It 's too dear, and I fear, until prices come down,
We must try and deny ourselves this little thing."
Magnificent Spring!

I 'm
Going to have a delectable time;
Though in previous years I 've been hustled about,
And they 've driven me mad till I had to go out,
Without flurry or worry this year I shall stay
And know just where to look for my book ev'ry day;
It 's the finest of schemes;
It 's a blessing, a miracle;
Spring of my dreams,
I can't *help* growing lyrical
Over this quite unbelievable thing—
Glorious Spring!

This
Is a song of unqualified bliss;
I have never sung quite such a song in my life;
I have nothing but jeers for the tears of my wife;
She may moan, she may groan, she may weep and grow wild,
But the Spring shall remain undisturbed, undefiled,
Spring with a new and more beautiful meaning,
Spring as it ought to be, Spring without cleaning;
Halcyon days!
Oh, let us raise
Shouts of thanksgiving and pæans of praise.
Join me, O men. Round the world let it ring—
Exquisite Spring!

"The Town Clerk said that Kilkenny coal, or coal raised elsewhere in Ireland, was uncontrollable."—*Irish Paper.*

Like most other things in that country.

"CUSTOMERS IN LONDON.—Hardly creditable, yet true; we satisfy them; let us satisfy you. —— Laundry."—*Scotch Paper.*

On the contrary, we think it most creditable.



OCCASIONAL COMRADES.

Mr. Asquith. "AS I WAS SAYING THE OTHER DAY, 'THERE ARE MANY ROADS WE CAN TRAVEL SIDE BY SIDE.' THIS IS ONE OF THEM."

Labour. "AH! AND AS YOU WERE ALSO SAYING ON VARIOUS OTHER OCCASIONS—'WAIT AND SEE.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 22nd.—As if the condition of Ireland were not bad enough, Mr. Clem Edwards sought to make our flesh creep by asking whether the Government had information that risings had been planned for Easter Monday, not only in that country but in Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow as well. The Prime Minister declined to answer the question, and was manifestly relieved when Mr. Jack Jones, with great tact, changed the subject by asking if a white blackbird had been caught that morning on Hackney Marshes.

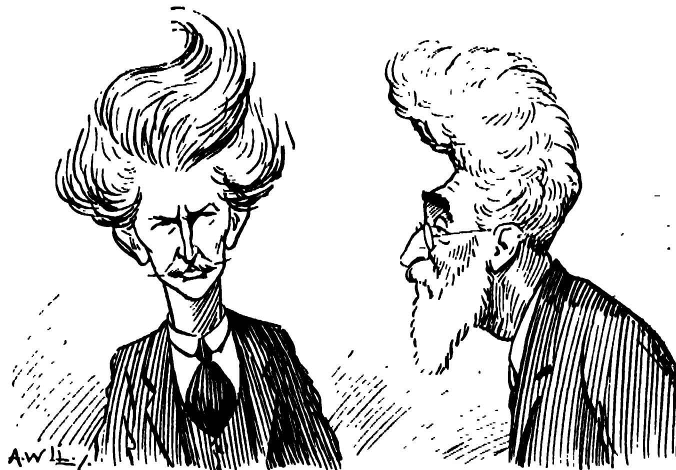
Lord Winterton and the other "Young Turks" were again inquisitive about the suppressed report of the alleged Greek outrages at Smyrna, until Mr. Lloyd George put an end to the catechism with the remark that "even Christians are entitled to a fair trial."

Chafing under the accusation that the trade unions are largely responsible for preventing ex-Service men from obtaining employment the Labour Party pressed the Prime Minister to produce his evidence. To-day they got it, in stacks. All the unions, in principle, are in favour of training disabled men, but in practice most of them require that a workman shall have worked at his craft for from three to six years before being admitted to their ranks. "You have fought for us, but you shall not work with us" is their attitude.

On the Army Estimates Sir Samuel Scott pleaded for the formation of an Imperial General Staff. Even in peace-time there were plenty of problems to be solved. We should never be really at peace, moreover, so long as there were tribes on our frontiers who looked upon war as an amusement and a pastime, "as hon. Members look upon golf." Surely this is to underestimate the devotion of our earnest golfers. Judging by the condition of the links on Sunday I should say some of them look upon it as a religion.

Mr. Neil Maclean pretended not to understand why we wanted an army at all. Was not the last war "a war to end war"? But his main point—in which he will be surprised to find many quite respectable people agreeing with him—is that it should not be officered from one class. Mr. Maclean is not so revolutionary as he thinks himself. The most insurgent thing about him is his hair, and even that is not more rebellious than Mr. Dan Irving's.

Tuesday, March 23rd.—Lord Peel was evidently surprised at the amount of opposition encountered by the Silver Coinage Bill. Having a specimen of the new shilling in his pocket he himself was feeling particularly bobbish, and could not understand the gloomy vaticinations of Lord Buckmaster and Lord Salisbury as to what might happen in West Africa and elsewhere if we depreciated our currency. But his usual self-confidence so far deserted him that he confessed that he could not "answer for the whole of the British Empire at a moment's notice."



It is understood that Mr. Neil Maclean and Mr. Dan Irving have decided to boycott the hair-cutting industry pending its nationalisation.

The Lord Chancellor refused to accept Lord Balfour of Burleigh's proposal to abolish the D.O.R.A. regulation forbidding the sale of confectionery in theatres, on the ground that it would be unfair to the ordinary shops to allow this competition, and that the business of the theatre was to supply drama not chocolate. Lord Balfour was unconvinced. His imagination boggled at the thought of a Scotsman, at any rate, paying for a seat in a theatre in order to purchase a shilling's-worth of "sweeties."

The House of Commons has a childlike sense of humour. There is nothing that it enjoys more than to have a Minister struggling with the pronunciation of some outlandish placename. When, therefore, Mr. Illingworth, posed with the deficiencies of the mail service to Bryngwran and Gwalchmai, made a gallant but ineffectual effort to get over the first obstacle and evaded the second by calling it "the other place," Members roared with delighted laughter.

In the further debate on the Army Estimates a good deal was said about the unfortunate events in Ireland. Mr. T. P. O'Connor had the grace to withdraw some of the unfortunate insinuations against the conduct of the British soldiers into which he had been betrayed the day before, but Messrs. Kenworthy and Malone repeated them with additions of their own, and incurred thereby a castigation from Mr. Churchill which the House cordially approved.

The Coal Mines (Emergency) Bill was read a third time. On behalf of the Labour Party, Mr. Adamson declared that the profits of the coal industry must be "pooled"—a proposition which would command general approval if there seemed any likelihood that consumers would receive a share of the pool.

Wednesday, March 24th.—Since Disraeli startled a scientific meeting by declaring himself to be "on the side of the angels" there has been no more remarkable piece of self-revelation than Lord Birkenhead's defence of the Matrimonial Causes Bill. It was not so much his wealth of



The Addison Bird. "Beautiful spring weather, John."
John Bullfinch. "Yes, my dear. But you don't seriously mean to start building—what?"

ecclesiastical lore or the impassioned appeal that he made for the victims of the present divorce law that impressed the Peers as the high line that he took in condemning the opponents of the measure. He as good as told the occupants of the Episcopal Bench that their view of marriage was lacking in spirituality. The Archbishop of Canterbury was so dumbfounded by the accusation that he meekly confessed himself unable to follow the Lord Chancellor's religious arguments. Lord Salisbury displayed more pugnacity in a reassertion of views that had been described as "mediæval superstition." But the Peers preferred the Use of Birkenhead to the Use of Sarum, and gave the Bill a Second Reading by a two-to-one majority.

In the course of the debate Lord Buckmaster expressed his regret that so effective an orator as the Archbishop of York should have deserted the Law for the Church. After this afternoon's display I could not help wondering what would have happened if "F. E.'s" call had been to the Church instead of the Bar, and whether a shovel-hat would not have suited him even better than a wig.

Members who display a friendly interest in the revival of German trade were gratified to learn that the clock-manufacturers, at any rate, are taking time by the forelock and are already sending their goods to this country. So far are they, moreover, from cherishing animosity or desiring to magnify the Fatherland that they modestly label them "Westminster Chimes." It is pleasant to record that the Board of Trade, exhibiting the same spirit of self-abnegation, has insisted on substituting the time-honoured inscription, "Made in Germany."

It is a mistake to suppose that there are no limits to the ambition of the Geddes family. "I never wanted air-transport," said Sir Eric this afternoon, and later on he expressly disclaimed the megalomania which had been attributed to him "by those best able to diagnose the disease." He is certainly coming on as a Parliamentary speaker, and gave an informing and, on the whole, hopeful account of the work of the railways in promoting reconstruction.

Thursday, March 25th.—The Prime Minister was rather husky this afternoon. He had been having a strenuous time with the miners and possibly some of the coal-dust had got into his throat. But his spirit is unabated, and he flatly refused to withdraw his charge that the trade unions, by refusing to modify their regulations, are holding up the building industry.

In connection with the proposal to raise the Tube fares, Mr. Will Thorne inquired whether this would not mean an increase of two pounds a week in the expenditure of some families, and, on the figure being challenged, said that it was quite correct, for one of the families was his own. Members entered into rapid calculations on their Order Papers with the view of discovering how many olive-branches had sprung from this Thorne.



The Postmaster-General, Mr. Illingworth (after some unsuccessful attempts to ring up the Prime Minister for particulars about the pronunciation of Gwalchmai). "Ah well, if I can't get on to David within the next half-hour I must content myself with calling it 'the other place.'" [*Does so.*]

After Mr. Asquith's "prave 'orts" at the National Liberal Club the mildness of his criticism upon the Government's foreign policy sadly disappointed his more ardent supporters. His only concrete suggestion was that we should surrender our mandate for Mesopotamia and retire to the coast, and this did not meet with much approval.



THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF BIRKENHEAD.

THE INDIARUBBER BLOKE.

The train ran into Victoria Station and pandemonium.

A struggling mass of people trying to get out, another mass trying to get in; everybody pushing and muttering, grunting and groaning; and above all the howling of the Specially Selected Band of Hustlers in their now famous and unpopular performance:—

"'Urry up off the car, please. Wait till they're all off. Move right down the centre, please. Wot are you doin' there? Come orf it if you're comin' orf. Get a move on, please. 'Urry up on board. Come on there. Right behind."

A siren shrilled and we were moving again.

"Can't you set the kid down, Mother?" said a voice. "You can't carry her like that. Be quiet, 'Enry, will you."

I managed to struggle out of my seat.

"Thank you, Sir," said the man. "Sit down, Em'ly. That's better. Now you can 'old the kid. Shut up, 'Enry, will you?"

I looked for Henry and found him wedged in a forest of legs.

"I think he's afraid of being trodden on," I said.

We managed, with some effort, to extract the child and make him a little more comfortable. His father turned with a sigh of relief to me.

"Awful business travellin' with kids nowadays, ain't it?" he said.

"I can quite believe it," I said.

"Bad enough anywhere," he went on, "but on this line—well—and they stick up placards tellin' you to be patient. Patient! With a wife and two kids, and them young jackanapes at Victoria a-howling at you all the time. If there's one thing I 'ate it's bein' 'ustled." He laughed resentfully. "'Come on, get a move on.' 'Jump to it!' Shoutin' and howlin' till you don't know whether you're gettin' on or gettin' orf. Anybody 'd think we was a lot of blinkin' animals."

Something clicked inside my head (I hesitate to suggest what) and the carriage and the swaying people went out of focus.

* * * * *

There was a little squad of soldiers piling arms.

"Stand clear," said the subaltern in charge.

"Stand at—ease. Stand easy. Carry on, Sergeant."

The P.T. Instructor came forward.

"Now, lads," he said briskly, "take off your equipment and your tunics



Old Gentleman. "IS THAT YOUR BABY?" *Little Girl.* "NO, SIR, IT AIN'T OURN. WE AIN'T 'AD NONE SINCE ME."

and puttees and roll up your sleeves. And while you 're doin' it listen to your Uncle Brown, who 's goin' to give things away.

"I 'aven't took any of you lads before—(come along there, my son; we ain't syncopatin' the movements)—but I 'm told you 're all B.E.F. men. Well then, I expect you think you know something. So you do. You know what a Jerry looks like and what a Whizzbang sounds like. But that ain't much. You don't know me. 'Ave a good look at me. You 'll 'ear what I *sound* like in a minute."

He paused for effect and breath.

"Now you 'ave 'ad a look at me you 'll know me. Not the Apollo Belgravia, but just plain Brown—Mrs. Brown's old man—that 's me; and thank 'Eaven it 's 'im you 've got to deal with and not Mr. Brown's old woman. Now we 'll get to work, lads, and 'ustle 's the word."

He moved away a few paces.

"When I say 'Round me nip,'" he shouted, "I want to see a cloud of dust and a livin' statue. Round me—NIP!"

There was boxing.

"'It 'im," yelled Brown; "you ain't doin' a foxtrot! Bite 'is ear orf! Make 'is nose bleed!"

Their noses bled.

There were bayonet charges on stuffed sacks.

"Kick 'em," roared Brown, leaping round like a dervish; "make faces at 'em! I want to see ye getting uglier every minute."

They grew uglier.

Half-an-hour later the squad, limp and perspiring, lay down for a rest.

"Well, you 've not done too bad," said Brown; "you 're all breathin', anyway. Get dressed now, and don't be 'alf-an-hour at it. Don't forget, my lads, 'ustle 's the word what makes such men as me—and you too by the time I 've finished with you. I 'll make it a bit stiffer to-morrow."

H strolled off.

A voice arose from the squad:—

"Anybody 'd think we was a lot of blinkin' animals."

* * * * *

I came back suddenly to the carriage and the crush.

"So you 've altered your ideas about hustling?" I said.

"Altered them? Why?"

"Well," I said, "I can remember a day when Mrs. Brown's old man——"

"Why, Sir, you mean to say——"

"I do," I said.

And after a time:—

"Well, good-bye, Sergeant. Awfully glad to have seen you again, and to know you don't like being hustled any more than we did."

He laughed.

"One for you, Sir," he said. "But after all you was carrying a rifle, not a bloomin' baby."

A Cool Reception.

"VISIT OF 10 WESLEYAN MINISTERS.
—— Wesleyan Church.
'Is happiness possible to-day?'"
Provincial Paper.

"Nursery Governess to go to Jamaica early May; two boys ages seven and four; one able to give first lessons and music."—*Times.*

Then why can't he teach the other?

"A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.
Exceptional Purchase of —— Cigars. Weight about 1¼ lbs. Length 5 inches."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

But only suitable, we should imagine, for very heavy smokers.

"Ex-Government Bedside Tables, make Boat Cupboards, Safes, Bookcases, Washstands, etc., not large enough to live in."
Provincial Paper.

Not a solution of the housing problem after all.



Head of the House. "DON'T THINK I'M COMPLAINING, EMMA. I KNOW I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY NEW CLOTHES, AND DON'T IN THE LEAST OBJECT TO HAVING WILFRID'S TROUSERS CUT DOWN TO FIT ME; BUT THE BAG OF THE KNEE MAKES THEM FALL SO AWKWARD AT THE ANKLE."

SCREEN *v.* STAGE.

[According to Mr. W. G. FAULKNER, who has recently interviewed CHARLIE CHAPLIN at Los Angeles, the great film comedian chiefly reads serious books on philosophy and social problems, being specially interested in the prices of food and clothing. Romantic novels have no attraction for him, and it is nonsense to say that he ever hoped to play *Hamlet*, for "he does not like Shakespeare, whose works neither entertain nor interest him."]

THERE is bitter grief at Stratford, on the silver Avon's marge,
Where the cult of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is extremely fine and large,
For across the broad Atlantic comes the petrifying news
That the greatest film comedian does not care for WILLIAM'S Muse.

Serious problems—economics and the price of margarine—
Occupy the hours of leisure that he snatches from the screen;
But the works of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE he dismisses as inane,
And he harbours no ambition to enact the princely Dane.

This momentous revelation, little birds reveal to me,
Has produced a spasm of anguish in the heart of SIDNEY LEE:
Wails arise from HENRY AINLEY, BENSON, LANG and MOSCOVITCH,
Though so far no word of protest emanates from LITTLE TICH.

Still, by way of compensation for this ruthless turning down
Of the chief Elizabethan by a neo-Georgian clown,
'Tis averred that STOLL (Sir OSWALD), in a life of storm and stress,
Finds distraction from his labours in the works of WILLIAM S.

In this context I may notice that the "consequential" KEYNES
From an economic survey of the cinema abstains;
But this curious lacuna does not prove that he has missed
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S true importance as a sociologist.

All the same, good Viscount MORLEY is, we are prepared to state,
Unaware of the existence of the peerless HARRY TATE;
And the name of MARY PICKFORD doesn't palpably convey
Any sort of connotation to the mind of Viscount GREY.

This is much to be regretted, but I'm not without the hope
That our publicists and statesmen may enlarge their mental scope
By frequenting entertainments where the pleased spectators rock
At the antics of GEORGE ROBEY or the drolleries of GROCK.

So, conversely, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in a later, mellower phase,
May attain to the enjoyment of Elizabethan plays,
And, when economic problems on his jaded palate pall,
Recognise that there is something in our WILLIAM after all.

Extract from a lover's letter, read recently in court:—

"I see those self-same eyes, which are my own love's, looking at each other with all that tenderness with which they once looked into mine."—*Provincial Paper.*

It would appear that the object of his affections suffered from some obliquity of vision.

OUR "DUMB" PETS BUREAU.

AS ONE OF FAMILY—CAT (lady), elderly; would give slight services (mousing, etc.) in return for comfortable home. No dogs. Highest refs. Strictest confidence.

PARROT seeks sit. with refined conversationalists. Eighty years in last place. Cause of leaving, death of owner.

RABBIT.—Quiet, domesticated, with family of nine, wishes to find home with vegetarians. Sleep out.

DOG, young, seeks home in cheerful family. Well-bred society. Children not objected to. Liberal table and good outings necessary.

PONY, no longer young, quiet tastes, is seeking post with family where motor is kept.

SOW, eleven encumbrances, wishes to board with Jewish family. Liberal table.

LONELY goldfish would like to meet with another similarly situated. View to partnership.

DONKEY, at present in seaside town, wishes post inland during holiday months. Suitable for bed ridden invalid.

CANARY, powerful notes, enthusiastic singer, seeks board-residence with musical family.

HOMES FROM HOME.—CUCKOOS coming England in April desire addresses of well-appointed nests for depositing eggs. Personally investigated.

AU PAIR.—ROBIN, having maisonette larger than he requires (flower-pot), would like to find another to share it.

COCKEREL, early riser, smart, good appearance, seeks sit. in country house. Preference for one with home-farm immediately adjacent.

PET LAMB, the property of butcher's daughter, desires home with humane gentlewomen.

SPANIEL, field, rather stout but pleasing appearance, is giving up country pursuits owing to difference with gamekeeper. Would join lady in carriage drives and meals.

PEKINESE, noble birth, would go as companion in Ducal family living in good neighbourhood. Carriage. No knowledge of Chinese required.



"I'M LOOKING FOR MY MOTHER. HAS SHE BEEN IN HERE? I KNOW SHE WENT TO BUY A CHICKEN, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE HER CHICKEN BUTCHER."

"EXPORT SECTION.
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES AND OTHER PROBLEMS."
Canadian Gazette.

But we understand that the late President of the Board of Trade is no longer a problem. The last thing he did before leaving office was to issue a licence for his own exportation.

The Soldier Ants of New Zealand.

"Details of the distribution of the payments to soldiers' wives in lieu of separation allowances have not yet been finally approved, but the amount is to be made up to 8s. a day. Sir James Allen told a Post reporter this morning, in reply ants and 2nd lieutenants would share in the distribution."
New Zealand Paper.

"The Defence Minister was asked by Mr. G. Witty if he would extend the payment of gratuities on behalf of deceased soldiers to sisters and cousins when the soldier had made a will to that effect."—*Same paper, later.*

The reason why Mr. WITTY's solicitude was limited to the sisters and cousins evidently was that the ants had been already provided for.

"Sir Oliver's personality is like that of one of the prophets of old. Venerable, white of beard and what scanty locks of hair remain, a dome-like head, over six feet in height."
Boston Herald.

This must be the result of the American atmosphere, as we are quite certain that the last time we saw Sir OLIVER his head was not an inch over three feet in height.

DEMOBBED.

India, 1920.

"I'm goin' home," said Hennessey, "for I've been East too long;
I want the English hedges an' fields an' the English thrush's song,
An' the honest English faces an' never nobody black;
It's home for mine," said Hennessey, "so it's down your tents and pack.
It'll pass out here
For a month or a year,
But not for a lifetime—no dam fear.
I want my folks," said Hennessey, "an' I'm jolly well goin' back."
But *I* said, "Home's gone different an' I've somehow lost the touch,
An' nobody's written for fifty years, so *they're* not worryin' much;
An' I like it here; I love it." Says Hennessey, "Well, I'm shot!
Would ye die an' be buried in India?" "Well, Natty," says I, "why not?"

"East Africa, then," said Hennessey; "it's a promisin' place is that—
Money to make an' jobs galore, easy an' rich an' fat;
An' think of the ridin' an' shootin' an' the camp an' the trekkin' too;
You've no ties," said Hennessey; "it's the place for a chap like you.
There's a grand career
For a pioneer,
Which is more than ever you'll see out here.
East Africa's it," said Hennessey, "if the half they say is true."
But *I* said, "Blow East Africa an' slavin' yourself all day;
I'm an idle man—bone idle—with a little bit saved away,
An' I like them palm-tree beaches an' the warm blue sunlit sea;
East India, yes, an' welcome, but East Africa - no, not me."

"Well, Palestine," said Hennessey; but I cut him short and sweet,
An' "Natty," I said, "I've heard it all an' I don't want to repeat—
Jerusalem or Mombasa, Tahiti or Timbuctoo,
Or careers an' pioneerin' an' the rest of it all— nah poo!
It's no good, Nat,
For I tell you flat
I've cottoned to India an' that's just that;
Bus hogeya; all done—finish; I'm here till the trees turn blue,
For I love them early mornings, shiny an' clear an' grey,
An' I love the cool o' the evening when the temple drummers play,
An' the long, long, lazy afternoons, when the whole creation sleeps—
Quit it? Old man, I couldn't; I'm India's now for keeps.

"So Hennessey, you go home," I says, "an' see to the wife an' kid."
"You'll follow me there one day," says he, an' I says, "Heaven forbid!
I'll just be goin' about an' about an' keepin' an open mind
An' sometimes doin' a job o' work, but not if I'm not inclined;
An' I won't care
If I'm here or there,
Jungle or forest or feast or fair;
I'll take it all as it comes along, as the Maker o' things designed;
I'll tramp it North to the Kashmir hills an' South to the Nilgiris;
I'll find my friends as I find my fun—and that's where I dam well please;
An' never no *saman* or houses or taxes or servants to send things wrong."
"It wouldn't suit me," said Hennessey. "It wouldn't," says I. "So long!"

THE ACTRESS.

You are doubtless aware that in the successful musical comedy, *The Girl of Forty-Seven*, there is a scene in which Miss Verbena Vaine, as *Clementina*, the horse-dealer's beautiful daughter, denounces the disreputable old veterinary surgeon, *Binnett*, so whimsically played by that ripe comedian, Mr. Sid Apps.

On my first visit to the play many weeks ago an incident occurred which both enhanced Mr. Apps's reputation for spontaneous humour and highly diverted the audience.

It will be remembered that at the climax of her outburst, *Clementina*, with eyes ablaze and voice vibrating with passion, hisses, "Loathsome scoundrel, how I detest and despise you!" On the evening to which I refer a mock-submissive look came into Apps's face when these words were spoken, and he interrupted gently, "Not too much soda, Verbena," glancing with mischievous curiosity to see how she would take his humorous comment upon her emphatic utterance of this line of many sibilants.

The audience was greatly delighted by this effect. Miss Vaine failed completely to maintain the *rôle* of the indignant beauty and turned her back to the footlights to hide her face, though her laughter was betrayed by the shaking of her handsome shoulders. There was a pause of some moments before she resumed, "My father shall know of this," and so forth.

Last week, when Doris, my niece, chose that I should take her to see *The Girl of Forty-Seven*, I was not unwilling again to enjoy Apps's humour. I listened with especial care as we approached the scene in the play to which I have referred. Perhaps he would employ some still more successful gag. At last came *Clementina's* outburst. "Loathsome scoundrel, how I detest and despise you!" she exclaimed with vehemence. "Not too much soda, Verbena," replied the comedian gently, with a mischievous glance of curiosity. The actress gave a look of amazement, then quickly turned her back to the audience, where she stood for some moments with her face in her hands and her shoulders shaking, the audience laughing aloud with delight. The action of the play was delayed for some moments before Miss Verbena Vaine resumed her part.

Another Sinecure.

"Wanted, Housemaid, £45, for three in family, three maids; no children; good room; all time off usual."—*Morning Paper.*

The Domestic Problem.

"——'s Registry have ladies waiting here daily, 2 to 4.30, for all kinds of maids (with or without experience)."—*Scotch Paper.*

We don't doubt it for a moment.

"Councillor ——: Can we afford to allow the town to be in real jeopardy every hour?

The Chairman (to the Brigade Captain): Did you have to take the horses away from a funeral the other day, when there was a call?

Brigade Captain: We had to wait until the funeral party got back."

Local Paper.

"Where are the gees of the Old Brigade?"
"Gone to a funeral, Sir," she said.



HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

Voice from the Crowd (to sportsman whose horse has refused the brook). "NOW THEN, GUVNOR, WHAT YER AFRAID OF? SPOILING THE FISHING?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

COUNTLESS readers, fusionists and others, will be glad to have Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's sparkling abstract of the more romantic passages in the life of *The Prime Minister* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The first half of the book describes the upbringing and early battles of this man of peace, Rose Cottage at Llanystumdwy with "Uncle Lloyd"—there is a touching picture of the courage, wisdom and unselfishness of this grand old man—the little attorney's office at Portmadoc, squire- and parson-baiting *passim*, capture of Carnarvon Boroughs, guerilla tactics in the House, suspension, recognition, pacifism, office, original budgeting, Limehousing (very reticently indicated), social reform. Then War and the supreme opportunity for the energy, persuasiveness, adroitness and determination which must extort even from opponents the tribute of admiration. Not a dull page; occasionally an obscure one. None of your cold and calculated criticism for Mr. SPENDER. Have idols clay feet? Well, not this one, thank you. And it is an attitude which enables him to convey to the reader something of the irresistible personal magnetism of his distinguished friend, and the courage which delights in riding the storm and is at its best in the tight corner (one might suspect the PREMIER of holding the view that if there were no tight corners it would be necessary to invent them). The summary of the War period is admirably done. The history of events leading to the formation of the second Coalition Government—and the third—is again tactfully presented. It would be unreasonable to suppose that all of Mr. SPENDER's verdicts and estimates will be unchallenged by historians. But it is unlikely that the PREMIER will find a more competent hagiographer.

A story that so far violates the conventions as to start with a mother whose moral instability is a worry to her children, and a hero who longs to be a practical builder despite a parental command to follow art—such a tale can at least claim the merit of originality. Mr. J. D. BERESFORD would be fully justified in claiming this and much more for *An Imperfect Mother* (COLLINS). Here is an interesting, fascinating and certainly unusual story, in which only two characters are of any real moment, *Cecilia*, the imperfect mother, embodiment of the artist temperament, egotistical almost to inhumanity, who abandons her dull husband and boring daughters to "live her own life"; and *Stephen*, the son, who alone can give her a half-sympathetic, half-resentful understanding. You see already the cleverness of Mr. BERESFORD's conception. Really, it is just this that works (at least for me) its undoing. His characters are fashioned with the nicest ingenuity; the positions into which he so dextrously manipulates them compel your interest and delighted wonder; but never once do they touch your emotions, and never once can you see them as anything but the creations of a highly talented brain. This is the more strange because Mr. BERESFORD's people are as a rule so convincingly real. Perhaps to some degree the effect of artifice is due to the author's exclusive preoccupation with his central character. *Cecilia's* husband her daughters, the home of her early married life, are shown to us only by the light of her flashing personality; this with-

drawn, they simply cease to exist. On the whole, therefore, I should call *An Imperfect Mother* a highly entertaining example of pure intellect, admirable but uninspired, which for my own part I enjoyed amazingly.

Though "E. H. Anstruther" (Mrs. J. C. Squire) has called her latest story *The Husband* (Lane) one can hardly resist the feeling that this is rather a generous description of the central character, who indulged in so much philandering with one person or another that it is difficult to regard him as more than a husband in, so to speak, his spare time. *Richard Dennithorne*, I must believe, was a "ladies' man" in two senses, since he is undeniably a very womanly conception of the all-conquering male, with indeed more than a little of *Mr. Rochester* in his composition. The story tells how *Penelope*, the heroine, comes to live with her adopted aunt *Margery*, of whom *Richard* was the spouse (intermittent); how *Richard*, at the moment absent upon amorous affairs, returned, and so fascinated *Penelope* with his masterful ways that she fled to London; how, almost immediately after, she stultified her precautions, but saved the plot, by becoming *Richard's* secretary at his office in that city; and how, finally, poor *Margery* (who throughout monopolised my sympathy), having generously expired, *Penelope* and the ex-husband fell into each other's arms. Of course there is a lot more than this really, so don't think that I have spoilt the fun for you. As for the quality of the tale, this, I fancy, may be better appreciated by women than men, since, as I have hinted, its outlook is so essentially feminine. Mrs. Squire writes with sincerity and brings her characters to life. She needs, however, to remember that words unwatched are dangerous. Such slipshod phrasing as "*young* muscular *youth*" must grieve the judicious, while the effect of the sentimental interview on p. 99 was simply ruined for me through the unfortunate suggestion conveyed by "her blood rose *in a boil* to her face." The italics are mine, but the proof-reading is (or should have been) the author's.



UNRECORDED HISTORICAL SCENE.—ROMULUS HEARS FROM HIS CONTRACTOR THAT ROME CANNOT BE BUILT IN A DAY.

Miser's Money (Heinemann) brings Mr. Eden Phillpotts back to Devonshire, and I wave my little flag to welcome him. Of late he has sometimes been a shade too didactic for my liking, but here he gives us yet another plain tale of his beloved moor, and he is instructive only in showing the danger of too much money—a danger at which most of us can in these days afford to smile. The *Mortimers* were, one would have supposed, a clan unlikely to be moved from their native soil by anything less convulsive than an earthquake. But money did it. One of them was a miser, and when he died—after a terrific gorge at his brother's expense—he left trouble behind him. Some of his relations wanted more of his money than was good for their souls, and one of them (actually) fought shy of receiving her proper share. Altogether a pretty tangle, which was not unravelled until the *Mortimers* had resolved to try new pastures. True, they did not go very far, but the disturbing influence of money is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that it induced such deeply-rooted folk to move at all. If the theme of this story is a little sordid it is relieved by its treatment from any reproach, and faithful followers of the Phillpotts' trail will enjoy every word of it.

All that we ever hoped—some day, when the War was over—to hear about those most fascinating mysteries, the Tanks, has been put together by Major C. and Mr. A. Williams-Ellis, under the title *The Tank Corps* (*Country Life* Offices). Here are genuine uncamouflaged pictures of all kinds of tanks, with detailed maps and descriptions showing their operations, as well as stories not only of those that walked in orthodox fashion through enemy villages "with the British army cheering behind," but of others that disappeared entire in mud, or drove themselves unaided back to our lines when too full of gas to be occupied, or scrunched up batteries of field-guns, or cruised alone for hours, like the famous one called Musical Box, among the enemy's communications, or crossed vast trenches over bundles of faggots carried upon their backs. Every boy of the right kind who inherits the proper zeal for mechanisms will certainly find in this book the most absorbing of yarns. Not that the subject is treated in the least lightly or frivolously, but, since the barest truth is here incredible romance, the authors, soberly collecting materials from despatches, diaries and so on, as well as drawing on their own obvious first-hand knowledge, have achieved a fairy-tale of mechanics. That the crews were no less wonderful than their machines we knew before, but the writers' modest yet illuminating account of the difficulties under which they worked is none the less welcome.

If you decide to go on *Circuits* (Methuen) with Mr. Philip Camborne you will find him an interesting and informing companion. His hero and heroine are a Wesleyan minister and his wife, so completely out of tune with the usual heroes of contemporary fiction that they are actually shameless enough to be in love with one another from the first page to the last. Though he shows a remarkable insight into the lives of Wesleyan ministers, Mr. Camborne declines the popular methods of sectarian fiction and refrains from any attempt to proselytize. Instead we are simply given a clear and often amusing account of what *Mark Frazer* had to put up with in his wanderings from circuit to circuit. Mr. Camborne is modern in confining himself to the history of a single family, but in outlook he belongs to a past century. And I mean that for a compliment.

Motto for the Wee Frees when attempting to conciliate the Labour Party: Lib. and let Lab.

CHARIVARIA.

"Do the British people," asks Mr. Blatchford, "understand the nature of the monster modern military science has created?" We hope to hear later what name Mr. Winston Churchill has found for Mr. Blatchford.

* * *

Agitation for a Federal Divorce Law is being revived in the United States. It appears that there are still some backward States where the expenses of a divorce suit mount up to something like ten dollars and the parties often have to wait as long as three weeks before the knot is untied.

* * *

"It has now been decided definitely," says *The Daily Express*, "that Sir Auckland Geddes will leave England on April 10th." This disposes finally of the rumour that he intended taking it with him.

* * *

The natives of the Andaman Islands average about seventy pounds each in weight. They are so short in stature that their feet only just reach the ground in time.

* * *

M. Loucheur suggests that France should build houses similar to those which are not being built in England.

* * *

"Sergeant R. Pernotte," says a student of human endeavour, "last week punched a ball for fifty hours without a break." It is presumed that the ball must have done something to annoy him.

* * *

Thirty thousand years ago, says a weekly journal, the seas around England were at a higher level than at present. It is difficult to know what can be done about it, but it is just as well that the matter should be mentioned.

* * *

According to Mr. M. T. Simm, M.P., there are many wayside inns of a passable nature. The trouble, of course, is that so many people have a difficulty in passing them.

* * *

We understand that Mr. Justice ——'s question, "Who is Mr. Lloyd George?" has been postponed to a date to be fixed later.

* * *

A trade journal advertises a new calculating machine which will total up stupendous figures without any human help at all. A correspondent writes to say that in his house he has the identical gas meter which gave the inventor his idea.

* * *

The contemporary which refers to the discovery of a gold ring inside a codfish as extraordinary evidently cannot be aware that many profiteers who go in for fishing are nowadays using such articles as bait.

* * *

A purse containing nearly a hundred pounds in treasury notes, picked up by a policeman in South Wales, has not yet been claimed. It is now thought probable that a local miner may have dropped his week's wages whilst entering his car and that his secretary has not yet called his attention to the deficit.

* * *

"The way some newsboys dodge in and out of the moving traffic is most dangerous and a serious accident is sure to result before very long," complains a writer in an evening paper. For ourselves we cannot but admire this attempt on the boys' part to make history while in the act of selling it.

* * *

We learn from an evening paper that a large woollen warehouse in London was completely destroyed by fire the other day. We cannot understand why some people use such inflammable material for building purposes.

* * *

An old pleasure-boat proprietor at Yarmouth has stated in an interview that, although all his skiffs and dinghies are ten to fifteen years old, they are much more trustworthy than those being built at the present time. We await, fearfully, the comments of Lord Fisher.

* * *

Dutch wasps, says a news item, are very much like British. Only the finished expert can tell the difference on being stung.

* * *

It is said that the Dutch are the most religious race of to-day. Of course it is well known that the Chinese pray more than the Dutch, but then nobody understands what they are saying.

* * *

The Ascot Fire Brigade went on strike last week and several important fires had to be postponed at the last moment.

* * *



UNLIKELY SCENE AT A LABOUR EXCHANGE: OUT-OF-WORK POET PASSING THE INSPIRATION TEST BEFORE A SUPERVISING OFFICIAL OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Bolsheviks, it appears, may not, after all, be as black as they are painted. It is reported that Trotsky has caused one of his Chinese guards to be executed for calling another an Irishman.

* * *

Senator Borah recently informed the American Press that the Presidential election campaign was becoming a Saturnalia of public corruption. In one flagrant case it appears that a man who was given the money to buy ten dollars' worth of Irish Republic went and bought a box of cigars instead.

* * *

"To keep cats off the seed beds," says *Home Chat*, "bury a small bottle up to the neck and fill it with liquid ammonia." The old practice of burying the cat up to the neck in the seed bedding and keeping the ammonia for subsequent use is considered obsolete.

* * *

During the past year in London 2,886 persons were knocked down by horsed vehicles, as compared with 8,388 who were knocked down by motor vehicles. The popularity of the latter, it seems, is still unchallenged.

* * *

A weekly paper has an article on "Bad Manners Among Fish." We have ourselves noticed a tendency to ignore the old adage that fish, like little children, should be seen and not heard.

"Young lady requires daily work as Cook-general; work not objected to"

Provincial Paper.

Very obliging of her.

POSSESSION.

The dear old home has been let to strangers. An interloper occupies the messuage. A foreign master controls the demesne.

To-day especially, when as I write the air is balmy and the skies are blue, it is agonising to feel that our own spring rhubarb is growing crimson only to be toyed with by alien lips, and that the thrush on our pear-tree bough—— But no, I am wrong; the pear-tree bough is in the garden of No. 9; it is only the trunk that stands in the garden of No. 10. That, by the way, is an accident that frequently occurs to estate-owners. Consider critically for a moment those well-known lines in which Browning says—

"Hark where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field,"

and then goes on to speak of "the wise thrush" on "the bent spray's edge" as "singing his song twice over." It is pretty obvious that the reason the poet assigns to this action on the bird's part is not the correct one. Evidently the part of the tree on which it was sitting was on the other side of the hedge in the next-door fellow's garden, and it was conscientiously trying to allot one performance to each of the two rival householders. But I seem to have wandered a little from the ancient home.

Come with me in imagination, reader, and let us have a look at it together. The fourth house to the left in this winding road that fringes the common, you see it standing there gazing a little wistfully, yet with a quiet air of semi-detachment, out over the wide expanse of green. Half right and half left are two monstrous blocks of red brick flats overlooking it with a thousand envious eyes. The middle distance is dotted pleasantly with hawthorn bushes and the pretty pieces of sandwich-paper that are always the harbingers of London's Spring. Beyond these things, and far away to the front, you may detect on clear days a white church-tower nestling like Swiss milk amongst immemorial trees. And this view is mine—mine, like the old home. If we linger for a moment in the road we shall probably see the scornful face of the proud usurper at one of the windows calmly enjoying this view of mine, all unconscious that I, the rightful owner, am standing beneath. Does it not remind you of the films?—

"*Charles Carruthers*, an outcast from his ancestral halls, eyes mournfully the scene of merry junketing within. *Charles Carruthers—blick! blick!*"—and you see him eyeing mournfully outside—"*blick! blick!*"—and you see the junketers eating his junket within.

On looking back in a calmer mood on the lines which I have just written, I feel it possible that I may have let my emotions run away with me and conveyed a slightly false impression. I may have suggested that the old home has belonged to my family since Domesday Book or dear-knows-when or some other historic date in our island story. That would not be strictly true. As a matter of fact I have never lived in the house, nor have any of my relations either. It has belonged to me, to be quite accurate, since March 25th, 1920, and the interloper was interloping on a short lease when I bought the long lease over his head. It is also true that by an awkward and absurd convention I have to restore the old home to the ground landlord in 1941. But who cares about what is going to happen in 1941? The Coalition may have come to an end by that time, and the first Labour Government, under Lord Northcliffe or Mr. Jack Jones, may be in power. Some bricklayer, in a mood of artistic frenzy, may have designed the plan of a new brick and had it passed by the Ministry of Housing. Dempsey may have met Carpentier.

No, the trouble is about the interloper. It appears that, having the remainder of a lease to run, he can go on anteloping (you know what I mean) for two years more if he likes. To do him justice he admits that the place is mine and wants to leave it. He has no real love for the priceless old spot. All that he asks is somewhere better to go to. So I am gladly doing my best to help him. I send him notices of forty-roomed Tudor mansions, which seem to abound in the market, mansions with timbered parks, ornamental waters, Grecian temples, ha-has, gazebos, herds of graceful bounding gazebos, and immediate possession. I do more than this. I send him extravagant eulogies of lands across the seas, where the grapes grow larger, the pear-trees blossom all the year round and separate thrushes laid on to each estate never cease to sing. I suggest the advantages of the mercantile marine and a life on the rolling main, of big game shooting, polar exploration, and the residential attractions of Constantinople, Berlin, Dublin and Vladivostok.

Concurrently with this I try hard to cultivate in him a certain distaste for the dear old home. I walk up and down the road in front of it with a pair of field-glasses, and, if I see that a little chip has fallen off anywhere or the paint on the gate has been scratched, I call on him at once.

"I happened to be passing the demesne," I say, "when I noticed a rather serious item of dilapidation," or "A word with you about the messuage; it looks a trifle off colour to-day. Have you had it blistered lately?" And this worries him a good deal, because he is responsible for all repairs.

I do not fail to point out to my friends, either, that this is my well-known family seat, and I persuade them from time to time to go and ask for me at the door. "What, isn't he living here *yet*?" I get them to say, with a well-feigned surprise. "It is his house, isn't it?" I frequently have letters addressed to myself sent there, and every morning and afternoon the nurse takes the children past it for a walk. The children are well drilled.

"Look, Priscilla, that's our garden," says Richard in a high penetrating treble; and

"There's a darlin' little buttercup. I want to go in," Priscilla replies.

All this quiet steady pressure is bound to have its due effect in time. Gradually I think he will begin to feel that a shadow haunts the ancestral halls (the front one, you know, and the back passage), that a footstep not his own treads behind him on the stair, that the dear old home will never be happy until it is occupied by its rightful lord.

I shall send him a marked copy of this article. Evoe.

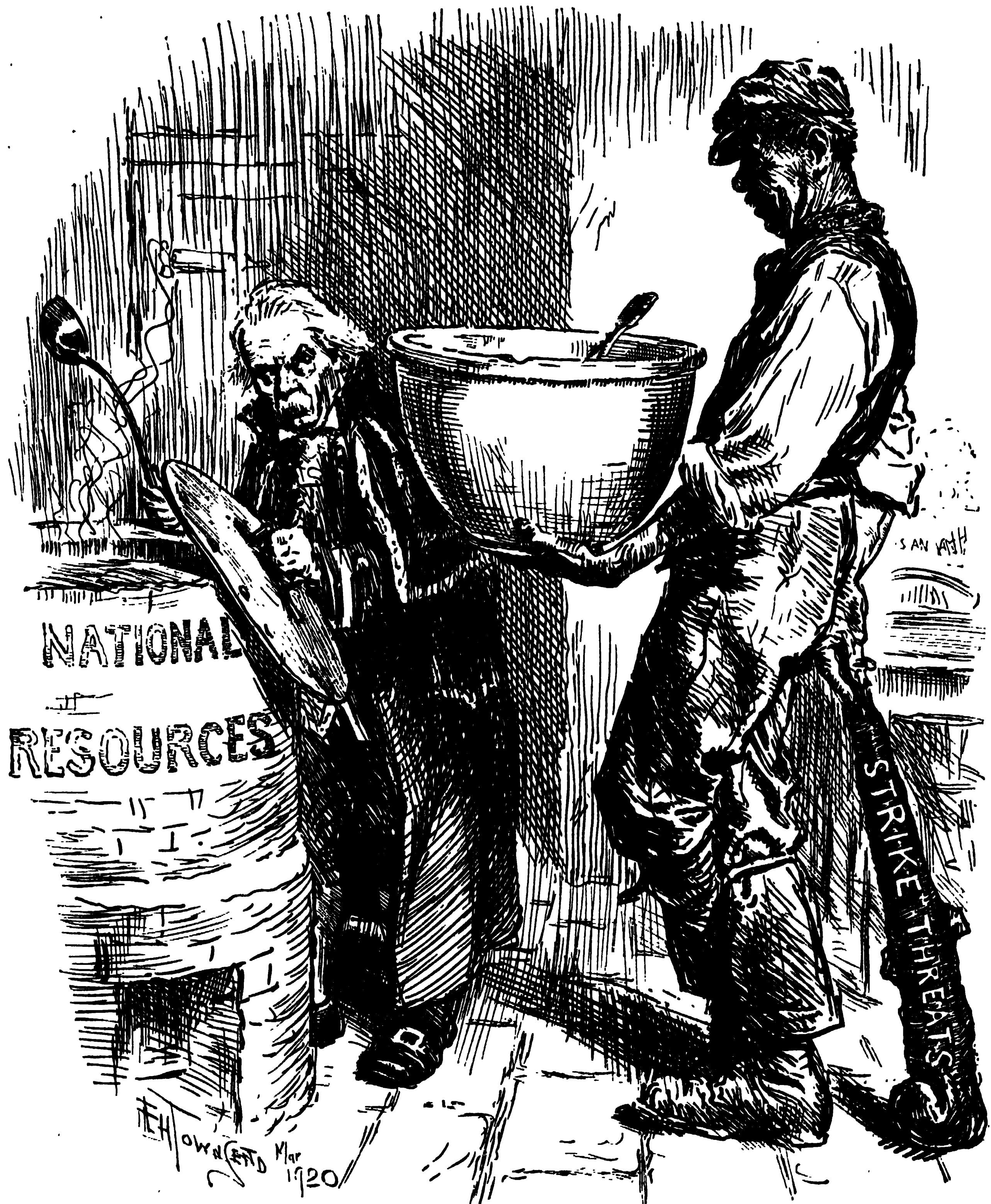
VERS TRÈS LIBRE.

(*Arabesque on a field of blue*).

These are the things, or gorgeous or
 delicate,
Imposing, intime, dazzling or repellent,
That sing—better than music's self,
Better than rhyme—
The praise and liberty of blue:
The turquoise and the peacock's neck,
The blood of kings, the deeps
Of Southern lakes, the sky
That bends over the Azores,
The language of the links, the eyes
Of fair-haired angels, the
Policeman's helmet and the backs
Of books issued by the Government,
Also the Bird of Happiness (Maeterlinck)
And many other things such as
The Varsity colours, various kinds
Of pottery and limelight,
Some things by Swinburne, Burns
 and Ezra Pound,
The speedwell in the glade, and, oh!
The little cubes they put in wash-tubs.

Refrain.

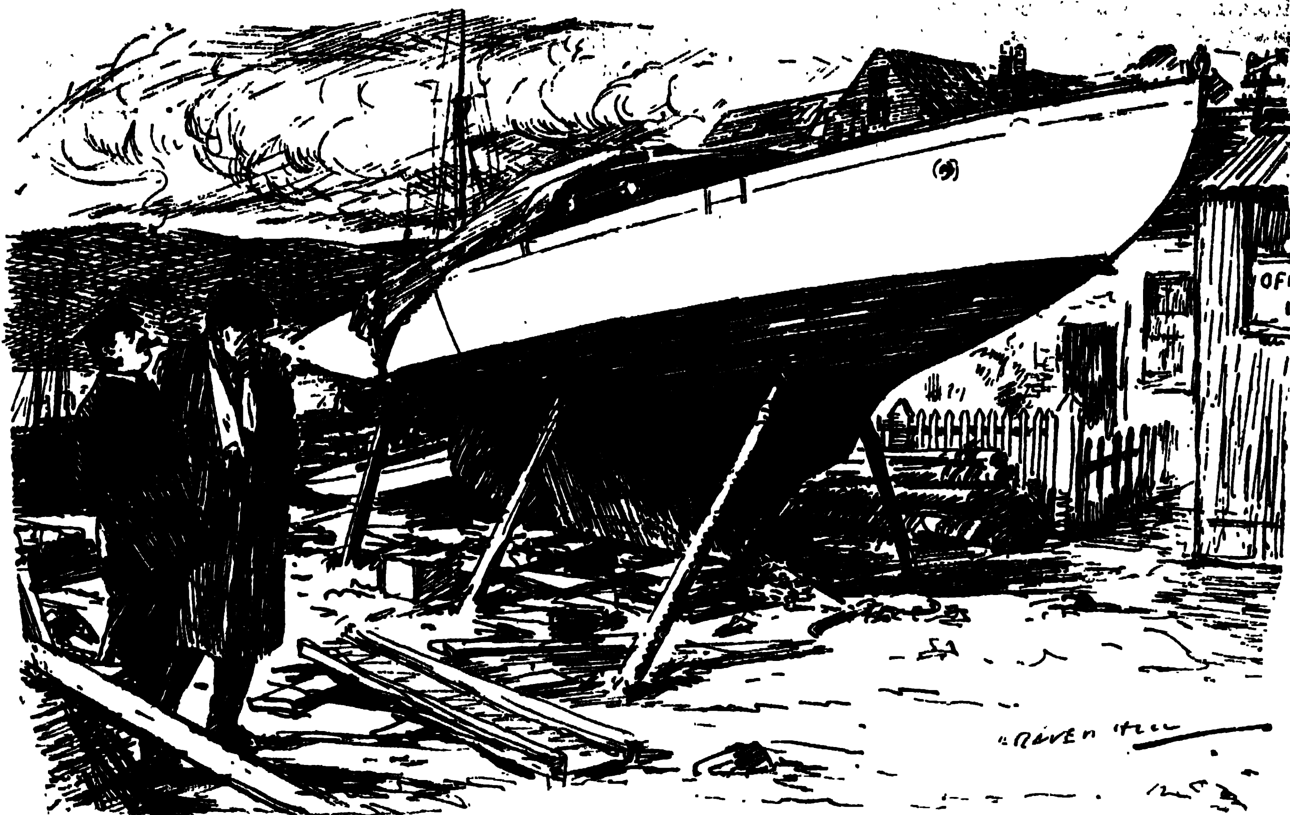
These are the things, or gorgeous or
 delicate,
And so on down to "liberty of blue."



"OLIVER 'ASKS' FOR MORE."

Miner. "YOU'LL BE SORRY ONE OF THESE DAYS THAT YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME NATIONALIZATION."

Premier. "IF YOU KEEP ON LIKE THIS THERE WON'T BE ANY NATION LEFT TO NATIONALIZE YOU."



Owner. "Smart little thing, isn't she?" *Friend.* "Pity she's so ugly below the water-line." *Owner.* "Oh, well, nobody will see that." *Friend.* "What about when she capsizes?"

TOOLS OF TRADE.

I am sorry for the man who took his typewriter on the Underground and was made to buy a bicycle-ticket for it. But I have no doubt he deserved it. I am sure that he did it in spiritual pride. He was trying to make himself equal to the manual labourer who carries large bags of tools on the Tube and sighs heavily as he lays them on your foot. I am sure that he was tired of being scornfully regarded by manual labourers, and was determined to make it quite clear that he too had done, or was about to do, a day's labour, and manual labour at that. It was a sinful motive and it deserved to be punished; but it was natural. Nowadays we all feel like that. We caught it from the War, when the great thing was to show that you were doing more work than anybody else.

I take from a recent copy of *Hansard** the following brisk and delicate piece of dialogue:—

"Mr. Macquisten: You Labour men have forgotten what sweat is.

Mr. W. Thorne: I have never seen many lawyers sweat, anyhow.

Mr. Speaker: This discussion is becoming intemperate.

An Hon. Member: The Hon. Member for Springburn never sweated in his life.

Mr. Macquisten: Yes, I have laboured in the docks."

That is it, you see. Sweating is the great criterion of usefulness to-day. If you cannot show that you have sweated in the past, you must at least show that you are sweating now, or have every intention of sweating in a moment or two. Personally, as a private secretary, I find it very difficult, though I do my best. As a private secretary I labour in a rich house in the notoriously idle neighbourhood of South Kensington, where nobody would believe that anybody laboured, much less perspired over it. So when I pass, on the way to my rich house, a builder's labourer or a milkman or a dustman, I have to exhibit as clearly as I can all the signs of a harsh employment and industrial fatigue. I take great pains about this; I walk much faster; I frown heavily and I look as pale as possible. In the Tube I close my eyes. I hope all this is effective, but as far as I can see the milkman never looks at me, and the builder is always saying to another builder, "'E says to me, 'Wot abaht it?' 'e says, and I says to 'im, 'Yus, wot abaht it?' I says." But it is worth the effort.

Well, that is why that poor man was carrying a typewriter. I wonder why everybody else in the Tube carries an "attaché-case." It has been calculated that if all the attaché-cases which get on to the train at Hammersmith at 9 a.m. were left on the platform, six men or twelve women or three horses could take their place in every car. That means about ninety more men or one-hundred-and-eighty more women or forty-five more horses could leave Hammersmith between 9 a.m. and 9.30. So that if attaché-cases were forbidden the traffic problem would be practically solved.

Why shouldn't they be forbidden? It depends, of course, on what is inside the cases; and nobody knows that for certain. But one can guess. I have been guessing for a long time. At first I thought they were full of very confidential papers. In the old days the attaché-case was the peculiar trade-mark of private secretaries and diplomats and high-up people like that. Even attachés carried them sometimes. The very lowest a man with an attaché-case could be was a First-Class Civil Servant; and one was justified in imagining confidential papers inside, or, at any rate, home-work of the first importance. But nowadays there are too many of them for that. The attaché-case has been degraded; it is

* February 24th, col. 1638.

universal. This might be because there is practically no male person alive just now who has not been an adjutant at one time or another, and pinched at least one attaché-case from the orderly-room. But most of the cases in the Tube are carried by females, so that theory is no good.

Well, then, I imagined sandwiches or knitting or powder-puffs or tea; but those also are rotten hypotheses. I have too much faith in the good sense of my fellow-countrywomen to believe that they would cart a horrible thing like a cheap attaché-case about simply in order to convey a sandwich or a powder-puff from one end of London to the other. So I had to fall back on my own experience.

I know, at any rate, what is inside mine. There are some rather grubby envelopes which I borrowed from the House of Commons, and some very grubby blotting-paper from the same source, and either a ream of foolscap or a quire of foolscap, whichever is which; some pipe-cleaners and a few pieces of milk-chocolate; and a letter from the Amalgamated Association of Fish-Friers which ought to have been answered a long time ago; and a memorandum on Hog-Importing which I am always going to read while waiting at the station; and a nice piece of thick string with which I have tied a bowline on a bight; and two broken pencils and some more envelopes; and a Parliamentary Whip of last year and a stationery bill of the year before; and several bills of my employer, not to mention a cheque for ninety-seven pounds which I suppose he would like me to send to the bank; and a great deal of fluff and a pipe or two and four or five stamped letters which it is now too late to post. That is all there is in my case.

But I carry it backwards and forwards, in and out, to and fro, day after day; and the only time it is ever opened at either end of the journey is when, in addition to the articles previously mentioned, it contains bottles. But I do not carry it for the sake of bottles; far from it. I am one of those men who do not mind going about with a comparatively naked bottle. I carry it simply because it is the tool of my trade, and because, if you don't carry a tool of some kind on the Underground, at any moment you may be taken for an idle rich, if not actually a parasite, who never sweated in his life.

And that, I am persuaded, is why everybody else carries theirs.

But this is a very serious conclusion. It will be a terrible thing if everyone is going to carry the tools of his trade about with him to show that he has a trade; the barrister his briefs, the doctor his stethoscope or his shiny black bag; the butcher his chopper; the dentist—but no, we cannot have that. There must be other ways. We might wear badges, as we did in the War, only they would be office badges and trade badges, instead of regimental badges or discharged badges. Then we should have again the dear old war-game of trying to read what was on them without being rude. That is what one really misses in public places in these days of Peace—that and the uniforms.

It was easy to make conversation in a restaurant in the old days, when people kept on coming in in curious uniforms, and the ladies wondered what they were and the men pretended they knew all about them. But all that is dead now, and I think these sweat-badges would supply a serious want.

But what will the author wear? And who will believe that he ever breaks into beads of perspiration at his labour? A. P. H.



Butler (in service of the Earl of Kyloes). "Is that you, my lord?"
Burglar (full of guile). "Yus, matey."

"CAN EUROPE BE SAVED?
By Lovat Fraser."
Daily Mail.

We don't know; but there can be no harm in his trying.

Commercial Candour.

"Your Soil needs a tonic. Send 2s. 6d. for 40 lb. Ground Lime in a Government twill bag, worth half the money."—*Local Paper.*

"Antique Copper Fire-irons and Dogs, almost new."—*Local Paper.*

THE PACKET RAT.

"When I leave this Western Ocean, to the South'ard I will steer,
In a tall Colonial clipper far an' far enough from here,
Down the Channel on a bowline, through the Tropics runnin' free,
When I'm done with this 'ere ocean . . . an' when it's done with me.

"An' I'll run my ship in Sydney, an' then I'll work my way
To them smilin' South Seas Islands where there's sunshine all the day,
An' I'll sell my chest an' gear there as soon's I hit the shore,
An' sling my last discharge away, an' go to sea no more.

"It's a pleasant time they have there—they've easy quiet lives;
They wear no clothes to speak on; they've a bunch of browny wives;
They're bathin' all the day long or baskin' on the sand,
With the jolly brown Kanakas as naked as your hand.

"An' I'll lay there in the palm-shade, an' take my ease all day,
An' look across the harbour at the shippin' in the bay,
An' watch the workin' sailormen—the bloomin' same as me
In the workin' Western Ocean afore I left the sea.

"I'll hear them at the capstan, a-heavin' good an' hard;
I'll hear them tallyin' on the fall or sweatin' up the yard;
Hear them lift a halliard shanty, hear the bosun swear and shout,
An' the thrashin' o' the headsheets as the vessel goes about.

"An', if the fancy takes me, as it's like enough it may,
For to smell the old ship-smells again an' taste the salt an' spray,
I can take a spell o' pearlin' or a tradin' cruise or two
Where there's none but golden weather an' a sky that's always blue.

"But I'll do no sailorisin' jobs—I'll walk or lay at ease,
Like a blessed packet-captain, just as lordly as you please,
With a steward for my table an' a boy to bring my beer,
An' a score or so Kanakas for to reef an' haul an' steer.

"An' when I'm tired o' cruisin', up an' down an' here an' there,
There'll be kind Kanaka women wi' the red flowers in their hair
All a-waiting for to meet me there a-comin' in from sea,
When I'm through with this here ocean . . . an' that'll never be!

"For I'd hear the parrots screamin' an' the palm-trees' drowsy tune,
But I'd want the Banks in winter an' the smell of ice in June,
An' the hard-case mates a-bawlin', an' the strikin' o' the bell . . .
God! I've cursed it oft an' cruel . . . but I'd miss it all like Hell.

"Yes, I'd miss the Western Ocean where the packets come an' go,
An' the grey gulls wheelin', callin', an' the grey sky hangin' low,
An' the blessed lights o' Liverpool a-winkin' through the rain
To welcome us poor packet-rats come back to port again.

"An' if I took an' died out there my soul'd never stay
In them sunny Southern latitudes to wait the Judgment Day,
For acrost the seas from England, oh, I'd hear the old life call,
An' the bloomin' Western Ocean it'd get me after all.

"I'd go flyin' like a seagull, as they say old shellbacks do,
For to see the ships I sailed in an' the shipmates that I know,
An' the tough old North Atlantic where the roarin' gales do blow,
An' the Western Ocean packets all a-plyin' to an' fro.

"An' I'd leave the trades behind me an' I'd leave the Southern Cross,
An' the mollymawks an' flyin'-fish an' stately albatross,
An' I'd come through wind an' weather an' the fogs as white as wool,
Till I sighted old Point Lynas an' the Port o' Liverpool.

"An' I'd fly to some flash packet when the hands was bendin' sail,
An' I'd set up on the main-truck doin' out my wings an' tail,
An' I'd see the tug alongside an' the Peter flyin' free,
An' the pilot come aboard her for to take her out to sea.

"An' I'd follow down to Fastnet light, an' then I'd hang around
There to watch 'em out to westward an' to meet the homeward bound,
For I know it's easy talkin', an' I know when all is said
It's the bloomin' Western Ocean what'll get me when I'm dead!"

C. F. S.

ETIQUETTE FOR FIRES.

It seems that Mr. A. R. Dyer, the Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, has issued a booklet giving hints on fire protection and also how to call the Fire Brigade. We have pleasure in giving a few points which we are sure are not included in this interesting and useful publication.

* * * * *

Before sending for the Fire Brigade it is advisable to make quite sure that you have a fire in the house to offer them. But do not adopt the old plan of waiting until it reaches the second-floor. This is rather apt to discolour the wall-paper.

* * * * *

Above all the householder who intends to have a fire in his house must keep calm. Immediately the maid rushes into the room to say that the kitchen is on fire, place the book you are reading on the table, remove your slippers and put on a thick pair of heavy boots and a Harris tweed shooting coat. Your next duty is to call the Fire Brigade, and not to meddle with the fire yourself, for very often an amateur completely spoils a fire before the Brigade arrives.

* * * * *

When you see the Brigade engine dashing along the road don't stop it and offer to show the driver a short cut. And when they start work do not worry the firemen by telling them how to do it better. After all, while it may be your house, it is their fire.

"To several interested.—Our editor, Mr. —— is not an Englishman his name is a pseudonime.—English ortograhist. Our setters do not yet speak English at all, be assured that we will do sur best to escape the errata in the nearest future."

The World's Trade (Budapest).

We take their word for it but are not sanguine.



MANNERS AND MODES.

A MODERN PORTRAIT-PAINTER AND HIS "PATRONS."

PARTY TACTICS.

It began with my reading an article on "How to be a Success at an Evening Party." I was rather surprised to know that, for one thing, some knowledge of Spiritualism is necessary to enable one to be a popular entertainer nowadays. It has never struck me before that spiritualists were such a genial class, full of *bonhomie* and great joy; but then, although I read the Sunday papers, I'm afraid I don't know enough about the subject.

Even if we haven't got the rollicking boisterous temperament of the born spiritualist, however, there are, it seems, other ways of winning a mild popularity. "If you confess to only a slight knowledge of palmistry," the article continued, "it is often enough to make you the centre of interest at once."

This appealed to me strongly. I like to be the centre of interest. So I bought a handbook on palmistry and, having absorbed it, set out for my next party full of confidence.

Surely enough, the first thing I saw on arrival was a dank-looking man holding forth on Spiritualism, and enjoying what I should call a chastened vogue wtih most of the company gathered about him.

I took up my position on the fringe of the group. "Talking of psychics, the occult and all that sort of thing," I remarked carelessly, "isn't cheiromancy an interesting study?"

"Nasty sort of study, I should call it," murmured one of the company, evidently under a vague impression that it had something to do with feet. My hostess looked up sharply. "Cheiromancy," she repeated; "can you read the hand?"

"Only a little," I confessed modestly. "Just enough to——".

I don't quite know how it happened. There was a sort of flank and rear movement and the entire company, excepting, of course, the dank spiritualist, precipitated itself on me. Voices clamoured for me to foretell destinies. Hands were thrust before me. They eddied, surged and swirled about me. I never saw such a massed quantity of hands. It was like leaving a Swiss hotel in the height of the season.

"One at a time, please," I said limply.

I seized a palm, followed it up, and found that it belonged to a pinched sour-looking female. Her character was stamped on her face as well as on her hand. If, however, I had said to her, "Yours is a flaccid repressed disposition; you have a lack of imagination and a total absence of humour; your life is too narrow and self-centred to be of the least interest to anyone," she might not have liked it. You see, with even a slight knowledge of palmistry you soon find out when reading hands that it's no use telling people the truth. They want a version which I can only describe as "garbled."

Accordingly I bent over the repressed female's hand with an air of profundity and said, "There being a total absence of the mounts of Mercury and the Sun, a calm and even nature is indicated." (You're nearly always safe in saying this.) "Your sense of order and of the fitness of things would not allow you to see any fun in the joke of, say, pulling away a chair from anyone about to sit down. In fact you would not see a joke in anything—like that," I added hastily, and gave her hand back, feeling I had made the best of a bad job.

But she still lingered.

"Does it show if I shall——?" She paused in embarrassment.

"Get married?" I asked, knowing human nature better than palmistry.

She looked so fiercely eager, with such a vivid light of hope in her eye, that I decided to award her a husband on the spot.

"The Hepatica line, being allied to the line of Fate," I said impressively "signifies that you will marry—late in life."

The press around me at once grew terrific. All the girls said, "Tell me if I'm going to get married;" and all the men remarked, "Of course it's utter rubbish," and were more eager about it than the girls. I became reckless.



MR. ——, THE GREAT CINEMA ACTOR, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY INCOGNITO, IS ASKED BY THE MANAGER OF THE PUMPLEFIELD FILM COMPANY TO HELP MAKE A CROWD.



Philosopher (who has been mistaken for the football). "THANK 'EVING THE CRICKET SEASON 'LL SOON BE 'ERE!"

I worked my way steadily through the crowd, doling out husbands with an unsparing hand. And it was just when I was beginning to feel a little tired of the game that my enemy was delivered into my hands.

We were not on visiting or even speaking terms; we were indeed the most implacable foes. But that did not prevent the woman from shamelessly thrusting herself before me and saying gushingly, "Do tell me what you see in my hand."

I looked at her, and before my searching glance even her brazen face fell. Six months previously that creature had stolen Wilkins, the best cook I ever had. Mere man may not understand the enormity of this offence; but every woman knows there is no crime more heinous, more despicable, more unforgivable. She might find it in her heart to condone larceny, think lightly of arson, or even excuse murder; but there is not one who would extend even a deathbed pardon to the person who had robbed her of a treasured servant.

And Wilkins had been a treasure indeed. It brought the tears to my eyes when I thought of her exquisite *omelettes aux rognons*, her salads, her *poulardes à la gelée*, her wide diversity of knowledge regarding *entrées* and savouries. With a hard and bitter smile I settled down to interpret the hand of the woman before me.

The company gathered closer round us and I noticed that Mrs. B., the particular friend of my enemy, bent affectionately over her with truly feminine expectation of "revelations." And from under the scarf which my enemy wore about her arms and shoulders she seemed, I thought, to project her hand rather timidly. Perhaps she realised too late what was in store for her.

I was quite dignified about it; I want you to understand that. Many another, seeing that creature so plump and well-fed and knowing the reason, would have broken out into vituperation. But my tactics were more subtle. My manner, as I studied her palm, was at first nonchalant, even urbane. Then I gave a start and faltered, "I—I suppose you wish me to tell you the truth?"

A frightened look came into her eyes which, I noted with satisfaction, were beginning to show tinges of yellow (Wilkins' only fault is that in some of her dishes she is over-liberal with the salad oil and high seasonings). "Of course I want to know the truth," said my victim faintly.

With an apparent air of diffidence I began my recital. I did not spare her in the smallest degree. I ascribed to her all those sinister characteristics I had read about in the handbook; and, when I suddenly remembered a delicious *vol-au-vent* upon which I had doted, I added a few of my own.

It was a terrible indictment. When I had finished an awed silence fell upon the gathering. Everybody waited breathlessly for the victim to speak.

"That was most interesting," she said with a sinister laugh. "But perhaps you will read *my* palm now. You see, it was Mrs. B.'s that you have just read. She slipped her hand through under my scarf."

There was a burst of laughter from everybody. Idiotic kind of joke, I call it.

I can assure the writer of the Sunday articles that a knowledge of palmistry does not necessarily make one popular.

I am now wondering where you can buy hand-books on spiritualism.

"It is proposed that the family man shall be dealt with on a flat rate. Every wife will confer exemption on £100 of income."—*Spectator.*

Surely our revered contemporary does not imply that the new Income Tax proposals will encourage polygamy.



THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Polite Passenger. "Do you mind smoking, Madam?"

Old Lady. "Not at all. I'll smoke with pleasure if they're Gyppies. Can't *stand* gaspers."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

An appeal to all men of good will.

The League of Nations Union is engaged in a campaign for the purpose of making the objects of the League of Nations better understood in the country at large. The chief danger that threatens the League is to be found in the apathy or unconsidered scepticism of the public; almost the sole active opposition comes from those who would substitute for it a proletarian Internationale devoted to the interests of one class only in the world, and from certain reactionaries who favour a return to the system of imperialism which was the cause of the War. In the words of His Majesty the King, "We fought to gain a lasting Peace and it is our supreme duty to take every measure to secure it. For that nothing is more essential than a strong and enduring League of Nations. The Covenant of Paris is a good foundation, well and truly laid. But it is and can be no more than a foundation. The nature and strength of the structure to be built upon it must depend on the earnestness and sincerity of popular support."

To those, if any, who contend that the Government should be left to carry out its own propaganda for the League of Nations the obvious answer is that it is necessary for this work to be done by an independent body which can bring public pressure to bear upon the Government of the day and urge such amendments in the machinery and constitution of the League as time and experience may show to be desirable. The Union, in fact, bears to the League of Nations the same relation that the Navy League bears to the Senior Service; it is an independent body organised to educate opinion in the needs of a national cause.

Since its inception in January of this year the activities of the League have covered a wide range, which embraces organisation for the administering of territory under its trusteeship, and for the consideration of international questions relating to transit, finance, labour and health. America's repudiation (only temporary, it may be hoped) of the pledges of her own President, the original and chief advocate of the League of Nations, has meanwhile thrown upon Great Britain the main burden of responsibility in the Councils of the League, a fact that constitutes an overwhelming claim upon the patriotism of British citizens. The duty of bringing this claim home to the public has been taken up by the League of Nations Union, under the Presidency of Lord Grey of Fallodon. It has already established a headquarters and a staff of experts; organised hundreds of meetings throughout the country, and inaugurated nearly two hundred branches. It publishes two periodicals and many pamphlets and is preparing educational text-books; it is taking part in an international conference with similar voluntary societies in other countries.

Clearly such work cannot be carried on without generous support. The sum for which the League of Nations Union appeals—a million pounds—may sound large, but it represents only the cost of four hours of the War, and is not much to ask as an insurance against another and yet more terrible war.

Mr. Punch very earnestly begs his readers to send contributions in aid of this great and necessary work to the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund (Sir Brien Cokayne, late Governor of the Bank of England), addressed to The League of Nations Union, 22, Buckingham Gate, S.W.



THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Peace. "This is my temple and you are its priestess. Guard well the sacred flame."

[The objects and needs of the League of Nations Union are set out on the opposite page.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 29th.—During a brief sitting the Lords got through a good deal of business. The Silver Coinage Bill awakened Lord CHAPLIN'S reminiscences of his bimetallic days, when he was accused by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT of trying to stir up mutiny in India. Undeterred by this warning, however, the Peers gave a Second Reading to the measure and also to the Coal Mines Emergency Bill, which is less up-to-date than it sounds, and deals not with the present emergency but with the last emergency but one. They also passed the Importation of Plumage Bill, at the instance of Lord ABERDEEN, who pleaded that beautiful birds, "the result of myriads of years of evolution," should not be exterminated to make a British matron's picture-hat.

A few noble lords tore themselves away from these entrancing topics to attend the opening of the debate in the Commons on the Government of Ireland Bill. They were ill-rewarded for their pains, for never has a Home Rule debate produced fewer interesting moments. The CHIEF SECRETARY was so studiously restrained in explaining the merits of the Bill that the "yawning chasm" which, according to its opponents, the measure is going to create between Southern and Northern Ireland was to be observed in advance on the countenances of many of his listeners. Years ago Mr. BALFOUR told the Irish Nationalists that Great Britain was not to be bored into acceptance of Home Rule; but I am beginning to doubt now whether he was right. If the Government get the Bill through it will be due more to John Bull's weariness of the eternal Irish Question than to any enthusiastic belief in the merits of this particular scheme. Hardly anyone off the Treasury Bench had a good word to say for it, but fortunately for its chances their criticisms were often mutually destructive.

Mr. CLYNES moved its rejection. From his remark that Irish respect for the law was destroyed in 1913, and that the present Administration was regarded as "the most abominable form of government that had ever ruled in Ireland," I should gather that he has only recently begun his researches into Irish history and Irish character, and is working backwards. His prescription was to cease governing Ireland by force and leave her to frame her own constitution.

Lord ROBERT CECIL agreed with Mr. CLYNES in regarding it as a very bad Bill, but there parted company with him. In his view the deterioration of Ireland began in 1906, when the era of "firm government" came to an end.



Mr. MACPHERSON. "WITH ALL THESE CHERUBS GOING FOR MY KITE FULL BLAST IT LOOKS AS IF I MIGHT KEEP THE THING FLYING."

LORD ROBERT CECIL. CAPTAIN REDMOND. MESSRS. CLYNES AND ASQUITH.

Drop coercion by all means, but "let the murderers begin." As for forcing self-government on a country that rejected it, that was nonsense.

As "a citizen of the world," and not merely an Irishman, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR denounced the Bill *urbi et orbi*. Nobody in Ireland wanted it unless it was the place-hunters of the Bar and the Press, for whom it would provide rich pickings.

The House was brought back from rhetoric to plain fact by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S reminder that if the Bill were not passed the Home Rule Act of 1914 would come into force. He hoped that Southern Ireland would recover its sanity, accept the Bill and set itself to persuade Ulster into an All-Ireland Parliament *viâ* the golden bridge of the Irish Council.

Captain CRAIG could not imagine that happening in his lifetime. To his mind the only merit of the Bill was that it safeguarded Ulster against Dublin domination.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Someone—I suspect a midshipman—has been telling Mr. BROMFIELD that five British Admirals have been sent to Vienna to supervise the breaking up of the Austrian Fleet, and that the said Fleet now consists of three motor-boats. He was much relieved to hear from Mr. HARMSWORTH that only one Admiral had been sent, and that the disposal of a Dreadnought, several pre-Dreadnoughts and sundry smaller craft will give him plenty to do.

There appears to be a shortage of ice in Hull. It is supposed that the Member for the Central Division (Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY) has not cut so much as he expected.

The debate on the Home Rule Bill was resumed in a much higher temperature than that of yesterday. Mr. ASQUITH, as he thundered in carefully-polished phrases against the "cumbrous, costly, unworkable scheme," earned many cheers from his followers, and the even greater tribute of interruptions from his opponents. For a moment he was pulled up, when to his rhetorical question, "What has Home Rule meant to us?" some graceless Coalitionist promptly answered, "Votes!" but he soon got going again. Ireland, he declared, was a unit. The Bill gave her dualism "with a shadowy background of remote and potential unity." The vaunted Council was "a fleshless and bloodless skeleton." He remarked upon "the sombre acquiescence of the Ulstermen," and wondered why they had accepted the Bill at all. "Because we don't trust *you*," came the swift reply from Sir EDWARD CARSON.

Mr. ASQUITH'S own remedy for Irish unrest was to take the Act of 1914 and transform it into something like Dominion Home Rule. Any county—Ulster or Sinn Fein—that voted against coming under the Dublin Parliament should be left under the present administration.



"Please, Mister, can I have a pennorth of camel?"

Mr. Bonar Law did not fail to point out the inconsistency of condemning the Government scheme for its complexity and then immediately proposing another which would involve not one but a dozen partitions and make the political map of Ireland look like a crazy quilt. He advised the House to reject Mr. Asquith's advice and pass the Bill, even though it should have the paradoxical result, for the moment, of leaving Nationalist Ireland under British administration while providing Unionist Ulster with a Home Rule Parliament for which it has never asked.

I suppose Mr. Devlin is not like the Sinn Feiners, who, according to "T. P.," are so contemptuous of the Bill that they have never read a line of it. Parts of his speech, and particularly his peroration, seemed far more suitable to a Coercion Bill than to a measure which is designed, however imperfectly, to grant Home Rule to Ireland. The Nationalist leader may be forgiven a great deal, however, for his inimitable description of Lord Robert Cecil as "painfully struggling into the light with one foot in the Middle Ages."

Wednesday, March 31st.—The third and last Act of the Home Rule drama was the best. Nothing in the previous two days' debate—not even Mr. Bonar Law's ruthless analysis of the Paisley policy for Ireland—gripped the audience so intensely as Sir Edward Carson's explanation of the Ulster attitude. He declared that the Union had not failed in Ulster, and would not have failed anywhere if British politicians could have refrained from bidding for Irish votes. There was no alternative to it but complete separation, and that was what Home Rule would lead to. Ulster did not want the Bill, and would not vote for it; but, as the only alternative was the Act of 1914, she was prepared to accept it as a *pis aller*, and to work her new Parliament for all it was worth. At least it would enable her to find schools for the thirty thousand Belfast children now debarred from education. More than that, he was prepared to co-operate with any men from Southern Ireland who were willing to work *their* Parliament in a similar spirit; and he paid a personal tribute to Mr. Devlin, whose courage he admired though he detested his politics.

Thus there were gleams of hope even in his otherwise gloomy outlook, as the Prime Minister gladly acknowledged in winding up the debate; and they probably had some influence in swelling the majority for the Bill, the figures being 348 for the Second Reading, 94 against.

POISSON D'AVRIL.

For the tragedy of which I am about to tell I consider that Brenda Scott is entirely to blame. You shall judge.

There is a vacancy in my domestic staff, and the rush to fill it has been less enthusiastic than I could wish. My housewifely heart leapt, therefore, when, last Thursday morning, I espied coming up the drive one whom I classed at once as an applicant for the post of housemaid. Nor was I deceived. She gave the name of Eliza Smudge, and said she came from my friend, Mrs. Copplestone.

My suspicions were first aroused by her extraordinary solicitude for my comfort. "Outings" were entirely according to my convenience. And when she added that she liked to have plenty to do, and that she always rose by 6 a.m., I began to look at her closely.

She wore a thick veil, and her eyes were further obscured by large spectacles, but I could discern a wisp of rather artificial-looking hair drawn across her forehead. And she was smiling.

Now why was she smiling? I could certainly see nothing to smile at in rising at six o'clock every morning.

"I shall be free on 8th of April, ma'am," she was saying. "Let me see, to-day is the 1st of April——"



Mistress. "Too many weeds, William."
William. "Let 'em bide, Mum. Nothing like weeds to show young plants 'ow to grow."

The 1st of April! It came to me then in a flash—in one of those moments of intuition of which even the mind of the harassed housewife occasionally is capable. It was Brenda Scott masquerading as a housemaid!

Our conversation of a fortnight earlier came back to me—Brenda's desire to disguise herself and apply to Lady Lupin for the post of kitchenmaid, her confidence in her ability to carry it off successfully, my ridicule of the possibility that she could pass unrecognised. So now, on the 1st of April, she was for proving me wrong.

The disguise was certainly masterly. Had it not been for that unaccountable smile, and the hair——

I did not lose my head. I continued to carry on the conversation on orthodox lines. Then I said, "Do you know Miss Brenda Scott, who lives near Mrs. Copplestone?"

"Oh, yes, I've known her since she was a little girl," was the answer. "Sweet young lady she is."

"Ye-es," I said. "A little too fond of practical jokes, perhaps."

The eyebrows went up almost to the artificial-looking hair, which I had now decided was horse-hair.

"Indeed," she said.

"Yes, my dear Brenda, it is your besetting sin. You should pray against it," I said bluntly.

She stood up with an opposing air of surprise and alarm. But I was not to be deceived.

"Your assumed name, Eliza Smudge," I said, "gave you away at the start. And that hair—it is the tail of your nephew's rocking-horse, isn't it? And— "

But she had fled from the room and was scudding down the drive, heedless of my cries of "Brenda, you idiot, come back!"

* * * *

As I watched from the front-door I saw that "Eliza Smudge" had met another woman in the lane and had engaged her in conversation.

Then they parted, and the other woman came in at the gate and up the drive.

"My dear Elfrida," said a well-known voice, "what have you been up to? You seem to have thoroughly upset that nice woman who was with the Copplestones so long. She told me you were a very strange lady; in fact she thought you must be suffering from a nervous breakdown."

I leaned for support against the door-post, feeling a little faint.

"Brenda? You?" I gasped. "I thought——"

"Such a splendid maid she is," Brenda went on. "You'll never find her equal if you try for ten years."

Eccentric Behaviour of a Cuckoo.

"The summer-like weather which set in during the week-end has been marked by the arrival of the cuckoo, which was heard at Shanklin on Saturday and on Sunday morning at Staplers, bursting into full flower of plum and pear trees, and general activity in the gardens and fields."—*Local Paper.*

"He (Mr. Asquith) could only say 'O Sanctas Simplicitas.' (Laughter.)"
Irish Paper.

"I can only say . 'O sanctus simplicitus!'"
Yorkshire Paper.

Neither version seems to us quite worthy of an ex-Craven Scholar.

AT THE PLAY.

"Uncle Ned."

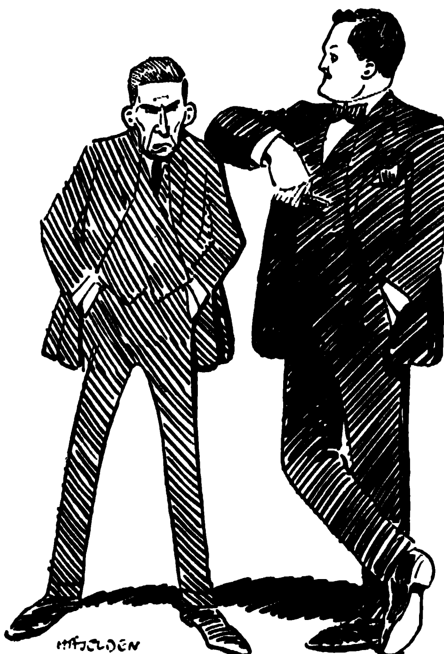
As the final curtain fell on the Fourth Act there was talk of celebrating the conversion of the villain in a bottle of the best (1906). But this did not mean that the good wine of the play had been kept to the end. Indeed it had been practically exhausted about the middle of the Third Act, and the rest was barley-water, sweet but relatively insipid. So long as Mr. Henry Ainley was just allowed to sparkle, with beaded bubbles winking all round the brim of him, everything went well and more than well; the trouble began when the author, Mr. Douglas Murray, remembered that no British audience would be contented with more irresponsible badinage, however fresh and delicate; that somehow he must provide an ending where virtue prevailed and sentiment was satisfied.

So, when *Uncle Ned's* humour had failed to move the brutal egoism of his brother, beating upon it like the lightest of sea-foam on a rock of basalt, he was made to fall back upon the alternative of heavy denunciation. And it was significant that this commonplace tirade drew more applause than all the pretty wit that had gone before it. Seldom have I been so profoundly impressed with the difficulties of an art which depends for its success (financial, that is to say) on the satisfaction of tastes that have nothing in common beyond the crudest elements of human nature.

Mr. Ainley had things all his own way. Between him, the romancer of the light heart and the free fancy, and his brother, the millionaire tradesman of the tough hide, there was the clash of temperaments but never the clash of intellects. ("Nobody with a sense of humour," says *Uncle Ned*, "ever made a million pounds.") That the man with the iron will should be beaten at the last with his own weapons, and brought to see the lifelong error of his ways by a violent philippic that must have surprised the speaker hardly less than his audience, was the most incredible thing in the play. Indeed the author was reduced to showing us the results of the bad man's change of heart and leaving us to imagine the processes, these being worked out in the interval between two Acts by means of a fortnight's physical collapse, from which he emerges unrecognisably reformed.

I cannot praise too warmly the delightfully fantastic and inconsequent humour of the first half of the play. Often it was the things that Mr. Ainley was given to say; but even more often, I think, it was the incomparable way he said them, with those astonishingly swift and unforeseen turns of gesture and glance and movement which are his peculiar gift. Now and then, to remind us of his versatility, he may turn to sentiment or even tragedy, but light comedy remains his natural *métier*.

If I have a complaint to make it is that *Uncle Ted's* studied refusal to understand from an intimate woman-friend why it was that his elder niece, who had been privily married, "could no longer hide her secret" (the reticence of his friend was the sort of silly thing that you get in books and plays, but never in life) was perhaps a little wanton and caused needless embarrassment both to the young wife and to us.



Sir Robert Graham (Mr. Randle Ayrton). "Make yourself at home. Don't mind me."
Edward Graham (Mr. Henry Ainley). "I don't."

And one need not be very squeamish to feel that it was a pity to put into the lips of a mere child, a younger sister, the rather precocious comment that she makes on the inconvenience of a secret marriage. The humour of the play was too good to need assistance from this sort of titillation.

Mr. Randle Ayrton, as the plutocratic pachyderm, kept up his thankless end with a fine imperviousness; and Miss Irene Rooke, in the part of his secretary, played, as always, with a very gracious serenity, though I wish this charming actress would pronounce her words with not quite so nice a precision. Miss Edna Best was an admirable flapper, with just the right note of *gaucherie*.

As *Mears*, Mr. Claude Rains was not to be hampered by the methods dear to the detective of convention; he looked like an apache and behaved, rather effectively, like nothing in particular.

The *Dawkins* of Mr. G. W. Anson knew well the first duty of a stage-butler, to keep coming on whenever a stop-gap is wanted; but he had also great personal qualities, to say nothing of his astounding record of forty years' service in a house where strong liquor was only permitted for "medicinal" purposes. O. S.

"The Young Person in Pink."

What the chair-man said about *The Young Person in Pink* who had been hanging about the Park every morning for a week was that nowadays you couldn't reelly tell. He thought on the whole she was all right. The balloon-woman was certain that with boots like that she must be a 'ussy; but then she had refused to buy a balloon. As a matter of fact she couldn't, being broke to the world. And worse. For she had arrived at Victoria Station unable to remember who she was or where she came from, ticketless, a few shillings in her purse. She had murmured "Season" at the barrier and had taken rooms at the Carlton because she had a queer feeling she had been there before. Her things had a coronet on them. The rest was a blank.

Of course nobody believed her; the women were scornful, the men not quite nice, till very young *Lord Stevenage*, the one that was engaged to a notorious baby-snatcher, *Lady Tonbridge*—in a high fever he'd unfortunately said "Yes"—meets her, and you guess the rest. No, you don't. You couldn't possibly guess *Mrs. Badger*, relict of an undertaker and now in the old-clothes line, who has social ambitions. (I must here say in parenthesis that *Mrs. Badger* is a double stroke of genius on the part both of Miss Jennings the author and of Miss Sydney Fairbrother. You don't know which to admire most, the things she says [Miss J.] or the way she says them [Miss S. B.]. Honours divided and high honours at that.)

Lady Tonbridge had advertised for a clergyman's widow to render some secretarial service, and the ambitious *Mrs. Badger* had applied, duly weeded. Meanwhile the elderly *Lady T.* had seen her *fiancé* and with the young person in pink, and it was a brilliant and base afterthought to bribe the clergyman's widow to claim the girl as her long-missing daughter (invented). Both the young Lord and the young person, too much in love perhaps to be critical, accept the situation; but you haven't quite got *Mrs. Badger* if you think she's the sort of person one would precisely jump at for a mother-in-law.



DRESSING THE PART.

Stout Tramp (who has been successful at the last house). "THIS IS A NICE 'AT SHE'S GIVE ME."

Partner. "YUS, IT *IS* A NICE 'AT; BUT, MIND YOU, IT AIN'T GOT THE BREAD-WINNIN' QUALITIES OF THE OLD 'UN."

At the supreme moment when *Mrs. B.*, after an interview with the whisky bottle, forgets her part and, lapsing into the mere widow of the undertaker, gives it to the intriguing *Lady Tonbridge* in the neck with a wealth of imagery, a command of slightly slurred invective and a range of facial expression beyond adequate description, she is perhaps less attractive in the capacity of mother-by-marriage than ever, even if the interlude prove the goodness of her heart. But it is just at that moment that the young person is recognised by her maid. The daughter of the *Duchess of Hampshire*, no less! So all is well.

Not that Miss JENNINGS' plot matters. She freely accepts the absurdities which her bizarre outline demands, but doesn't shirk the pains to make her situations possible within the pleasantly impossible frame. What is all-important is that she does shake the house with genuinely explosive humour.

If they were Miss JENNINGS' bombs, Miss FAIRBROTHER threw the most and the best of them with a perfect aim. The rest of the platoon helped in varying degrees. I hope I don't irretrievably damage Miss JOYCE CAREY's reputation as a modern when I say that she looked so pretty and innocent that I don't believe even sour old spinsters would have doubted her. A charming and capable performance. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP made love quite admirably on the lighter note; a little awkwardly, perhaps, on the more serious. Miss SYBIL CARLISLE handled an unpromising part with great skill. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS as the ineffable *Lady Tonbridge* was as competent as ever, and had a coat and skirt in the Third Act which filled the female breast with envy. Looks like a long run.

T.

"Art in Washing—with economy.—Ladies desiring personal attention are invited to apply to —— Laundry."—*Daily Paper.*

No "imperfect ablutioner" (*vide* "The Mikado") should miss this opportunity.

"Fun undiluted and rippling is the main feature of *The Little Visiters*, and not a single feature of the author's book is lost in the process of dramatisation."—*Weekly Paper.*

Except, apparently, the title.

The Boat-Race.

ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY CAMBRIDGE.

In complimenting the Light Blues we cannot help calling attention to two curious facts which may have contributed to their victory, and seem to have escaped the notice of the Oxford crew. According to *The Weekly Dispatch* Mr. SWANN rowed "No. 9 in the Cambridge boat"; and a photograph in *The Illustrated Sunday Herald* ("the camera cannot lie") distinctly shows the Cambridge crew rowing with as many as eight oars on the stroke side. How many they were using on the bow side is not revealed.

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY!

MEDICAL DOCTOR

for Joe Batt's Arm and vicinity. Salary two thousand dollars guaranteed. All specials additional. Address communication to

ALEX. COFFIN,

Sec. Doctor's Committee."

Newfoundland Paper.

Even the serious condition of Joe Batt's Arm hardly interests us so much as the challenge to the world's humourists implied in the Committee's selection of their secretary.

MY ONE ADMIRER.

Of course my wife had made me go to the bazaar. All men go to bazaars either because their wives send them, or in search of possible wives. The men who are never at bazaars are those with humane wives, or the true bachelors.

I did not mind the young lady who grabbed my walking-stick and presented me with a shilling cloakroom ticket, or the other who placed a buttonhole in my coat (two-and-sixpence), or the third who sprayed me with scent (one shilling, but had I known of the threatened attack I would have paid two shillings for immunity), or the fourth, who snatched my rather elderly silk hat and renovated it, not before its time, with some mysterious fluid (one-and-ninepence). These are the things one expects.

But when I faced the stalls I must admit that I trembled. In pre-war days it was occasionally hinted that bazaar prices were a trifle high. What would they be now? How could I face the Bazaar profiteer? Sums, reminding me of schooldays, ran in my head, "If milk be a shilling a quart what will be the price of a sofa-cushion?"

As I stood in the centre of the hall I could see that the eyes of the stall-holders were upon me—cold, horrid, calculating eyes. I could read in them, "How much has this man got?" I felt that it would be a proper punishment for war-profiteers if they were sentenced to purchase all their requirements at bazaars for six months.

Glancing round the hall in search of a place of refuge I saw a sign, "Autograph Exhibition—Admission one shilling." A shilling! Why, such a comfortable hiding-place would have been cheap at half-a-crown. I bolted for the Autograph Exhibition before a piratical lady, bearing down on me with velvet smoking caps, could reduce me to pulp.

A smiling elderly gentleman was in charge. "Hah, you would like to see my little collection? Certainly, certainly."

I am not interested in autographs. Most bygone celebrities wrote undecipherable hands. I have been equally puzzled in trying to read the handwriting of Guy Fawkes and Mr. Gladstone. But this collection was different. It had letters from nearly every one distinguished in the world to-day — good, lengthy, interesting, readable letters.

"How did you contrive to get all these?" I asked the exhibitor.

"Tact, foresight and flattery, my dear Sir. It would be no use writing to these people to-day. You'd get ignored, or at best two lines type-written by a secretary. Now look at that long letter from Lloyd George about Welsh nationality and that other from Hilaire Belloc concerning the adulteration of modern beer. You couldn't get them now. My idea is to catch your celebrity young. When a man produces his first play or novel or book of poems I write him an admiring letter. You can't lay it on too thick. Ask him some question on a topic that interests him. It always draws. They are unused to praise and you catch them before the public has spoilt them. I card-index all the replies I get. Of course nine out of ten of the people turn out of no account, but some are sure to come off. You just throw out the failures and put the successes in your collection."

At this point I heard our Archdeacon afar off. Our Archdeacon booms—not like trade, but like the bittern. I heard him booming outside, "My dear lady, I cannot miss the chance of seeing dear Mr. Fletterby's collection."

Fletterby! The name was familiar. Long years ago I published something—don't inquire into the details of my crime—and the sole response I had from an unappreciative world was a highly eulogistic letter from one Samuel Fletterby. I remembered the time I had spent in writing him a lengthy and courteous reply. I remembered that often in my darker days I had drawn out the letter of Fletterby to encourage me.

And now! I looked at the collection. It was arranged alphabetically. As I turned to the initial of my name I framed a dramatic revelation for my friend Fletterby: "That writing is familiar to me. In fact, Mr. Fletterby, I am its unworthy writer."

But my letter was not included in the collection.

"Throw out the failures," Mr. Fletterby had said.

I threw myself out instantly from the Autograph Exhibition. Better, far better buy things I didn't want at prices I couldn't afford than stay in the company of that faithless one, my sole erstwhile (as the papers say) admirer.

There was a great athlete named Rudd
Who was born with a Blue in his blood;
Stout-hearted, spring-heeled,
He achieved on the field
What his Varsity lost on the flood.

But when he had breasted the tape
A cynic emitted this jape:
"Pray notice, old son,
'Tisn't Oxford that's won,
But Utah, Bowdoin and the Cape."

EASTER IN WILD WALES.

The recent discovery (duly noted in *The Daily Graphic* of the 30th ult.) of "seven pearls of excellent quality" by an Aberavon labourer in a mussel stranded by the tide has led to an extraordinary influx of visitors to that quiet seaside resort. Costers have been arriving at the rate of several hundreds a day, attracted by the prospect of finding the raw materials for the indispensable decoration of their costumes, and the local authorities are at their wits' end to provide adequate accommodation. Amongst the latest arrivals is the great architect, Sir Martin Conway, who has been consulted with regard to the erection of a number of bungalow skyscrapers, and an urgent message has been despatched to Sir Edwin Lutyens at Delhi, begging him to supply designs of a suitable character. Meanwhile pearl-diving goes on day and night on the sea-front, with the assistance of a flock of oyster-catchers, whose brilliant plumage adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Though the special good fortune of Aberavon has excited a certain amount of natural jealousy in the breasts of hotel and boarding-house proprietors at other Welsh seaside resorts, they have no serious reason to complain. The usual attractions of Barmouth have been powerfully reinforced by the presence in the neighbouring hills of a full-sized gorilla which recently escaped from a travelling menagerie. When last seen the animal was making in the direction of Harlech, which is at present the head-quarters of the Easter Vacation School of the Cambrian section of the Yugo-Slav Doukhobors. It is understood that the local police have the matter well in hand, and arrangements have been made, in case of emergency, for withdrawing all the population within the precincts of the castle.

Great disappointment prevails at Llandudno owing to the refusal of Mr. Evan Roberts, the famous revivalist, to localise the materialisation of the Millennium, which he has recently prophesied, at Llandudno during the Easter holidays. By way of a set-off an effort was made to induce Sir Auckland Geddes to give a vocal recital before his departure for America. As his recent performance at a meeting of the London Scots Club proved, Sir Auckland is a singist of remarkable power, infinite humour and soul-shaking pathos. Unfortunately his repertory is confined to Scottish songs, and on this ground he has been obliged to decline the invitation, though the fee offered was unprecedented in the economic annals of the variety stage.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P. W. S. at a Hunt Meeting (concluding a passage at arms with a member of the ring). "I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE TOFFS THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN IMPOSE UPON. I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, I AM."

Bookmaker. "WELL, I WOULDN'T TALK SO LOUD ABOUT IT. IT'S A NASTY BIT O' WORK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. FORREST REID is a writer upon whose progress I have for some time kept an appreciative eye. His latest story, bearing the attractive title of *Pirates of the Spring* (UNWIN), proves, I think, that progress to be well sustained. As you may have guessed from the name, this is a tale of adolescence; it shows Mr. REID'S North-Ireland lads differing slightly from the more familiar home-product, though less in essentials than in tricks of speech, and (since these are day-school boys, exposed to the influence of their several homes) an echo of religious conflict happily rare in the experience of English youth. Mr. REID is amongst the few novelists who can be sympathetic to boyhood without sentimentalising over it; he has admirably caught its strange mingling of pride and curiosity, of reticence and romance and jealous loyalty. The tale has no particular plot; it is a record of seeming trifles, friendships made and broken and renewed, sporadic adventures and deep-laid intrigues that lead nowhere. But you will catch in it a real air of youth, a spring-time wind blowing from the half-forgotten world in which all of us once were chartered privateers. There are, of course, worthy folk who would be simply bored by all this—which is why I do not venture to call *Pirates of the Spring* everyone's reading; others, however, more fortunate, will find it a true and delicately observed study of an engaging theme.

I must really warn the flippant. It would be appalling if admirers of *Literary* (and other) *Lapses* were to send blithely to the libraries for Mr. LEACOCK'S latest and find themselves landed with *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice* (LANE). And yet I don't know. Here is a subject which even the flippant cannot long ignore. And a man of the world with a clear head and a mastery of clearer idiom than a professor of political economy usually commands has here said something desperately serious without a trace of dulness. I should like Professor LEACOCK'S short book to be divided into three. The first part, a trenchant analysis of some of the evils of our social and industrial system, I would send to the impossibilists and obstructives; the second, a critical examination of some of the nostrums of the progressives, should go to the hasty optimists who think that a sudden change of system will as suddenly change men, for it contains much that they will do well (and now resolutely refuse) to ponder. The third part I would return to the author for revision, for it contains no more, when analysed, than an *ipse dixit*, and quite fails to show that the evils denounced as intolerable in the first part can be remedied without some substantial portion at least of the heroic reforms denounced in his second. Also

I would remind him, or rather perhaps the more ingenuous of his readers, that there have been later contributions to the theory and practice of new-world building than Mr. BELLAMY'S *Looking Backward*.

The Great Desire (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a novel full of shrewd philosophy and excellent talk. Mr. ALEXANDER BLACK sets out to prove nothing, to justify no political or social attitude, but just to draw his fellow-Americans as he sees them going about their war-time business, the "great desire" being simply the thing that is uppermost in the mind of each one. As a composite picture of what New York thought about the business of getting into the War the result could hardly be bettered. One never feels that latent antagonism which readers, even though they may agree with him, unconsciously experience towards an author who seems to be arguing a point. Mr. BLACK gives the extreme views of the blatant patriot, and of the anarchist and socialist who cannot see the distinction between arguing against war on paper and arguing against this War on the street corner. He makes us realise the people who think only how to make the War an adjunct of themselves and those who desire only to make themselves a useful adjunct of the War. He draws his types cleverly and states the case of each one fairly, but with a humorous restraint and from a standpoint of absolute detachment. *The Great Desire* has plenty of charm regarded merely as a story, but I recommend it especially to those who are apt to judge the Americans by their politicians or to assess New York on the basis of the HEARST newspapers.

If it were only for his complete fearlessness in following well-worn convention and his apparent reliance on his readers' ignorance or want of memory, Mr. J. MURRAY GIBBON'S *Drums Afar* (LANE) would be rather a remarkable book in these psycho-analytical days. His hero actually has the audacity to have blue eyes and fair hair, to start his career in the House, and to end it, so far as the novel is concerned, lying wounded in a hospital, where his *fiancée*, a famous singer, happened to be a nurse in the same ward. Nor does the young man disdain the threadbare conversational *cliché*. "Don't you think there is something elemental in most of us which no veneer of civilisation or artificial living can ever deaden?" he says in one place (rather as if veneer were a kind of rat poison). Still bolder, on leaving America, where he has become engaged to a wealthy Chicagan's daughter, he quotes—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

And, although the girl is annoyed, it is not on account of the citation. Much of the story, however, deals with Chicago, and since my previous knowledge of that city could have easily been contained in a tin of pressed beef I can pardon Mr. GIBBON for being as informative about it as he is about Oxford colleges. (He seems, by the way, to have a rooted contempt for Balliol, which I had always supposed was a quite well-meaning place.) On the whole, either in spite or because of its rather Baedeker-like qualities, *Drums Afar* will be found quite a restful and readable book.



Pedestrian. "DROPPED ANYTHING, MISTER?"
Motorist. "YES."
Pedestrian. "WHAT IS IT?"
Motorist. "MY GIRL."

Somewhere in the course of the tale that gives its title to *The Blower of Bubbles* (CHAMBERS) the character who is supposed to relate it denies that he is a sentimentalist. I may as well say at once that, if this denial is intended to apply also to Mr. ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER, who wrote the five stories that make up the volume, a more comprehensive misstatement was never embodied in print. Because, from the picture on the wrapper, representing a starry-eyed infant conducting an imaginary orchestra, to the final page, the book is one riot of sentiment—plots, characters and treatment alike. Not that, save by the fastidious, it must be considered any the worse for this; even had not Mr. BAXTER'S hearty little preface explained the conditions of active service under which it was composed, themselves enough to excuse any quantity of over-sweetening. I will not give you the five long-shorts in detail. The first, about a German child and a young man with heart trouble, shows Mr. BAXTER at his worst, with the sob-stuff all but overwhelming a sufficiently nimble wit. My own favourite is the fifth tale, a spirited and generous tribute to England's war effort. (I should explain that the book, and I suppose the author also, is by origin Canadian.) This last story, told partly in the form of letters to his editor in New York by an American officer and journalist, has all the interest that comes of seeing ourselves as others see us; though I could not but think that the narrator erred in making the haughty *Lady Dorothy*, daughter of his noble hosts, exclaim, on the entrance of a footman with a letter, "Pardon me, it's the mail." So there you are. If you have a taste for stories that make no pretence of being other than fiction pure and simple, limpidly pure and transparently simple (yet witty too in places), try these; otherwise pass.

"UTOPIA.

Miss Ruby —— Sundayed under the parental."—*Canadian Paper.*

We congratulate Utopia on its ideal language.

CHARIVARIA.

"HAT-PINS to match the colour of the eyes are to be very fashionable this year," according to a Trade journal. This should be good news to those Tube-travellers who object to having green hat-pins stuck in their blue eyes.

* * *

Enterprise cannot be dead if it is really true that a well-known publisher has at last managed to persuade Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to write a few words concerning the Labour Question.

* * *

"I have never been knocked down by a motor omnibus," says Mr. JUSTICE DARLING. The famous judge should not complain. He must take his turn like the rest of us.

* * *

"Never pull the door-bell too hard" is the advice of a writer on etiquette in a ladies' journal. When calling at a new wooden house the safest plan is not to pull the bell at all.

* * *

"American bacon opened stronger yesterday," says a market report. If it opened any stronger than the last lot we bought it must have "gone some."

* * *

Five golf balls were discovered inside a cow which was found dead last week on a Hertfordshire golf course. We understand that a certain member of the Club who lost half-a-dozen balls at Eastertime has demanded a recount.

* * *

"An Englishman's place is by his own fireside," declares a writer in the Sunday Press. This is the first intimation we have received that Spring-cleaning is over.

* * *

A serious quarrel between two prominent Sinn Feiners is reported. It appears that one accused the other of being "no murderer."

* * *

The Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review, a new American publication, offers a prize of four pounds for the best article on "Why I believe barbers should not be tipped." The barbers claim that what they receive is not a tip, but the Price of Silence.

According to an evening paper, crowds can be seen in London every day waiting to go into the pit. Oh, if only they were miners!

* * *

"It is the last whisky at night which always overcomes me," said a defendant at the Guildhall. "A good plan," says a correspondent, "is to finish with the last whisky but one."

* * *

The British Admiralty are offering two hundred and fifty war vessels for sale. This is just the chance for people who contemplate setting up in business as a new country.



"THOUGH THE MATERIAL, SIR, IS SOMEWHAT MORE EXPENSIVE, THE LEATHER BRACE HAS THE GREAT ADVANTAGE THAT IT LASTS FOR EVER; AND, MOREOVER, WHEN IT WEARS OUT IT MAKES AN EXCELLENT RAZOR STROP."

"A good tailor," says a fashion writer, "can always give his customer a good fit if he tries." All he has to do, of course, is to send the bill in.

* * *

Mr. ALLDAY, a resident in Lundy Island for twenty years, who has just arrived in London, states that he has never seen a tax-collector. There is some talk of starting a fund with the object of presenting him with one.

* * *

Dunmow workhouse is offered for sale. A great many people are anxious to buy it with the object of putting it aside for a rainy day.

* * *

A Houndsditch firm has just had a telephone installed which was ordered six years ago. This, however, is not a record. Quite a number of instruments have been fitted up in less time than this.

* * *

We understand that the thunderbolt which fell at Chester is not the one that the PREMIER intended to drop this month.

* * *

Signor CAPRONI, lecturing in New York, says that aeroplanes capable of carrying five hundred passengers will shortly be constructed. We can only say that anybody can have our seat.

* * *

Since *The Daily Express* tirade against the officials of the Zoo visitors are requested not to go too near the Fellows.

* * *

"The French army," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "will soon be all over." It does not say what; but if our late enemy continues the violation of the Peace Treaty the missing word should be "Germany."

* * *

Birds, says *The Times*, are nesting in the plane-trees of Printing House Square. Some of the fledglings, we are informed, are already learning to whistle the familiar Northcliffe air, "LLOYD GEORGE Must Go," quite distinctly.

* * *

The National Portrait Gallery, occupied by the War Office since 1914, has just been reopened. The rumour that a Brigadier-General who had eluded all attempts to evacuate him was still hanging about disguised as a portrait of Mrs. SIDDONS attracted a large attendance.

* * *

The Corporation of Waterford has refused to recognise "Summer" time. One gathers that it is still the winter of their discontent down there.

* * *

Sinn Feiners are now asking for the abolition of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and it is feared that, unless their request is granted, they may resort to violence.

"Mrs. —— Requires useful Ladies' Maid, for Bath and country; only ex-soldier or sailor need apply."—*Provincial Paper.*

A job that will obviously need a man of proved courage.

WISDOM UP TO DATE—12TH EDITION.

[*The Times* has announced, in two consecutive issues, that Mr. Hugh Chisholm has retired from the control of its financial columns in order to resume his editorship of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. One seems here to catch a faint echo of the proprietary booming of the 10th Edition by *The Times* and Mr. Hooper. The present publishers are the Cambridge University Press.]

It is a common object of remark
How many things in life are periodic,
Some punctual (like the nesting of the lark,
Or Derby-day), and others more spasmodic,
Recurring loosely when the hour is ripe;
And here I sing a sample of the latter type.

Nine years have coursed with their accustomed speed
Since England hailed its previous apparition,
Since every man and woman who could read,
Wanting the nearest way to erudition,
Bought as an ornament of her (or his) home
The monumental masterpiece of Mr. Chisholm.

Much has occurred meanwhile of new and strange;
E.g., in matters purely scientific
Great Thinkers, eager to enlarge our range,
Have (on the lethal side) been most prolific:
Ten tomes would scarce contain what might be said on
Their contributions to the recent Armageddon.

What wonder if the Editor forsakes
The conduct of *The Times'* financial pages?
An even weightier task he undertakes
Than to report on bullion; he engages
To let us know, by 1922,
All things (or more) that anybody ever knew.

Why should he care if Oil-cakes fall or jump?
He has the Total Universe for oyster;
Yankees may yield a point or Rubbers slump,
Yet not for such things shall his eye grow moister,
Save when, by force of habit, he admits
"A heavy tendency to-day in Ency. Brits."

Could but *The Times* revive its ancient part,
Repeat its famous turn of dollar-scooping!
O memories of the urgent boomster's art,
And that persistent noise of Hooper whooping,
Down to the Last Chance and the Closing Door,
And then the Absolutely Last, and then some more!

Those shrill appeals to get the Work to-day
(With the superb revolving fumed-oak garage)—
How well they followed up their fearful prey
Till the massed thunders of the final barrage
Such pressure on your tympanum would bring
That you could bear no more, and *had* to buy the thing.

O. S.

The Giant's Robe—Cheap.

"For Sale.—Superior Dress Suit, 37 chest, City made, silk facings and lining, worn twice, no further use, suitable for individual 7 ft. 8 in. Price 4 guineas."—*Local Paper*.

"Paying Guests Wanted—From 1st June, married couple with no children; also at once, single married lady or gentleman for three single rooms or one single married couple."—*Indian Paper*.

To be in keeping with the inhabitants the house, no doubt, is "semi-detached."

"250 words. TWO GUINEAS.
THE YOUNG WIFE'S ALLOWANCE."
Daily Paper.

The young husband who tries to get off for two guineas will find that the young wife regards two hundred and fifty words as entirely inadequate.

OUR SUPER-PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The meagre and tantalizing report of Lord Northsquith's great journey through Spain and North Africa which has been issued through Reuter's agency has stimulated but not allayed curiosity. It is therefore with unfeigned pleasure that we are able to supplement this jejune summary with some absolutely authentic details supplied us by a Levantine detective of unimpeachable veracity who shadowed the party.

Of the journey through Spain he has little to say. Lord Northsquith attended a bull-fight at Seville, at which an extraordinary incident occurred. At the moment when the distinguished visitor entered the ring and was taking his seat in the Royal Box, the bull, a huge and remarkably ferocious animal, suddenly threw up its hind legs and, after pawing the air convulsively for a few seconds, fell dead on the spot. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, which caused a very painful impression, but it is a curious fact that it synchronized exactly with the issue of the special edition of the Seville evening *Tarántula*, with the placard "Strange behaviour (*extravagancia*) of the British Prime Minister."

At a subsequent interview with Count Romanones, Lord Northsquith was reluctantly obliged to confirm the statement that Mr. Lloyd George was still under the impression that the Spanish Alhambra was a late replica of a theatre in London, but begged him not to attach undue importance to the misapprehension.

The tour in Morocco was not attended by any specially untoward incidents, but at Marrakesh a group of Berbers evinced some hostility, which was promptly converted into effusive enthusiasm on their learning that Lord Northsquith was not of Welsh origin. Similar assurances were conveyed to the sardine-fishers of the coast, with beneficial results. The Pasha of Marrakesh expressed the hope that Lord Northsquith was not disappointed with the Morocco Atlas, and the illustrious stranger wittily rejoined, "No, but you should see my new morocco-bound *Times* Atlas." When the remark was translated to the Pasha he laughed very courteously.

Always interested in the relics of the mighty past Lord Northsquith made a special trip to the East Algerian Highlands to visit Timgad, and spent several minutes in the *tepidarium* of the Roman baths. It was understood from the expression of his features that he was profoundly impressed by the superiority of the arrangements over those contemplated by the Coalition Minister of Health in the new bath-houses to be erected in Limehouse.

Lastly the tour included a flying visit to Carthage. The French archæologists in charge of the excavations had recently dug up a colossal statue of Hannibal, and the resemblance to Lord Northsquith was so extraordinary that many of them were moved to transports of delight. They were however unanimous in their conviction that the deplorable state of the ruins was largely, if not entirely, due to Mr. Lloyd George's ignorance of Phœnician geography.

A Startling Disclosure.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in a Canadian Paper:—

"Q.—Is it not a fact, that all of Lipton's challengers were built stronger and heavier than the American cup defenders, to enable them to cross the Atlantic?—A. D. B., Montreal.

A.—Yes, they were built stronger as they had to cross the ocean under their own steam."

"Serious injuries were sustained by ——, aged 54, while assisting in discharging cargo. Shortly before one o'clock, it is stated, a cheese struck him and knocked him down."—*Provincial Paper*.

We have always maintained that these dangerous creatures should not be allowed to run loose.



THE "WITHDRAWAL" FROM MOSCOW.

Chorus of Half-Revolutionists support Messrs. Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald by singing "The Red (but not too Red) Flag."

[The Independent Labour Party by a large majority has voted in favour of withdrawing from the Moscow Internationale.]



TENNIS PROSPECTS.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE guide-books have a good deal to say about the Houses of Parliament, but the people who write guide-books never go to the really amusing places and never know the really interesting things. For instance they have never yet explained what it is that the House of Commons smells of. I do not refer to the actual Chamber, which merely smells like the Tube, but the lofty passages and lobbies where the statues are. The smell, I think, is a mixture of cathedrals and soap. It is a baffling but rather seductive smell, and they tell me that the policemen miss it when they are transferred to point-duty. Possibly it is this smell which makes ex-Premiers want to go back there.

But let us have no cheap mockery of the Houses of Parliament, because there is a lot to be said for them. They are much the best houses for hide-and-seek I know. The parts which are dear to the public, the cathedral parts, are no good for that, but behind them and under them and all round them there are miles and miles of superb secret passages and back staircases, the very place for a wet afternoon. They are decorated like second-class waiting-rooms and lead to a lot of rooms like third-class waiting-rooms; and at every corner there is a policeman; but this only adds to the excitement. Besides, at any moment you may blunder into some very secret waiting-room labelled "Serjeant-at-Arms."

If you are seen by the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS you have lost the game, and if you are seen by a Lord of the Treasury I gather from the policemen that you would be put in the Tower. Or you may start light-heartedly from the Refreshment Department of the House of Commons and find yourself suddenly in the bowels of the House of Lords, probably in the very passage to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Secretary's Room.

Still, there is no other way for Private Secretaries to take exercise and at the same time avoid their Members without actually leaving the building, so risks of that sort have to be faced.

While the Private Secretary is playing hide-and-seek in the passages and purlieus his Member waits for him in the Secretaries' Room. The Secretaries' Room is the real seat of legislation in this country, and it is surprising that Mr. BAGEHOT gave it no place in his account of the Constitution. It is also surprising, in view of its importance, that it should be such a dismal, ill-furnished and thoroughly mouldy room. It is a rotten room. Mr. ASQUITH, when a Private Secretary, is reported to have said of it, "In the whole course of my political career I can recall no case of administrative myopia at all parallel to the folly or ineptitude which has condemned the authors of legislation in His Majesty's Parliament to discharge their functions in this grotesque travesty of a legislative chamber, this sombre and obscure repository of mouldering archives and forgotten records, where the constructive statesmen of to-morrow are expected to shape their Utopias in an atmosphere of disillusion and decay, in surroundings appointed to be the shameful sepulchre of the nostrums of the past." If that is what Mr. ASQUITH said, I agree with him; if he didn't say it, I wish he had.

The room is pitch-dark always, and it is full of tables and tomes. The tables are waiting-room tables and the tomes are as Mr. ASQUITH has described them. It is divided into two by a swing-door. One part is the female Private Secretary part, the other is the male Private Secretary part, and it is lamentable to record that no romance has ever occurred between a male Private Secretary and a female one.

The room is plentifully supplied with House of Commons' stationery, which disappears at an astonishing rate. This is because the Members come in and remove it by the gross, knowing full well that the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS will suspect the Private Secretaries. It is a hard world.

However, this is where the Members come to their Private Secretaries for instructions. They come there nominally to dictate letters to their constituents, but really they come to be told what amendments to move and what questions to ask and what the Drainage Bill is about, and whether they ought to support the Dentist Qualification (Ireland) (No. 2) Bill, or not. It is awful to think that if the Private Secretaries downed tools the whole machinery of Parliament would stop. No questions would be asked and no amendments moved and no speeches made. The Government would have things all their own way. Unless, of course, the Government's Private Secretaries struck too. But of course the Government's Private Secretaries never would, the dirty blacklegs!

After the Secretaries' Room perhaps the most interesting thing in the two Houses is the House of Lords sitting as the Supreme Court. Everybody ought to see that. There is a nice old man sitting in the middle in plain clothes and several other nice old men in plain clothes sitting about on the benches, with little card-tables in front of them. Two or three of them have beards, which is against the best traditions of the Law. But they are very jolly old men, and now and then one of them sits up and moves his lips. You can see then that he is putting a sly question to the barrister who is talking at the counter, though you can't hear anything because they all whisper. While the barrister is answering, another old man wakes up and puts a sly question, so as to confuse the barrister. That is the game. The barrister who gets thoroughly annoyed first loses the case.

They have quite enough to annoy them already. They are all cooped up in a minute pen about eight feet square. There are eight of them, four K.C.'s and four underlings. They have nowhere to put their papers and nowhere to stretch their legs. They sit there getting cramp, or they stand at the counter talking to the old men. In either position they grow more and more annoyed. Four of them are famous men, earning thousands and thousands. Why do they endure it? Because lawyers, contrary to the common belief, are the most long-suffering profession in the world. That is why they are the only Trade Union whose members have only half-an-hour for lunch. Well, it is their funeral; but if I were a K.C. sitting in that pen, with the whole of the House of Lords empty in front of me, I should get over the counter and walk about. Then the LORD CHANCELLOR might have a fit; and that alone would make it worth while.

The only other interesting place in the Houses of Parliament is the Strangers' Dining Room. This is interesting because the Members there are all terrified lest you should hear what they are going to say. They never know who may be at the next table—a journalist or a Bolshevist or a landowner—and they talk with one eye permanently over their shoulder. It must be very painful.

But of course the best time to visit the House is when it is not sitting, because then, if you are lucky, you may sit with impunity on the Front Bench and put your feet up on the table. If you are unlucky you will be shot at dawn.

A. P. H.



Excitable Tenor (during dispute about the bill). "BUT, MY FRIEND, YOU NOT KNOW ME WHO I AM—NO? I AM SPOFFERINO. TO-NIGHT I SING AT ZE OPERA—'BUTTERFLY.'"

Waiter (unimpressed). "UM—YOU LOOK LIKE A BUTTERFLY!"

"——'S BOOTS
HAVE BEEN
IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH."

Advt. in Local Paper.

We fear the advertiser has put his foot in it.

LABOUR AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

I wasn't present at the station when Madame Pavlova arrived in London, bringing with her, as I have been assured by six different newspapers, no fewer than three hundred and eighty-five pieces of luggage. But I have seen, thanks to Sir J. M. Barrie, the transformation which a Russian *prima ballerina* makes in an English country home, so I happen to know exactly what occurred. I think it deserves to be recorded. Very well then.

Scene.—*A Metropolitan railway terminus, though you wouldn't perhaps recognise it, because it looks a little like the interior of a Greek cathedral and a little like the fair at Nijni Novgorod, and the posters have obviously been painted by* Mr. Wyndham Lewis *or somebody like that. One porter is discovered leaning against an automatic sweet machine designed by an Expressionist sculptor. He is wearing a long mole-coloured smock, and looking with extreme disfavour at his luggage-truck, which has somehow got itself painted bright blue and green, with red wheels. Music by* J. H. Thomaski.

[*Enter L., puffing slowly, the boat-train. The engine and carriages resemble Early-Victorian prints.* Madame Pavlova *descends, and in a very expressive dance conveys to the* Porter *that she has one or two trunks in the guard's van which she wants him to convey to a taxicab.*

Porter. 'Ow many is there, lady?

[Pavlova *pirouettes a little more and points three hundred and eighty-five times at the station-roof with her right toe.*

Porter. Can't be done nohow.

[Pavlova *dances a dance indicative of absolute and heartrending despair, terminating in an appeal to the heavens to come to her aid. Enter R. an important-looking personage with a long white beard, wearing a costume which might be called a commissionaire's if it wasn't so like a harlequin's.*

Porter (impressively and with evident relief). The Stazione Maestro!

The Stazione Maestro. What's all this?

[Pavlova *dances an explanation of the* impasse. *The S.-M. and the* Porter *remove their caps and scratch their heads solemnly, to slow music.*

The S.-M. (after deep cogitation). This must be referred to the N.U.R.

[*Enter suddenly, R. and L., dancing, the Central Executive Committee of the N.U.R. There is thunder and lightning.* Pavlova *repeats her appeal. The* C.E.C. *confabulate. The* Chairman *finally announces that the thing is entirely contrary to the principles of their Union, and if the* Station-master *permits it he must take the consequences. The* C.E.C. *disappear.*

The S.-M. What about it, Bill?

Porter. We'll do it. (*He dances.*) Here goes, Mum.

[*Enter, suddenly, chorus of porters with multi-coloured trucks. (They are the same as the* C.E.C. *really, but they have changed their clothes.) Aided by the* S.M. *and* Bill *they remove the three hundred and eighty-five packages, and wheel them, walking on their toes, to the station exit, R. Here is seen a taxicab whose driver is wrapped in profound meditation and smoking a hookah, the bowl of which rests on the pavement. It is represented to him that a lady with some luggage desires to charter his conveyance and proceed to Hampstead. He comes forward to the centre and explains:*

1. *That it is near the dinner-hour.*
2. *That he has no petrol.*
3. *That he wouldn't do it for* Lloyd George *hisself.*

He retires to his vehicle and resumes his hookah. Pavlova *dances some dances expressive of Spring, of Butterflies, of Flowers, of Unlimited Gold. In the midst of the final passage the driver leaps from his seat, rushes on to the platform, jumps three hundred and eighty-five times into the air, whirls* Pavlova *off her toes and dashes from side to side, carrying her in one hand. He finally flings her into the taxicab and returns to his seat. The luggage is piled upon the roof by dancing porters and tied with many-coloured ribbons. The taxi departs in a cloud of petrol, the driver steering with his toes and manipulating the clutches with his hands. Farewells are waved and finally, surrounded by the rest of the porters, the* Station Master *and* Bill *dance a dance of Glad Sacrifice, stab themselves with their hands, and die.*

Curtain of Smoke.

Mind you, as I said at the beginning, I wasn't there myself, but I helped to steer three boxes to the seaside during the Easter holiday without the blandishments of Art. So I know something.

Evoe.

LABUNTUR ANNI.

To a Chital Head on the Wall of a London Club.

Light in the East, the dawn wind singing,
Solemn and grey and chill,
Rose in the sky, with Orion swinging
Down to the distant hill;
The grass dew-pearled and the *mohwa* shaking
Her scented petals across the track,
And the herd astir to the new day breaking—
Gods! how it all comes back.

So it was, and on such a morning
Somebody's bullet sped,
And you, as you called to the herd a warning,
Dropped in the grasses dead;
And some stout hunter's heart was brimming
For joy that the gods of sport were good—
With a lump in his throat and his eyes a-dimming,
As the eyes of sportsmen should;—

As mine have done in the springtime running,
As mine in the halcyon days
Ere trigger-finger had lapsed from cunning
Or foot from the forest ways,
When I'd wake with the stars and the sunrise meeting
In the dewy fragrance of myrrh and musk,
Peacock and spurfowl sounding a greeting
And the jungle mine till dusk.

You take me back to the valleys of laughter,
The hills that hunters love,
The sudden rain and the sunshine after,
The cloud and the blue above,
The morning mist and creatures crying,
The beat in the drowsy afternoon,
Clear washed eve with the sunset dying,
Night and the hunter's moon.

Not till all trees and jungles perish
Shall we go back that way
To those dear hills that the hunters cherish,
Where the hearts of the hunters stay;
So you dream on of the ancient glories,
Of water-meadows and hinds and stags,
While I and my like tell old, old stories . . .
Ah! but it drags—it drags.

H. B.

"Matrimony.

Accountant would write up Books, also Tax Returns; moderate charges."

Liverpool Paper.

This is much more delicate than the usual crude stipulation that the lady must have means.



MANNERS AND MODES.

A NEO-GEORGIAN TRIES TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

This is the story of Mr. Holmes, the Curate, and of how he brought peace to our troubled house. The principal characters are John, my brother-in-law, and Margery, my unmarried sister, and, at the bottom of the programme, in large letters, Mr. Holmes, the Curate. I have a small walking-on part. The story will now commence.

John and Margery went out for a walk in the beautiful Spring sunshine as friendly as friendly. They came back three hours later—well, Cecilia (his wife) and I heard them at least two villages away.

They both rushed into the room covered with mud and shouting at the tops of their voices.

"Cecilia," roared John, "order this girl out of my house. She shan't stay under my roof another hour."

"Cecilia," shrieked Margery, "he's an obstinate ignorant wretch, and thank Heaven he isn't *my* husband."

I put a cushion over my head.

Cecilia kept hers.

"If you will both go out of the room," she said, "take off your filthy boots and come back in your right minds and decent clothing I'll try to understand what you are both talking about."

They crawled out of the room abjectly and I came out into the open once more.

"Good Lord! What a family to be in!" I said.

* * * * *

"Cecilia," said John at tea, "harking back to the question of Hairy Bittercress——"

"Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

"What on earth——?" began Cecilia.

"I'll tell her," said Margery quickly. "Cecilia, we had a competition this afternoon, seeing who could find most signs of Spring. Well, I found a bit of Hazel Catkin——"

"Hairy Bittercress," said John.

"I tell you——" went on Margery.

"If you will calm yourself," interrupted John with dignity, "we will discuss the point."

"There's nothing to discuss. What do you know about botany, I'd like to know?"

"My dear child," said John, "when you were an infant-in-arms, nay, before you existed at all, it was my custom to ramble o'er the dewy meads, plucking the nimble Nipplewort and the shy Speedwell. I breakfasted on botany."

"Talking of botany," I broke in, "there was a chap in my platoon——"

John groaned loudly.

"Do you suggest," I asked, "that he was not in my platoon?"

"I suggest nothing," he answered; "I only know that they can't all have been in your platoon."

"All who, John?" asked Cecilia.

"All the chaps he tells us about. Haven't you noticed, since he came home, it's impossible to mention any type or freak or extraordinary individual that wasn't like somebody in his platoon? It must have been about five thousand per cent. over strength."

"I treat your insults with contempt," I said, "and proceed with my story. This chap had the same affliction that has taken Margery and yourself. He spent his life searching for specimens of the Bingle-weed and the five-leaved Funglebid. At bayonet-drill he would stop in the middle of a 'long-point, short-point, jab' to pluck a sudden Oojah-berry that caught his eye. In the end his passion got him to Blighty."

"How?" asked Margery.

"Well," I continued, "it was the morning of the great German attack. My friend—er—I will call him X—and myself were retiring on the village of—er—Y, followed by about six million Germans. Shots were falling all round us, when suddenly X saw a small wild flower at his feet. He bent down to pick it up and—er——"

"That is quite enough, Alan," said Cecilia.

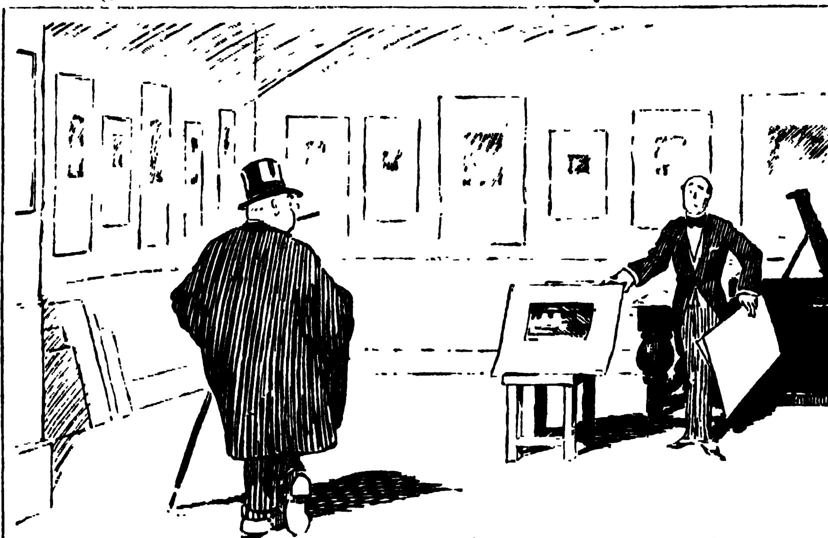
"That is all, Cecilia," I said; "that is how he got to Blighty."

"We will now proceed with the subject in hand," said John after a moment's silence. He produced a small crushed piece of green-stuff from his pocket.

"The question before the house is, as we used to say in the Great War, '*Qu'est-ce-que c'est que ceci?*' Any suggestions that it is of the Lemon species will be returned unanswered. For my part I say it is Hairy Bittercress."

"And I say it's Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

"And what says Hubert the herbalist?" asked John, handing the weed to me.



Art Patron (who has heard something about a Modern Movement). "Now you're not going to tell me that's a valuable bit of work? Why, hang it all, I can recognise the place."

I examined it carefully through the ring of my napkin.

"Well," I said, "speaking largely, I should say it is either Mustard or Cress, or both as the case may be."

I was howled down and retired.

* * *

We heard lots of the weed during the next few days. Each morning at breakfast it sprouted forth as it were.

"And how is the Great Unknown?" I would ask.

"The Hairy Bittercress is thriving, we thank you," John would answer.

"Hazel Catkin," Margery would throw out.

"Catkin yourself," from John, and so on *ad lib.*

They kept it carefully in a small pot in the window, and if one looked at it the other watched jealously for foul play.

"On Saturday," said John, "the Curate is coming to tea. He is a man of wisdom and a botanist to boot—or do I mean withal? On Saturday the Hairy Bittercress shall be publicly proclaimed by its rightful name."

"Which is Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

Saturday came and Saturday afternoon, and, about three o'clock, the Curate. I saw him coming and met him at the door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holmes," I said. "You come to a house of bitterness and strife. Walk right in."

"Indeed I trust not," he said.

"Come with me," I replied; "I will



"GET UP, DEAR, AND GIVE YOUR SEAT TO THIS LADY. REMEMBER YOU LOSE NOTHING BY BEING POLITE."
"OH, DON'T I? I LOSE MY SEAT."

tell you all about it." And I led him on tip-toe to a quiet spot.

"Mr. Holmes," I said, "you know the family well. We have always been a happy loving crowd, have we not?"

"Indeed you have," he said politely.

"Well," I continued, "a weed has split us asunder. My brother-in-law and my younger sister are on the point of committing mutual murder."

I explained the whole situation and drew a harrowing picture of its effect on our family life. "Unless you help us," I said, "this Hazel Catkin or Hairy Bittercress will ruin at least four promising young lives."

"But I hardly see how I am to ——" began Mr. Holmes.

I told him what to do.

"But surely," he said, "they will know better than that."

"No, they won't," I said. "Neither of them knows anything about it, really. Come, Mr. Holmes, it is for a good cause."

"Very well," he said. "Perhaps the end justifies the means. We will see what we can do."

"Good man," I said. "Children unborn will bless your name for this day's work."

I took him to the dining-room, where Margery and John were sitting.

"Here is Mr. Holmes," I said.

They both made a dash at him.

"Mr. Holmes," said John, "we seek your aid. You have a wide and deep knowledge of geography — that is botany, and you shall settle a problem that is ruining my home."

"Certainly I will do my best," said Mr. Holmes. And then without a blush: "What is the problem, may I ask?"

"We have found a piece of ——" began John.

"Don't tell him," shrieked Margery. "Let him see for himself."

They fetched the weed and handed it reverently to the Curate.

Mr. Holmes looked at it carefully. He breathed on it and moistened it with his finger. At last he looked up.

"This is a very rare specimen indeed," he said; "I never remember to have seen one quite like it. It is in fact a hybrid." He stopped and beamed at us.

"What's it *called?*" shrieked Margery and John together.

Mr. Holmes chose his words carefully. "It is called," he said, "Hairy Catkin."

There was a pause while Margery and John gazed at each other.

"'Hairy Catkin,'" said John solemnly.

"Then—then we're both right!" said Margery.

They looked at each other again and then did the only thing possible in the circumstances. Each fell on the other's neck.

Mr. Holmes and I shook hands silently.

The Wool Shortage.

"Blankets, guaranteed all wood."
Provincial Paper.

"Antique Carved Ebony Carpet."
Another Provincial Paper.

"Within there is the delicious scent of burning logs, and all the fragrance of only a 1½d. stamp."—*Daily Paper.*

We have tasted the backs of these stamps—a delicious bouquet.

"Berwick Guardians on Eue-day favourtarining in Ireland, was more able to deal receive their vates. The candidate, Mr. D. opinion. The ballot for position of places accompanied feastings and jollification, and sentation what elections were like in the the business of auctioneer."
North-Country Paper.

Portions of the paragraph are not too clear, but we should say there was no doubt about the jollification.

STAGE AMENITIES.

"Hello, Cissie! So you're assisting at Daisy Darlint's benefit too?" "Yes—the cat!"

CHIPPO'S SCENARIO.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

It was the Société Grand Guignol de Cinéma's busy day. On the beach at Petiteville cameras were rattling away like machine guns, orders from the producer were hissing through the air with the vicious hum of explosive bullets, and weary supers were marching and counter-marching in a state of hopeless apathy.

At the very height of these operations Chippo Munks wandered into the camera barrage and got firmly entangled in the picture. As "crowd in background" was indicated by the scenario, the producer refrained from killing Chippo out of hand—in fact he invited his co-operation for another crowd a little later on. Thus it was that Chippo earned the right to describe himself as a "fillum actor," with licence to speak familiarly of his colleagues, Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford, and full powers to pose as the ultimate authority of the camp whenever cinemas were mentioned.

At the Café des Promeneurs it was generally assumed that Chippo was merely waiting for a fat contract from the Société Grand Guignol, and pending its arrival he explained that he was constructing a suitable scenario.

"The public," he said, "is fed up with Texas rancheros in Anzac 'ats and antimacassar trousers playing poker dice with one 'and and keeping a sustained burst of rapid fire against their opponents with the other. They wants something true to life. Now, my fillum opens at the Café de l'Avenir, where a stout old British soldier runs a Crown an' Anchor board at personal loss, but 'appy in the knowledge that 'e is amusing his comrades."

"The same answering to the name of Chippo Munks?" interjected Chris Jones.

"The name on the programme is *Reginald Denvers*," said Chippo firmly. "Acrost the way, at the Café de la Vache Noire, a drunken unprincipled gambler named *Jim Blaney*—which you will also reckernise is an alias—regularly pockets the pay of 'is fellow-soldiers under pretence of a square deal at banker an' pontoon. One night, 'aving sucked 'is victims dry for the time being and also largely taken 'is cawfee *avec*, *Blaney* goes acrost to the Avenir an' sets 'is stall out there. *Reginald* remonstrates.

"'I'm the Great White Chief in this 'ostelry,' says he, 'an' we don't want no three-card-trick sharks butting in.'

"'My modest shrinking vi'let,' says *Blaney*, 'I'll play where I blinking well please.'

"*Reginald* thereupon remarks that sooner than allow 'is innocent patrons to be swindled by a six-fingered thimblerigging son of a confidence trickster 'e'd start in an' expose 'im.

"At this point *Blaney* swears to be revenged, an' there is a hinterval of a minute while the next part of the fillum is bein' prepared.

"The following scene shows *Blaney* all poshed up and busy trying to worm 'is way into the confidence of *Suzanne* (the daughter of the *patron* of the Café de l'Avenir), who cherishes a secret passion for *Reginald*. 'E kids 'er to



A LEVY ON PATRIOTISM.



Mabel (to dentist). "Be careful, won't you? I'm dreffly ticklish."

drop the contents of a white packet into *Reginald's vang blanc*, telling her it 's a love lotion—I should say potion—that will gain 'er *Reginald's* everlasting affections. *Reggie*, being thirsty, scoffs off the whole issue an' finds to his dismay that 'is voice 'as been completely destroyed. That 's a thrilling situation, Chris, a *professeur de* Crown an' Anchor not being able to do his patter."

"'E might as well shut up shop right away," agreed Chris.

"Jest so. *Reginald* rushes after *Blaney* and tells him off good an' proper——"

"'Ow could 'e when 'e'd lorst his voice?" asked Chris.

"Oh! burn it. This is a fillum drama. 'E sees 'is extensive *clientèle* drifting away to the Vache Noire an' *Blaney* getting so rich 'e can afford Beaune an' eggs an' chips for 'is supper every night. In the interests of the misguided victims *Reginald* tells the Military Police that drinking goes on during prohibited hours at the Vache Noire, an' gets the place put out of bounds. All the speckerlaters thereupon return to the Avenir, an' Part II. finishes with *Reginald* recovering 'is voice an' carolling 'Little Billy Fairplay, all the way from 'Olloway' while he rakes in the shekels with both hands and feet."

"I 'm getting the 'ang of this a bit," said Chris; "I recollect there was a chap named Slaney as once did you down on a deal, an' I remember a red-'aired girl at the Avenir. But all this talk about love lotions and voice dope gets me guessing."

"A fillum drama that 's true to life ain't bound to be absolutely true as to facts. The trimmings is extra. We opens next with a little slow music an' *Jim Blaney* meeting *Reginald* an' telling 'im 'e 's reformed an' given up gambling. Instead 'e 's running a very respectable football sweep, the prize to be given to the one as draws the team that scores most goals, an' 'e offers *Reginald* a commission an' a seat on the drawing committee if he 'll recommend it amongst 'is clients. Such is 'is plausibleness that 'e even sells *Suzanne* a ticket, though she's not rightly sure if Aston Villa is a racehorse or a lottery number. *Reginald*, however, suspects treachery.

"'Take your breath reg'ler,' 'e says, or makes movements to that effect. 'The matches for this sweep is played on Saturday, an' I seems to recollect that you an' a lot of the crowd is due for demob on Wednesday, an' I 'm going for leave on Tuesday. What guarantee 'ave we that you weigh out before you go?'

"'I pays out *immédiatemong* on receipt of the Sunday papers, which will be Sunday night,' says *Blaney*. 'That 's good enough, ain't it?'

"*Reginald* therefore invests an' participates in the drawing, though still a bit doubtful. 'Is fears is justified, for on Friday night, 'aving got all the money, *Blaney* stops outside the *estaminay* an' hits a Military Police over the ear."

"Whatever for?" asked Chris. "The War 's over."

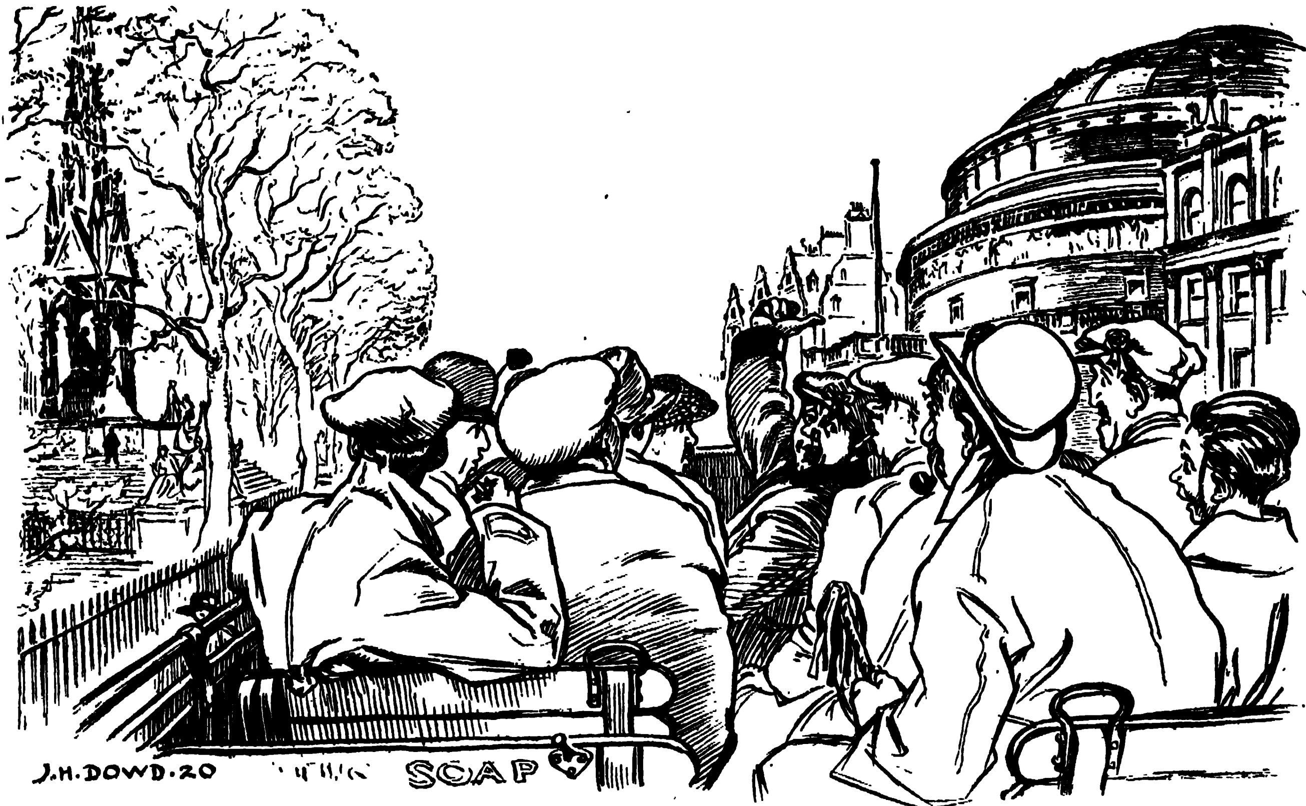
"That 's a mystery; but the mystery is solved when they 'ear that *Blaney* 'as gone to clink to do ten days F.P. No. 2.

"'E 's just gauged it to a nicety,' says someone; ''e won't come out till we 're demobbed, an' 'e 'll be orf before *Reginald* gets back from leave.'

"It 's 'ere the finest scene in the fillum ought to 'appen. Imagine a crowd of defrauded an' infuriated soldiery, led by *Reginald*, marching up to the F.P. compound and demanding that the miserable *Blaney* an' their stakes should be 'anded over to them.

"'Never!' says the Provost-Sergeant, twirling his moustaches to needle points.

"'As a sportsman I appeal to you,' says *Reginald*, 'or we 'll wreck the blinkin' compound.'



Informative Visitor (member of party viewing sights of London). "'Ere y' are, boys. On our left is the statoo of the famous singer, Albert 'All, and on the right we 'ave the Kensington Gas Works."

"'I'll not give him up while I have breath in my body,' says the Provost-Sergeant. 'I've drawn Chelsea in the sweep.'

"Then should ensue the gloriousest shemozzle that ever was; but this scene is spoiled by some miserable perisher who says it ain't worth while making a rough house till they know who's won. What really happens is that they wait till the Sunday papers arrive, when it is found *Suzanne* 'as won the sweep, 'er 'aving drawn Sunderland, what was top-scorer with seven goals.

"It is then that *Reginald's* noble nature shows itself. Instead of telling 'er that she's won an' then disappointing 'er by saying the prize money is in custody, 'e buys 'er ticket for 'alf-price. Then 'e goes to the compound an' bribes the sentry to let 'im talk to *Blaney* through the barbed wire.

"'There's the winning ticket, *Blaney*,' 'e says; 'now pay out.'

"'Pay out?' says *Blaney*, grinning hideously. 'Why, what do you think I got into clink for?'

"And the end comes with *Reginald* stalking 'elplessly outside the wire, an' *Blaney* laughing an' taunting 'im from inside."

"I don't think much of it," said Chris critically. "I know that Slaney—'im what you call *Blaney*—did actually do you down real proper, but as a fillum it ain't a good ending."

"P'r'aps it ain't—as it stands," admitted Chippo, "but when I'm demobilized—when *Reginald* is demobilized, I should say, an' 'e 'appens to meet that *Jim Blaney* there'll be the finest fillum finish that's ever been released, if the police don't interfere."

THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE.

[The Government is reported to have three million empty rum jars for sale.]

I've long mused on buying a rifle,
 A chunk of an aeroplane's gear
Or other belligerent trifle
 By way of a small souvenir;
I've thought 'twould be fine (and your pardon
 I beg if this savours of swank)
If the grotto that graces my garden
 Were topped by a tank.

But only this morn I decided
 Exactly the thing I preferred
To call back the prodigies I did
 When the call for fatigue men was heard;
Though my life is again a civilian's,
 Martial glories shall come back to view
If I buy from these derelict millions
 A rum jar or two.

Though the spirit's long since been a "goner,"
 Though the uttermost heel-tap be drained,
I will give them a place of high honour,
 Well knowing that once they contained
My solace when seasons were rotten,
 When the cold put my courage to flight,
Or the sergeant, perchance, had forgotten
 To kiss me good-night.

In a world that is apt to be trying,
 When things are inclined to go ill
And I'm sitting despondently sighing,
 Perhaps they will comfort me still;
At the sight of these humble mementoes
 It may be once more I shall know
From the crown of my head to my ten toes
 That radiant glow.

Journalistic Candour.

"Chances Missed.

By *The Daily Mail* correspondent recently in France."—*Daily Mail.*

"'The Trojan Person in Pink' will fill the bill at the Haymarket."—*Evening Paper.*

Is this intended for a description of the lady to whom Paris gave the golden apple?



THE WORM TURNS.

A JUGGLER'S COMIC ASSISTANT REFUSES TO MUFF HIS TRICKS.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Proud is not the word for me
When I hear my 8-h.p.
Latest model motor-bike,
Having dodged the latest strike,
Is awaiting me complete
At the garage down the street.

Joyfully I take my way
(And a cheque-book too to pay
The two hundred odd they thought it
Right to charge the man who bought
it).
Still, it is a lovely creature,
Up-to-date in every feature,
And a side-car, painted carmine—
Joy! to think they really *are* mine!

Time is short; I don't lose much in
Starting, and I let the clutch in;
Lest I should accelerate
Passing through the garage-gate,
Feeling certain as to what 'll
Happen, I shut off the throttle,
When—my heart begins to beat—
I'm propelled across the street
In a way I never reckoned,
Gathering speed at every second.

Frantic, I apply the brake,
Realising my mistake
With my last remaining wit:
I've not shut, but opened it!
In another instant I
Hit the curb and start to fly.

Aeronautic friends of mine
Say that flying is divine;
Now I've tried it I confess
Few things interest me less,
Still, I own that in a sense
It is an experience.

These and other thoughts are there
As I whistle through the air,
And continue till I stop
In an ironmonger's shop
(Kept by Mr. Horne, a kind
Soul, but deaf and very blind).
Still—I mention this with pride,
For it shows how well I ride—
I have left the bike outside.

* * * * *

Little Mrs. Horne is sitting
In the neat back-parlour, knitting.
Mr. Horne, who hears the din
Which I make in coming in,
Leaves the shop and says to her:
"Martha, here's a customer.
From the sound of clinking metal
I should judge he wants a kettle."

Mrs. H. shows some surprise
At the sight that greets her eyes,
And, in answer to her shout,
Mr. H. comes running out.

* * * * *

Now, it's something of a strain
On the busy human brain
Passing through a window-pane
To decide what it will do
When at last it's safely through.

As I gaze around I find—
Horror! why, I must be blind!
Blind or dead, I don't know which—
All about is black as pitch;
Thick the atmosphere as well
With a dank metallic smell . . .

Guessing that I am not dead
I attempt to loose my head
From a kettle's cold embrace;
And, meanwhile, to save my face
(Finding I can't get it out),
Say politely—up the spout—
"Lovely morning, is it not, Horne?
Think I'll take this little lot, Horne;
It is such a perfect fit,
And I'm so attached to it
That I find I cannot bring
My own head to leave the thing.
So you will oblige me greatly
If you'll pack them separately."

The Housing Stringency.

"House for Sale 12ft. by 1ft., suitable for bed-sitting-room."—*Provincial Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"We claim that we can do you anything in our line as well, or perhaps a little bit less than you will get it at many other places."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"Alleged Wallet-Snatcher Takes Two Omnibuses."
Evening News.

No wonder there is a shortage in London travelling facilities.

THE WORD-BUILDERS;

A Shortage of Straw.

Aitchkin has been doing great things in forage, but prosperity has not spoilt him. Although he must be aware that I remember him in pre-war days, when he used to strap-hang to the City with his lunch in a satchel, nevertheless he often invites me round on those rare occasions when he dines quietly at home.

The other evening, as he toyed with a modest eight-course dinner, I perceived that his cheerfulness was a trifle forced, and I thought that probably he was worrying over the behaviour of his little son, who, tiring that afternoon of his motor scooter, had done incalculable damage to the orchid-house with a home-made catapult.

When we were left alone with our cigars he unburdened his soul. It appears that, ever since the Armistice, ambition has spurred Aitchkin to be something more than the "& Co." of a firm which has become torpid with war profits. He had decided to start in business "on his lonesome," and to make "Aitchkin" and "forage" synonymous terms. Already he had taken over the premises of a sovereign purse-maker at a "reasonable figure." (When Aitchkin is "reasonable" somebody loses money.) But his bargain did not include a Telegraphic Address, and that morning, working from his letter-heading, "Alfred Aitchkin," he had brought himself to compose an appropriate word. To the "Alf" of the Christian name he added "Alpha" representing the initial of the surname (I suspected the assistance of his lady-typist), making the complete word "Alf-Alpha" or, written phonetically, "Alfalfa"—Spanish for lucerne. It was a word which could not fail to fix itself indelibly in the minds of his clients, for it recalled not only Aitchkin's name, but the commodity he dealt in. Full of the pride of authorship he had driven round to the G.P.O. in his touring car.

"But they crabbed it at once," he said sadly. "Telegraphic addresses nowadays have to conform to a lot of rotten new rules."

He handed me a slip of paper on which, over the dead body of "Alfalfa," he had jotted down the following notes:—

(1) Not less than eight, not more than ten letters.

(2) Must not be composed of words or parts of words.

(3) Words or parts of words may be accepted if they appear in the middle.

(4) Must not look like a word.

(5) Must be pronounceable.

(6) Russian names, on account of their unusual spelling, might be accepted.

"And what's more," Aitchkin continued, "even when you've got a word which the Department will accept, it has to be submitted to a Committee who take 'ten to fourteen days' to make up their minds."

A faint tinkling of the piano came to our ears. Mrs. Aitchkin was waiting to sing to us. I produced pencil and paper and threw myself heart and soul into Aitchkin's problem.

"Rules 2 and 3 are a little contradictory," I said, "and it will require no slight ingenuity to form a combination of letters which shall be pronounceable (Rule 5) and yet avoid the damnable appearance of a word (Rule 4). The concession about Russian names reminds me of something I have read about shaking hands with murder. In any case it is a barren concession, because, as we have seen, telegraphic addresses must be pronounceable. There is something sinister here," I continued. "This is the work of no ordinary mind. Some legal brain is behind all this."

Love of the bizarre and the latitude of the Russian Rule led me to make my first attempt with the name of that all-round Bolshevik sportsman, Bloodnjinkoff, and I was endeavouring to abridge it to not less than eight and not more than ten letters without spoiling the natural beauty of the name when Aitchkin stopped me rather brusquely. And my next effort, "Plucroes," he quashed, because he said that the implacable suspicion of the G.P.O. would be at once aroused by the diphthong. I fancy, though, from the narrowing of his eyes that he had some misgivings as to the derivation of the word.

I then set to work with alternate consonants and vowels (which must give a pronounceable word), dealing with difficulties under the other rules as they might arise. Meanwhile Aitchkin, after the manner of an obstructionist official of the worst type, sat over me with the rules, condemning my results. Even "Telegrams: Hahahahaha London," merely caused him to sniff contemptuously.

"You'll like this one," I exclaimed—Arleyota. This is a combination of the word 'barley' (the 'b' being treated as obsolete like the 'n' in 'norange') and the word 'oat' with the 'a' and 't' transposed."

Aitchkin was interested. Breathing heavily, he tested the word with each rule in turn, while I sat relaxed in my chair. I pictured Arleyota passed by the Department and brought into a hushed chamber before a solemn conclave of experts. How they would probe and analyse it during those momentous ten to fourteen days. And what a sensation there would be when they discovered that Arleyota begins and ends with the indefinite article.

Aitchkin thrust the papers into his pocket and rose abruptly, jamming the stopper more tightly into a decanter with his podgy hand.

"Not too bad, Arleyota," he said loftily; "I'll get them to polish it up at the office to-morrow." (So I *was* right about the lady-typist).

He opened the door and we passed out.

"But it ends in ta," he shouted against the *Roses of Picardy* which now came with unbroken force from the drawing-room. "'Ta' is a word, you know."

"*You* may use it as such," I bawled, "but they've never heard of it among the staff of the G.P.O."

THE WANDERER IN NORFOLK.

A Fantasia on East Anglian Place-Names.

Tired by the City's ceaseless roaring
I fly to Great or Little Snoring;
When crowds grow riotous and lawless
I seek repose at Stratton Strawless;
When feeling thoroughly week-endish
I hie in haste to Barton Bendish,
Or vegetate at Little Hautbois
(Still uninvaded by the "dough-boy").
The simple rustic fare of Brockdish
Excels the choicest made or mock dish;
Nor is there any *patois* so
Superb as that of Spooner Row.
Pett-Ridge's lively *Arthur Lidlington*
Might possibly be bored at Didlington;
And I admit that it would stump Shaw
To stir up a revolt at Strumpshaw.
The spirits of unrest are wholly
Out of their element at Sloley;
But even the weariest straphanger
Regains his courage at Shelfanger.
No taint of Bolshevistic snarling
Poisons the atmosphere of Larling,
And infants in the throes of teething
Become seraphical at Seething.

Nor must my homely Muse be mute on
The charms of Guist and Sall and
Booton,
Shimpling and Tattersett and Stody
(Which, be it noted, rhymes with ruddy),
And fair Winfarthing, where King Tino
Would seek in vain for a casino
Or even a flask of maraschino.
For here, far from the social scurry
That devastates suburban Surrey,
You find the authentic countryside;
Here, taking Solitude for bride,
The wanderer almost forgets
The jazzing crowd, the miners' threats.

"UNAPPROACHABLE
Family Ales & Stout."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This should please Mr. "Pussyfoot."



THE NEW SPIRIT IN WEDDING GIFTS.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Once again we are "for it." It is that heavy hour between five and six when the vitality is all too low for the ordeal that awaits us. On either side the far-flung battle line of clustering figures stretches away into the gloom. It is an inspiring sight, this tense silent crowd of men of every class and vocation, united by a common purpose, grimly awaiting the moment when as one man they will hurl themselves into the fray.

Is it the mere lust for fighting that has brought them here? Or is it the thought of the home that each hopes to return to that steels their courage and lends that *élan* to their resolution without which one enters the struggle in vain?

In the dim half-light I furtively scan the set faces around me and find myself wondering what thoughts those impassive masks conceal. Are they counting the cost? Most of them have been through the ordeal before. Pale faces there are—small wonder when one thinks of what lies before them. Here and there a man is puffing at his beloved "gasper" with the nonchalance that marks your bull-dog breed when stern work is afoot.

Yet one cannot keep one's thoughts from the tremendous possibilities of the next few minutes. Where shall we be a few minutes hence? Some, one knows, will have gone West—and the others? Would they effect a lodgement, or be hurled back baffled and raging and impotent, as, alas! had too often been the case before?

And what of those who were even now maybe preparing against our onslaught? Their intelligence could hardly have failed to warn them of our intentions. The position would be occupied, never fear, and in force, with seasoned men from the East.

At last a stunning roar that seems to shake the very ground, rising to a shriek. Now it is each man for himself. The long line surges forward, looking eagerly for a breach. Now we can see our opponents—hate in their eyes—as they brace themselves for the shock. Now we are into them, fighting silently, with a sort of cold fury save where a muttered curse or the sharp cry of the injured bears testimony to the fierceness of the struggle.

But see, they turn and waver. One more rush and we are through, driving them before us. The position is won.

Breathing hard we look around at the havoc we have wrought, and suddenly the glamour of victory seems to fade and one loathes the whole senseless, savage business. We do not really hate these men. After all, they are our fellow-creatures.

But what would you? One cannot spend the night on Charing Cross District platform.



SHAKSPEARE AND THE NEW ART.

"What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot?"
Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 9.

From a drapery firm's advertisement:

"WE NEVER ALLOW DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER TO LEAVE THE PREMISES IF WE CAN AVOID IT. IT DOESN'T PAY!"
Scotch Paper.

Suspiciously like a case of "Your money or your life!"

BY THE STREAM.

(*Featuring the Premier.*)

Mr. Lloyd George has returned from a visit to the haunts of his youth with renewed health and reinforced Welsh accent. The last day of his holiday was spent in fishing in the company of two friends; but unfortunately the newspapers failed to supply any details of the scene, a lack of enterprise which it is difficult to understand, especially on the part of the journals known to employ Rubicon experts on their staff. Happily we are able to give information which we have reason to believe will not be officially contradicted.

From his childhood Mr. Lloyd George has known intimately the romantic stream, named, for some unexplained reason, the Dwyfor river. To its musical murmur may be traced the mellifluous cadences of the statesman's voice employed so effectually in his appeals to Labour and the Paris Conference. Who can say what influences this little Welsh river, with its bubbling merriment, the flashing forceful leap of its cascades, its adroit avoidance of obstacles, may have had upon the career of the statesman of to-day, as through the years it has wound its way from the springs to the ocean? The senior fish of the Dwyfor are well known to him, and they gather fearlessly in large numbers to smile at his bait and to point it out to their friends.

Towards the end of the day a humorous incident occurred. A keeper appeared on the opposite bank of the river and excitedly warned the party that they were trespassing, requesting them to retire. To his amazement his demands were ignored, and the trespassers replied to his protests by singing "The Land Song," the Premier's rich tenor voice being easily distinguished above the roar of a neighbouring cascade.

"Lieut —— proposed that Mr. ——, our present vice-chairman, be elected to the chair until the usual election of officials took place, by that time a capable member would probably be found willing to accept the position.

Mr. —— thanked the proposer and seconders for their compliment."—*Service Paper.*

The new chairman seems to be easily pleased.



Sunday School Teacher. "DEAR ME, MAGGIE, YOU'RE NOT GOING AWAY BEFORE THE SERVICE IS BEGUN?"
Little Girl. "IT'S OUR FREDDIE, MISS. 'E'S SWALLOWED THE COLLECTION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

INEVITABLY you will find a sad significance in the title of *Harvest* (COLLINS), the last story, I suppose, that we shall have from the pen of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. It is a quite simple tale, very simply told, and of worth less for its inherent drama than for the admirable picture it gives of rural England in the last greatest days of the Great War. How quick was the writer's sympathy with every phase of the national ordeal is proved again by a score of vivid passages in which the fortunes of her characters are dated by the tremendous events that form their background. The story itself is of two women in partnership on a Midland farm, one of whom, the senior, has in her past certain secret episodes which, as is the way of such things, return to find her out and bring her happiness to ruin. The character of this *Janet* is well and vigorously drawn, though there is perhaps little in her personality as shown here to make understandable the passion of her past. All the details of life on the land in the autumn of 1918 are given with a skill that brings into the book not only the scent of the wheat-field but the stress, emotional and economic, of those unforgettable months. Because it is all so typically English one may call it a true consummation of the work of one who loved England well. In Mrs. WARD's death the world of letters mourns the loss of a writer whose talent was ever ungrudgingly at the service of her country. She leaves a gap that it will be hard to fill.

In some ways I think that they will be fortunate who do not read *A Remedy Against Sin* (HUTCHINSON) till the vicissitudes of book-life have deprived it of its pictorial wrapper, because, though highly attractive as a drawing, the very charmingly-clad minx of the illustration is hardly a figure to increase one's sympathy with her as an injured heroine. And of course it is precisely this sympathy that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is playing for—first, last and all the time. His title and the puffs preliminary will doubtless have given you the aim of the story, "to influence the public mind on one of the most vital questions of the day," the injustice of our divorce laws. For this end Mr. MAXWELL has exercised all his ability on the picture of a foolish young wife, chained to a lout who is shown passing swiftly from worse to unbearable, and herself broken at last by the ordeal of the witness-box in a "defended action." Inevitably such a book, a record of disillusion and increasing misery, can hardly be cheerful; tales with a purpose seldom are. But the poignant humanity of it will hold your sympathy throughout. You may think that Mr. MAXWELL too obviously loads his dice, and be aware also that (like others of its kind) the story suffers from over-concentration on a single theme. It moves in a world of incompatibles. The heroine's kindly friend is tied to a dipsomaniac wife; her

coachman has no remedy for a ruined home because of the expense of divorce, and so on. To a great extent, however, Mr. MAXWELL's craft has enabled him to overcome even these obstacles; his characters, though you may suspect manipulation, remain true types of their rather tiresome kind, and the result is a book that, though depressing, refuses to be put down. But as a wedding-present—no!

The Underworld (JENKINS) describes life round about and down below a small coal-mine in Scotland something near thirty years ago. Its author, JAMES WELSH, tells us in a simple manly preface that he became a miner at the age of twelve, and worked at every phase of coal-getting till lately he was appointed check-weigher by his fellows, and therefore writes of what he knows at first hand. Here then is a straightforward tale with for hero a sensitive and enthusiastic young miner who draws his inspiration from BOB SMILLIE, loses his girl to the coal-owner's son and his life in a rescue-party. The villain, double-dyed, is not the coal-owner but his "gaffer," who favours his men as to choice of position at the coal-face in return for favours received from their wives. The chief surprise to the reader will be the difference between the status and power of the miner then and now. The writer has a considerable skill in composing effective dialogue, especially between his men; gives a convincing picture of the pit and home life, the anxieties, courage, affections and aspirations of the friends of whom he is "so proud." Nor does he cover up their weaknesses. Purple passages of fine writing show his inexperience slipping into pitfalls by the way, but his work rings true and deserves to be read by many at the present time when miners are so far from being victims of "the block"—the employers' device for starving out a "difficult" man—that they look like fitting the boot to another leg. One is made to realise their anxiety to get rid of that boot.

How They Did It (METHUEN) may be regarded as a novel with a purpose, and, like most such, suffers from the defects of its good intentions. The object is "an exposure of war muddling at home," and it must be admitted that Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN gives us no half-measure; indeed I was left with the idea that greater moderation would have made a better case. To illustrate it, he takes his hero, *David Grant*, through a variety of experiences. Incapacitated from active fighting through the loss of an arm, he is given work as a housing officer on the Home Front. His endeavours to check the alleged extravagance and corruption of this command led to his being "invalided out"; after which he wanders round seeking civilian war-work (and marking only dishonesty everywhere), and ends up with a post in the huge, newly-formed and almost entirely farcical Ministry of Business. This final epithet puts in one word my criticism of Mr. O'DONOVAN's method. Everyone admits the large grain of truth in his charges; the trouble is that he has too often allowed an honest indignation to carry him past his mark into the regions of burlesque, and in particular to confuse character with caricature. But as a topical squib, briskly written, *How They Did It* will provide plenty of angry amusement, with enough suggestion of the *roman à clef* to keep the curious happy in fitting originals to its many portraits. I should perhaps add that the plot, such as it is, is held together by a rather perfunctory and intermittent love-affair, too obviously employed only to fill up time while the author is thinking out some fresh exposure. This I regretted, as *Mary*, the heroine, is here a shadow of what seems attractive and original substance. I wonder that the author did not invent for her a Ministry of Romance. He is quite capable of it.



DISGUST OF AN ARTIST ON FINDING HIS ACADEMY SUCCESS OF 1899 AT AN AUCTION OF MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES LEFT BEHIND IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

Among the writers who have established stable reputations for themselves during the War "KLAXON" is in the very front rank. This is partly due to an easy natural style, but most to a sound judgment and an amazingly clear eye for essentials. To those (not myself) who want to forget the last few years it may seem that we have already been given enough opportunities to read about our submarines. Well, I have read nearly everything that has been written on this subject and could yet draw great delight from *The Story of Our Submarines* (BLACKWOOD), a most informing and fascinating book. "Whatever happens," says "KLAXON," "the German policy of torpedoing merchant ships without warning must be made not only illegal but unsafe for a nation adopting it. . . . If these notes of mine serve no other purpose, they will, at any rate, do something towards differentiating between the submarine and the U-boat." By which it will be seen that to his many other claims on our regard "KLAXON" adds the gift, not always found among experts, of modesty.

THE VISIT.

WHEN I went to Fairyland, visiting the Queen,
I rode upon a peacock, blue and gold and green;
Silver was the harness, crimson were the reins,
All hung about with little bells that swung on silken chains.

When I went to Fairyland, indeed you cannot think
What pretty things I had to eat, what pretty things to drink;
And did you know that butterflies could sing like little birds?
And did you guess that fairy-talk is not a bit like words?

When I went to Fairyland—of all the lovely things!—
They really taught me how to fly, they gave me fairy wings;
And every night I listen for a tapping on the pane—
I want so very much to go to Fairyland again. R. F.

"Wanted, Bedroom and Sitting-room (furnished), with use of bathroom, without attendance."—*Provincial Paper.*

We share the advertiser's desire for privacy during ablutions.

CHARIVARIA.

It appears that Irish criminals may be divided into three classes (*a*) The ones you can't catch; (*b*) The ones you have caught but can't convict; (*c*) The ones you have convicted but can't keep in prison.

* * *

To such an extent has America gone dry that nearly all letters despatched from Scotsmen living over there are posted with the stamps pinned to the envelopes.

* * *

"We are certainly going to gain by the sale of the Slough works," said Mr. Bonar Law last week. Whether to an extent that will justify the Government for having kept *The Daily Mail* waiting like that is another question.

* * *

Mr. James Fowler of Deptford has offered to walk from Westminster Bridge to Brighton with a jar on his head. We assume that he has mislaid his hat.

* * *

In Hertfordshire the other day a boy was knocked down by a funeral-car. It may have been an accident, but it has all the appearance of greed.

* * *

A constable giving evidence at Willesden police-court said a prisoner called him a "sergeant-major." We feel sure the fellow could not have meant it.

* * *

Mrs. Alice L. Yocum, of Boone, U.S.A., has just obtained her thirteenth divorce. It is said that she has the finest collection of husbands in America.

* * *

The man who last week said he had not read "Another Powerful Article" by Mr. Horatio Bottomley in the Sunday Press is thought to be an impostor.

* * *

Parents in New York who are afraid of losing their children may register them at the Bureau of Missing People. As we have no such institution in this country parents must adopt the old method of writing their names and addresses on the top right-hand corner of their offspring.

* * *

Any wind blowing at more than seventy miles an hour, says an informing paper, may be called a hurricane. At the same time we doubt if this would have much effect on it.

* * *

Our sympathy is with the young Flight Lieutenant of the R.A.F. who has been unable to keep up with the uniforms designed by the Air Ministry. He is now said to be three uniforms behind.

* * *

It is claimed that whilst standing on a certain rock near Aberdeen one can obtain a thousand echoes from a single shout. We understand that the local habit of going there in order to pull a cork out of a bottle has now been prohibited owing to the annoyance caused to American visitors.



British Museum Official. "No, you can't get into the Mummy Gallery. The Government officials are still there."

Rustic. "What! ain't they sorted 'em out yet?"

* * *

A large grocery warehouse in Liverpool was practically destroyed by fire last Thursday week. We understand that the orderly manner in which the cheeses fell in and marched out of the danger-zone was alone responsible for preventing a panic.

* * *

"Keep smiling and you will never need a doctor," advises a writer in an illustrated daily. A friend of ours who put it to the test now writes to us from a well-known county asylum advising us to choose the doctor.

* * *

According to a morning paper, Micky, the oldest ape in the Zoo, now wears a mournful expression and seems to be tired of life. It is thought that he may have recently overheard the remark made by a thoughtless visitor that he was growing more like a Bolshevik every day.

* * *

A certain lamp-post in Maida Vale has been knocked down twice by the same bus. If the bus knocks it down once more the lamp becomes its own property.

* * *

The amazing report that one of the first six to finish in the London to Brighton walk was once a telegraph-boy is now denied.

* * *

There is a man living in the Edgware Road, it is stated, who has never been on an omnibus. He has often seen them whizzing by, he declares, but has always resisted the temptation to take the fatal plunge.

* * *

There will be no Naval manœuvres this year, it is announced. How under these conditions Mr. Pollen can continue to teach the Navy its business is a very grave question.

* * *

At a St. Dunstan's auction at Thornton Heath autographs of Mr. George Robey and the Premier were sold at ten shillings each. Mr. Robey, it appears, generously insisted on treating the matter as a joke.

* * *

A Manchester scientist claims to have discovered a means of making vegetable alcohol undrinkable without impairing its usefulness. It looks as if the secret of Government ale must have leaked out at last.

* * *

We are in a position to deny a report which was being spread in connection with a certain Model Village scheme, to the effect that the model bricklayer had refused to perform unless he was provided with a model public-house, while the model public-house could not be provided until the model bricklayer started work.

* * *

Bonnet strings, says a fashion paper, will be worn by *débutantes* this summer. Apron strings, we gather, will continue to be unfashionable with our flappers.

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

England to her France.

This is a joyous trysting-place, my love,
With no inconstant climate to distract us;
Pure azure is the sky that laughs above
These admirable bowers of prickly cactus,
Where we may nestle, conjugating *amo*
(Dear old San Remo!).

We've had our difference, as lovers do;
A slight misunderstanding came between us;
But that is past; the sky (I said) is blue
And this the very sea that nurtured Venus;
Come, like her doves amid the groves of myrtle—
Come, let us turtle.

"How can they ever kiss again?" 'twas said;
But Love made light of that absurd conundrum;
And lo! your breast is pillow to my head,
And we've a pair of hearts that beat as one drum;
Our bonds, if anything, are even more
Tight than before.

Your independence caused a passing pain,
But now, I thank you, I am feeling better;
You'll never go upon your own again
Nor I will write another nasty letter;
Embrace me, then, for sign of love's renewal,
Mon bijou (jewel). O. S.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HOBBS.

Old Hobbs, the gardener, has been in our family longer than I have. Although we live within twenty miles of London only once has he made the journey to the great city, for that one memorable day so nearly ended in disaster that he always speaks of it with a shudder. Indeed, but for the arrival of Mrs. Hobbs, belated, flustered and inquiring everywhere for her man, he must assuredly have spent the night in a police-station.

This is how it all happened. Mrs. Hobbs was returning from a visit to relations in Sussex, and her husband was to meet her in London, convoy her across the city and bring her home. In order to avail himself of a cheap fare Hobbs left by the 7.30 train, though his wife would not arrive till four o'clock in the afternoon.

He managed to get across London somehow. After locating the station at which Mrs. Hobbs was to arrive his intention was to spend the day "looking round London a bit;" but the crowds and the traffic were too much for the old countryman, so he sought safety by staying where he was.

Time hung heavily after a while. He lingered round the bookstall looking at the books and papers till a pert girl behind the counter asked him if he wouldn't like a chair; but when Hobbs, who was never rude and consequently never suspected rudeness in other people, raised his hat and said, "No, thank'ee, Miss, I be all right standing," even the pert girl was disarmed.

Next he amused himself counting the milk-churns on the platform. Then he killed time by interesting himself in the stacks of unattended luggage and examining the labels; and at three o'clock a railway policeman laid a hand on his shoulder and asked him what his game was.

Hobbs, a little startled but clear in conscience, told his tale.

"That don't do for me," announced the constable. "I been keeping observation on you since nine, and your wife don't arrive till four, so you say. I seen you hanging round the luggage and fingering parcels, and you'll just come with me to the police-office as a suspected person loitering. An old luggage-thief, I should say, to put it quite plain."

"Me a thief!" gasped Hobbs, roused to realities; "why, I've worked ever since I was twelve, and me sixty-three now; I was never a thief, Sir. Look at me hands."

The constable inspected them critically. "They're a bit horny certainly; but then that may be only your dam artfulness. Come on and talk to the Sergeant."

The Railway Police-Sergeant briskly inquired his name, address, occupation and all the rest of it. Hobbs gave a good account of himself and mentioned that he had worked in our family for forty-two years.

"Any visiting-cards, correspondence or other papers to identify you?" asked the Sergeant mechanically. He had said it so often to the people who cry "Season! Season!" when there is no Season.

Hobbs confessed to having none of these things; and no, he knew no one in London.

"Then you'll stay here till four," pronounced the Sergeant, "and we'll see if this good lady of yours comes along."

But, alas! no Mrs. Hobbs appeared. "Must have missed the train," suggested Hobbs despairingly. "P'r'aps the trap broke down or something."

There was only one more train, it seemed, and that was not due until nine.

"Oh, I don't think my missus 'ud like to be so late as that," said the suspect. "She'd wait till the morning. I don't reckon she'll come to-night."

"No more don't I." The constable was beginning to enjoy himself. "If I was you I should drop the bluff and own I was fair caught. If you was to ask me, I should say you didn't look like a married man at all. We'll see what the Sergeant says now."

The Sergeant was accordingly consulted. He too was rather sceptical.

"If there's any truth in what you say you'd better wire to this gentleman at Monk's Langford that you say you work for, and try if we can identify you somehow," he advised. And to the constable, "Take him to the Telegraph Office and let him send his wire. Then bring him back here. Mind he don't give you the slip."

So Hobbs, sighing deeply and perspiring freely, wrote his message: "Sir, they have got me in the police-station here and say I am a suspected person, which you know I never was, having worked for you, Sir, and your father for forty-two years. But the Sargeant here says he wants proofs, and you, Sir, must vouch for me as being respectable, which you know I am, and none of us was ever thieves. So will you please do so, Sir, and oblige, as this leaves me at present, George Hobbs."

The clerk glanced at it. "It's a long message," he said; "it'll cost four or five shillings."

Hobbs hadn't got that—no, really he hadn't.

The constable standing on guard, rather bored, interposed, "We ain't asking you to write a book about it."

"No, Sir, I couldn't do that," replied Hobbs anxiously. "What would you say, Sir, if you was me?"

"Don't ask me," answered the policeman. "It's your wire, not mine. Send something you can pay for. We only wants to find out if you're the person you say you are. Daresay you'd like me to write it for you, and you 'op it while I done it. I seen your kind before. Try again, mate."

So Hobbs tried again. And that is how it came about that at tea-time a telegraph-boy brought me the bewildering message: "Mr. Lockwood, The Nook, Monk's Langford. Sir, am I Hobbs? Hobbs."



LOVERS' QUARRELS.

John Bull (*to France*). "WONDERFUL HOW A LITTLE STORM IN A TEA-POT BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR!"



OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.

Strong Man. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, kind appreciation, if you please. You surely don't expect a genuine West-End performer to 'alf kill 'isself in the suburbs for fourpence?"

BRIDGE NOTES.

(*With acknowledgments to several contemporaries.*)

It would, I feel, be but fair to the great Bridge-playing public to preface these few notes with a word of warning against the writers whom I find to my regret affecting to speak with authority on this subject in other periodicals. Until, as in the kindred profession of Medicine, it is impossible to practise without a Bridge degree, nothing can be done to prevent these quacks from laying down the law. All I can do for the present is to point out that there is only one writer who can speak not merely with authority, but with infallibility, upon all matters pertaining to our national game.

In this the eighth instalment of my series on Auction etiquette, I should like to urge once more upon the young Bridge-player the importance of playing quickly. And this because yet another case has come under my notice in which much trouble might have been avoided by doing so. In this case A. took seven minutes to decide whether to play the King or the Knave, which, especially as the Queen had already been played, was, I consider, far too long. Y., the declarer, sitting on A.'s left, certainly found it so, for towards the end of the seventh minute he dropped off to sleep and his cards fell forward face upward on the table. Dummy having gone away in search of liquid refreshment, A. and his partner B. then played out the hand as they liked and then roused Y. to inform him that, instead of making game, he had lost three hundred above.

Now, A. and B. were strictly within the rules of Auction Bridge in acting as they did. There is no legal time limit for players, as there is at cricket. But it would have been more tactful had they roused Y. at once, that he might see what they were doing with his cards.

Nor should tact be confined to such comparatively rare incidents as this. For instance, it is a mistake to confuse Auction Bridge with Rugby football. I have known players who declared "Two No-trumps" in very much the same manner as that in which a Rugby football-player throws the opposing three-quarter over the side-line. Excessive aggression is a mistake. A young Civil Servant of my acquaintance even went so far as to abstain from claiming an obvious revoke when the delinquent was the chief of his department. Unfortunately, however, this young man, so wise in other ways, had the annoying habit of turning his chair to bring him luck. On one evening, when the run of the cards was against him, he turned his chair between every hand and so annoyed his chief that no promotion has ever come his way, and he now spends his days bitterly regretting that he did not claim that revoke.

Passing to another point, I am asked by a correspondent if it is permissible occasionally to play from left to right,

instead of from right to left, just to relieve the monotony. He asks, not unreasonably, why, if this is not so, writers on Bridge go to the trouble of putting those little curved arrows to show which way round the cards are to be played.

For myself, I see no reason why the right-to-left convention should not occasionally be reversed, always provided that the whole table agrees beforehand to play in the same direction.

There are many other points to which I should like to refer, and many players to whom I should like to give a word of warning. There is the player who suddenly breaks off to join in the conversation of other people who happen to be in the room. There is the player who whistles to himself while he is playing: this is a grave fault, nor does the class of music whistled affect the question; the *Preislied* performed through the teeth is quite as exasperating as *K-K-Katie*. Then there is the player who breathes so hard with the exertion of the game that he blows the cards about the table. Finally there is the player who slaps the face of his or her partner. This is a mistake, however great the provocation. I have not space now to deal exhaustively with these breaches of Auction etiquette. Besides, I have to keep something in hand for future articles.



Foreman (to new hand). "What are you doin' there?"
New Hand. "Oilin' the wheelbarrow."
Foreman. "Well, just let it alone. What do you know about machinery?"

THE MADDING CROWD.

The scene is an Irish Point-to-Point meeting.

The course lies along a shallow valley, bounded on the north by a wall of cloudy blue mountains.

At each jump stands a group of spectators; the difficulty or danger of an obstacle may be measured by the number of spectators who stand about it, recounting tales of past accidents and hoping cheerfully for the future. Motor cars, side-cars, waggonettes, pony-traps and ass-carts are drawn up anyhow round a clump of whitewashed farm buildings in the background.

Blanketed hunters are having their legs rubbed or being led up and down by grooms. Comes a broken-winded tootle on a coach-horn and the black-and-scarlet drag of the local garrison trundles into view. The unsophisticated gun-horses in the lead shy violently at the flapping canvas of an orange-stall and swerve to the left into a roulette-booth presided over by a vociferous ancient in a tattered overcoat and blue spectacles. The gamblers scatter like flushed partridges and the ancient bites the turf beneath his upturned board amid a shower of silver coins. The leaders, scared by the animated table, and the blood-curdling invocations and wildly-waving arms and legs of the fallen croupier, shy violently in the opposite direction and disappear into the refreshment-tent, whence issue the crash of crockery and the shrieks of the attendant Hebes. (Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy should have some questions to pop about this at Westminster when next the Irish Question comes up.)

The bookmakers are perched a-top of a grassy knoll which overlooks the whole course, and around them surges the crowd.

* * * * *

Scarecrow (in somebody's cast-off dinner-jacket and somebody else's abandoned hunting breeches). Kyard of the races! Kyard of the races!

Farmer. Here y' are. How much?

Scarecrow. Wan shillin'-an'-sixpence, Sorr.

Farmer. There's "Price wan shillin'" printed on ut, ye blagyard.

Scarecrow. The sixpence is for the Government's little Intertainmints Tax, Sorr.

Farmer. Oh, go to the divil!

Scarecrow. Shure an' I will if yer honour 'll give me a letther of inthroduction. We'll call ut a shillin', thin, and I'll sthand the loss mesilf.

[*Farmer parts with the price and the Scarecrow dodges swiftly into the crowd. The Farmer peruses the card and frowns in a puzzled way; then the date catches his eye and he curses and tears the list to pieces.*

Farmer. Drat take the little scut; he's sold me last year's kyard!

Cattle-Dealer (shouting). Hi, sthop him there!

Farmer. Whist, let him go. Let him

trap some others first the way I'll not be the only mug on the market this day.

Trickster (setting up his table and jerking his cards about). I'm afther losin' a pony to thim robbers beyant, but, as Pierpont Rockafeller said to Jawn D. Morgan, "business is business, an' if ye don't speculate ye won't accumulate." Spot the dame and my money's yours; spot the blank and yours is mine. "The quickness of the hand deceives the eye, or vicy-versy," as Lord Carnegie remarked to Andrew Rothschild. Walk up, walk up, my sporty gintlemen and thry yer luck wid the owld firm.

Farmer. There go the harses down to the post. Who's that leadin' on the black?

Dealer. Young Misther Darley, no less. 'Tis a great fella for all kinds of diversion he is, the same. I was beyant to Darleystown this week past and found him fightin' a main o' cocks before the fire in his grandmother's drawin'-room. Herself riz up off her bed and gave the two of us the father and mother of a dhrubbin' wid her crutch, an' she desthroyed wid the gout an' all.

Farmer. 'Tis herself has the great heart. Hey! that's never Clancy goin' down on the owld foxey mare? Faith, it's sorra a ha'porth cud she course or lep these fifteen years.

Dealer. Lep, is ut? Shure she'll spring out like a birrd an' fear no foe by dint of the two bottles of potheen she has taken an' the couple o' lads Clancy has stationed at ivvery jump to let a roar at her an' heurthen her wid the sthroke of an ash-plant as she comes at ut."

First Country Boy. Arrah, they're off, they're away!

Second Country Boy. Thin let us down to the big double, avic, and be the grace of God we'll see a corpse.

Girl in Brown (hopping from one foot to the other). Can you see Freddy, Uncle George? Is he in front? I'm sure he is. He hasn't fallen, has he? He won't fall, will he? I'm sure he will. I do hope he'll win; I *know* he won't. The jumps look frightful, and I'm certain he'll break his darling neck. Oh, where *is* he, Uncle George?

Uncle George. Here, take my field-glasses.

Girl in Brown. I can't see, I can't see.

Uncle George (drily). Try looking through them the other way round.

Beshawled Crone (towing an aged beggar-man who wears a framed placard reminding the public that "charity covers a multitude of sins," and announcing that the bearer is not only "teetotally" deaf and dumb, but also blind, barmy and partially paralysed). May God's blessin' and the blessin's of all the howly Saints an' Martyrs be on ye, and would ye spare a little copper for a poor owld sthricken crature an' I'll pray for ye this night an' ivvery night of me life?

Girl in Brown. Give her a shilling, Uncle George, and tell her to pray for Freddy *now.*

[*Uncle George does the needful.*

Beggar-man (miraculously recovering his speech). Whist! Was that a shillin' he gave ye? That makes ten ye have now, thin. Run like a hare an' put ut on Acrobat at the best ye can get.

Farmer. Clancy leads be a length.

Dealer. Thin 'tis a hardy rider will dare pass the owld foxey mare now, for she'd reach out an' chew the leg off him, she's that jealous.

Farmer. Woof! Pat Maguire is into the wather head-first an' dhrinkin' a bellyful, I'll warrant--which same will be a new sensation for him

Dealer. It will indeed. 'Tis a wonder he wouldn't send a lad round the course before him givin' the ditches a dash from a pocket-flask the way he'd be in his iliment should he take a toss—the thirsty poor fella!

Farmer. The foxey mare is down on her nose an' Clancy throwing somersets all down the course. Acrobat has ut.

Dealer. He has not. He is all bet up. He's rollin' like a Wexford pig-boat. Beau Brocade has the legs of him.

Girl in Brown (jumping up and down). Beau Brocade! Beau Brocade! Oh, Freddy darling!

Beggar-man (miraculously recovering his sight). Acrobat! Put the whip to him, ye lazy varmint! Acrobat! Och, wirra, wirra!

Dealer. Beau Brocade has him cot. He is on his quarther. He is on his shoulder. They are neck and neck. He has him bet. Huroosh!

Farmer. What are you hurooshin' for —you with five poun' on Acrobat?

Dealer (crestfallen). Och, dang it, I was forgettin'.

Girl in Brown (dancing and clapping her hands). Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Beggar-man. * * *!!! * * *!!!

[*Local brass band, throned in a dilapidated waggonette, explodes into the opening strains of "Garryowen."*

PATLANDER.

"The question which arises in the mind of the writer is this:—'Is Salicylic Aldehyde "$C_6H_4 < {COH \atop OH}$ orthohydroxybenzaldehyde" the cause of the trouble?'"

The Fruit-Grower.

It must be a dreadful thing to have a mind like that.

TELEPHONE TACTICS.

It is now some months since the great autumn offensive was conducted with the idea of biting off an awkward salient in my circumstances—in brief, of obtaining the necessary telephone to enable me to commence an ordered existence. For many, many days my voice had been unheard crying in the wilderness that I was a poor demobilised soldier, that I had once had a telephone and had given it up at my country's call, and please couldn't they give me back even my old, old telephone again? I have already told how in response to these very human appeals I at length got only a request for the balance due for calls for 1914. My old friend Time, however, worked his proverbial wonders and one day a telephone came—phit! like that.

Directly it had come I suspected a trap somewhere. Nor were my friends behindhand in telling me of the horrors of gigantic and inexorable bills from which there was no appeal. They said I must have a coin-box. Excellent idea! I would have a coin-box.

So the great Spring offensive began. In early February I opened a strong barrage upon the main headquarters (how lovingly these ancient military metaphors come back to one!) and kept up a little light harassing fire upon the District Agent. The enemy replied with rigid uniformity upon printed forms--a mean advantage, for I have to type mine myself. But matters progressed. At the end of the first fortnight I had been advised that the work of installing my coin-box had been entrusted to no fewer than three groups of engineers, "to whom you should refer in all cases."

Well, I "referred" for some little time, and then, after a decent interval, made their acquaintance separately. If anything was calculated to bring back memories of the lighter side of the War it was the gracious and suave manner in which I despatched and re-despatched to other departments. I might have been the buffest of buff slips the way I was "passed to you, please."

Once again I cancelled all my work in the pursuit of where the rainbow ends. Nor was this renunciation any great hardship, for I had been writing a book about the Realities of War, and had just found that all the horrors that ever might have happened had already been set down by one who saw most of the game, being an onlooker. "But this," I said, as I set out every morning—"this is the life, pure adventure in every moment of it."

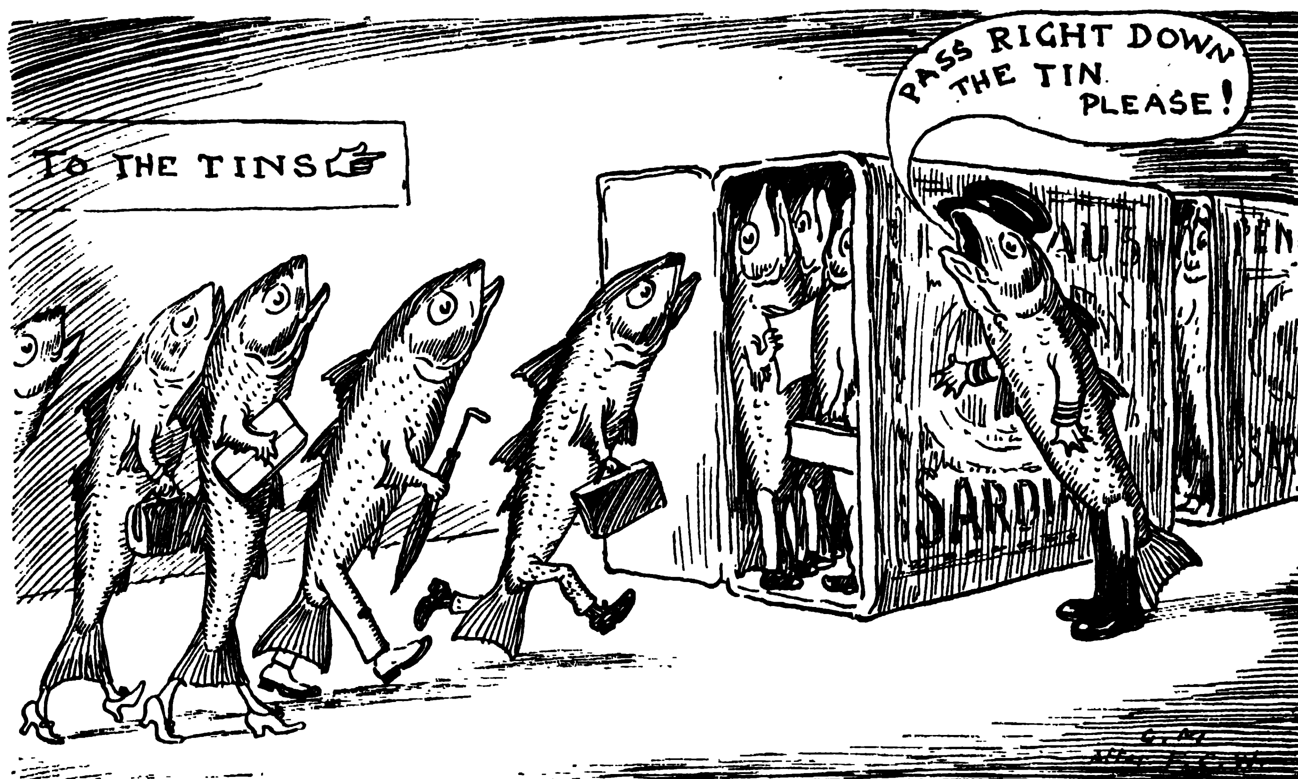
My efforts were rewarded. In late



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

[*From an Early-Victorian pocket "Etiquette for Gentlemen."*—"During the morning hours a gentleman visitor who neither shoots, reads, writes letters nor does anything but idle about the house and chat with the ladies is an intolerable nuisance. Sooner than become the latter he had better retire to the billiard-room and practise cannons by himself."]



THE PIONEERS.

SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF UNDERGROUND TACTICS.

February three people came and left three coin-boxes—in pieces. Then I must admit that I did a foolish thing. I wrote and said that I only wanted one box. I was afraid that if I kept them all it would be a case of "Thr-r-ree pennies, please," instead of one. (Mine is a penny district).

It annoyed them all. They came and took all the boxes away again—jealousy, I suppose. So at the end of February I was back in my old trenches again and visitors were still saying, "Oh, *do* you mind if I ring up So-and-so?" and I was listening to myself answering, "Oh, *do*. No, of *course* don't bother about the twopence" (visitors always want calls just outside the radius; I do myself).

The crisis came in March. It was then that I joined the criminal classes. For many days I had haunted the telephone dump, taking a melancholy pleasure in watching real engineers come out with real coin-boxes for other people. No Peri at the golden gate ever looked more wistful. I know now that it is opportunity that makes the criminal, and one day the opportunity came. It came in the form of a young and evidently new hand, who emerged from the dump and pitched upon me—me of all people—to ask, "Can you tell me where this place is?" As he spoke he began to get out a slip with the address, and in that moment my fate was sealed. One glance showed me that he was the bearer of a perfectly good coin-box, and in a second I had seized the opportunity.

What he said I have not the slightest idea and it wouldn't have mattered what the address had been; before he started I had assured him that by a curious coincidence I was going to that very place, and that by a still more curious coincidence I was the very man who wanted that coin-box. Curious, wasn't it, how such coincidences happened in real life as well as in books?

I took him to my home in a taxi. On the way I succeeded in diverting his mind from any possible awkward questions by relating details of my sad story until I could see the poor fellow was on the verge of tears. For those interested in criminology I may say that all the best criminal devices are not necessarily planned beforehand to the end; they are begun any-old-how and the genius consists in carrying the thing through afterwards, much the same as running a great war. I recked not what might occur after I had nefariously induced the poor innocent to install the machine; perhaps I had some vague idea that the Englishman's house is his castle, though this seems ridiculous when considered calmly. However, what matter these psychological dissections? He came with me unsuspecting, and I piloted him out of the taxi without his ever noticing the name of the street even. How could I have foreseen? Well, anyhow I didn't, or I shouldn't have tipped him on the stairs.

With many nods and winks I gave my wife the hint how I had managed it, and we went about the house whispering and hobnobbing in odd corners like a couple of conspirators while he began the work of installation.

Then the first dreadful moment came. Suddenly he addressed me by my name, with a certain suspicious interrogation in his tone.

"Who?" I asked blandly, going as red as a turkey-cock, of course; I never can help it.

He looked surprised and I plunged heavily, giving the first name I could think of, which happened to be the one he had mentioned in the taxi—his own, in fact. He looked still more suspicious and I knew it had been a mistake, especially as close to where he had been working were two envelopes addressed to me. I am certain that if my wife had not called me at that moment I should have gone permanently purple all over.

When I got back (I tried to get my wife to go, but she said she would rather I went, and that I wasn't really as red as I felt)—when I got back I



Mrs. Faulkner (to District Visitor). "Nicely, thank you, Miss, except for a poisoned 'and. For the rest of 'em, Father's in hospital, little Florrie's scalded herself and baby's got the whooping-cough. It be a blessing that troubles don't come singly or else there'd be no end to it."

could see that it had dawned upon him that I had wheedled him there without his knowing exactly where he was, and that he was determined not to be had. He asked me to sign for the installation.

Alas, I could not do that. It was only then that I realised that I am constitutionally honest; besides they might find me out.

We both tried to turn his thoughts to pleasanter topics. Perhaps asking him to have a glass of port was a mistake; there are times when even bribery is bad policy. Briefly, after a mumbled remark that "there was something fishy," he refused to leave the box. Dry-eyed we watched him take it all down and depart in a dudgeon. We were left with a vision of shameless visitors with their twopenny calls and interminable bills running up even while we were away on our holidays.

"Let us," I said hoarsely—"let us go and look at our child; she is all we have left now."

Moodily we turned to go upstairs. In the hall we stopped dead. Upon the floor was the wretched paper which my Victorian conscience and my twentieth-century caution had prevented me from signing.

"He must," said my wife with her usual perspicacity, "have dropped it on his way out. Let's see who the box was really meant for."

Picking it up I read aloud in cold firm tones *my own name and address*. The box had been meant for us after all.

* * * * *

We got it in the end. It came one morning, like the flowers in Spring, quite suddenly, and we spent a whole day telephoning to our friends to tell them we had a coin-box at last. I also wrote a letter full of gratitude to the telephone people and got the reply that, "owing to the shortage of plant, etc.," they regretted that for the time being they could not grant my request for a telephone.

We did not tell them that we had had one for three months; Heaven knows what would have happened.

And we are left in peace—now that our visitors have heard that we have a coin-box. L.

TWO "STEIN"-WAY GRANDS.

By a Philistine.

Einstein and Epstein were wonderful men,
Bringing new miracles into our ken.
Einstein upset the Newtonian rule;
Epstein demolished the Pheidian School.
Einstein gave fits to the Royal Society;
Epstein delighted in loud notoriety.
Einstein made parallels meet in infinity;
Epstein remodelled the form of Divinity.
Nature exhausted, I hopefully sing,
Can't have more Steins of this sort in her sling.

"Disputing Sergt. Alvan C. York's claim as the world war's greatest hero, Sergt. Mike Donaldson of New York has challenged the Tennessean to a debate on who is the greatest war hero."

New Haven Journal-Courier (U.S.A.)

Without waiting for the result of this unique contest Mr. Punch has no hesitation in saying that between them these warriors are responsible for the mightiest "blow" of the War.



The Colonel (at the end of his vocabulary). "WHAT DID LORD FISHER SAY IN 1919?"

FROM THE DANCE WORLD.

(*By our Ballet Expert.*)

The Daily Graphic announces that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has "fallen a willing victim to the latest fashionable dances," and is having lessons in them "in the privacy of his Hanover Square home." A thousand entrancing possibilities are opened up by this bald announcement. We are content to supplement it by a few authentic details.

Mr. BENNETT, who does nothing by halves, has mapped out a programme which will occupy his energies for at least two years. First comes the period of pupilship, which will last for six months. Then a year on the stage; then six months devoted to the composition of three novels and three plays, each with a Terpsichorean motive. Already, while engaged on his daily exercises, Mr. BENNETT has found time to revise the titles of some of his earlier works in keeping with his present aims, and two of these have now been appropriately rechristened *Anna Pavlova of the Five Towns* and *Helen of the High Kick.*

In the actual technique of his adopted art Mr. BENNETT has already shown extraordinary progress. The other day, while a wedding party was just about to leave St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. BENNETT, who happened to be passing by, took a flying caracole clean over the Rolls-Royce which contained the happy pair. Those who witnessed the feat say that it eclipsed NIJINSKY in his most elastic mood. But Mr. BENNETT is not satisfied, and declined an invitation to appear at the Devonshire House Ball last week on the ground that his achievement does not yet square with his ambition. Moreover he has decided not to dance in public under his real name, but is not yet quite certain whether to choose the artistic pseudonym of Ben Netsky or Cinquecittà—probably the latter.

Above all he is firmly resolved to preserve in his dancing the sympathetic and humanistic tone of his presentation of life in his books. It will be a message of hope. He is determined by his gestural artistry and resilient thistledowniness to "sanction and fortify the natural human passion for believing that life can somehow, behind all the miseries and the mysteries, mean something profoundly worth while." To render justice to his mental and physical agility is beyond our powers. We have been driven to culling this memorable sentence from the latest and most preternaturally precious of his American admirers.

It is only fair to say that as a dancing fictionist Mr. BENNETT will not be allowed to have it entirely his own way. Rumours are already afloat of the appearance on the boards of Messrs. CHESTERTON and BELLOC, under the impressive aliases of Campoborgo and Bellocchio, "the Terrible Tarantulators." This may be only a wild surmise. There is however strong *a priori* evidence in support of the statements that Mr. MASEFIELD is taking lessons in the Fox Trot at Boar's Hill, and that Lord Northsquith is bringing back with him from Morocco a powerful troupe of Dancing Dervishes, with the intention of installing them ultimately in Downing Street.

Our Literary Legislators.

"AN IMPERIAL POLICY.

(By Mr. ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P.)

May I commence my argument by a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, 'He knows not England who only England knows'?"—*Liverpool Paper.*

"SITUATIONS OPEN.

(COLONIAL, INDIAN AND FOREIGN.)

IRELAND.—Invoice Clerk required by leading firm of Wholesale Druggists in Ireland."

Trade Paper.

Dominion Home Rule casts its shadow before.

"The decree of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the creation of a separate Providence of Wales was read."—*Scotch Paper.*

What's wrong with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?



RESTORING THE BALANCE.

Voice from Audience. "IT'S A TRICK!"

Performer. "OF COURSE IT'S A TRICK! THE POINT IS THAT IT HASN'T BEEN DONE FOR YEARS AND YEARS—AND I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO APPLAUD IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 12th.—Neither Ministers nor ordinary Members showed any marked eagerness to resume their Parliamentary labours. Little green oases were to be seen in every part of the House, and on the Treasury Bench even Under-Secretaries (who often have to maintain a precarious perch on one another's knees) had room to spread themselves.

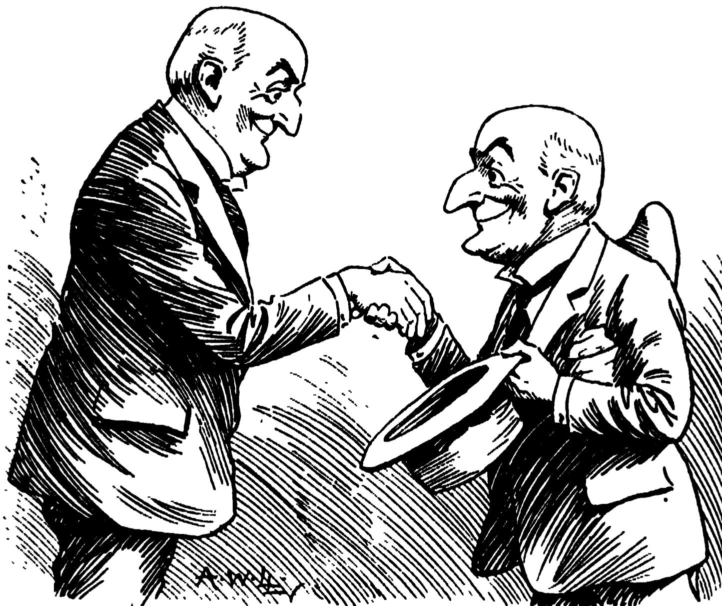
The Underground Railway may, like Nature, be careless of the individual, but it is extremely careful of the typewriter, and insists on making a special charge for this instrument, officially regarded as a bicycle. But as Sir ERIC GEDDES announced that this extortion, "though legal," was in his opinion "neither just nor expedient," we may hope that it will shortly be abandoned. The Ministry of Transport at last seems likely to justify its existence.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was annoyed to find that there has been no change during the recess in the regulations relating to passports, and that they are still not issued to Soviet Russia. The tone of the Minister's reply rather suggested that the Government might be disposed to make an exception in favour of the hon. and gallant Member.



"HOT STUFF."
MR. MILLS OF DARTFORD.

Tuesday, April 13th.—After the official announcement that the Slough depôt had been sold, and the chorus of satisfaction in the Press that the Government had disposed of its white elephant at a profit, Mr. HOGGE was disappointed to learn that, though the heads of agreement were being discussed, no contract had yet been signed. He was indeed rather surprised that the Government should think of parting at all with what the LEADER OF THE HOUSE had assured them was going to be "a dripping roast for the taxpayer." Mr. LAW smilingly disclaimed the coinage of this appetising phrase.



MR. PUNCH GREETS HIS DOUBLE.
MR. FILDES OF STOCKPORT.

Mr. MILLS, the new Member for Dartford, is credited with being "very hot stuff" (a cadet, I am told, of the *Moulin Rouge* family), but he looked much too trim and spruce for a real revolutionary as he walked up, amid the plaudits of his Labour colleagues, to take the oath and his seat. In fact Mr. GREENWOOD, the new Coalition-Unionist Member for Stockport, who followed him, has much more the air of an *homme du peuple*. As for Mr. FILDES, his Coalition-Liberal colleague, I don't wonder that Stockport favoured a candidate whose genial countenance so strongly resembles that of Mr. Punch.

The debate on the Civil Service Estimates furnished Mr. HOPKINS with an opportunity of delivering an appeal, doubtless cogent but mainly inaudible, for the restoration of the exchange value of the pound sterling. Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, on the other hand, was more audible than orthodox. At least it rather shocked me to be told that we were getting too much for the pound before the War. Mr. BALDWIN, for the Government, made a speech so full of sound commonsense that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY hoped he would send a special copy of it to San Remo for the edification of the PRIME MINISTER.

The rest of the evening was mainly taken up with the case of the Irish hunger-strikers. Mr. BONAR LAW was at first very stiff in his attitude, pointing out quite reasonably that if the Government found it necessary to intern people suspected of crime it was absurd to let them out again because they threatened to commit suicide. Several Members, English as well as Irish, thought that there was a case for differentiating between convicted prisoners and those who were merely under suspicion, and on the adjournment the Irish Attorney-General a little relieved the prevailing gloom by a hint that some modification of the prison-rules might be made on those lines.

Wednesday, April 14th.—The MINISTER OF HEALTH announced with some pride that under the Housing Acts passed last year no fewer than 1,346 dwellings had actually been completed, and twelve thousand more were in various stages of construction. But he showed no enthusiasm for the suggestion that he should extend the benefits of the Acts to others besides the "working classes," and flatly declined to attempt a definition of that ambiguous term. It is believed,



AN EX-ADMIRALTY CRICHTON.
DR. MACNAMARA EFFECTS A LABOUR EXCHANGE.



Our Animal Artist. "Those chickens I bought off you are no good to me."
Farmer. "No good, Sir? What's wrong wi' 'em?"
Our Animal Artist. "They've got no expression."

however, that recent experience has convinced him that builders in general and bricklayers in particular cannot properly be so described.

Mr. Rendall's attempt to get the House to pledge itself in advance to the full policy of Lord Buckmaster's Divorce Bill was defeated. The main opposition came from Mr. Ronald McNeill, who sits for Canterbury and spoke with cathedral solemnity. Mr. Munro supported the Resolution, on the ground that Englishwomen ought not to be refused the advantages enjoyed by their Scotch sisters. Marriage in Scotland appears to resemble Glasgow—there are great facilities for getting away from it. But Lady Astor, hailing from a land where they are even greater, displayed no desire to jump to conclusions, and asked for an interval of five or ten years to make up her mind.

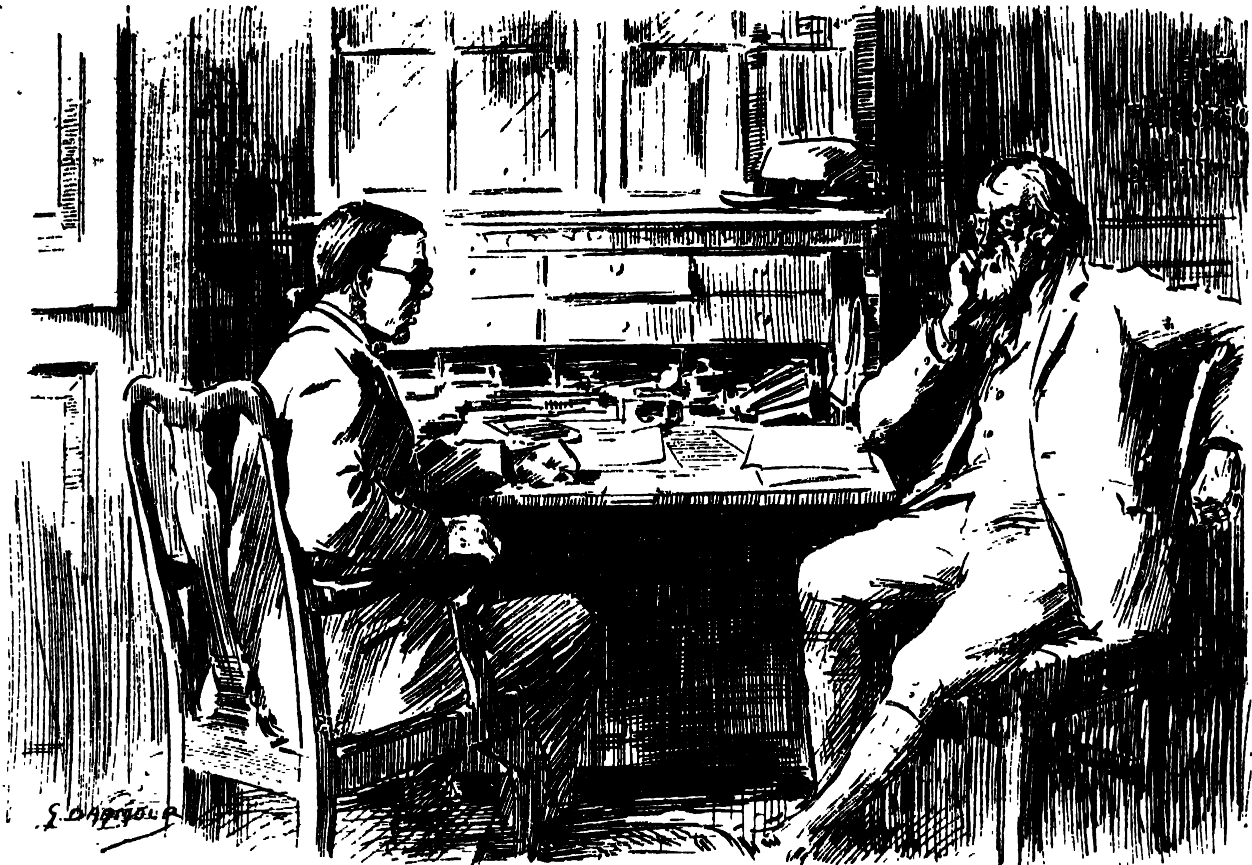
If the cheers that greeted Mr. Macpherson were meant to console him for his "Irishman's rise" in slipping down from the Chief Secretaryship to the Ministry of Pensions, they were assuredly superfluous. The supposed victim was obviously delighted to be rid of the responsibility for a policy which seems to grow more tangled every day. Only on Tuesday Mr. Bonar Law was assuring the House that the Mountjoy hunger-strikers must be left to commit suicide if they chose; the Government could not release men suspected of grave crimes. This afternoon he announced that sixty-six of them had in fact been liberated on parole.

The new Minister of Labour (late of the Admiralty) came on board again, looking none the worse for his strenuous exertions at Camberwell. He had a hearty welcome from all quarters of the House, which would hardly know itself without its "Dr. Mac."

It is one thing to gain a seat in the House, but quite another thing to keep it, as Sir W. Joynson-Hicks has just discovered. Returning from a prolonged tour in foreign parts he found that his favourite corner-seat had been annexed by another Member. Determined to reclaim it, he visited the House at 8 A.M. and inserted his card; but on coming back to the House for prayers found that the usurper had substituted her own. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with old-world chivalry, considered that the only lady-Member should be allowed to sit where she pleased; but the Speaker upheld the principle "first come, first served."

On a Vote of twenty-seven millions for the expenses of the Ministry of Munitions Mr. Hope told a flattering tale. The Department might be spending a lot of money, but it was making a great deal more; and he anticipated that the Disposals Board would hand over to the Exchequer this year something like a hundred millions, if not more. The Slough Depôt, he maintained, had been run at a profit and sold at a profit. The Ministry might have made some mistakes, but it represented a prodigious national effort, of which the historian would speak with amazement and praise.

Unimpressed by this panegyric Sir Donald Maclean intimated that he came to bury the Ministry and not to praise it. In his view its administration had been grossly extravagant. He demanded the full details of the Slough transaction and suggested that the Vote should be withdrawn until they were forthcoming. To this proposal Mr. Hope, with more humility than I should have expected after the optimism of his earlier speech, ultimately agreed.



Editor (to poet of somewhat dissolute habits who has been paid in advance for contributions which are not forthcoming). "I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO THE DEVIL AS HARD AS YOU CAN; BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SING AS YOU GO."

THE LAND OF LOGIC.

LET me tell you about my Nationalist friend, Gabal Osman Effendi.

The circumstances of his brother's death, which were as follows, drove him into politics and made him a fervent advocate of "Egypt for the Egyptians."

His brother was in a very humble way and lived in a little mud village. There he had a friend, yet poorer than himself, who only attained to prosperity when a plague fell on the village. The sanitary authorities put a cordon around it to prevent the spread of the plague, and hired this man among others to throw disinfectants and things into any drains that happened to exist. Thus Osman Effendi's brother's friend became a Government servant.

Now Osman Effendi's brother had a sore leg. When he heard of his friend's new work he thought he saw a way to avoid any doctor's fees. So he went to him and said, "I hear that you are now a doctor." His friend, proud but truthful, said he was perhaps hardly that, but he was certainly put to administer drugs. Osman's brother pointed out that his leg was sore and suggested that it should be healed. The other looked doubtful, then produced a lump of his disinfectant. "This," said he, "is a powerful drug and, who knows? it may cure your leg." It was a friendly act; but Osman's brother swallowed the lump and shortly afterwards died.

Osman Effendi at once brought an action for damages against the Government, on the ground that its servant had caused the death of his brother (whom, as a matter of fact, he himself had largely supported). The case was heard by a Court on which sat two Egyptian judges and one English, and the decision went against Osman. This convinced him of the injustice of the English.

The Assize Court of Appeal, which visited the district and heard Osman Effendi's appeal against the first verdict, consisted of three Egyptian judges. It is true that the English judge who should have gone on Assize had fallen ill, and there was no other to take his place. But Osman Effendi saw in this too the malevolent hand of the English, who nourished a grudge against him. "How," he said, "can I obtain justice if there is no Englishman on the Court?"

From that moment he has become an ultra-Nationalist, and has, I believe, been seen in the streets of Cairo shouting with the best of them the latest "English" catchword of "Long Live Egypt! Long Die MILNER!"

He is, you see, an educated man.

Consolidating the Empire.

"In honour of the visit to Napier of the Prince of Wales the roof of the Borough Council offices is to be given a coat of paint."
New Zealand Paper.

"PERSONAL.

ARTHUR.- You idiot. Irene."—*Times.*

Very "personal," we should say.

"Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes left London last Saturday for the Untied States."
Irish Paper.

It is only fair to add that they have not chosen this country for the sake of its easy Divorce Laws.

"Major Christopher Lowther (CUCumberland, North) moved a new clause."
Provincial Paper.

It was somewhere in this neighbourhood, we believe, that WORDSWORTH discovered his "winsome marrow."

"Though to-day is Primrose Day . . ."
Daily Mirror, April 12th.

At the risk of being thought behind the times, we ourselves deferred our celebration until April 19th as usual.

AT THE PLAY.

"Birds of a Feather."

It is nearly always a good thing for the author of a play to know what he is after, and if he can get his audience to follow him so much the better. It is quite possible that Mr. Esmond had an idea in his head when he wrote *Birds of a Feather*, but if so he never let me get at it. Up to the very end I had no conception of what he was trying to illustrate, unless it was the trite theory that we are the creatures of our environment.

That, at any rate, was how *Constance* (of "the House of *Ussher*") explained her vagaries, though I couldn't see why. The daughter of a very rich Jew, whose Christian wife had run away from him, she was brought up in great comfort, which included the love of a peer's son, her father's secretary. It is true that her stern parent would not hear of their union; but that has no doubt happened to young heiresses before now without turning them into criminals. With *Constance* however it seems to have been different. She had gathered from what she knew of her father's career that there must be easy ways of making money if you are not too scrupulous, so she forged his name for a thousand pounds with speculative intent. It was open to the old man to regard this as an act of filial piety, since it was an attempt, however crude, to follow the parental tradition; but apparently forgery had not been one of his foibles and he threatened her with the law unless she gave up the idea of marrying the secretary, now dismissed from his service.

Meanwhile she has been carrying on a secret intrigue with that gentleman (she must have got this from her "Christian" mother), and when her father comes to know of it he suddenly exhibits an unsuspected gift of sentimentality ("My baby Con! my baby Con!" he sobs), and, in terror lest his ewe-lamb's name should be tainted by the breath of scandal, he offers his late secretary a heavy sum of money to make an honest woman of her. It sounds a little inconsistent, but of course there may have been a nice differentiation in the old rogue's mind between a moral and a criminal offence, in favour of the latter.



"You settle with him. You're chairman of the Anti-Profiteering Committee."

As for *Constance* I have seldom met a less seizable character. If she was the result of environment there was no visible sign to show how it infected her. We simply had to take Mr. Esmond's word for it. To me the ménage seemed to be of the most respectable. But, of course, you can always attribute anything to your surroundings. One environment is vicious and so drives you to vice; another is virtuous with the same effect. *Constance* might condemn hers, but it never had a chance with a girl like that.

For myself it was not her viciousness that worried me, it was her vulgarity; and of this she seemed quite unconscious. Her speech abounded in second-rate colloquialisms. Was it her environment that taught her to say dreadful things like "Put that in your pipe and smoke it"? The cheap fun that she got out of a girl-friend who had made it a rule to pray for her was the kind of thing you would be sorry to find in a common boarding-school. And are gentlefolk in the habit of asking a man, as *Constance* did, how it was that he ever came to get engaged to such a woman as the one of his choice? In Bayswater it simply isn't done.

At the end of the First Act, after many trivialities and the waste of precious time over a description of certain characters that were presently to appear and endorse it, there was a sudden diversion. The professional card of a private detective was discovered in an arm-chair. No one seemed to know how it got there, and, as the curtain chose this moment to fall, we were left in a state of palpitation, wondering how we were to get through the interval with our curiosity unappeased. Ultimately it turned out that the detective was to be employed by *Miss Ussher* (aunt) to verify her suspicions with regard to the morals of *Constance*. But I shall never get you to believe me when I say that the subject was not so much as touched again till the final Act.

I have spoken of the incongruous stuff of which old *Jacob Ussher's* heart was constructed. That strange organ was hard enough to make him give his daughter away to his secretary in the matter of the forgery; but when it came to a question of the exposure of her relations with her lover this same heart was found to be of the consistency of putty.

I hope I shall not seem guilty of *Constance's* indiscretion if I politely wonder how it was that so astute a judge as Miss Marie Löhr accepted this play. Actor-managers, of course, have been known to produce indifferent work for the sake of a good acting part for themselves. If that was her motive I think she must have imagined a fine subtlety in a character which was difficult only because it was loosely conceived. If she failed to make it plausible it was not for want of very adroit handling.

In *Jacob Ussher* Mr. Esmond gave himself a most congenial part, in which he easily surpassed his achievement as author. Mr. Tozer as a slum-parson was extremely probable with his quiet sincerity. But our chief consolation came from Miss Rachel de Solla as the maiden aunt, a reactionary type of the most confirmed stolidity, with a weakness for diamonds and indigestion. Miss Marie Löhr had many clever things to say, but it didn't matter what Miss de Solla said; her manner was irresistible.

I must doubt, however, whether the excellent work of the actors will carry the play to success. Even its title is obscure. The only thing I know about "birds of a feather" is that they are supposed to "flock together"; and I have always been given to understand that the adage alludes to the mutual attraction of similar types. Nobody ever told me that it was meant to indicate that the sins of the father bird are liable to be reproduced in his chicken.

Anna Pavlova.

She hasn't changed at all. Many Russian dancers have come and gone since last she was with us, but there is



THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Schoolboy (after long pause). "I SAY—ER—CAN YOU MOVE YOUR EARS?"

still none like her, none. Her perfect technique remains the least of her graces. The secret of her charm lies deeper, in the power to interpret and convey emotions in the language of her art. To watch her feet alone is to hear the shuddering sigh of her Dying Swan, but her whole body is alert to translate every nuance of her theme.

She can draw beauty even from an anticlimax. Again and again in *Snowflakes*, when her partner withdrew the support of his hand, she poised for a moment, and, when the poise had to cease, covered her descent with the most fascinating gestures of head and arms.

I liked her least (if one may talk of her like that) as the gipsy-girl in *Amarilla*; not that she failed in dramatic intensity but that jealous passion seems alien to her temperament as we have learned to know it. I think, however, that my judgment was tainted by her wig, which greatly distressed me.

In M. VOLININE she has a very accomplished partner. His solo as a *Pierrot*, danced to a familiar air of DVORÁK's, was the most delightful of "*divertissements*." Her other dancers, Russian and English, make up a really excellent company. The *presto furioso* of the wild gipsy dance in *Amarilla*, to the exciting music of GLAZOUNOW and DRIGO, was a brilliant *tour de force*.

My only complaint (apart from *Amarilla's* wig) is that the programme's explanation of the motive of *Snowflakes* was beyond me. "A little girl," it says, "receives as a present a nut-cracker in the form of a doll. The doll is in reality a Prince who has been transformed by a bad fairy, but by an act of devotion to the little girl he is restored to life. He then leads his little friend and other children to the Kingdom of Pine-trees where the Christmas-tree was born." It is true that the music was from TSCHAIKOWSKI's "Casse-Noisettes," and that the snow-scene was suggestive of Christmas-time; but there was no sign of a "nut-cracker in the form of a doll," or, if there was, I can't think how it escaped me, for I was watching with all my eyes.

O. S.

"Chaplain-Master Wanted on May 13th for one term to Teach Latin and History in Upper School, coloris paribus a cricketer would be most acceptable."—*Provincial Paper.*

"*Coloris paribus*" suggests faintly that the authorities hope to get a double-blue; but it looks as if he would have to spend most of the term in teaching Latin.

BIRD CALLS.

I.

THE lark he trills his song on high,
A tiny speck on a wide blue sky;
"Tira-lir, it's sweet up here,
It's sweet up here, my dear, my dear."

The turtle-dove's in love and so
Is anxious all his world should know
And follow his example too:—
"Look at us two. Oh do, oh do."

Woodpeckers make their thirsty cry
Of "Pluie, pluie, pluie," to a sunlit sky;
But sure enough they have their way
For rain, rain, rain will fall next day.

The blackbird also craves a boon,
Says "Bring a cherry, bring a cherry,
soon, soon, soon;"
And there in answer to his call
The cherry blooms on the garden wall.

The thrush of all the birds that sing
Of nests and little wives in Spring
Alone confides the secret way:—
"What does she *line* it with? Why,
clay."

The willow wren she sings a song
Just like her mate, though not so long,
But both sing in all winds and weathers.
"Sing to me; bring to me little brown
feathers."

SPRING AT KEW.

I AM not one of those who believe in going down to the country to look at this Spring of which there is so much talk. Wanting in business organisation and coherent effort, Spring in the country is a poor affair at the best; there may be half-a-dozen daffodils in flower in one spinney, but you have to tramp over two or three muddy fields after that to find a button-hole of primroses, and so onwards over a stile and a ditch to the place where the blackthorn has blossomed and the green woodpecker is pecking the greenwood tree.

And very likely there are gates. Judging from statements in novels you might suppose a gate to be a bright and simple piece of mechanism, swung on by rosy-cheeked children and easily opened by Lord Hugo with his riding-crop so that Lady Hermione may jog through it on her practically priceless bay. That is quite wrong. It rests on the primary fallacy that gates are meant to be opened, whereas they are really meant to be kept shut. What actually happens when you want to open one is that you plunge halfway through a deep quagmire, climb on to a slippery stone, wrestle with a piece of hoop-iron, some barbed wire and some pieces of furze, lift the gate up by the bottom bar and wade through the rest of the quagmire carrying it on your shoulder.

If you are riding like Lord Hugo you hook the fastening of the gate with the handle of your crop and make your horse shunt slowly backwards by applying the reverse clutch with your feet. As the gate refuses to give, you are, of course, drawn gently over the animal's head until you tumble into the bog like a man whose punt-pole is stuck in the bottom of the stream.

That is why I like going down to Kew, where the Spring is tidy and concentrated, and there is a squared map, just like France, at the turnstile gate to direct you to the magnolia dump, and little notices pointing you to the Temperate Houses, though this is really unnecessary, because there are no licensed premises in the Gardens at Kew. All is quiet and calm. You are not even compelled to leave the gravel-walks and tread on the damp grass, unless you have a desire to go to the river's edge and see how stiffly the tail of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND'S stone lion sticks out on the further bank between the two peel towers from which his crossbowmen contemplate the Surrey marshes.

I used to know a man who had mugged up all the trees and plants, so that when you said to him, "What a funny juniper that is over there, with blue peach-blossoms on it," he would reply, "You mean the *Pyrofoliata persica corylus*," and explain how it was first introduced into England by JEREMY TAYLOR in 1658. Then when you went up to look at the placard on the tree you not only found that he was perfectly right, but obtained the additional information that the wood was of a particularly hard and durable nature, and only used for making the heads of croquet mallets and the seats on the tops of motor omnibuses.

I like this plan of putting placards upon trees, and I think it might well be carried out in the country too. There would be none of that standing about in the wet then, and arguing whether the thing is a beech or an oak, when all the time it is a horse-chestnut and laughing up its bark at you.

One must not forget either at Kew the great conservatories, though I do not care for these so much because there are men in them watching to see that you do not pick the cactuses or the palms to put in your button-hole; nor the magnificent Pagoda, which accommodates the Observator, who watches for the flowers to come out, and the Curator, who writes appreciative little notices to stick on the beds; nor the piebald swans in the artificial lake.

But the great glory of Kew is the Pump-room. It is surrounded by marble-topped tables and green seats, and I am aware that it is not called a Pump-room, though a noise proceeds from inside it very like the panting of a pump. They tell me that this is an hydraulic machine for washing up the cups and plates; but I do not believe them, because so many people who take tea round the Pump-room drink left-handed, as if the reverse side of the cup had belonged to somebody else.

Anyhow it is a very jolly and democratic assemblage that sits and drinks tea under the trees and eats cakes that have no placard on them to say at what date they were introduced into England. Here you may see the prosperous docker with his wife and family sitting quite unostentatiously at the next table to the needy scientist who has come to make notes about the purple narcissi. And a little further on is the novelist who is getting local colour for his great rustic love-scene which he is going to say took place in the heart of Devonshire.

But it was not for the purpose of providing you with tea and cakes that the Pump-room was founded. Just as you may read in your morning paper that the Honourable Miss Muffet has proceeded to Harrogate to take the waters, so it is with Kew. One goes to Kew to take the watercresses. I have found out by exhaustive inquiries from one of the waitresses that, though you may substitute rolls and butter for bread and margarine, and may have marmalade with either or both, and though it is optional to eat even the cakes with yellow sugar upon them, there is no way of evading the watercresses. There is a strong feeling amongst the waitresses that it is just these compulsory watercresses which have made us Englishmen what we are. The whole vast pleasure-ground really centres round them, and the reason why Londoners flock (as the papers say) to Kew is that they are hungry for the medicinal virtues of this aqueous plant.

After you have taken the watercresses you are allowed to wander about the Gardens again and look at QUEEN VICTORIA'S cottage, round which there is always an eager and admiring crowd examining it from every point of view and wondering what premium they would have to pay for it if it were on the market now. And then you will want to go home and be unable to find the gate; but after a little time the Observator will observe you with his telescope from the top of the Pagoda and mention it to the Curator, who will direct a bronzed and amiable man in a blue uniform to lead you to the turnstile.

I am told that there are some people who do not care to sample their Spring at Kew or in the country either, but prefer to go to San Remo or spend Saturday afternoon toiling in their own back-garden. Let them mind their peas, I say, while I go down to Kew.

EVOE.

THE CAUTIOUS AMORIST

(*Showing the effect of official phraseology on love-letters*).

DEAREST Mary, this delay
In the fixing of the day
Drives all happiness away
From my ken.
If you *only* will decide
When you'll be my blushing bride
You will see me glorified—
If and when.

They have promised me a rise
When the senior partner dies;
He is eighty and he lies
Very ill;
But until you seal your "Yes"
By a notice in the Press
I shall not feel safe—unless
And until.

"Bicycles of old-fashioned design acquired a new lease of life, and took to the road, where they were joined by pony traps in which father, mother and many children, all with crimped hair and white pinafores, were tightly packed."
Daily Paper.

Father, we are told, looked a perfect darling.



THE RULING PASSION.

Absentee. "I was playing foot-ba' in the street, and the police took and locked me up for four hours."
Teacher. "Did you get anything to eat?" *Absentee.* "Ay—a hard roll."
Teacher. "What did you do with it?" *Absentee.* "Played foot-ba'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The title, somewhat puzzling at first, which Miss F. E. Mills Young has given to her latest story, *The Almonds of Life* (Hodder and Stoughton), turns out to be based upon a Chinese proverb to the effect that "almonds came to those who have no teeth." This rather devastating sample of philosophy (which I have put by for use against the next person who attempts to work off upon me the adage about those who wait) forms the text of a well-told tale of misplaced affections. As you may expect, if you know Miss Young's former work, it is a South African story, not concerned however with Boers and natives and the trackless veld, but with coastwise civilization and suburban garden-parties. As before, the author excellently conveys the place-feeling, so well indeed that I was sorry when the love intrigues of the two protagonists necessitated their quitting Africa for a more conventional Italian setting. I may summarise the plot by telling you that the particular almond that fell too late to the heroine was somebody else's husband. But it wasn't so much that she was unable to eat him as that he proved indigestible when swallowed. The lady was *Gerda*, young and dazzling bride of the middle-aged *Fred Wooten*, and the gentleman one of her husband's closest friends, also (before the arrival of *Gerda*) happily married to a wife whom I found the most attractive person in the book. I need not further detail the crooked course of untrue love, though I may hint at a fault in balance, where your sympathy, previously and rightly enlisted for poor betrayed *Fred*, is demanded for *Gerda* in her difficulty with the almond. As usual, Miss Young unfolds her plot with admirable directness, chiefly through a natural and unforced dialogue, so easy that it disguises its own art.

If any reasonable man still possesses a grain of sympathy with Bolshevism I invite him to purge himself by reading *With the "Die-Hards" in Siberia* (Cassell). In August, 1918, Colonel John Ward, M.P., reached Vladivostok in command of the 25th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, and from the time of his arrival until his departure nearly a year later his position was almost grotesquely difficult. Of our Allies in Siberia and of their policy he writes with justifiable frankness. Our own is not excused, but he lets us clearly see that however ineffectual it may have been there was honesty of purpose underlying it. In the medley of confusion which prevailed we were lucky to have in Colonel Ward as senior British officer a man who was not afraid to shoulder his responsibility. Under conditions so exasperating that anyone might have been excused if he had been overwhelmed with anger and bewilderment he was resolved to uphold our prestige. Upon the Bolshevist horrors in Siberia he does not dwell, but he says enough in passing to make one shudder. Colonel Ward is a true friend

of Russia. "This great people are bound to recover, and become all the stronger for their present trials," are the concluding words of his preface. That this prophecy may come true must be the prayer of all of us who remember what we owed to Russia during the earlier part of the War.

It was perhaps my misfortune that, not having read the book in which Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS recorded the earlier adventures of his hero, *John Carter*, in the red planet Mars, when that gentleman precipitated himself thither (from the banks of the Hudson, of all places), I found myself in more senses than one out of my element. Not that it really matters; since the Martian existence of *Mr. Carter* was apparently of that wild and whirling character, familiar to patrons of the Continuous Programme, in which one thrill follows upon another so fast that their precise order becomes of small moment. When I tell you that the opening chapters of this remarkable nightmare—*The Gods of Mars* (METHUEN)—contain monsters with one white eye and mouths in their hands, flying pirates, an air-ship that sinks down a volcano, an ageless witch who—but why continue? The publishers call these happenings "bold;" but this is a pitiful understatement. Really they are of a character to make the wildest imaginings of JULES VERNE, friend of my youth, or Mr. WELLS, companion of my riper years, read like the peaceful annals of a country rectory. To quote again from the publishers, "only the man who created *Tarzan* could write such stories." If *Tarzan* were in any way comparable with the present volume, it would perhaps not be unfair to add the corollary that only those readers who appreciated the one could swallow the other. Mercifully, Mr. BURROUGHS writes so continually at the top of his voice that after a time the clatter comes to have an effect merely soporific.



Young Alf. "CHUCK IT, JIMMY. 'E AIN'T GOT A KIND FACE."

Since Major-General Sir C. E. CALLWELL has, in *The Dardanelles* (CONSTABLE), added a volume to a series called *Campaigns and Their Lessons*, it is clear that he is writing mainly for military students, but none the less at least one man in the street—meaning myself—has been glad, after reading plenty of merely descriptive accounts of the Gallipoli affair, to find a book that frankly and justifiably does lay claim to technical proficiency. The exponents of vivid narrative, modestly disclaiming expert knowledge, have been painfully liable to break off just short of what one wanted most to know. They told us how things happened, or, at any rate, how it seemed they happened, but the reason why of things they had to leave to others. In this book we really do get at the why, and even more the why not, of the magnificent failure. Of actual incident and human interest General CALLWELL's account, which in a sense is only supplementary to the others, adds little to our previous knowledge. The only point of the sort I picked up is his notice of the characteristic reluctance shown by Anzacs to report themselves as sick when urged to do so with a view to the gradual removal of troops without withdrawal of entire units. It is hardly necessary to add that the author is an old literary hand, with a pleasantly clear and luminous style of his own, though one is free to admit he splits his infinitives almost as much as Sir IAN HAMILTON split his forces, and with less justification.

In the very improving books which I had to read long ago the hero or heroine usually had a cross to bear. They bore it with great fortitude, and frequently died young. When therefore I opened Mr. JEROME K. JEROME's *All Roads Lead to Calvary* (HUTCHINSON) I fancied I knew what to expect. I read that *Joan Allway* was possessed of remarkable beauty, a "Stevensonian touch" and suitable introductions to editors and newspaper proprietors, and that from the pulpit of a column in the evening Press, with her photograph at the top, she attempted to reform the world. I don't know how the photograph came out, but there was apparently no martyrdom so far. Afterwards she began to encourage and inspire *Robert Phillips*, a Labour M.P. and future Cabinet Minister, and at the same time to be kind to and educate *Mrs. Phillips*, who was good-natured, vulgar and middle-aged. Falling gradually in love with the politician, she withdrew only just in time, nursed in a French hospital, married a journalist friend and settled down happily with him to reform a little bit of the world at a time, and that the part nearest to hand. And now I am left wondering what *Joan Allway's* cross was. Would avoiding the Divorce Court be counted the roughest path of self-denial in a moral anecdote of to-day?

Running Wild (SIMPKIN) is the expressive title of a collection of child-memories by the late Mr. BERTRAM SMITH, whom readers of *Punch* will remember by the pseudonym "BIS." They can here learn from a sympathetic little introduction by Mr. WARD MUIR under what conditions of a brave but losing battle with ill-health this delicate and vivacious work was written. When I say that these recollections (which I decline to call by any word implying more artifice) illustrate their author, I give you their measure for honesty and charm combined. Honesty first of all; Mr. SMITH's young barbarians running wild and, one conjectures, rapidly reducing their elders to a like condition, have the compelling effect of unsentimental truth. Few clouds of glory, for example, trail about the protagonists of "A Day," a tribute to the joyous intoxication of a day-long orgie of naughtiness deliberate and wholly unrepented. You will find much in these pages to waken half-forgotten and perhaps secret pleasures. Thus there was for me a personal echo in the rejection as a seaside entertainment of castle-building and the ordered sequence of the tides in favour of the infinitely more variable delight of running water and a sufficiency of mud. Perhaps I have said enough to suggest the charm of an engaging volume, itself a memorial of one whose kindly laughter will be missed by many.

CHARIVARIA.

General Denikin is now in London. This is the first visit he has paid to this country since his last assassination by the Bolshevists.

***

New proposals regarding telephone charges are expected as soon as the Select Committee has reported. If the system of charging by time in place of piece-work is adopted it will mean ruination to many business-men.

***

The Swiss Government has issued orders that ex-monarchs may enter the country without passports. It is required, however, that they should take their places in the queue.

***

It is reported that a Londonderry man walked up to a Sinn Feiner the other day and said, "Shoot me." We understand that the real reason why the fellow was not accommodated was that he omitted to say "Please." The best Sinn Feiners are very punctilious.

***

"The drinking of intoxicants," says an American prohibitionist, "causes early death in ninety-five cases out of a hundred." Several Americans, we are informed, have gallantly offered themselves for experimental purposes.

***

"It is a scandal," says a contemporary, "that the clerks at Llanelly should ask for twelve pounds fifteen shillings a week." But surely there is no harm in asking.

***

According to a weekly paper not only is Constance Binney a famous screen star, but she is also a first-class ukelele player. The latest reports are that the news has been received quietly.

***

"If slightly cut before cooking, potatoes slip out of their skins easily," says a home journal. This is better than frightening them out of their skins by jumping out from behind a door and saying "Boo."

***

Mr. William Aird, the germ-proof man, has been giving demonstrations in London. It is reported that last week a germ snapped at him and broke off two of its teeth.

"In New York the other day," says a contemporary, "the sky kept streaming silver sheen; mistlike lights pulsated in rapid flashes to the apex and piled-up stars could be seen." The fact that New York can still see things like this must be a sorry blow to the Prohibitionists.

***

"Working men have been hit very hard by the tyrannical Budget," announces a morning paper. We too are in sympathy with those miners who are now faced with only one bottle of champagne a day.

***

"These cotton boom profits," said the President of the Textile Institute recently, "are abnormal and unhealthy." The Manchester man, however, who recently came out with innumerable spots resembling half-crowns as the result of the boom, declares that no inconvenience is suffered once the dizziness has passed away.

***

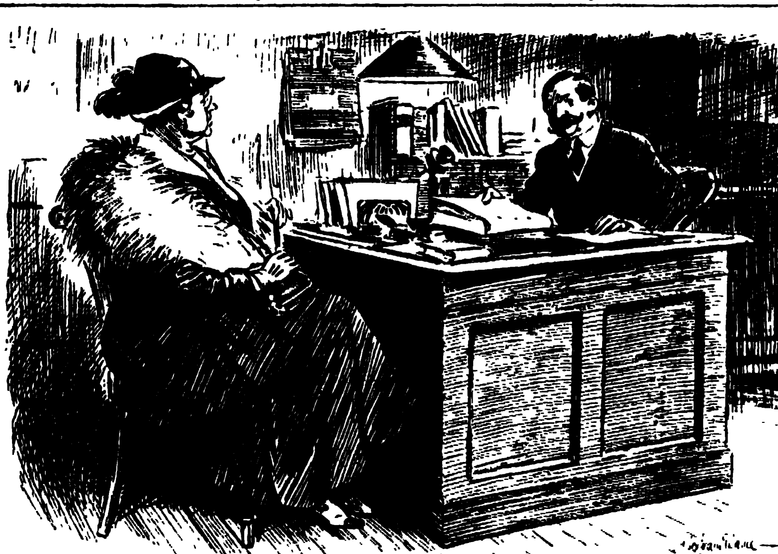
From Bungay in Suffolk comes the news that a water-wagtail has built its nest in a milk-can. We resolutely refrain from comment.

***

A youth recently arrested in Dublin was found not to have a revolver on him. He is being detained for a medical examination.

***

A great many people are committing suicide, says the Vicar of St. Mathew's, Portsmouth, because they have nothing to live for. We disagree. *The Weekly Dispatch's* accounts of the next world are well worth staying alive for.



Lady (to manager of Servants' Registry). "I wish to obtain a new governess."

Manager. "Well, Madam, you remember we supplied you with one only last week, but, judging by the report we have received, what you really need is a lion-tamer."

Airships under construction, declares Air-Commodore E. M. Maitland, will make the passage to Australia in nine and a-half days. In tax-paying circles it is said that the fashionable thing will be to start now and let the airship overtake you if it can.

***

More than a million Americans, it is stated, are preparing to visit Europe this summer. It is thought that there is at least a sporting chance that some of them will be hoist with their own bacon.

***

"The man who does not know Latin," says the Dean of Durham, "is not really educated." Several uneducated business men are said to have written to the Dean asking the Latin for what they think of the new Budget.

***

At a recent wedding in Tyrone young men who had come to wish the bride and bridegroom luck lit a fire against the door, blocked the chimney with straw, broke the windows, threw water and cayenne-pepper on the wedding - party and bombarded the house with stones for two hours. It is just this joyous, care-free nature of the Irish that the stolid Englishman will never learn to appreciate.

***

We understand that the man who tried to gain admission to the Zoo on Sunday by making a noise like a Fellow of the Zoological Society was detected in the act.

***

A person who recently attempted to commit suicide by lying down on the Caledonian Railway line was found to have a razor in one pocket and a bottle of laudanum in the other. The Company, we understand, strenuously deny the necessity of these alternatives.

A Callous Crowd.

"The christening ceremony was performed by Lady Maclay, wife of the Shipping Controller. Thousands of people saw her go down the slips, and cheers were raised as she took the water without the slightest hitch."
Daily News.

We gather from the expression, "without the slightest hitch," that not one of the onlookers made any effort to save the lady.

THOUGHTS ON THE BUDGET.

By a Patriot.

This twelvemonth at the grindstone I have ground,
Toiling to meet the toll of profiteers,
And now comes Austen, budgeting around,
"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears"
(Milton), and leaves me naked as a poodle,
Shorn—to the buff—of my laborious boodle.

I own it irks me little when he goes
For fancy weeds and wine of fizzy brands;
But I protest at parting through the nose
For what the meanest human life demands;
Nothing is sacred from his monstrous paw,
Not letters, no, nor even usquebaugh.

That beverage, which invites to balmy sleep
(Guerdon of toil), is on the upward ramp;
My harmless doggerel—in itself so cheap—
Despatched by post will want a larger stamp;
Nor have I any wives or children to
Abate the mulcting of my revenue.

But if you tell me I am asked to bleed
For England; if, by being rudely tapped,
My modest increment may help at need
To spare some Office which would else be scrapped:
If my poor fleece of wool by heavy cropping
Can save the Civil Estimates from dropping;—

If I can keep in comfortable ease
But one superfluous Staff for one week's play;
If from my squalor I may hope to squeeze
The wherewithal to check for half a day
The untimely razing of a single Hut—
'Tis well; I will not even murmur "Tut." O. S.

A TRYING DAY IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.

The public torturer hurried home in an irritable frame of mind. The day had been for him one long round of annoyances. When he commenced his duties that morning, already exasperated by the thought that if the drought continued the produce of his tiny patch of ground would be completely ruined, he was aggrieved to find that far more than his fair share of a recently arrived batch of heretics had been allotted to him. During the midday break for refreshments his dreamy assistant had allowed the furnace to go out, bringing upon the torturer's own head a severe censure for the consequent delay. In the afternoon, glancing occasionally through the narrow window, he was mortified to see that the promising rain-clouds, which might yet have saved his cabbages, were dispersing; and then, to crown all, just as he was finishing for the day he had caught hold of a pair of pincers a trifle too near the white-hot end and seared his hand.

As he approached the cottage which was enshrined in his heart by a thousand sacred associations as home, the torturer strove to rise superior to his worries. He whistled bravely as he crossed the threshold and caressed his wife with his usual tenderness. Intuitively she divined the bitterness of the mood which lay beneath the torturer's seeming cheerfulness, but she stifled her curiosity like the wise little woman she was and hastened to lay his supper before him. Through the progress of the meal—prepared by her in the way the torturer loved so well—she diverted him with her lively prattle. And at length, when she trod on the dog and caused it to give out a long-drawn howl, she made such a neat allusion to the Chamber and heretics that the torturer laughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks.

After the table was cleared the torturer's little blue-eyed girl came toddling up to him for her usual half-hour's cuddle. It made a beautiful picture—the little mite with her father's merry eyes and her mother's rosebud mouth, sitting on the torturer's knee, her golden hair mingling with his beard. And how her silvery laugh brightened the place as she played her favourite game of stretching her rag doll on a toy model of a rack.

The sound of rain outside brought the torturer and his wife to the door. As they stood side by side watching the downpour the last vestige of the torturer's ill-humour passed away. This rain would mean a record year for his cabbages, and would do wonders for his beans, which were already a long way more forward than those of the executioner.

He realised now that he had allowed the mishaps of the day to worry him unduly. After all, his hand had suffered little more than a scorch and no longer pained him, and, although the censure he had received in the Chamber and the possible consequences had been very disquieting, yet he was now able to assure himself and his wife that if henceforth he kept his assistant from wool-gathering all would be well.

Suddenly he fell back trembling from the threshold, his face blanched with terror. A large rain-drop had splashed on his forehead, reminding him abruptly that before coming home that evening he had neglected to fill the water-dripping apparatus, which might be required at dawn for the more obstinate of the heretics.

TALL TALK.

The fact that the Bishop-Elect of Pretoria, the Rev. Neville Talbot, is no less than six feet six inches high, surpassing his predecessor by two inches, has been freely commented on in the Press. Anxious to ascertain from leaders of public opinion the true significance of the appointment, Mr. Punch has been at pains to collect their views. How divergent and even contradictory they are may be gathered from the following selection:—

Sir Martin Conway, the Apostle of Altitude, as he has been recently denominated, welcomed the appointment of Bishop Talbot as a good omen for the campaign which he is so ably conducting. "Nothing," he remarks, "has impressed me so much in the works of Tennyson as the line, 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' Mountain or building or man, it is all the same. I never felt so happy in all my travels in South America as when I was in Patagonia, the home of tall men and the giant sloth. At all costs we should recognise and cultivate the human skyscraper."

The Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Hensley Henson) expressed the hope that the appointment of bishops would not be governed solely by an anthropometric standard. It would be a misfortune if the impression were created that preferment to the episcopal bench was confined to High Churchmen.

The Editor of *The Times* declined to dogmatize on the subject. He pointed out however that the average height of the Yugo-Slavs exceeded that of the Welsh. The claims of small nations could not, of course, be overlooked, but he considered it as little short of a calamity when a Great Power had an undersized Prime Minister. Short men liked short cuts, but, as Bacon said, the shortest way is commonly the foulest.

Dr. Robert Bridges (the Poet-Laureate) writes to say that, having given special study to the hexameter, he was much interested to find that the measure now in vogue amongst bishops was that of six feet and over. He hoped



A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

ENTENTE POLICEMAN (*to Germany Militant*). "ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT STUFF OFF OR MUST I DO IT FOR YOU?"



Café Genius. "THE FACT IS WE MAKE OURSELVES TOO CHEAP. OF COURSE THE PUBLIC PAYS TO SEE OUR PICTURES, BUT THE BLIGHTERS CAN COME AND SEE US FOR NOTHING."

to treat the subject exhaustively in his forthcoming treatise on Ecclesiastical Prosody.

Colonel L. C. AMERY, M.P., strongly deprecated the attempt to identify excessive height with extreme efficiency. In the election to Fellowships at All Souls no height limit was imposed. NAPOLEON and the late Lord ROBERTS were both small men, and he believed that the remarkable elusiveness displayed by Colonel LAWRENCE in the War was greatly facilitated by his diminutive stature. The testimony of literature throughout the ages was almost unanimous in its condemnation of giants. He had never heard of a small ogre. On the subject of SHAKSPEARE's height he could not speak with assurance, but KEATS was only just over five feet. Jumbomania, or the worship of mammoth dimensions, was a modern disease. Far better was the philosophy crystallised in such immortal sayings as "Love me little, love me long," and "Infinite riches in a little room."

Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P., observed that, man being an imitative animal and bishops being regarded by many as good examples, there seemed to him a serious danger of an epidemic of what he might call Brobdingnagitis. Fortunately the results would not be immediately apparent, otherwise he would be compelled to raise his tariff for cheap suits. A rise of six inches in the average height of his customers would throw out all his calculations and eat up the modest margin of profit which he now allowed himself.

"The weather of the week has been characteristic of the month. A dawn breaks with a fair sunset."—*Scotch Paper.*

Of course this happens only very far North.

SAFETY PLAY.

(According to local legend, Whitby Abbey possesses a ghost which only appears in a blaze of sunshine).

MEN there may be so immune from timidity
  Never a spectre could fill them with fright,
Men who could keep their accustomed placidity
  Were they to meet in the gloom of the night
Lady Hermione tramping the corridor,
  Wicked Sir Guy with his fetters adrag,
Or a plebeian who shrieked something horrid or
  Carried his head in a vanity bag.

Not such am I. Every hair at the vertical,
  I should resort to hysterical screams
Did a diaphanous Lady (or Sir) tickle
  Me on the cheek in the midst of my dreams;
Yet when, at Yule, I hear people converse on all
  Manner of spooks round the log in the grate,
Often I wish that I too had a personal
  Psychic experience I could relate.

I am a coward when midnight looms murkily,
  But when the sunlight of noon 's at its best
I could face calmly—I 'd even say perkily—
  Nebulous figures as well as the rest;
So I 'll to Whitby, and (on the hypothesis
  That she 'll obligingly come to me there)
Wait in its abbey (see text). By my troth, this is
  Just such a ghost as I 'm ready to dare.

MASCULINE MODES.

BY BEAU BRUMMEL.

THE news that the price of lounge suits will have risen to twenty-four pounds by the autumn has created something of a sartorial panic in the City and the West End.

Famous old wardrobes are being broken up on all sides by owners anxious to acquire fresh clothing before it is too late, whilst the small properties thus created find eager tenants amongst those who cannot afford a new outfit at all.

Many tailors who have built new suits are beginning to dispose of them on three or five year repairing leases, and possession of these may sometimes be secured from the present occupiers on payment of a substantial premium.

Gentlemen possessing both town and country sets of suitings are in many cases letting the latter in order to come up to London for the season, whilst others are resorting to various economical artifices to meet the crisis. Plus four golf knickers, let down, make admirable wedding trousers for a short man, and many are the old college blazers dyed black and doing duty as natty pea-jackets.

In the City, of course, fustian and corduroys are almost the only wear, and there is much divergence of opinion on the Stock Exchange as to the best knot for spotted red neckerchiefs and the proper way of tying the difficult little bow beneath the knees.

In Parliament, where of course the old costly fashions have long been out of vogue, the change is equally noticeable. Lord ROBERT CECIL, for instance, habitually wears the white canvas suit in which Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN painted him; Lord BIRKENHEAD mounts the Woolsack in an old cassock, which, as he points out, not only allows a very scanty attire underneath it, but gives him particular confidence in elucidating St. Matthew; while the PRIME MINISTER himself set off for San Remo in a simple set of striped sackcloth dittos. Many Members are having their old pre-war morning coats turned; Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in machine-gun overalls, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY self-dressed, Sir EDWARD CARSON in a simple union suit, are conspicuous figures, and Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY by a whimsical yet thrifty fancy often attends the House in the humble attire of the Weaver in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Even in the Welsh collieries it is becoming the habit to go down the pits in rough home-spun, and reserving the top hat, morning coat and check trousers for striking in.



Assistant. "I'M AFRAID WE'RE RIGHT OUT OF MOUSTACHE BRUSHES, SIR, BUT THAT'S AN EYEBROW BRUSH, AND IT WOULD, I THINK, SERVE THE PURPOSE."

"DENIKIN TIRED.

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE HOUSE IN ENGLAND."

Evening Standard.

The gallant General is not the only one who is worn out with this hopeless task.

"Sir John Cadman, head of the British Oil Department, has left Birmingham for San Remo."—*Evening Paper.*

Was this the last hope of restoring calm to the "troubled waters"?

"He has represented Lowestoft at St. Stephen's—one of the most important fishing centres in the country—for many years past."

Daily Paper.

The House of Commons seems to have been confused with Izaak Walton Heath.

"LADIES' GOLF AT RANELAGH.

Miss —— played badly and tore up her card as well as many other ladies of note."

Provincial Paper.

But it is hoped that this method of thinning out the competitors will not be generally resorted to.

"MURAL TEACHING.

Speaking at Manchester last night Lord Haldane advocated a great and new national reform by enabling the Universities to train the best teachers of their own level to go out and do extra Mural teaching on a huge scale."

Provincial Paper.

We gather that in our contemporary's opinion it is high time that our Universities recognised "the writing on the wall."

A VANISHED SPECIES.

The great auk is but a memory; the bittern booms more rarely in our eastern marshes; and now they tell me Brigadiers are extinct. Handsomest and liveliest of our indigenous fauna, the bright beady eye, the flirt of the trench coat-tail through the undergrowth, the glint of red betwixt the boughs, the sudden piercing pipe —how well I know them, how often I have lain hidden in thickets and behind hedgerows to study them more closely. How inquisitive the creature was, yet how seldom would it feed from the hand. And now, it seems, they are gone.

Vainly I rack my brains to envisage the manner of their passing. Is there to be nothing left but silence and a shadow or a specimen in a dusty case of glass preserved in creosol and stuffed with lime? Or did not the Brigadiers rather, when they felt their last hour was upon them, retire like the elephants of the jungle to some distant spot and shuffle off the mortal coil in the midst of Salisbury Plain or (for so I still picture it despite the ravages of a rude commercialism) the vast solitude of Slough?

Or it may be that they underwent some classic metamorphosis, translated to a rainless paradise, where they dreamed of battalions for ever inspected and the general salute eternally blown.

> "And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes
> Who once were brigadiers of infantry
> Bask in the sun."

Anyhow, I cannot believe that ex-Brigadiers die. They only fade away. Fade away, I think, like the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, leaving at the last not a grin but a scowl behind them. "*Brigadiers will fade away*," I imagine, ran the instruction from the Army Council, "*passing the vanishing point in the following order*:—

(1) *Spurs*. (4) *Brass hat*.
(2) *Field Boots*. (5) *Scowl*."
(3) *Main body*.

But oh, how they will be missed, with their insatiable hunger for replies! I remember one in particular, very fierce and black-moustached, who used to pop up suddenly from behind a Loamshire hedge with an enormous note-book in his hand and say to unhappy company commanders, "The situation is so-and-so and so-and-so; now let me hear you give your orders." And the Company-Commander, who would have liked to read through *Infantry Training* once or twice and then hold a sort of inter-allied conference with his Platoon-Commander, putting the Company Sergeant-Major in the chair, felt that after frightfulness of this kind mere actual war would probably be child's-play. And yet they tell me he was a pleasant enough fellow in the Mess, this Brigadier, and liked good cooking. Now I come to think of it, he faded away before the War came to an end. He faded away into a Major-General.

How different from this sort was the type that could always be placated by a glittering bayonet charge or a thoroughly smart salute! I remember one of this kind who came charging across the landscape, his Staff-Captain at his heels, to a point where he saw a friend of mine apparently lost in meditation and sloth. Unfortunately the great man's horse betrayed him as he tried to jump a low hedge, and, when he had clambered up again and arrived in a rather tumbled condition to ask indignantly what had happened to the scouts, "They have established a number of hidden observation posts," my friend replied, keeping his presence of mind, "and are making an exact report of everything that transpires on the enemy's front," and he waved his arm towards the scene of the catastrophe. It was not thought necessary to examine their notes.

In France Brigadiers were mainly divided into the sort that came round the front line themselves, and the sort that sent the Brigade-major or somebody else who had broken out into a frontal inflammation to do it for them. It is difficult to say which *genus* was the more alarming.

The first was apt to exhibit its contempt for danger by strolling about in perilous places for five minutes and leaving them to be shelled in consequence for a week.

The second sort was apt to issue orders depending for fulfilment on a faulty map reference or a landmark which had been carelessly removed by an H.E. shell. One of the most *intransigeant* of this kind whom I remember could always, however, be softened by souvenirs; a cast-off Uhlan's lance or the rifle of a Bosch sniper went far to console him for the barrenness of a patrol report. I feel sure he must have faded at Slough.

But it was in battle that their wild appetite for information was most amazingly displayed. At moments when nobody knew where anybody else was or whether the ground underneath him was likely to remain in that sector more than a few moments or be detached and transferred to another, they would send by telephone or by a runner wild messages for an exact *résumé* of the situation. It was at such times, I think, that some of those eminent war correspondents recently knighted would have done yeoman service in the front line. I can imagine them telephoning somewhat after this manner, in answer to the querulous voice:—

"All hell has broken loose in front of us. The earth shivers as if a volcano is beneath our feet. The pock-marked ridges in the distance are covered with the advancing waves of field-grey forms. Our boys are going up happily shouting and singing to the battle. Sorry, I didn't quite catch what you said about being in touch on the right. The brazen roar of the cannon is mingled with the intermittent rattle of innumerable machine guns. Eh, what? What?"

Yes, I think the Brigadiers would have liked that. But, alas, it could not be. And now they have gone, with their passion for questions, never to return, or never till the next A.C.I. cancels the last.

> "And now no sacred staff shall break to blossom,
> No choral salutation lure to light,"

as Swinburne put it; or

> "All the birds of the air fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin'
> When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,"

as No. 1 platoon of A Company used to sing. Ah, well. Evoe.

A COUNTRY NIGHT PIECE.

The darkness my footsteps were swathed in
Is drenched with a luminous spray;
For a chain's length the kerbstone is bathed in
A spindrift of silvery grey;
By the roadside is mistily glimmering
A wall phosphorescent with pearls,
All glancing and dancing and shimmering
Like star-dust that swirls.

Where the high-road dips down to the dingle,
A coppice in arabesque gleams
Whose traceries melt and commingle,
Like ghost trees in moon-fretted streams,
As the tremulous glamour sweeps o'er it
And skirts the inscrutable sky;
Then, Fairyland flitting before it,
The car flashes by.

Sport in Ireland.

"In a collision between his vehicle and a tramcar yesterday a passenger was injured and removed to hospital.
For other Sporting News see Page 6."
Irish Paper.

"——'s SIPPING AGENCY, Ltd."
Le Réveil (Beyrouth).

A popular establishment, we feel confident.



MANNERS AND MODES.

PAVLOVITIS.

[It is announced that at a coming Charity Ball there will be a dance to the music of SAINT SAËNS' *Le Cygne*. Our artist anticipates the moment of the Dying Swan's collapse.]

THE TAKING OF TIMOTHY.

TEA was over, a clearing was made of the articles of more fragile virtue, and Timothy, entering in state, was off-loaded from his nurse's arms into his mother's.

"Isn't he looking sweet to-day?" said Suzanne. "It's really time we had him photographed."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, why do people as a rule get photographed?"

"That," I said, "is a question I have often asked myself, but without finding a satisfactory answer. What do you propose to do with the copies?"

"There are dozens of people who'll be only too glad to have them. Aunt Caroline, for instance——"

"Aunt Caroline one day took me into her confidence and showed me what she called her scrap-heap. It was a big box full of photographs that had been presented to her from time to time, and she calculated that if she had had them all framed, as their donors had doubtless expected, it would have cost her some hundreds of pounds. While her back was turned I looked through the collection. Your photograph was there—and mine, Suzanne."

"Anyhow, we shall want one to keep ourselves. Think what a pleasure it will be to him when he grows up to see what he looked like as a tiny baby."

I called to mind an ancestral album belonging to my own family that I had carefully kept guarded from Suzanne precisely for the reason that it contained various presentments of myself at early ages in mirth-compelling garments and attitudes; but of course I could not now urge that chamber of horrors in opposition to her demand.*

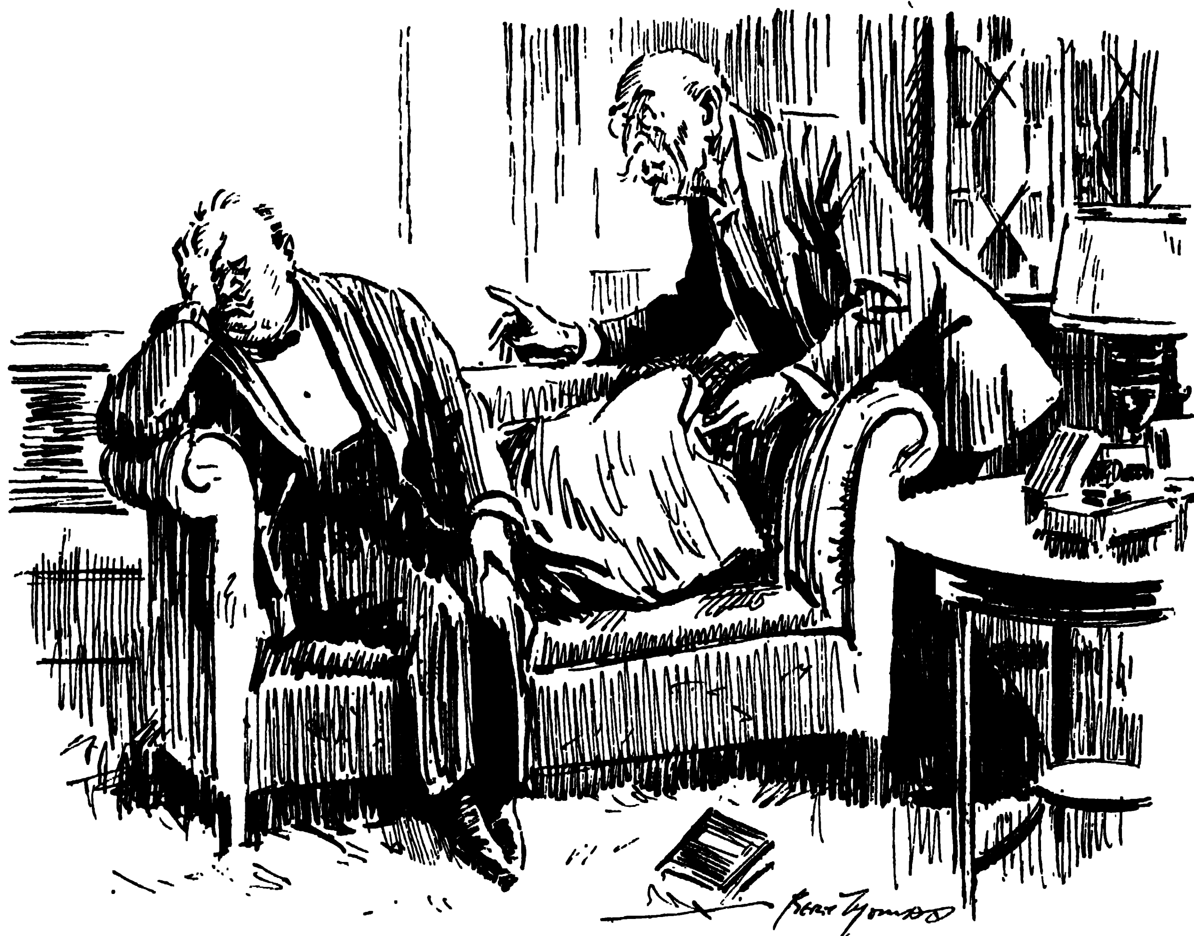
"Besides," she went on, "we needn't buy any copies at all if we don't like them. Snapper and Klick are continually worrying me to have Baby taken. Once a week regularly, ever since the announcement of his birth appeared, they've rung me up to ask when he will give them a sitting. Sometimes it's Snapper and sometimes it's Klick; I don't know which is which, but one of them has adenoids. We can't do any harm by taking him there, because they say in their circulars they present two copies free and there's no obligation to purchase any."

"I wonder how they make that pay?"

"Oh," said Suzanne, "they keep the copyright, you know, and then when he does anything famous they send it round to the illustrated papers, which pay them no end of money for permission to reproduce it."

"But by the time *he* does anything famous," I objected, "won't this photograph be a trifle out of date? Supposing, for instance, in twenty or thirty years' time he marries a Movie Queen——"

Just then the telephone-bell rang, and Suzanne, as is her wont, rushed to



Host (to friend who feels faint.) "Now, what you want is a good stiff glass of"—(*suddenly remembering the Budget*)—"soda!"

answer it, dropping Timothy into my arms on the way.

"Hello!" I heard her say. "Yes; speaking. Yes, I was just going to write. Yes; that will do quite well. What? Yes, about eleven. Good-bye."

"Not another appointment with the dressmaker?" I inquired.

"No. Curiously enough it was Klick again—or Snapper—and his adenoids are worse than ever; I suppose it's the damp weather gets into them. So I said we'd take Baby to-morrow."

"I don't quite see the connection," I said. "Besides, aren't they catching?"

"Now you're being funny again. Save that up for to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" I asked in some alarm. "And why did you say *we*'d take Baby?"

"Why, of course you've got to come too. You can always make him laugh better than anyone else; it's your *métier*. And I do want his delicious little dimples to come out."

"Do I understand that I'm to go through my *répertoire* in cold blood and under the unsympathetic gaze of Messrs. Snapper and Klick? Suzanne, it can't be done."

"Oh, nonsense! You've only got to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice and make one of those comic faces you do so well, and he'll gurgle at once. Well, that's settled. We start at half-past ten to-morrow."

The coming ordeal so preyed upon my mind that I spent a most restless night, during which, so Suzanne afterwards told me, I announced at frequent intervals the popping of the weasel. The day dawned with a steady drizzle of rain, and, after a poor attempt at breakfast, I scoured the neighbourhood for a taxi. Having at last run one to earth, I packed the expedition into it—Suzanne, Timothy, Timothy's nurse and Barbara (who begged so hard to be allowed to "come and see Father make faces at Baby" that Suzanne weakly consented).

Arrived at our destination, Suzanne bade the driver wait. "We shall never find another cab to take us home in this downpour," she said, "and we shan't be kept long."

We were ushered into the studio by a gentleman I now know to have been Mr. Klick. He aroused my distrust at once by the fact that he did not wear a velvet coat, and I pointed out this artistic deficiency in a whisper to Suzanne.

"Never mind," she whispered back; "we needn't buy any if they're not good."

Timothy, who had by now been put straight by his attendant, was carefully placed on all-fours on a pile of cushions, which he promptly proceeded to chew. Mr. Klick, on attempting to correct the pose, was received with a hymn of hate that compelled him to bury his head hastily in the camera-cloth, and Suzanne arranged the subject so that some of his more recognisable features became visible.

"Now then," she said to me, "make him smile."

With a furtive glance at Mr. Klick, who fortunately was still playing the ostrich, I essayed a well-tried "face" that had almost invariably evoked a chuckle from Timothy, even when visitors were present. On this occasion, however, it failed to produce anything more than a woebegone pucker that foreshadowed something worse. Hastily I switched off into another expression, but with no better result.

"Go on, Father," encouraged Bar-

bara, who had been taking a breathless interest in these proceedings; "try your funny voice."

Mr. Klick had emerged from cover and was standing expectantly with his hand on the cap.

Dear reader, have you ever been called upon to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice before a fractious baby, a small but intensely critical child, a stolidly contemptuous nurse, an agitated mother and a gaping photographer, with the knowledge that success or failure hangs upon your lips, and that all the time a diabolical machine in the street below is scoring threepence against you every minute or so? Of course you haven't; but possibly you may be able to enter into my feelings in this hour of trial. With a prickly heat suffusing my whole body and a melting sensation at the collar I struggled through the wretched lyric once. Timothy regarded me first with scorn and then with positive distaste. In desperation I squeaked it out again and yet again, but each succeeding "pop" only registered another scowl on the face of my offspring and another threepence on that of the cabman's clock.

I was maddened now, and Suzanne sought to restrain me; but I shook her off violently and went on again *da capo*, and was just giving vent for about the seventeenth time to a particularly excruciating "pop" when the door of the studio opened and a benevolent-looking old gentleman entered. He gazed at us all in wonderment, and, overcome by mingled shame and exhaustion, I sank into a chair and popped no more.

"Ah, Mr. Snapper," said Mr. Klick, "we were just trying to get this young gentleman amused."

Mr. Snapper, who, I should imagine, was the adenoid victim, looked first at me and next at Timothy, and then blew his nose vigorously. It was not an ordinary blast, but had a peculiarly musical *timbre*, very much like the note of a mouth-organ. It certainly attracted Timothy's attention, for he at once looked round and the glimmer of a smile appeared upon his tear-stained face.

"That's it!" cried Barbara excitedly. "Do it again."

"Oh, *please* do," entreated Suzanne.

Mr. Snapper, adenoids or no adenoids, was a sportsman. He quickly understood what was required of him and blew his nose again and again. And with each blow Timothy's smile became wider, the dimples grew deeper, and Mr. Klick at the camera was pushing in and pulling out plates for all he was worth. At last Mr. Snapper could blow no more, and with profuse thanks we gathered ourselves together and departed. On our arrival home the cabman, fortunately, was induced to accept a cheque in payment.

The photographs have turned out a great success. One in particular, which shows the first smile breaking through Timothy's tears, is of a very happy character, and Mr. Snapper has asked and received permission to send it to the illustrated Press under the title, "Sunshine and Shower"; and Aunt Caroline has not only been given a copy, *but has had it framed.*

Now, when I am called upon to produce a laugh from Timothy, I no longer make faces or "pop." I have discovered how to blow my nose like a mouth-organ. It's trying work, but the effect is magical.



"Y'EVER HAD A BARF, BILLY?" "YUS, I ONST FELL IN THE SERPENTINE."

Redintegratio Amoris.

"The Public is hereby notified that myself and my Wife Millicent —— is together again. I got hasty and advertised her with no just cause. FITZ ——."—*West Indian Paper.*

"This telegram had been preceded by others, which were, unfortunately, contrary to instructions at the Post Office, delivered at this office, which was closed, and, therefore, not opened."—*Irish Paper.*

That, of course, would be so.

"At a meeting of the Child Study Society on Thursday, April 29th, at 6 p.m., Sir A. E. Shipley, G.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., will give a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on biting insects and children."

British Medical Journal.

And we had always thought him such a kind man!



Gloomy Artist. "Yes, I gave her all my last year's sketches for her jumble-sale in the East-End. Told her to get rid of them for anything she liked—half-a-crown or a couple of bob——" (*Pauses for exclamations of horror at the sacrifice.*)

Friend. "And did they sell?"

THE MINXIAD.

(*Being the scenario of a modern doggerel Epic.*)

The lady I choose for the theme of my lay
Is a portent "conspicuous even to-day,"
For, though she was freely condemned and abhorred,
She was never suppressed and she can't be ignored.

Her parents, most anxious to give a good time
To their children, if only they helped them to climb,
Unconsciously aiding the new Self-Expression
Left all from the start to their daughter's discretion.

No nurse was allowed to rebuke her or warn her,
No governess put her to stand in a corner;
At six she revealed a peculiar joy
In the taste of old brandy, and dressed like a boy;
At eight she had read Casanova, Cellini,
And driven a toasting-fork into a tweeny;
At ten she indited and published a story
Described by *The Leadenhall News* as "too gory."
One governess after another was tried,
But none of them stopped and one suddenly died.
Then she went for a while to a wonderful school
Which was run on the plan of the late Mrs. Boole;
But no "ethical safeguards" could ever restrain
So impulsive a heart and so fertile a brain;
And a fire, for the kindling of which she was held
Responsible, led to her being expelled.

On the strength of her fine pyromaniac rage
For a season or two she appeared on the stage;
Her dancing was crude and her voice was a blank,
But she carried it off by superlative swank,
And married a swarthy and elderly milli-
Onaire who was killed in an earthquake in Chile.
A militant during the Suffrage campaign,
In the War she adopted the cause of Sinn Fein,
And, according to credible witness, was seen
In the thick of the fighting at Easter, '16.
Escaping arrest by a dexterous dodge
She became a disciple of Oliver Lodge,
Gave lectures on Swedish and Swiss callisthenics,
Eurhythmics (Dalcroze) and Ukrainian eugenics.
Last, married in haste to a Bolshevist don,
She dyed her hair green and was painted by John,
Eloped with a squat anthropophagous Dago
And finds a fit home in Tierra del Fuego.

"TEMPERANCE WOMEN OF ALL LANDS.

ONE PROPOSES KNEELING OUTSIDE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

"Star" Headlines.

We have read the article carefully, but the Member to whom this Leap-Year proposal was made is not mentioned.



IN A CUSHY CAUSE.

Over-shorn Sheep. "OH, SO *THAT'S* WHERE IT GOES TO, IS IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 19th.—Primrose-day in the House of Commons was more honoured in the breach than the observance. Barely a dozen Members sported Lord **Beaconfield**'s favourite flower (for salads), and one of them found himself so uncomfortably conspicuous that shortly after the proceedings opened he furtively transferred his buttonhole to his coat-pocket. Among those who remained faithful were Lord **Lambourne** (in the Peers' Gallery), who had for this occasion substituted a posy of primroses for his usual picotee, and, quaintly enough, Mr. **Hogge**, who had not hitherto been suspected of Disraelian sympathies.

For a Budget-day the attendance was smaller than usual. But it was large enough to prevent Mr. **Billing** from securing his usual seat. The **Speaker**, however, did not smile upon his suggestion that he should occupy one of the vacant places on the Front Opposition Bench, and curtly informed him that there was plenty of room in the Gallery. Thither Mr. **Billing** betook himself, and thence he addressed a question which Mr. **Hope**, the Minister concerned, was unable to catch, his ears not being attuned to sounds from that altitude.

Otherwise Question-time was chiefly remarkable for the loud and continued burst of cheering from the Coalition benches which greeted Mr. **Will Thorne**'s suggestion (*à propos* of **Lenin**'s industrial conscription) that "it would be a very good thing to make all the idlers in this country work." Mr. **Thorne** seemed quite embarrassed by the popularity of his proposal, which did not, however, appear to arouse the same enthusiasm among his colleagues of the Labour Party.

It was four o'clock when Mr. **Chamberlain** rose to "open the Budget" (he clings to that old-fashioned phrase), and just after six when he completed a speech which Mr. **Asquith** (himself an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer) justly praised for its lucidity and comprehensiveness.

Mr. **Chamberlain** could not on this occasion congratulate himself (as his predecessors were wont to do) on the accuracy of his forecasts. He had two shots last year, in Spring and Autumn, but both times was many millions out in his calculations. Fortunately all the mistakes were on the right side, and he came out with a surplus of one hundred and sixty-four millions (about as much as the whole revenue of the country when first he went to the Exchequer) to devote to the redemption of debt.

But that did not content him. For an hour by the clock he piled up the burdens on the taxpayer. His arguments were not always consistent. It is not quite easy to see why, because



"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

"Mr. Hogge had not hitherto been suspected of Disraelian sympathies."

ladies have taken to smoking cigarettes, an extra heavy duty should be imposed on imported cigars; or how the appearance of "a new class of champagne-drinkers" justifies a further tax upon



Mr. Chamberlain. "I don't care what anybody says about this blooming tree (I use the epithet in its literal sense); I shall let it keep on for another year."

the humble consumer of "dinner-claret."

Nor is it easy to follow the process of reasoning by which the **Chancellor** convinced himself that the Excess Profits Tax, which last year he described as a great deterrent to enterprise and industry, only justifiable as "a temporary measure," should now be not merely continued but increased by fifty per cent.

This proposal seemed to excite more hostility than any other. But the single taxers were annoyed by the final disappearance of the Land Values Duties (the only original feature of Mr. **Lloyd George**'s epoch-making first Budget). Mr. **Raffan** pictured their author being dragged at the Tory chariot-wheels, and Dr. **Murray** observed that the land-taxes were evidently not allowed "on the other side of the Rubicon."

The general view was that the Government had shown courage in imposing fresh taxation, but would have saved themselves and the country a great deal of trouble if they had been equally bold in reducing expenditure.

Tuesday, April 20th.—When a local band at Cologne recently played the "Wacht am Rhein" the British officers present stood up, on the ground (as they explained to a surprised German) that *they* were now the Watch on the Rhine. But are they? According to Colonel **Burn** the Army of the Rhine is now so short of men that it is compelled to employ German civilians as batmen, clerks and even telephone-operators; and Mr. **Churchill** was fain to admit that it would not surprise him to hear that "some assistance has been derived from the local population."

The Carnarvonshire police are peeved because they are not allowed to belong to any secret society except the Freemasons, and consequently are debarred from membership of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Mr. **Shortt** disclaimed responsibility, but it is expected that the Member for the Carnarvon Boroughs, who is notoriously sympathetic to Ante-diluvians (is not his motto *Après moi le déluge*?), will take up the matter on his return from San Remo.

Having had time to consider the Budget proposals in detail Mr. **Asquith** was less complimentary and more critical. Good-humoured chaff of the **Prime Minister** on the demise of the Land Values Duties before they had yielded the "rare and refreshing fruits" promised ten years ago, was followed by a reasoned condemnation of the proposed increase in the wine duties, which he believed would diminish consumption and cause international complications with our Allies. The **Chancellor**, again, had thought too much of revenue and too little of economy. He urged him—in a magnificent mixture of

metaphors—to cut away those parasitic excrescences upon the normal administrative system of the country which now constituted an open tap.

Wednesday, April 21st.—The abolition of the Guide-lecturer at Kew Gardens was deplored by Lord Sudeley and other Peers. But as, according to Lord Lee, out of a million visitors last year only five hundred listened to the Guide—an average of less than three per lecture—the Government can hardly be blamed for saving a hundred pounds. Retrenchment, after all, must begin somewhere.

Sir Donald Maclean cannot have heard of this signal example of Government economy or he would not have denounced Ministers so vehemently for their extravagance. His most specific charge was that in Mesopotamia they were "spending money like water in looking for oil."

In a further defence of the Budget proposals Mr. Chamberlain disclaimed the notion that it was the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to denounce in the House the Estimates which he had approved in Cabinet. His business was to find the money. Circumstances had altered his attitude to the Excess Profits Duty, and he was now determined to stick to it. Did not a cynic once say that nothing succeeds like excess?

Mr. Barnes, who was loudly cheered on his return to the House, joined in the cry for economy. "Some departments," he declared, "existed only because they had existed."

The country clergy are without doubt the most over-rated persons in the country—I mean, of course, from a fiscal point of view. Consequently the House gave a friendly reception to a Bill intended to relieve them of some of their pecuniary burdens.

Thursday, April 22nd.—When Dr. Macnamara was Secretary to the Admiralty no Minister was clearer or more direct in his answers. Now that he has become Minister he has laid aside his quarter-deck manner and adopted tones of whispering humbleness which hardly reach the Press Gallery.

He ought to take example from Mr. Stanton, who never leaves the House in doubt as to what he means. This afternoon his purpose was to announce that a certain "Trio" on the Opposition Benches was in league with the forces of disorder. "Bolshies!" he shouted in a voice that frightened the pigeons in Palace Yard.

Later in the evening Mr. Stanton indicated that unless the salaries of Members of Parliament were raised he should have seriously to consider the question of returning to his old trade of a coal-hewer, at which I gathered he could make much more money with an infinitely smaller exertion of lung-power.

The vote for Agriculture and Fisheries was supported by Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen in a speech crammed full of miscellaneous information. We learned that the Minister once smoked a pipe of Irish tobacco, and said "Never Again"; that the slipper-limpet, formerly the terror of the oyster-beds, had now by the ingenuity of his Department been transformed into a valuable source of poultry-food, and that the roundabout process by which the Germans in bygone days imported eel-fry from the Severn for their own rivers, and then exported the full-grown fish for the delectation of East-end dinner-tables, had been done away with. In the matter of eels this country is now self-supporting.



"If, as appears to be the case, it is for the moment more or less decently interred, its epitaph should be not *Requiescat* but *Resurget*" (cheers).

Mr. Asquith on the Land Values Duties.

"The stock markets showed a good deal of uncertainty this morning, and dealers marked prices lower in many cases to protect themselves against possible sales on the Budget proposals, particularly the excess profits duty and the corruption tax."—*Provincial Paper.*

Mr. Chamberlain omitted to mention the last-named impost, but no doubt that was his artfulness.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

"The Bear-Garden."

The authors of the guide-books have signally failed to discover the really interesting parts of Law-land. I have looked through several of these works and not one of them refers, for example, to the "Bear-Garden," which is the place where the preliminary skirmishes of litigation are carried out. The Bear-Garden is the name given to it by the legal profession, so I am quite in order in using the title. In fact, if you want to get to it, you *have* to use that title. The proper title would be something like "the place where Masters in Chambers function at half-past one;" but, if you go into the Law Courts and ask one of the attendants where that is, he will say, rather pityingly, "Do you mean the *Bear-Garden?*" and you will know at once that you have lost caste. Caste is a thing you should be very careful of in these days, so the best thing is to ask for the Bear-Garden straightaway.

It is in the purlieus of the Law Courts and very hard to find. It is up a lot of very dingy back-staircases and down a lot of very dingy passages. The Law Courts are like all our public buildings. The parts where the public is allowed to go are fairly respectable, if not beautiful, but the purlieus and the basements and the upper floors are scenes of unimaginable dinginess and decay. The Law Courts' purlieus are worse than the Houses of Parliament's purlieus, and it seems to me that even more disgraceful things are done in them. It only shows you the danger of Nationalisation.

On the way to the Bear-Garden you pass the King's Remembrancer's rooms. This is the man who reminds His Majesty about people's birthdays; and in a large family like that he must be kept busy. Not far from the King's Remembrancer there is a Commissioner for Oaths; you can go into his room and have a really good swear for about half-a-crown. This is cheaper than having it in the street—that is, if you are a gentleman; for by the Profane Oaths Act, 1745, swearing and cursing are punishable by a fine of one shilling for every day-labourer, soldier or seaman; two shillings for every other person under the degree of a gentleman; and five shillings for every person of or above the degree of a gentleman. This is not generally known. The Commissioner for Oaths is a very broad-minded man, and there is literally no limit to what you may swear before him. The



Mistress. "At two o'clock this morning, Mary, we were wakened by loud knocking, and your master went down and found it was a policeman, who told him the pantry window was open."

Mary. "Oh, 'e did, did 'e? 'Ad 'e red 'air? I'll larn 'im to go 'ammerin' at decent people's doors in the middle of the night just because I wouldn't go to the pictures with 'im last Friday. Imperence!"

only thing is that he insists on your filing it before you actually say it. This may cause delay; so that if you are feeling particularly strongly about anything it is probably better to have it out in the street and risk being taken for a gentleman.

There are a number of other interesting functionaries on the way to the Bear-Garden; but we must get on. When you have wandered about in the purlieus for a long time you will hear a tremendous noise, a sort of combined snarling and roaring and legal conversation. When you hear that, you will know that you are very near the bears. They are all snarling and roaring in a large preliminary arena, where the bears prepare themselves for the struggle; all round it are smaller cages or arenæ, where the struggles take place. If possible you ought to go early, so that you can watch the animals massing. Lawyers, as I have had occasion to observe before, are the most long-suffering profession in the country, and the things they do in the Bear-Garden they have to do in the luncheon-hour, or rather in the luncheon half-hour, between half-past one and two.

This accounts perhaps for the extreme frenzy of the proceedings. They hurry in a frenzy up the back-stairs about 1.25, and they pace up and down in a frenzy till half-past one. There are all sorts of bears, most of them rather seedy old bears, with shaggy and unkempt coats. These are solicitors' clerks, and they all come straight out of Dickens. They have shiny little private-school handbags, each inherited, no doubt, through a long line of ancestral solicitors' clerks; and they all have the draggled sort of moustache that tells you when it is going to rain. While they are pacing up and down the arena they all try to get rid of these moustaches by pulling violently at alternate ends; but the only result is to make it look more like rain than ever.

Some of the bears are robust old bears, with well-kept coats and loud roars; these are solicitors' clerks too, only better fed; or else they are real solicitors. And a few of the bears are perky young creatures—in barrister's robes, either for the first time, when they look very self-conscious, or for the second time, when they look very self-confident. All the bears are telling each other about their cases. They are saying, "We are a deceased wife's sister suing *in forma pauperis*," or "I am a discharged bankrupt, three times convicted of perjury, but I am claiming damages under the Diseases of Pigs Act, 1862," or "You are the crew of a merchant-ship and we are the editor of a newspaper." Just at first it is rather disturbing to hear snatches of conversation like that, but there is no real cause for alarm; they are only identifying themselves with the interests of their clients; and, when one realises that, one is rather touched.

At long last one of the keepers at the entrance to the small cages begins to shout very loudly. It is not at all clear what he is shouting, but apparently it is the pet-names of the bears, for there is a wild rush for the various cages. Across the middle of the cage a stout barricade has been erected, and behind the barricade sits the Master, pale but defiant. Masters in Chambers are barristers who have not got proper legal faces, and have had to give up being ordinary barristers on that account; in the obscurity and excitement

of the Bear-Garden nobody notices that their faces are all wrong. The two chief bears rush at the Master and the other bears jostle round them, egging them on. When they see that they cannot get at the Master they begin snarling. One of them snarls quietly out of a long document about the Statement of Claim. He throws a copy of this at the Master, and the Master tries to get the hang of it while the bear is snarling; but the other bear is by now beside himself with rage, and he begins putting in what are called interlocutory snarls, so that the Master gets terribly confused, though he doesn't let on.

By-and-by all pretence of formality and order is put aside and the battle really begins. At this stage of the proceedings the rule is that no fewer than two of the protagonists must be roaring at the same time, of which one must be the Master. But the more general practice is for all three of them to roar at the same time. Sometimes, it is true, by sheer roar-power the Master succeeds in silencing one of the bears for a moment, but he can never be said to succeed in cowing a bear. If anybody is cowed it is the Master. Meanwhile the lesser bears press closer and closer, pulling at the damp ends of their rainy moustaches and making whispered suggestions for new devilries in the ears of the chief bears, who nod their heads emphatically but don't pay any attention.

The final stage is the stage of physical violence, when the chief bears lean over the barricade and shake their paws at the Master; they think they are only making legal gestures, but the Master knows very well that they are getting out of hand; he knows then that it is time he threw them a bun. So he says a soothing word to each of them and runs his pen savagely through almost everything on their papers. The bears growl in stupefaction and rage, and take deep breaths to begin again. But meanwhile the keeper has shouted for a fresh set of bears, who surge wildly into the room. The old bears are swept aside and creep out, grunting. What the result of it all is I don't know. Nobody knows. But the new bears——

[Editor.—I am much bored with this. Author.—Oh, very well.] A. P. H.

From the directions on an omnibus ticket:—

"Passengers are requested not to stand on top of the Bus back seats for smoking."

This is a thing we never do.

AT THE PLAY.

"Mary Rose."

Of course nobody could possibly suspect Sir James Barrie of plagiarising (save from himself), yet it will explain something of the atmosphere of *Mary Rose* if I say that it is a story with such a theme as that admirable ghost-monger, the Provost of Eton, would whole-heartedly approve — thrilling, sinister, inconclusive — with (shall I say?) just a dash of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his other-worldly mood to bring it well into the movement. Naturally the variations are sheer Barrie and of the most adroit.



THE BOY WHO WOULD GROW UP FASTER THAN HIS MOTHER.

Mary Rose . . . Miss Fay Compton.
Harry . . . . Mr. Robert Loraine.

Mary Rose is in fact a girl who couldn't grow up, because whenever she visited a little mystery island in the Outer Hebrides "they" who lived in a "lovely, lovely, lovely" vague world beyond these voices would call her vaguely (to Mr. Norman O'Neill's charming music), and she would as vaguely return with no memory of what had passed and no change in her physical condition. This didn't matter so much when, as a mere child, she disappeared for thirty days; but when, mother of an incomparable heir of two, she was rapt away in the middle of a picnic for twenty-five years, and returned to find a husband, mother and father inexplicably old and changed, and dreadfully silent about her babe—well, you see for yourself how hopeless everything was. As if there were not enough real tragedy in the world and it were necessary to invent!

I don't think it fair to tell you any more. You shouldn't suffer these thrills at second-hand. But I can say that, in spite of making it a point of professional honour to try to keep a warm spine and check the unbidden tear from trickling down my nose (which makes you look such an ass before a cynical colleague during the intervals), I was beaten in both attempts. The "effects" were astonishingly well contrived by both author and producer (Mr. Holman Clark). You were not let down at the supreme moment by a hurried shuffle of dimly seen forms or the click of an electrician's gear suggesting too solid flesh. The house was in a queer way stunned by the poignancy of the last scene between the young ghost-mother and the long-sought unrecognised son, and had to shake itself before it could reward with due applause the fine playing of as perfect a cast as I have seen for a long time. There's no manner of doubt that Sir James "got it over" (as they say) all right.

Miss Fay Compton makes astonishing strides. Her *Mary Rose*, had adorable shy movements caresses, intonations, wistfulnesses. These were traits of *Mary Rose*, not tricks of Miss Compton. And they escaped monotony—supreme achievement in the difficult circumstances. Mr. Robert Loraine in the doubled *rôles* of *Mary Rose's* husband and son, showed a very fine skill in his differentiation of the husband's character in three phases of time and development, and of the son's, with its family likeness and individual variation. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who seems to touch nothing he does not adorn, gave a fine rendering of as charming a character as ever came out of the Barrie box—the superstitious, learned, courteous crofter's son, student of Aberdeen University, temporary boatman and (later) minister. He did his best incidentally, by rowing away without casting off, to corroborate the local legend that the queer little island sometimes disappeared. Miss Mary Jerrold was just the perfect Barrie mother (of *Mary Rose*). Mr. Arthur Whitby's parson, Mr. Norman Forbes' squire, Miss Jean Cadell's housekeeper, left no chinks in their armour for a critic's spleenful arrow. T.

"It was one of those perfect June nights that so seldom occur except in August."
—— *Magazine.*

The result of Daylight-saving, no doubt.



THE AGE OF UNREST.

GRANDMAMMA, WHO HAS BEEN THWARTED, GOES ON HUNGER-STRIKE.



SHOCK OF A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW WHEN HE PERCEIVES THAT HIS RESCUER IS A PUSSYFOOT.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

No more to bits of china (though I love it),
To coloured prints no more my fancy roams,
Or all the works of art I used to covet
In other people's homes.

Old first editions, Sheffield plate and brasses,
Weapons of Cromwell's time and coats of mail,
Gate-tables, Queen Anne chairs and aught that passes
For craft of Chippendale—

Such things no more I spend my hard-earned cash on
(Fain though the spirit be, the purse is weak);
Yet strong within me burns the ruling passion
For anything antique.

To haunt the sales for "finds" no more my job is;
I've found at length, to satisfy my bent,
A wider sphere for this my last of hobbies,
Which costs me not a cent;

Where I can see my friends possess the treasure
Their souls desire, nor envy them for that;
My game's to scan my fellow-man at leisure
Divested of his hat;

Among my own coevals, whom at last Time
Is taking by the locks at forty-nine,
Searching (a quaint but inexpensive pastime)
For balder heads than mine.

HINTS ON ADVERTISING.

In the belief that the numerous signs and notices, such as those containing warnings and advice to the public, with which the eye is so familiar, might be employed as suitable *media* for commercial advertisement, the following suggestions are offered for what they are worth:—

LIFT NOT WORKING.

When you walk upstairs be sure your boots are shod with PUSSYFOOT Rubber Heels.

TO STOP THE TRAIN PULL DOWN THE CORD.

Then light a NAVY LIST Cigarette. That alone is worth the £5.

STICK NO BILLS.

It's not your job. Let STIKKOTINE do it. Sticks anything.

THIS RACK IS PROVIDED FOR LIGHT ARTICLES ONLY.

If your baby is a GLOXO baby keep it on your knee. GLOXO builds *bulky* bairns.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

Unless you are wearing GUMBOODLE'S Goloshes. Won't wet feet.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Wait till he hears HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

YOU MAY TELEPHONE FROM HERE.

Ring up your newsagent and order your DAILY WAIL.

Billion Sale.

Order it now.

CHU CHIN CHOW.

"CHARLES ——
This week, Driven From Home.
Next week, At Sea."
Daily Paper.

Surely this pitiable case ought to be brought to the attention of the Actors' Benevolent Association.



Epicurean. "AH, YOU LITTLE REALISE HOW THESE APRIL SHOWERS BRING ON THE PEAS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I HAVE a mild grievance against that talented lady, Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, for labelling her latest novel "a romantic fantasy." Because, like all her other stories, *The Cheats* (COLLINS) moves with such an air of truth, its personages are so human, that I could delightfully persuade myself that it was all true, and that I had really shared, with a sometimes quickened pulse, the strange fortunes of the sombre young hero. But—fantasy! That is to show the strings and give away the whole game. However, if you can forget that, the coils of an admirably woven intrigue will grip your attention and sympathy throughout. The central figure is one *Jaques*, who comes to town as a penniless and love-lorn romantic, to be confronted with the revelation that he is himself the eldest son, unacknowledged but legitimate, of His Majesty KING CHARLES THE SECOND, then holding Court at Whitehall. It is from the plots and counter-plots, the machinations and subterfuges that follow that Miss BOWEN justifies her title. Certainly *The Cheats* establishes her in my mind as our first writer of historical fiction. The character-drawing is admirable (especially of poor weak-willed vacillating *Jaques*, a wonderfully observed study of the STUART temperament). More than ever, also, Miss BOWEN might here be said to write her descriptions with a paint-brush; the whole tale goes by in a series of glowing pictures, most richly coloured. *The Cheats* is not a merry book; its treatment of the foolish heroine in particular abates nothing of grim justice; but of its art there can be no two opinions. I wish again that I had been allowed to believe in it.

It must be unusual in war for a commander-in-chief to be regarded by his opponents with the respect and admiration that the British forces in East Africa felt towards VON LETTOW-VORBECK; from General SMUTS, who congratulated him on his Order "Pour le Mérite," down to the British Tommy who promised to salute him "if ever 'e's copped." The fact that VON LETTOW held out from August, 1914, till after the Armistice with a small force mainly composed of native askaris, and with hardly any assistance from overseas, is proof in itself of his organizing ability, his military leadership and his indomitable determination. As these are qualities which are valued by his late enemies his story of the campaign, *My Reminiscences of East Africa* (HURST AND BLACKETT), should appeal to a large public, especially as it is written on the whole in a sporting spirit and not without some sense of humour. His descriptions of the natural difficulties of the country and the methods he adopted for handling them are interesting and instructive. But in military matters his story is not altogether convincing; for if his "victories" were as "decisive" as he represents them how is it that they were followed almost invariably by retirement? The results are attributed in these pages to "slight mischances" or "unfavourable conditions" or merely to "pressure of circumstances." Would it not have been better, while he was about it, to claim boldly that he was luring us on? This is a question on which one naturally refers to the maps, and it is therefore all the more regrettable that these contain no scale of mileage, an omission which renders them almost meaningless. How many readers, for instance, will realise that German East Africa was almost twice the size of Germany? The translation on the whole is good,

though some phrases such as "the at times barely sufficient ration" are rather too redolent of the Fatherland.

I see that on the title-page of his latest story Mr. W. E. Norris is credited with having already written two others (specified by name), etc. Much virtue in that "etc." I cannot therefore regard *The Triumphs of Sara* (Hutchinson) precisely as the work of a beginner, though it has a freshness and sense of enjoyment about it that might well belong to a first book rather than to—I doubt whether even Mr. Norris himself could say offhand what its number is. *Sara* and her circle are eminently characteristic of their creator. You have here the same well-bred well-to-do persons, pleasantly true to their decorous type, retaining always, despite modernity of clothes and circumstance, a gentle aroma of late Victorianism. Perhaps *Sara* is the most immediate of Mr. Norris's heroines so far. Her money-bags had been filled in Manchester, and from time to time in her history you are reminded of this circumstance. It explains much; though hardly her marriage with *Euan Leppington*, whose attraction apparently lay in being one of the few males of her acquaintance whom *Sara* did not find it fatally easy to bring to heel. Anyhow, after marriage she quickly grew bored to death of him; so much so that it required an attempt (badly bungled) by another woman to get *Euan* to elope with her, and a providential collapse of the very unwilling Lothario, to bring about that happy ending that my experience of kind Mr. Norris has taught me to expect. I may add that he has never done anything more quietly entertaining than the frustrated elopement; the luncheon scene at the Métropole, Brighton, between the angry but amused *Sara* and a husband incapacitated by rage, remorse and chill, is an especially well-handled little comedy of manners.



"Proper fed up wiv you, I am. Cry, cry, cry all day long. I'd 'it yer over the 'ead wiv the bottle if I wos a modern woman."

Sir Julian Corbett, in writing the first volume of *Naval Operations* (Longmans), has carried the semi-official history of the War at sea only as far as the Battle of the Falklands; but if the other three or four volumes—the number is still uncertain—are to be as full of romance as this the complete work will be a library of adventure in itself. Hardly ever turning aside to praise or blame, he says with almost unqualified baldness a multitude of astounding things—things we half knew, or guessed, or longed to have explained, or dared not whisper, or, most of all, never dreamt of. Here is a gold-mine for the makers of boys' books of all future generations to quarry in. Think, for instance, of the liner *Ortega* shaking off a German cruiser by bolting into an uncharted tide-race near the Horn; or the *Southport*, left for disabled by her captors, crawling two thousand miles to safety with only half an engine; or the triumphant raider *Karlsruhe*, her pursuers baffled, full to the hatches with captured luxuries, bands playing, flags flying, suddenly blown up in mid-Atlantic. The game of hide-and-seek, as played by the *Emden* and her like, naturally figures very largely in a volume which Henty could hardly have bettered. The author's veracious narrative, leaving all picturesque detail to the imagination, gets home every time by the sheer weight of its material. The War in Home waters is no less fascinatingly reconstructed, and the case of maps contains in itself living epics for all who study them with understanding.

In writing her second book Miss Hilda M. Sharp has allowed herself what is, I suspect, the lady novelist's greatest treat, the extraordinary achievement of using the first person singular and making it masculine. She has done it very well too, and I am happy to recall that, in another place, I was among the many who prophesied good concerning her future when she made her *début* as a novelist with *The Stars in their Courses* in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library." *A Pawn in Pawn* comes very properly from the same publisher. It has one of those plots which it is most particularly a reviewer's business, in the reader's own interest, not to reveal, but it is permissible to explain that the "pawn" of the title is a little girl adopted from an orphanage, where, as someone says, "the orphans aren't really orphans," by *Julian Tarrant*, whom a select circle acknowledged as the greatest poet that the last years of the nineteenth century produced. Miss Sharp earns my special admiration by getting through the inevitable description of the beginning of the Great War in fewer words than anybody whose attempt I have yet encountered, and steers throughout a pleasant course midway between a "best-seller" and a "high-brow." *Lydia*, the "pawn," is very charming, but quite possibly so, and though, of course, she must marry one of the three men interested in her adoption Miss Sharp will probably keep most of her readers, as she did me, in doubt as to which it is to be until quite the end of the book. I think that he may prove an acquired taste with most readers; but directly I found that he was apt to quote the reviews in *Punch* I realised that he was a man of discrimination and deserved his good luck.

An Urgent Request.

"—— Co-operative Society, Ltd.

Members are requested to hand in their Share Pass Books for Audit Purposes to the Head Office on or before AT ONCE."—*Local Paper.*

"Rev. —— writes:—'I have a Cousin residing in the Transvaal who has been living on three plates of porridge made of —— for five years, and is well and strong on it.'"—*South African Paper.*

It sounds very sustaining.

CHARIVARIA.

We understand that Lord Fisher, who is reported to have taken a week off to say what he thought about the Budget, has asked for an extension of time.

* * *

Germany has decided to abolish gradually all titles of nobility. They will disappear Von by Von.

* * *

Six hundred Irish emigrants left for New York last Wednesday on board the *Celtic*. All, we understand, were advised before leaving that the price of a man's votes, after the first five or six, isn't what it was in former Presidential elections.

* * *

"I hope I will not come back until the basis of a real peace with Russia is secured," said Mr. Snowden on the eve of his departure. There are other people who don't much mind what cause detains him.

* * *

An earthquake is reported in California, and a volume of poems by the Poet Laureate is announced. What a breathless week!

* * *

"What is wanted in our prisons," says a well-known preacher, "is more humanity; in the Irish prisons in particular the right kind of humanity." Even in the rare cases where we get hold of it we don't seem able to keep it.

* * *

The Liverpool and District Federation of Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, protesting against Sunday cricket, declare their anxiety to maintain in every way the traditional sacredness of the English Sabbath. With roast beef at its present price this seems scarcely possible.

* * *

A "uniform evening dress for women" was advocated at a discussion on "Fashions" by members of the Lyceum Club. Smart Society, it is observed, by a gradual process of elimination is working down to something of the kind.

* * *

"Increased party bitterness," says a Berlin correspondent, "is becoming a feature of German life." A sharp cleavage of opinion is detected between the party that refuses to comply with the terms of the Peace Treaty and the section that merely intends to evade them.

* * *

It appears that a man has been fined five pounds for using bad language about Mr. Winston Churchill. Latest reports from the district are to the effect that his remarks were rather good value for the money.

* * *

A weekly paper advocates the sterilizing of all foodstuffs. This is a decided advance on the old custom of sifting soup through a set of whiskers.

* * *

Germany, says Mr. James Douglas, lost the War. It is said that even the ex-Kaiser now admits that everything seems to point that way.

* * *

A Madras tiger cub, we are informed, has been born at Pontypridd. We can only suppose that the animal did not know it was Pontypridd.



THE THINGS WE WRITE.

"Sir Pompey and his guests literally swam in champagne."

* * *

Futurist painters, says a contemporary, are becoming scarce in America. The wave of crime that followed the War seems to be falling off.

* * *

The Department Committee of the Falkland Islands suggest that whales should be marked by a small projectile. This is much better than screwing the monster into a vice and carving its name and address on it with a chisel.

* * *

A Beachy Head correspondent writes to a daily paper to say that he has seen a peculiarly bright light in the sky. Quite a number of people are asking, Can it be the sun?

* * *

A morning paper reports that the Government is now offering for sale all machinery, fixtures and fittings installed in a certain large aerodrome in Hampshire. It is rumoured that they will be willing to buy them back from the purchasers at an enhanced price in order to equip a new aerodrome in the same locality.

* * *

According to a witness at Willesden Police Court a carter charged with insulting behaviour swore for twenty minutes without repeating himself. We understand that the Bargees' Union take a very serious view of the matter.

* * *

"The cost of cremation is now exceptionally low," announces a Sunday paper. Inexpensive luxuries are so rare in these days that one is tempted to give it a trial.

* * *

Replying to Sir K. Fraser, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stated that he was not prepared to levy an equalizing tax on total abstainers. The belief that they are already sufficiently punished is widely held.

* * *

"Man, naturally funny, desires to be trained for stage funny-man" (*Times* Advertisement). The initial handicap is bound to tell against him. He should try the House of Commons.

* * *

Twenty-one pigs have died at Woking as the result of eating phosphorus. The owner was apparently unaware that it has taken years to accustom the American pig to a phosphorus diet.

* * *

Hythe Council is offering sixpence a dozen for dead wasps. Hunters may bring their captures in on the hoof but must slaughter them before they can touch the money.

* * *

A South Wales miner charged with trapping birds was found to be wearing three coats. As this might have been due to an oversight on the part of his valet it was not included in the charge.

Our Tireless Terpsichoreans.

"Miss ——'s dance will take place on the 22nd and terminate on the 29th for this season."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"That fine sporting neighbourhood, Epsom, is represented by a big cheque from the town cub."—*Evening Paper.*

Good dog!

THE HEALING WATERS OF SPA.

[It is feared that the Treaty with the Turk will not be signed in time for him to receive an invitation to join the Allies and their late enemies, towards the end of May, at the Conference to be held at Spa, where it is proposed to discuss a common scheme for the regeneration of the world.]

Sweet after hopes deferred that make
The stomach feel so queer,
To think the Peace for which we ache
May very soon be here;
That, though but scarce two years have passed
Since we contrived to win it,
The War, if things go on so fast,
May end at any minute.

Yet must the pace be hotter still
With less of "hum!" and "ha!"
If we would have our pleasure's fill
And meet the Turk at Spa;
How nice if he could only come,
Fresh from Armenian slaughter,
And join our Mixed Symposium
Over a mineral water!

His ripe experience would show
Just how (by Allah's grace)
To make this world of sin and woe
Into a better place;
And, though we failed to cure at sight
All ills that want allaying,
At least (between the Acts) we might
Together go a-Maying. O. S.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON TRAVAILLE.

There had been a long silence between us. We sat lunching comfortably at the Ritz, and the Spring air came pleasantly in at the open window beside us. I watched the people passing by and commented on some of them to Tony, but he seemed completely wrapped in meditation.

Really it was a little aggravating. Spring always thrills me to the tips of my fingers; I had put on my very nicest clothes; we were eating the very last word in lunches, and there was a glorious atmosphere of holiday in the air; but it was all lost on Tony.

Suddenly he roused himself. "It's a queer thing," he began *à propos* of nothing, abstractedly toying with his *pêche Melba* and lapsing into thoughtful silence again.

"Shouldn't be surprised," I retorted sharply.

Then I looked across at him and my heart smote me. He is extraordinarily good to look upon—fair crinkled hair, Saxon colouring and blue eyes that can warm up so delightfully at moments.

"What is queer, Tony?" I went on more gently, conscious that in spite of his abstraction his gaze was wandering appreciatively in my direction, so that I felt my new blouse was not entirely wasted after all.

"Well, the fact is," he roused himself to start, "I've been making some *very* interestin' experiments."

"Oh!" I said, a trifle disappointed.

"Yes, very interestin' indeed. You know, of course, that I've only been demobbed about six months, so there's no ghastly hurry or anythin', but I rather feel that I ought to begin to think of doin' somethin'—some business, profession sort of affair, I mean. Havin' made up my mind more or less, I thought I'd come up to town yesterday and have a talk with one or two of the fellows I know who have got jobs—get a few tips and so on."

"That sounds an awfully good idea," I encouraged him.

"Well, it was rather," he agreed modestly, "but on my life, Betty, you'd never believe—— Well, I'll tell you.

"I dropped in first of all on Dixon. Not a bad chap at all, one of those—you know—solicitors. Partner in an A1 firm an' all that. They're fairly rakin' in money at present with this boom in Divorce Court stunts.

"Anyway we began talkin' about old times and so on, as I hadn't seen him for ages. We got laughin' over some of his funny stories about their stuff—no names or anythin' like that, of course—and then bit by bit I started tellin' him what was really at the back of my mind about takin' up the work. I don't think he grasped it quite at first, but when he did he just leant back in his chair and looked at me with a kind of pityin' expression. 'My dear old boy,' he said, 'take it from a friend, one who has been through it—don't! It's a dog's life; years of training; work all day and night. No peace. Responsibility all the time. You know, dear old fellow, what you want is a soft job. Why don't you start stockbrokin' or somethin'?'

"Well, of course that was a bit of a set-back; still I thought, 'Are we downhearted?' So I trotted on round to old Simkins—remember that stockbroker chap we ran into at the Gaiety the other evenin'? He's a decent sort of fellow; clever an' all that too—but not by way of overworkin' himself.

"Well, I got to his office and asked him out to lunch at the Club, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'My dear old man,' he said, 'you're comin' right along with me to the Carlton, and we're goin' to have the best lunch they can turn out. I tell you I've struck lucky this morning; absolutely had a haul!'

"Well, I thought that sounded pretty cheery, so we toddled off, and I must say they did us jolly well. It seemed just the chance to get him to talk in a pally sort of way, so I simply put it to him straight and told him what I was thinkin' of doin'. He listened to me a bit doubtfully for a few minutes and then leaned across the table and put his hand on my arm, interruptin' me. 'Don't you do it, my son,' he said. 'As a pal I warn you. The work! the worry! the carking anxiety! Take my word for it the life of a stockbroker isn't fit for a dog.'

"Seemed funny, didn't it? Only he was so insistent that I began to get the hump about it myself too and after a little while I managed to leave him and rolled off to get cheered up by Bird. Teddy Bird's one of the best of fellows—always merry an' bright. They manufacture ladies' jumpers or somethin' of the sort; they were on Army clothin' durin' the War; pots of money, of course; not doin' too badly now either.

"I just blew in an' told him to come on the bingo or somethin' to cheer me up. He wanted to know what I had got the hump about, so I told him about these other two chaps, and really I was beginnin' to think what a let-off I had had. Then a bright idea flashed into my mind. Why shouldn't *I* manufacture somethin'? It seemed such a toppin' good scheme that I asked him straight out what he thought about it.

"'My poor innocent lad,' he said, 'don't you yet realise the sort of existence fellows like me have to lead? Labour troubles, money troubles, taxation on profits. Why, good heavens, it's little better than a dog's life!'

"I kind of felt crumpled and left him."

Tony looked across at me gloomily.

There was a heavy silence. I couldn't think of anything comforting to say. He paid the bill and we started threading our way towards Piccadilly.

"But, Tony," I finally suggested rather desperately, "you said just now there isn't such a ghastly hurry. Why don't you just stay round and amuse yourself for a bit till something crops up?"

He turned and gazed at me reproachfully.

"My dear Betty," he said, "I thought you understood me better than that. For a fellow of real ambition and keenness for gettin' on, it's absolutely feedin', an existence like this, just messin' about. It's the limit. Why, it's nothin' better than a dog's——"

I glanced at him quickly and he flushed crimson to the ears.

"What I mean to say—oh, hang it!" he stuttered, waving his cane. "Hi, taxi! That's right. Hop in, Betty. We've just about time to get a look in at the Palladium. You know one wants cheerin' up these days. Thinkin' seriously about things is so beastly worryin'."



FROM TRIUMPH TO TRIUMPH.

Mr. Lloyd George. "I've made peace with Germany, with Austria, with Bulgaria, and now I've made peace with France. So there's only Turkey, Ireland and Lord Northcliffe left."



OUR NATURE CORRESPONDENT WRITES TO US THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE IS LOOKING ALMOST PERFECT.

ALL FOR JANE.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

How Jane contrived to inspire affection and bitter rivalry in the hearts of Sergeant Bulter and Chippo Munks is hard to imagine. She was not beautiful or agreeable or even intelligent. And she was certainly fickle and greedy. If Sergeant Bulter persuaded her to accompany him for a walk she was quite likely to return with Chippo; and if Chippo invited her to dine the end of the dinner was usually the signal for her to leave in search of the further hospitality of Sergeant Bulter.

Nevertheless both soldiers wooed her with an intensity that nearly brought them into deadly conflict. The climax was precipitated by an announcement in Battalion Orders that ran:—

"All ownerless dogs straying about the Camp will be secured by the Camp police for destruction. Owners of dogs will therefore ensure that their dogs are provided with collars showing names of owners, and such dogs are not permitted to stray about the lines unattended."

On reading this Chippo laboriously inscribed an old identity disc—

JANE MUNKS,
"B" Coy.,

and sought out Jane in her usual corner near the cook-house. He was threading the disc with a piece of string when Sergeant Bulter appeared.

"What are you doin' to that dawg?" demanded the Sergeant.

"Fittin' 'er with a necklace," replied Chippo.

"Well, you can keep it to hang yourself with," said Bulter triumphantly; "she's already provided."

Chippo perceived, what he had previously overlooked, that Jane's neck was encircled with a collar marked—

JANE BULTER,
Sergeants' Mess.

A sick feeling of disappointment came over him, but he dissembled.

"I reckernize the family likeness, Sergeant," he remarked and walked away, whilst Jane, with callous disregard for his sufferings, meditated whether to dine with the Ration Corporal or the Sergeant Cook, or both.

Chippo walked gloomily in the direction of the town. As he approached the *place* the blaring of cornets and sounds of hilarity reminded him that Quelquepart was holding its annual *foire*. Merry-go-rounds and swing-boats were not in harmony with Chippo's mood, and the performance at the gaudily-painted Guignol struck him as particularly dreary, but the sight of Ferdinand Delauney's Grande Loterie, with its huge red wheel and tempting array of prizes, roused him to animation. Ferdinand was attracting investors by methods of persuasion which Chippo, as an acknowledged "Crown-and-anchor" expert, recognised as masterly.

"Reckon I'll try a franc's-worth of Ferdy's prize bonds," he said. "But I expect it'll just be my luck to win a dog-collar or a muzzle."

In due course the wheel began to revolve, and it had scarcely stopped before Ferdinand jumped from the platform and embraced Chippo with emotion.

"*Mon ami*," he said, "*mes félicitations! Vous avez gagné le premier prix!*"

Opening a crate he extracted an athletic young cockerel, which he thrust under Chippo's arm, and the latter walked away with a prize for which he had not the slightest use.

Presently the cockerel began to struggle, and Chippo, after considering all methods of transport, took the string intended for Jane from his pocket, attached it to the rooster's leg and marched it before him. He had not proceeded far before he was confronted by the scandalised Sergeant Bulter, with Jane trailing miserably at his heels.

"Hi!" shouted the Sergeant, "what do you mean parading the town like a blamed poultry show?"

"A chap must 'ave a bit o' company when he goes out. *I* ain't got no dawg now," replied Chippo pathetically.

"Dawgs is one thing," said the Sergeant, "and a mangy wry-necked rooster wot's probably missing from some-one's back-yard is another. It ain't regimental."

"It's as regimental as a yellow flap-eared mongrel wot's bin enticed away from its rightful owner," said the insubordinate Chippo. "There ain't nothink in *King's Regs.* against it."

"P'r'aps there ain't," said Bulter; "but it ain't soldierlike."

"One minit, Sergeant. Wot's our regimental mascot? It's a goat. An' what's the Dampshires'? A chattering monkey. If monkeys an' goats is soldierlike so's poultry."

The Sergeant was silenced, and Chippo and his rooster proceeded on their way, giving a finished exhibition of the goose-step.

Thereafter Chippo and his pet ostentatiously paraded the lines, selecting the occasions when the Sergeant was starting out for a constitutional. Though Bulter's feelings were sorely outraged he preserved an air of icy aloofness, which Jane imitated as long as she was on the lead. This apparent indifference should have been a warning to the cockerel, but he did not know Jane's peculiar temperament. The full revelation came one morning when they met in the lines unattended by their respective masters. The rooster quickly fell a victim to feminine duplicity, and Jane carried the mangled bundle of claws and feathers and dropped it at Chippo's feet.

Chippo took the remains to Sergeant Bulter.

"See what your dawg's done," he said with indignation.

"An' a good job too," answered Bulter.

"You 'ear that?" appealed Chippo to another N.C.O. who was standing by. "He was allus jealous of me 'avin' a pet, so 'e deliberately set 'is dawg on it, an' now 'e's gloatin'."

"See 'ere, my lad," spluttered Bulter, "you'll be for orderly-room to-morrow if you ain't careful."

"Very well, Sergeant," said Chippo meekly; "it'll give me a chawnce to make my complaint to the orficer."

"'Ow do you mean?"

"Why, against you for flat disobedience of Battalion horders. If you 'adn't let your dawg run about the lines unattended this wouldn't 'ave 'appened."

The Sergeant's face bore the expression of a quack compelled to swallow his own pills. Chippo continued relentlessly and untruthfully—

"I 'ear she's bit the Colonel's groom an' pinched the joint from the Warrant Orficers' Mess. She never oughtn't to be at large, she didn't."

Rarely in his career had Bulter shown such visible discomfiture.

"Of course," added Chippo casually, "if Jane was *my* dawg I'd 'ave no grounds for complaint."

When your strong man is compelled to submit to the inevitable he usually does it ungracefully. Bulter took the collar from Jane's neck and pushed her over with his foot.

"Take the brute," he said, "an' if ever I see 'er round this Mess again I'll shoot 'er!"



Fatuous Person. "Are you a diver?"
Cynic. "Ho, no. I'm Pavlover's dancin' partner."

"Paris, Friday.—The High Court of the Senate resumed in public its hearing of the Caillaux trial. . . The jury found the prisoner guilty. Mr. Justice Darling postponed sentence."—*Scotch Paper.*

No other journal appears to have noticed this remarkable extension of the *Entente Cordiale.*

SUSSEX GODS.

I have been told, and do not doubt,
That Devon lanes are dim with trees,
And shagged with fern, and loved of bees,
And all with roses pranked about;
I do believe that other-where
The woods are green, the meadows fair.

And woods, I know, have always been
The haunt of fairies, good or grim;
There the knight-errant hasted him;
There *Bottom* found *King Oberon's* Queen;
The Enchanted Castle *always* stood
Deep in the shadow of a wood.

But I know upland spirits too
Who love the shadeless downs to climb;
There, in the far-off fabled time,
Men called them when the moon was new,
And built them little huts of stone
With briar and thistle over-grown.

The trees are few and do not bend
To make a whispering swaying arch;
They are the elder and the larch,
Who have the north-east wind for friend,
And shield them from his bluff salute
With elbow kinked and moss-girt root.

There, when the clear Spring sunset dies
Like a great pearl dissolved in wine,
Forgotten stragglers half-divine
Creep to their ancient sanctuaries
Where salt-sweet thyme and sorrel-spire
Feed on the dust of ancient fire.

And when the light is almost dead,
Low-swung and loose the brown clouds flow
In an unhasting happy row
Out seaward over Beachy Head,
Where, far below, the faithful sea
Mutters its wordless liturgy;

Then Sussex gods of sky and sun,
Gods never worshipped in a grove,
Walk on the hills they used to love,
Where the *Long Man of Wilmington*,
Warden of their old frontier, stands
And welcomes them with sceptred hands.

D. M. S.

Improving upon Nature.

From an hotel advertisement:—

"Fishing on lake and stream, also 4½ miles Vyrnwy River, recently redecorated."—*Provincial Paper*.

"SHOT AT DAWN AGAIN.
By Horatio Bottomley."
"*John Bull*" *Poster*.

This accomplished marksman seems to have missed his man at the first attempt.

WHEN THE CHESTNUT FLOWERS.

Famous Folk who visit Hampton Court.

(*Specially contributed by our mendacious Paragraphical Expert after the best models.*)

Wonderful is the lure that Cardinal Wolsey's ancient seat has for all classes of Londoners, especially now when the spires of pink and yellow blossoms rise amidst the dark foliage of Bushey Park, but it is not generally known how many celebrities of the day are attracted to Hampton Court Palace unobserved by anybody but me, who make a habit of noticing this kind of thing. Leaders in the worlds of politics and art wander on the closely-shaven lawns or through the stately chambers, where our English kings made their home and in most cases left their bedsteads behind for posterity to admire. It is as if some irresistible compulsion drove the great minds of the present to commune with the mighty shades of the past. Either that or because the return fare from Waterloo is comparatively cheap.

* * * * *

Paying my penny to visit the Great Vine the other day, I found myself alone in the conservatory with none other than the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, who was regarding this magnificent specimen of horticulture with evident interest through his monocle. After mentioning to him that its record output was twenty-two hundred clusters, I could not resist the temptation of asking him whether he thought the manufacture of home-grown wines would be stimulated by the provisions of the present Budget. Mr. Chamberlain, however, returned an evasive reply and went out to join Sir Edward Carson, who was pacing up and down in front of the Orangery.

* * * * *

Other well-known politicians whom I have noticed here lately have been Lord Beatty and Lord Fisher strolling arm-in-arm beside the Long Canal, and Mr. Jack Jones looking contemptuously at the Kynge's Beestes; and the other day, owing to identical errors in our choice of *routes*, I bumped into Sir Eric Geddes no fewer than five times during one afternoon in the Maze. The Lord Chancellor is another frequent visitor. For one who has the mitigation of the harsher features of our marriage laws so much at heart, these Courts, where "bluff King Hal" celebrated so many of his cheeriest weddings, have a special charm. It is true that the eighth Henry was a little one-sided in his ideas of reform, but that was the fault of his age rather than himself, and, like the present National Party, he had, as the Lord Chancellor put it, the great heart of the people behind him.

* * * * *

Nor is it only statesmen who haunt the great palace. Nowhere else but here, where James I.'s company of actors, including William Shakspeare, performed, can Mr. Henry Ainley obtain the requisite atmosphere which inspires his swift variety of impersonations, and I am told that his sudden remark of, "Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth," made to one of the attendants who had been for many years in the army, was nearly the cause of a slight fracas. Mr. H. G. Wells has sometimes been seen staring open-mouthed at the painting of the Olympian cosmogony which adorns the ceiling and walls of the Grand Staircase, and in the wych-elm bower Sir J. M. Barrie tells me that he often thinks out the titles of his new plays. It was here, in fact, whilst he was weighing the delicate question, "Why did Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire?" that the sudden happy answer occurred to him, "Because Mary Rose."

* * * * *

P.S.—I forgot to say that Lady Diana Duff-Cooper frequently comes down here. Or, at any rate, if she doesn't, I shall say she does, because I always mention her in my paragraphs.

V.

MY STRONG SUIT.

Not for me the profiteer's
Lucky hauls,
But a prospect of lean years
That appals;
Yet, although I dimly grope
On an ever downward slope,
I espy one gleam of hope—
Overalls.

When the experts prophesy
Further squalls,
And my income, never high,
Falls and falls,
Then the twenty-guinea suit
Is to me forbidden fruit,
But I cordially salute
Overalls.

Not to mention other woes,
Other calls,
Paying tailors through the nose
Greatly galls;
So farewell, expensive tweeds,
Though my manly bosom bleeds,
For the situation needs
Overalls.

"Nursery Governess (not over 40) wanted for three children, girl 10 years, twins (boy 2, girl 8)."—*Times*.

Oh, gemini!



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE HARDENING EFFECTS OF WAR.

IF THE BRONTOSAURUS CAME TO LONDON.

ELIZABETH AND HER YOUNG MAN.

The study door burst open and one end of Elizabeth—the articulate end—was jerked into view.

"Wot will you 'ave for lunch?" she demanded breathlessly. "Lamb or 'am?"

Abruptly recalled from the realms of fiction-writing, I (her mistress) looked up a little dazed. "'Lamb or 'am,'" I repeated dully, "lamorram? Er—ram, I think, please, Elizabeth."

Having thus disposed of my domestic obligations for the day I returned to my writing. I was annoyed therefore to see the other end of Elizabeth travel round the doorway and sidle into the room. Her pretext for entering—that of dusting the roll-top desk with her apron—was a little thin, for she has not the slightest objection to dust. I rather think it cheers her up to see it about the place. Obviously she had come in to make conversation. I laid down my pen with a sigh.

"I yeerd from my young man this morning," she began. A chill foreboding swept over me. (I will explain why in a minute.)

"Do you mean the boiler one?" I asked.

"'Im wot belongs to the Amalgamated Sericiety of Boilermakers," she corrected with dignity. "Well, they've moved 'is 'eadquarters from London to Manchester."

There was a tense silence, broken only by Elizabeth's hard breathing on a brass paper-weight ere she polished it with her sleeve.

"If 'e goes to Manchester, there I goes," she went on; "I suppose I'd quite easy get a situation there?"

"Quite easy," I acquiesced in a hollow voice.

She went out leaving me chill and dejected. Not that I thought for one moment that I was in imminent danger of losing her. I know full well that this was but a ruse on the part of the young man to disembarrass himself of Elizabeth, and, if he had involved the entire Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers in the plot, that only proved how desperate he was.

I have very earnest reasons for wishing that Elizabeth could have a "settled" young man. You see, she never retains the same one for many weeks at a time. It isn't her fault, poor girl. She would be as true as steel if she had a chance; she would cling to any one of them through thick and thin, following him to the ends of the earth if necessary.

It is they who are fickle, and the excuses they make to break away from her are both varied and ingenious. During the War of course they always had the pretext of being ordered to the Front at a moment's notice, and were not, it appears, allowed to write home on account of the Censor. Elizabeth used to blame Lloyd George for these defects of organisation. And to this day she is extremely bitter against the Government.



Mrs. Smythe de Willoughby. "Was the grocer's boy impudent again this morning, Clara, when you telephoned the order?"

Clara. "'E was, mum! But I didn't 'arf give 'im wot for. I sez, 'Who d'yer blinkin' well think you're a-talkin' to? I'm Mrs. Smythe der Willoughby!"

In fact, she is bitter against everyone when her love affairs are not running smoothly. The entire household suffers in consequence. She is sullen and obstinate; she is always on the verge of giving notice. And the way she breaks things in her abstraction is awful. Elizabeth's illusions and my crockery always get shattered together. My rose-bowl of Venetian glass got broken when the butcher threw her over for the housemaid next-door. Half-a-dozen tumblers, a basin and several odd plates came in two in her hands after the grocer's assistant went away suddenly to join the silent Navy. And nearly the whole of a dinner service was sacrificed when Lloyd George peremptorily ordered her young man in the New Army to go to Mesopotamia and stay there for at least three years without leave.

You will now understand why I was dejected at the perfidy of the follower belonging to the Boilermakers' Society. I saw a dreary period of discomfort ahead of me. And worst of all I was expecting the Boscombes to dinner that very week. They had not before visited us and Henry was anxious, for business reasons, to make a good impression on them. I will not elaborate the case. All I can say is that there is no earthly possibility of making a good impression on any living thing if Elizabeth is in one of her bad moods. And it would be no use explaining the situation to Mrs. Boscombe, because she has no sense of humour; or to Mr. Boscombe, because he likes a good dinner.

Finally, the Domestic Bureau failed me. Hitherto they had always been able to supply me with a temporary waitress on the occasion of dinner-parties. Now it appeared these commodities had become pearls of great price which could no longer be cast before me and mine (at the modest fee of ten shillings a night) without at least fourteen days' notice.

The Bureau promised to do its best for me, of course, but reminded me that women were scarce. I asked, with bitterness, what had become of the surplus million we heard so much about. They replied with politeness that, judging from the number of applications received, they must be the million in search of domestics.

Returning home from the Bureau I found Elizabeth studying a time-table. "I see it's a hundred and eighty-three miles to Manchester," she commented, "an' the fare's 15*s.* 5½*d.*"

"That's an old time-table you've got," I hastened to remark; "it is now £2 6*s.* 4½*d.*—return fare."

"I shan't want no return ticket," said Elizabeth grimly.

Sickening outlook, wasn't it?

* * * * *

The day of my dinner-party dawned fair and bright, but Elizabeth was raging. Things got so bad in fact that about mid-day I decided I must telephone to the Boscombes and tell them Henry had suddenly been taken ill; and I was just looking up the doctor's



Lady (*tendering half-crown*). "I'm so sorry, I haven't a penny."
Conductor. "Don't you worry, Miss—you'll soon 'ave twenty-nine."

book to find something specially virulent and infectious for Henry when Elizabeth came in. Amazing to relate, her face was wreathed in smiles.

"They've sent from the Domestic Boorow," she began.

"What!" I exclaimed, "did they get me a waitress after all?"

She smirked. "They've sent a man this time. A footman 'e was before the War, but since 'e's been demobbed 'e's been out of a job. That's 'ow it is 'e's takin' temporary work and——"

"He seems to have told you quite a lot about himself already," I interposed.

She smirked again. "I 'adn't been talkin' to him ten minutes before 'e asked me wot was my night out. 'E isn't 'arf a one."

"It seems he isn't," I agreed. And I sent up a silent prayer of thankfulness to Heaven and the Domestic Bureau. "But what about the amalgamated boilermaker?"

"Oh, 'im!" She tossed her head. "'E can go to—Manchester."

A Legacy of the War.

No one will lightly forget the noble services rendered by the Y.W.C.A. to our troops and those of our Allies during the War, and many of Mr. Punch's friends must have given practical expression to their gratitude. But we are liable to forget that the end of the War has not brought an end either to the work of the Y.W.C.A. or to the claim which that work has upon our recognition. There is pressing need of accommodation and protection and healthy environment for the large army of girls who have been demobilized and are now engaged in, or seeking for, civilian employment. The funds of the Y.W.C.A. do not admit of the establishment and maintenance of sufficient hostels for this good purpose. At the moment a chance is offered to them of purchasing a large, suitable and perfectly-equipped house—rented during the War, and after, by the Y.W.C.A. —in a densely-populated district in South London. The offer holds good for only a few days, and, if it is not taken, over two hundred girls will be turned adrift to wander in search of lodgings. The price is thirty thousand pounds. It is difficult to think of any cause to which money could be more usefully subscribed. Mr. Punch begs his readers to send to the promoters of this good work some token of their sympathy and appreciation. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 4, Duke Street, W.1.

"UNITED STATES AND ARMENIA.

It would be grossly misleading to say that Congress, in its present frame of mind, would accept actual responsibility for a country whose place on the map of Europe is not even known to the average citizen."—*Daily Paper.*

Even we ourselves were under the impression that it was still in Asia.

"The Conference of San Remo is virtually over, but the caravanserai of peace must make yet another journey before its goal is reached." *Irish Paper.*

Forthcoming song by Mr. Lloyd George: "Where my caravanserai has rested."



Reveller. "SO IT'S YOU WHO'RE TURNING THE STREET ROUND, IS IT?"

THE TOW-ROPE GIRLS.

OH, a ship in the Tropics a-foaming along,
With every stitch drawing, the Trade blowing strong,
The white caps around her all breaking in spray,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day.

(And it's "Haul away, girls, steady an' true,
Polly an' Dolly an' Sally an' Sue,
Mothers an' sisters an' sweethearts an' all,
Haul away, all the way, haul away, haul!")

She's logging sixteen as she speeds from the South,
The wind in her royals, a bone in her mouth;
With a wake like a mill-race she rolls on her way,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day.

The old man he stood on the poop at high noon;
He paced fore and aft and he whistled a tune;
Then put by his sextant and thus he did say,
"The girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

"Of cargoes and charters we've had our full share,
Of grain and of lumber enough and to spare,
Of nitrates at Taltal and rice for Bombay,
And the girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

"She has dipped her yards under, hove-to off the Horn;
In the fog and the floes she has drifted forlorn;
Becalmed in the doldrums a week long she lay,
But the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day!"

Oh, hear the good Trade-wind a-singing aloud
His homeward-bound chantey in sheet and in shroud;
Oh, hear how he whistles in halliard and stay,
"The girls have got hold of the tow-rope to-day!"

And it's oh for the chops of the Channel at last,
The cheer that goes up when the tug-hawser's passed,
The mate's "That'll do," and a fourteen months' pay,
For the girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

(And it's "Haul away, girls, steady an' true,
Polly an' Dolly an' Sally an' Sue,
Mothers an' sisters an' sweethearts an' all,
Haul away, all the way, haul away, haul!")

C. F. S.

A Political Prodigy.

"Mr. Runciman is one of the coming men in British politics. As statesmen go, he is a young man. He is just under 5."

Provincial Paper.

From a recent novel:—

"... had bought the long-uninhabited farmhouse ... and was converting it into a little *ventre-à-terre* for his widowed mother."

It looks as if the old lady intended to go the pace.

"COOK-GENERAL Wanted; all nights out; piano, well furnished sitting room; month's holiday with wages each year; three days off per week; washing sent out; wage, one guinea per week."

Northumbrian Paper.

With another three days off and the cooking put out as well as the washing, the Cook-General's Union would, we understand, be almost disposed to recommend the situation to the notice of their less experienced members.



THE RECKONING.

Germany. "YOU REMEMBER ME? I MADE THIS MY HEADQUARTERS SOME TIME AGO—BUT HAD TO LEAVE RATHER HURRIEDLY."

Belgium. "I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN. I'VE KEPT YOUR BILL FOR YOU."

[A Conference of the Allies, to which representatives of Germany have been invited, is to be held at Spa, the late G.H.Q. of the German Army.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 26th.—Among the many Members of the House who have held His Majesty's commission there are, no doubt, some rather eccentric persons, but that hardly justified Mr. PALMER in suggesting that they should be deprived in debate of the customary prefix "gallant." The SPEAKER gave no encouragement to the idea, and was still more shocked by Mr. DEVLIN'S proposal that all these courteous expressions should be dropped, and that Members should "call each other by own names." It would certainly add to the pungency but not to the peacefulness of debate if the Nationalist Leader were allowed to refer to "Sir EDWAR-R-D CAR-R-SON," instead of to "the right honourable gentleman the Member for Duncair-r-n."

At Question-time Lord ROBERT CECIL was informed that a report on the state of Ireland was being prepared and would shortly be circulated. But a further crop of outrages so moved him that he could not wait for the facts, and forthwith moved the adjournment. The ensuing debate was not very helpful. Lord ROBERT demanded the restoration of law and order in tones so vigorous that an hon. Member called out, "A New Cromwell!" He did not seem to like the comparison and later on took most un-Cromwellian exception to the Government's methods of "coercion." Mr. BONAR LAW'S speech could in the circumstances be little more than an elaboration of "Do not shoot the pianist; he is doing his best."

Tuesday, April 27th.—On the report of the Budget resolutions there was, of course, the usual attempt to get rid of the tea-duty. As Colonel WARD sarcastically pointed out, opposition to this particular impost has been for years the "by-election stunt" of every party in turn. To-day the rejection was moved by the Labour Party, and when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER asked if in exchange they were prepared to extend the income-tax downwards Mr. J. H. THOMAS boldly declared that for his part he was quite ready. But as it appeared that his idea of the exemption-limit was £325 a year Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thanked him for nothing.

Among the varied and ingenious arguments adduced by Colonel GUINNESS against the increased tax on sparkling wines the one that he evidently thought most likely to soften the heart of the CHANCELLOR was that it would reduce consumption, since at current prices it would be an offence against good taste for anyone in this country to be seen drinking champagne. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could not agree. In his view the larger the taxation on the bottle the greater the patriotism of the consumer.



"The Hon. Member says I am like OLIVER CROMWELL."—*Lord ROBERT CECIL.*

In advocating a slight relaxation of the cigar-duty Mr. HURD quoted Mr. BONAR LAW for the *dictum* that the excellence of a dinner largely depended upon the quality of the cigar, that followed it, and went on to remark that he did not on this matter expect the support of the Labour Party. Mr. JACK JONES stentoriously resented this slur upon their taste. "We like a good cigar as well as anybody," he shouted, adding somewhat superfluously, "Who has a better right to a good dinner?" This outburst may have shaken the CHANCELLOR'S conviction that Havana cigars are indubitably of the nature of luxuries.



"Who has a better right [than the Labour Party] to a good dinner and a good cigar?"—*Mr. JACK JONES.*

Wednesday, April 28th.—According to the Duke of RUTLAND, who made an eloquent plea for the better protection of wild birds, their worst enemy is the village schoolmaster, whose motto seems to be, "It's a fine day; let us go out and collect something." I cannot help thinking that his Grace must have some special dominie in his mind and was arguing from the particular to the general.

The story of Lady ASTOR'S seat is beginning to resemble a penny novelette. Evicted by the bold bad Baronet below the Gangway the heroine has been enabled by the courtesy of one of Nature's noblemen, in the person of Mr. WILL THORNE, to find a new home in the precincts of the Labour Party, and seems quite happy again.

Since the American Senate takes so kindly an interest in our affairs as to pass resolutions in favour of Irish independence, Mr. RONALD MCNEILL thought it would be only friendly if the House of Commons were to reciprocate with a motion in support of the Filipinos' claim to self-determination. Mr. BONAR LAW fought shy of the suggestion and preferred Sir EDWARD CARSON'S idea that it was better for each country to leave other countries alone. "I would be very thankful," he added rather wistfully, "if Ireland would leave us alone." But his appeal fell on deaf ears, for, at the instance of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, the House spent most of the evening in discussing the threat of the Irish dock-labourers in Liverpool to paralyse the trade of the port unless the Government released the hunger-strikers at Wormwood Scrubs.

The rest of the time was spent in getting the House to agree to the expansion of the Excess Profits Tax. This was largely secured by the special pleading of Mr. BALDWIN. His argument that to call the tax "temporary," as his chief did last year, was quite compatible with maintaining and even increasing it, was more ingenious than convincing, but his promise that, if the shoe really pinched the small business and



Betty (hearing the cuckoo's call the first time). "MUMMY, DEAR, DO ALL THE OTHER DICKY-BIRDS HAVE TO GO AND FIND IT NOW?"

the new business, the CHANCELLOR would do his best to ease it, combined with an urgent "whip" to secure a big majority for the impugned impost.

Thursday, April 29th.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL gave an account of the Easter riots in Jerusalem, where Jews and Moslems have been breaking one another's heads to the glory of God, for all the world like Irishmen in Belfast. He also promised to give further information as soon as Lord ALLENBY'S report should be received. Lord ROBERT CECIL, who has lately developed an unlawyer-like tendency to jump to conclusions ahead of the facts, made what sounded distinctly like a suggestion that the British officers on the spot had been remiss in their duty, and thereby earned from Mr. CHURCHILL a dignified castigation which pleased the House.

Crowned with olive-branches plucked from San Remo the PRIME MINISTER celebrated one of his now familiar peace-triumphs. Everybody knows the procedure on these occasions—the crowded House, the cheers raised by the faithful Coalitionists as the victor is seen making his way to the Table, and then the speech, so unvarying in its construction that I fancy there must be a sealed pattern for it in the archives of No. 10, Downing Street. First comes a recital of the immense difficulties of the problems to be solved—in this case including a really serious difference of opinion with our good friends the French; then a little comic relief at the expense of his arch-critic in the Press, who on this occasion had surpassed himself in "simian clatter"; next a summary of the wonderful results achieved—chiefly the establishment of direct relations with the hitherto boycotted Governments of Russia and Germany; and lastly a declaration that all differences and difficulties had melted away, and that henceforward the Allies would be a band of brothers.



COLONEL WEDGWOOD PROTESTS AGAINST MINISTERIAL "IMPERTINENCE."

Once more Mr. ASQUITH disappointed his more impetuous supporters and displayed his statesmanship by a speech in which he practically said ditto to the PRIME MINISTER; the only suspicion of a sting being contained in his suggestion that the Supreme Council had now outlived its usefulness and should promptly be replaced by the League of Nations.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY, on the contrary, was all sting and no statesmanship. I gather that he has been conducting an unofficial conference on his own, and as the result of his conversations with distinguished but anonymous foreign statesmen has arrived at quite different conclusions from those of the PRIME MINISTER. The fact that he was kept waiting on the pier at Boulogne while the British Delegation went off in a special steamer, on which he was not invited to embark, may have imparted an extra spice of rancour to his strictures.

HIGH-BROWS, LTD.

WHENEVER we spend a week in London we never seem to find time for the things we really want to do. After dinner, on our last night at home, I say to Angela, "Let's see—have we any engagements this trip?"

And Angela answers, "Don't you remember? We're dining with the Hewetsons on Thursday, and on Saturday the Etheridges are taking us to a symphony concert. Then there's your sister."

"Oh, ring her up, and suggest we come to dinner on Sunday. We don't want to waste a proper night on Nellie."

"All right. That leaves us four evenings for ourselves. I suppose you want to see the Quartermasters' Exhibition at Olympia?"

"What's that?"

"I can't think which part of the newspapers you read. Why, they've had columns and columns about it."

"Ah, that's how I missed it. I only look at the 'late news.' It seems a waste of time to read the rest."

"Well, it's an exhibition showing the wonderful work done by Quartermasters in the War. There are Quartermasters checking stores——"

"Are they shown wondering where they ought to stand on a battalion parade?"

"I don't know about that; but we see them indenting for coal——"

"And regretting their inability to issue same?"

"Very likely. Anyhow, everything is arranged practically under the actual conditions. The exhibition started in an Army hut in St. James's Park, but proved such a success it had to be moved to Olympia. Why, Mr. CHURCHILL was there one day this week."

"Did he make a speech?"

"He either made a speech or left by a side-door. I can't remember now, but I know he was there."

"Why can't we go in the afternoon?"

"They say it's better at night, because the whole place is lit up by hurricane lanterns and looks like fairyland."

"Oh, very well. That leaves us three evenings. We——"

"There's this French season at the Central. The papers say that no one who appreciates good acting can afford to miss that. It's packed, I believe. . . Besides, one finds one's French comes back very easily. By the end of the evening I can generally follow most of what they say."

"H'm. We shan't be able to see ROBEY and BERRY and GRAVES and LESLIE HENSON and DELYSIA in two nights?"



Customer. "I SEE CORONODORAS ARE GOING TO BE FIVE SHILLINGS EACH NOW."

Barber's Assistant. "WELL, WE SHALL 'AVE TO SMOKE 'EM NEARER THE END, THAT'S ALL."

"No—o. . . . Besides, everybody says one ought to see this Japanese man in *Romeo and Juliet*. I hear the way he swarms up the creeper in the balcony scene is quite too wonderful. They made him do it four times the first night."

Thus we are left with six evenings of duty and one of enjoyment, unless Angela happens to hear that there is a 'cellist from Spitzbergen or a Bolshevik soprano whom it is social death not to be able to discuss. In that case we get no fun at all.

The Hewetsons, who live in London and can enjoy all these opportunities for improvement and still have time for Mr. ROBEY and the rest, think me a terrible Philistine. But, as I pointed out to Hewetson, he suffers just as acutely when he has a holiday and goes to Paris. Hewetson holds that there is only one theatre in Paris, the Variétés. But by the time he has accompanied Mrs. H. to the Français, the Opéra, the Opéra Comique and the Odéon, to say nothing of the Théâtre des Arts, he is due back at the office. When I explained this to him, his whole attitude changed at once, and he implored me to accept his subscription for shares in my company. But his heart-rending account of his last visit to Paris, before the War, when he and Mrs. H. spent two days hunting round the Louvre (Musée) under the impression that the RODINS were kept there, suggested a wider scope for my schemes, and it seemed to me that the only fair way of acknowledging this was to make Hewetson a director.

And now I must tell you about my company, for, although we are in danger of becoming over-capitalised, there are still one or two shares we are willing to sacrifice, practically at par. The

company is known as High-brows, Ltd., and is "designed to meet the requirements" of the countless thousands who detect a familiar note in the conversation with Angela just recorded. The idea is simple and, like all simple ideas, great. We buy a house in each of the chief capitals of the civilised world, and to this house the visitor hurries as soon as he has left his luggage at the hotel. Each house will be arranged in the same manner, so that no knowledge of the language of the country is required to enable the stranger to find his way about.

The ground floor will consist of one large hall or room, combining the functions of waiting-room and Fine Art Gallery. Reproductions of the principal pictures and statues of the national museums will occupy two walls and the centre carpet, the remaining walls being hung with the more astonishing examples of contemporary painters. (We are not anticipating any inquiries for contemporary sculpture). A minimum of ten minutes is allowed for this room. When your turn arrives you mount to the first floor, which you find divided into two parts. In each of these a cinematograph is installed, one "featuring" prominent artists in the standard dramas of the particular country—works like *Le Cid*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, or *Peer Gynt*; while the other runs through the more discussed scenes of any current entertainment which conceivably one "ought to see."

The first of these programmes is designed primarily for foreigners, and is meant to save them the fatigue of a visit to national or subsidised theatres, where these exist. The second is intended to meet the requirements of natives. Each bill will last an hour, and, though clients are entitled to see both performances, full-time attendance at either carries with it the right to proceed to the next floor. Here again are two more rooms. In the first of these a gramophone renders in turn the leading vocalists and instrumentalists (serious) of the country. (Say half-an-hour.) So far you will have been put to a minimum expenditure of one hour and forty minutes, and, as only five minutes is allowed for the last room, the time total cannot be considered excessive.

In this last room is nothing but a row of desks. You wait your turn before one of these; then you hand in your name and receive a pass. On this is printed a certificate that you, the above-mentioned, are acquainted with the masterpieces tabulated overleaf. Thus in less than two hours (inclusive of possible delay in the waiting-room) you are free to spend your holiday exactly as you choose. It is hoped that in time these certificates may come to be accepted as carrying complete immunity, for at least a month, from every form of intellectual treat.

Hewetson wanted the certificates to be issued in the waiting-room. He said it would save time. But I decided that, if the prestige of the institutions and their certificates is to be kept up, unscrupulous people must have no chance of obtaining a pass and slipping away without going up-stairs. Indeed, I am adding an elaborate system of checks, by which it will become impossible to reach the Discharge Bureau without spending the requisite time in each room. The first room is the danger. In the crush people might escape to the cinemas before their ten minutes is up. My idea is to hand to each entrant a lump of High-brow stickjaw, guaranteed not to dissolve in less than the stipulated period, and to station a lynx-eyed dentist at the foot of the stairs . . .

Hewetson in his simple-minded way also wanted the company to be called the Holiday-makers' Enjoyment League, or the Society of Art-Dodgers, or some such name. He even thought the houses should be painted in bright attractive colours. I pointed out to him that they should be uninviting and dull in appearance, and that a uniform sobriety, a suggestion of yearning and uplift, in every feature of the company's appeal would not only allow thousands of hypocrites, like Angela, to seek relief at our doors, but would actually confer on people like Hewetson and me a stamp of that same intellectual passion from whose manifestations we are engaged in escaping.

"SWANSEA AND DISTRICT RUGBY LEAGUE.
CUP FINALS.
Admission: 1s.; Grand Stand, 1s. extra.
(Including Tax).
All Seats Free. No Collection.
Please bring your Bible for reference.
Welsh Paper.

The Welsh may not, like the English, take their pleasures sadly, but are evidently expected to take them seriously.

"PARTNERSHIP.—Ex-Regular officer, owing hotel at fashionable spa, desires to meet lady or gentleman, with capital."—*Daily Paper.*

Before replying we should like to know the amount of the bill he owes.

From a short story:—

"Unconscious of the waiter at her elbow with pad and pencil poised for her order, unconscious also of her husband, now her happy tête-à-tête, she spoke aloud: 'One never knows!'"—*Monthly Magazine.*

How they must have enjoyed their cosy *vis-à-vis*.

BIRD CALLS.

II.

I WOULD not be the tomtit's mate,
For, even if I were not late,
It seems as though he'd gird at me,
Saying, "Quick, quick," eternally.

The chaffinch you would never think
Was much addicted to strong drink,
Yet all the Spring you'll hear him say,
"Oh,
There's cheaper beer in County Mayo."

The jay, whatever he is after,
Makes the woods ring with ribald laughter;
"Hee, hee, ha, ha," he says, and then
"Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha," again.

The plover over fields brown red
Weeps for her children who are dead;
Still day and night she cries to you,
"*Mes pauvres petits! La grande charrue!*"

So silently the screech-owl flies
You sometimes scarce believe your eyes,
Until you start to hear him shout
To timid mice, "Come *out!* Come *out!*"

Are baby martins in the nest
With extra-loving parents blest?
That they should murmur sleepily,
"Oh cuddle me, oh cuddle me."

When first the chiff-chaff comes your way
You're glad, it means Spring's come to stay;
But soon you wish he'd change his song
With his "Chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff" all day long.

Those white-throats in the raspberry canes!
They never take the slightest pains
To hide from you how much they steal,
But say, "Thief, thief," throughout their meal.

Commercial Candour.

"Your £20 at ——'s buys £25 worth elsewhere."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

A Humane Edict.

"Notice is hereby given that the washing of motor cars and vehicles, and the washing of widows, etc., by hose has been prohibited."
Tasmanian Paper.

"Accountant wanted for Motor Companies in West End; must have experience in Book-keeping."—*Weekly Paper.*

Not perhaps an unreasonable stipulation in the circumstances.

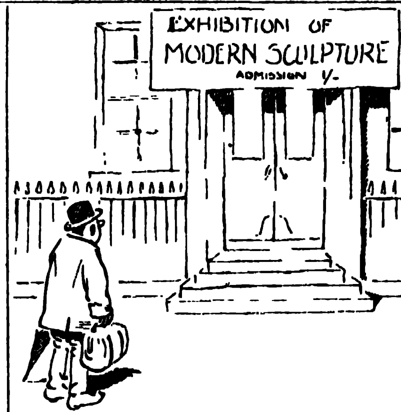
From "Books Wanted":—

"Orlando Furioso. 4 vols. 1773. Fine building."—*Publisher's Circular.*

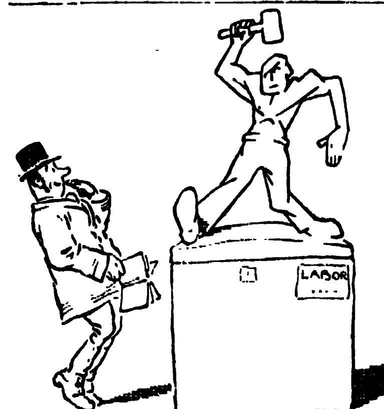
We dare say it is. But what we are looking out for in this connection is ADDISON'S works.

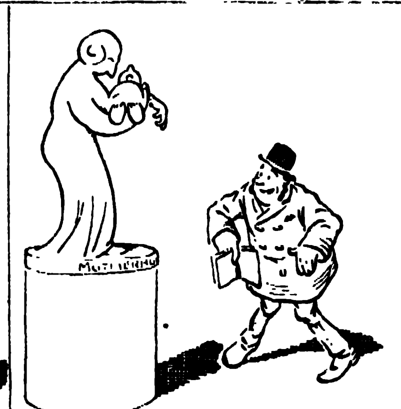




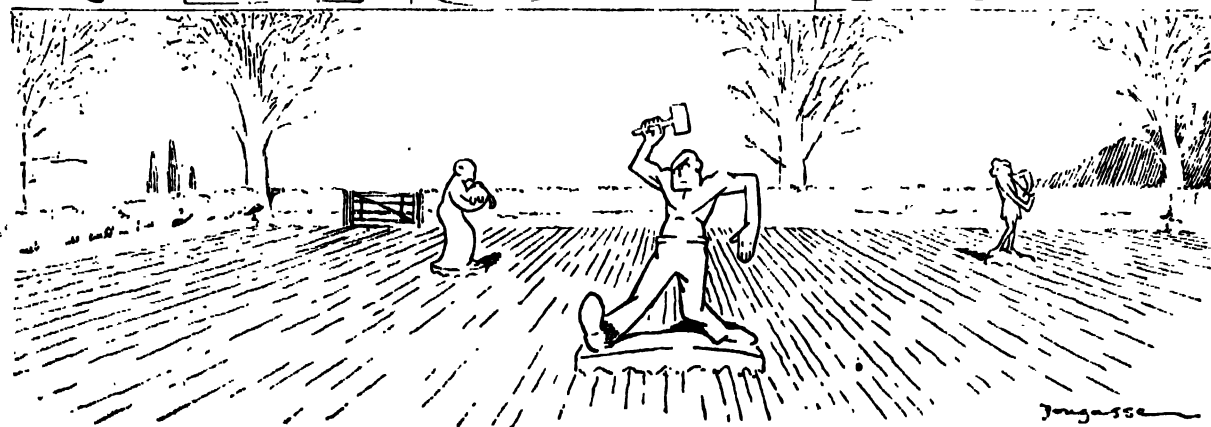












A USE FOR MODERN ART.



"Look 'ere, 'Erb, if yer cawn't be tidy then for 'evin's sake try an' look as if yer were!"

ROMA REDIVIVA.

(*A Classical Revel, after the Press accounts of last week's Italian ball*).

Ancient history became luminous at Covent Garden last week, when the great ghosts of the past, from Romulus to Nero and from Egeria to Agrippina, were seen one-stepping gaily in *toga* and *stola* at the great Roman ball. It was the night, not of the Futurists, but the Præteritists, and right royally did they avail themselves of their chance.

Perhaps the most arresting of all the costumes were those worn by Lord Curzon as Tarquinius Superbus and Mr. Lansbury as Spartacus. The former was garbed in a magnificent *toga purpurea*, elaborately adjusted so as to show the laticlave on his *tunica*. Over this was a sumptuous *lacerna* of silver tissue fastened over the right shoulder with a diamond *fibula*. On his head he wore a *petasus* of hyacinthine hue, out of which sprang three peacock's feathers. He was shod with curule shoes, or *mullei*, fastened with four crimson thongs. Mr. Lansbury's costume was simpler but not less striking, consisting of scarlet *braccæ* or barbarian pantaloons, a jade-green *synthesis*, buckskin *soleæ* and an accordion-pleated *pileus*. Lord Howard de Walden as Mæcenas attracted general attention by the lustre of his amethystine *tunica* and the crimson heels of his *crepidæ*, which may not have been archæologically correct, but were certainly a happy thought. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who personated Cato of Utica, wore hygienic sandals, a white *toga* and a brown felt Jaeger *pileus*. Mr. Harold Begbie as Marcellus, the best boy of ancient Rome, formed an agreeable contrast to the numerous Messalinas, Poppæas and Cleopatras who lent a regrettably Pagan element to the assembly. But Lady Astor as Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, was an austere and dignified figure in her panniered Botticelli *stola*, with pearl-embroidered red wings, and a *flabellum* (or fan) of albatross feathers with gold bells attached. The grandeur that was Rome, again, was revived in Mr. John, who assumed the *rôle* of his namesake, Augustus, and in Mr. Bottomley, who as Horatius Flaccus imparted a Sabine simplicity to the scene.

It is a pity that a good many of the guests had indolently taken advantage of the fact that ancient Roman dress was not obligatory, and yet it must be admitted that some of them looked the Roman part to perfection. The unadorned rigours of evening dress only threw into greater relief the truly Cæsarian lineaments of Lord Riddell, the stoical independence of Mr. Charles Trevelyan and the aquiline dignity of Mr. Tich (Parvus).

It may be added that the use of Latin was not compulsory, but that one of the guests, who appeared as Phuphluns, the Etrurian Bacchus, and partook freely of the excellent neo-Falernian supplied by the firm of Leones, expressed the pious hope that he would not suffer too much from *calida æra* on the morrow.

"Mr. Pim Passes By."

Our Mr. A. A. M.'s play is now comfortably settled in its new home (No. 3) at The Playhouse. A correspondent informs Mr. Punch that since the opening night Mr. Dion Boucicault's popular part has been developed to the slight disturbance of the balance of things; not so much by new dialogue as by deliberate iteration and portentous pauses. That on his first entrance he now studies a photograph with his nose close up to the glass, forgetting that, if he is as short-sighted as all that, the protracted gaze which he had previously directed upon the ceiling must have been fruitless. That Miss Irene Vanbrugh has dispensed with whatever serious element there was in her part and relies for her brilliant effects almost completely on its irresponsible frivolity. That Mr. Ben Webster has come on remarkably; and that the part of the flapper is now played, according to nature by the right person.

Mr. Punch's advice to any who have hitherto passed by is to go in and see *Mr. Pim* doing it.

"Now one just hates to drag in personal experiences, because it looks as if one were trying to pose as a nero, which thing I hate."
Illustrated Paper.

We heartily share the writer's dislike of the character.



Works Manager (to applicant for post as night-watchman). "Have you any particular qualification for this job?"
Applicant. "Only that I'm a very light sleeper, Sir. I wakes at the least noise."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Few will deny that, in writing *The Life of Lord Kitchener* (Macmillan) so soon after the death of the great Field-Marshal, Sir George Arthur has at least displayed the courage of his affection, since to publish such a work in a time of controversy like the present is inevitably to trail a coat of many colours, each a challenge to some particular prejudice. If, however, one can avoid any such attitude of *parti pris* and regard these three dignified volumes simply as the record of a great man by one who best knew and admired him, they will naturally be found of compelling interest. The three main chapters, so to say, of the story, Africa, India and Whitehall, will each call up vivid associations for the reader; each has been told carefully, with just sufficient detail. Perhaps circumstances made it unavoidable that Sir George Arthur should, if anything, rather overdo the discretion that is the better part of biography; certainly in the result one gets what might be called a close rather than an intimate study of a figure that in life was already almost legendary. If any man of our time was fittingly named great this was he—alike in his single-minded patriotism, his success and that touch of austerity which no anecdotes of exceptions can wholly disprove. In surveying his career of merited triumphs one remarks how often it was given to him—as at Omdurman and Pretoria—to redeem early disaster, and one feels again the pity of it that he might not live to see his noblest task accomplished at Versailles. No doubt the last word upon Kitchener of Khartum cannot be written yet awhile; in the meantime here is a book that will have its value as history hereafter, and is to-day a grateful tribute to one who nobly deserved gratitude.

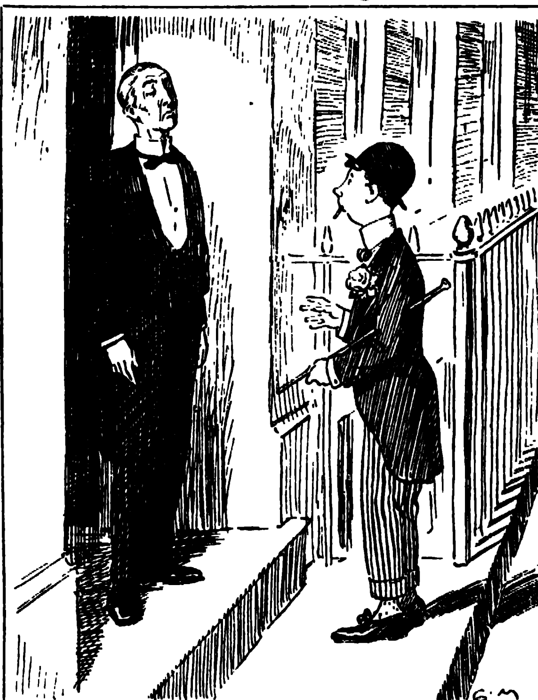
Personally speaking, I could find it in me to wish that Mr. Maurice Hewlett would consult a good man about the Saga habit, which appears to be growing upon him, to the loss (or so I think) of all those who were lovers of his more human and companionable fiction. But I repeat that this is no more than individual prejudice, based on the fact that these Norse chronicles (of unpronounceable people in prehistoric times) leave me singularly cold. This apart, however, *The Light Heart* (Chapman and Hall) may be admitted an excellent sample of its kind. It is all about the friendship of *Thorgar* and *Thormod*, with the former's untimely death, and the punctilious attempts of the latter to fulfil his social obligation in the matter of exterminating the slayers of his friend; also, as second theme, the love of *Thormod* for *King Olaf*, and the ending of both of them—and of the tale also—in the heroic battle of Sticklestead. One way and another, indeed, you seldom saw a short book that contained more bloodshed, or in which love-making (oh, Mr. Hewlett!) played a smaller part. There was a "slip of a girl" in the early chapter of whom I had hopes, but sterner business caused her to be too soon eliminated. Skill and learning *The Light Heart* has in plenty, and an engaging suggestion of the early artistic temperament in the character of *Thormod*, fighter and song-maker. But I fall back on my old complaint of being left cold; and that I should suffer that way from the work of Mr. Hewlett gives you the measure of our loss.

In his last grim and terrible work, *Realities of War*

(HEINEMANN), Sir PHILIP GIBBS has fairly flung aside the restraint, enforced or self-imposed, that marked his despatches from the fighting fronts, to present war, the horrible, senseless nightmare, as it really appeared to him. His work as a correspondent emphasised for him the accumulated miseries of thousands rather than any individual's share, and his point of view is as remorselessly gloomy as can be imagined. He is detailed in disgust; he is passionate in pessimism. He presents not only the soldier's distaste for trenches and machine guns, and his desire for the things of familiar life, but also, with surprising vehemence, his hatred of generals who give blundering orders from comfortable billets in the rear, or of munitioners in England who keep optimistic in spite of bad news from the Front. He does not pretend to be quite fair in his criticisms, for obviously the higher command had to keep out of the firing-line and somebody had to work—and hard too—to supply the torrent of munitions demanded. Sir PHILIP admits all that, but in a kind of agony calls on God and man to realise the meaningless horror of it all and forbid, at any price, the possibility of its recurrence. If sometimes unjust and nearly always tragical, the book none the less is free from anything like hysteria.

Mr. WARD MUIR writes with one eye on the evening papers, and the very title (not to mention the wrapper) of *Adventures in Marriage* (SIMPKIN) lures us without any sense of difficult transition from the news of the day to the realms of romance. Fifteen stories are contained in this book, of rather unequal length and merit, nearly all of them dealing with a tense situation between husband and wife, several of them calculated to lift the hair, and one or two sufficiently ingenious in mechanism, I should think, to raise a curtain. The adventures are not all unhappy, and the author would seem on the whole to balance the scales fairly evenly between those who desire to reform the Divorce Law and those who would rather reform the world. With the exception of the first the tales are all effectively told and, if the machinery is fairly obvious, it does not click too much. The last on the list is much lengthier than all the others, belonging to the classic magazine school, which ransacks the bowels of the earth for a new and terrible setting. Here the heroine, a beautiful Chinese girl, is discovered by the hero, a missionary, in the cinnabar caverns of Hang Yiu, where the workers have never seen the light of day, are mostly blind and spend the intervals of labour in opium sleep. I like this yarn and recommend it to the attention of anybody who feels that marital squabbles are beginning to pall.

An excellent purpose will have been served by *German Spies at Bay* (HUTCHINSON) if it is carefully digested by those scaremongers who during the War insisted that spies were as plentiful as sparrows in Great Britain. Mr. FELSTEAD tells us the truth, and, though it may offer too little of sensationalism for some tastes, it is very comforting to read. The fact is that the spies of the enemy were pounced upon so promptly and had such a harrowing time that both their quantity and quality gradually sank to something very like zero. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the miserable creatures who came spying to this country never had a dog's chance from the word "Go." One cannot waste one's sympathy upon those who for mercenary motives consented to be spies, but I am glad that Mr. FELSTEAD pleads on behalf of such men as CARL LODY. "Some day," he writes, "when the nations of the world grow more sensible, there will be two methods of treating spies. Those who can prove patriotism as the inspiring motive will be dealt with as prisoners of war; the hirelings will be condemned to the death they richly deserve." The rules, as they stand, decreed that LODY had to be shot, but, if he could have received the treatment which brave men have a right to demand all the world over, I do not believe that even the most rabid Germanophobe would in his heart have been sorry.



THE HOUSING SHORTAGE.

[It is suggested that those who occupy houses containing more accommodation than they need should be compelled to allow their superfluous rooms to be occupied by less fortunate people.]

Visitor. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'VE CALLED TO SEE MISS SPRIGGINS—THIRD FLOOR BACK. I'M 'ER FEEONCY. YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO KNOW IF SHE'S AT 'OME?"

Mountain Memories (CASSELL) must, if honestly named, concern itself to a certain extent with mountains, but even those of us who have never felt the smallest wish to climb can read it with great pleasure. For although Sir MARTIN CONWAY does mention some of his mountaineering feats this book is concerned primarily with the spirit rather than with the body. "A Pilgrimage of Romance" is its sub-title, and, though there can't be many Pilgrims who have done better climbing, I doubt if any more difficult feat stands to his credit than this of putting these impressions of the quest of beauty so clearly and delicately before us. The least deviation from the path of modesty would have led him into trouble, but he never makes it. "Reader," he writes, "if you and I are to be real comrades we must share the same adventures of fancy and of soul. . . My fairies must be thy fairies and my gods thy gods. Hand-in-hand we must thrill with a single rapture—'*le cœur en fleur et l'âme en flamme.*'" For myself I am well content (whether he addresses me in the second person singular or plural, or both—as here) to have vicariously achieved such heights in the person of so admirable an agent.

"A 'CÆSAR' COMMENTARY.

'The Trial Scene' from 'Julius Cæsar,' as given at the Coliseum this week, struck me as somewhat dull, or should we say out of place? Detached from the body of the play, the scene must have perplexed some of the audience unfamiliar with the written word."

"*The Rambler*" *in* "*The Daily Mirror.*"

Possibly he would have preferred the "Tent Scene" from *The Merchant of Venice.*

"WILD ANIMALS.—I have been told that when men are attacked and eaten by wild animals there is no sensation of pain. Can anyone who has had experience confirm this?"—*Weekly Paper.*

Referred to Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHARIVARIA.

We are pleased to note that the King's yacht *Britannia* is about again after being laid up since August, 1914.

* * *

Smoking and chatting periods have been introduced in some Massachusetts factories. Extremists in this country complain that, while this system may be all right, there is just the danger that working periods might also be introduced.

* * *

We are pleased to report that the eclipse of the moon on May 3rd passed off without any serious hitch. This speaks well for the police arrangements.

* * *

"Audiences at the music-halls," writes an actor to the Press, "are more difficult to move on Saturdays than on other days." This is not our experience. On a Saturday we have often withdrawn without any pressure after the first turn or two.

* * *

Sir L. Worthington Evans, says a contemporary, has been asked to investigate the mutton glut. What is wanted, we understand, is more glutton and less mutt.

* * *

Mme. Landru, the wife of the Parisian "Bluebeard," has been granted a divorce. We gather that there is something or other about her husband which made their tastes incompatible.

* * *

It appears that Mr. Jerry McVeagh is of the opinion that the Home Rule Bill is quite all right except where it applies to Ireland.

* * *

A visit to the Royal Academy this year again encourages us to believe that, though we may be a bad nation, we are not so bad as we are painted.

* * *

According to a morning paper a commercial traveller who became violently ill in the Strand was found to have a small feather stuck in the lower part of the throat. If people will eat fresh eggs in restaurants they must be prepared to put up with the consequences.

* * *

The report that no inconvenience was experienced by any of the passengers in the South London train which collided with a stationary goods-engine now turns out to be incorrect. It transpires that a flapper complains that she dropped two stitches in her jumper as a result of the shock.

* * *

A water-spaniel was responsible last week for the overturning of a motor-car driven by a Superintendent of the Police near Norton Village in Hertfordshire. We understand that the dog has had his licence endorsed for reckless walking.

* * *

According to a Manchester paper a new tram, while being tested, jumped the lines and collided with a lamp-post. It is hoped that, when it grows more accustomed to street noises, it will get over this tendency to nervous excitement.

* * *

A serious set-back to journalism is reported from South Africa. It appears that the Army aviator who flew from England to his home at Johannesburg, after an absence of four and a-half years, deliberately arranged to see his parents before being interviewed by reporters.

* * *

In a London Police Court the other day a defendant stated that he was so ashamed of his crime that he purchased a revolver with the intention of shooting himself. On second thoughts he let himself off with a caution.

* * *

Apparently the clothing of the Royal Air Force is not yet complete. Large headings announcing an R.A.F. Divorce Suit appeared in several papers recently, although its design and colouring were not mentioned.

* * *

Builders have been notified that the prices of wall-paper are to be raised forty to fifty per cent. In view of the vital part played by the wall-paper in the construction of the modern house, the announcement has caused widespread consternation among building contractors.

* * *

An American contemporary inquires why Germany cannot settle down. A greater difficulty appears to be her inability to settle up.

* * *

A shop at Twickenham bears the notice, "Shaving while you wait." This obviates the inconvenience of leaving one's chin at the barber's overnight.

* * *

"Life and property," writes a correspondent, "are as safe in Hungary to-day as they are in England." It should be borne in mind that there is usually a motive underlying these alarmist reports.

* * *

"It is ten days," writes a naturalist, "since I heard the unmistakable 'Cuck, cuck, cuck' of the newly arrived cuckoo at Hampstead." Not to be confused with the "Cook, cook, cook!" of the newly-married housewife at Tooting.

* * *

A weekly paper has an article entitled "The Lost Haggis." We always have our initials put on a haggis with marking ink before despatching it to be tailor-pressed.

* * *

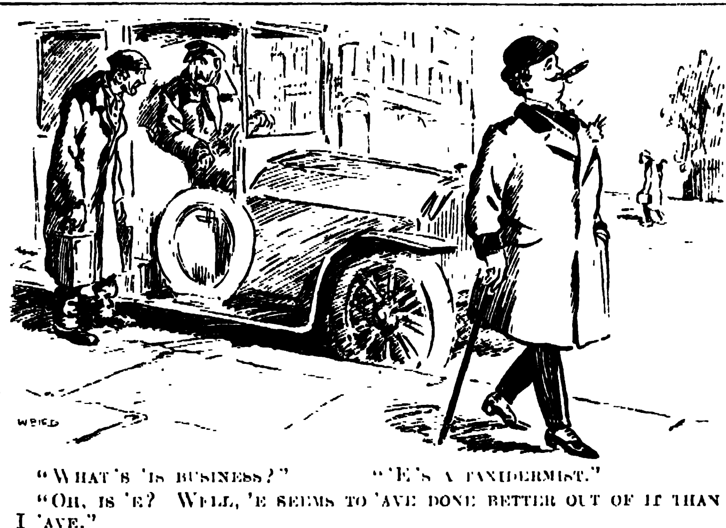
At the annual meeting of the National Federation of Fish-fryers the President asked whether it was not possible to make fried fish shops more attractive. It appears that no serious attempt has yet been made to discover a fish that gives off an aroma of violets when fried.

* * *

The Directors of the Underground offer a prize of twenty pounds to their most polite employee. We have always felt that the conductor who pushes you off a crowded train might at least raise his hat to you as he moves out of the station.

* * *

After considering the Budget very carefully some people are veering round to the theory that we didn't win the War, but just bought it.



"What's 'is business?" "'E's a taxidermist."
"Oh, is 'e? Well, 'e seems to 'ave done better out of it than I 'ave."

The Scarecrow Profession.

"Wanted, Youth of sixteen for one of the healthiest jobs in the world, most of the time spent basking in the sun, listening to skylarks and throstles; wages 35s. guaranteed to smart youth. Lots of weaklings have been set on their feet and prepared to face the world at this situation." *Provincial Paper.*

TO A BRICKLAYER IN REPOSE.

REST from your work awhile, my son,
And let a mug of beer replace
The moisture—sign of duty done—
That oozes from your honest face;
Your tale of bricks,
A long hour's task, already totals 6.

Our goose that lays the bars of gold
Must not incur too big a strain;
Nor need you, as I think, be told
To keep a check on hand and brain,
Lest you exceed
Your Union's limit in respect of speed.

For homes a homeless people cries,
But you 've a principle at stake;
Though fellow-workers, lodged in styes,
Appeal to you for Labour's sake
To fill their lack,
Shall true bricklayers waive their Right to Slack?

Never! You'll lay what bricks you choose,
And let the others waste their breath,
These myriads, ranged in weary queues,
Who desperately quote *Macbeth*:—
"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he that first cries 'Hold, enough'!"

Your high profession stands apart;
By years of toil you've learned the trick
(Like PHEIDIAS with his plastic art)
Of slapping mortar on a brick;
Touched too the summit
Of science with your lore of line and plummet.

And none may join your sacred Guild,
Save only graduates (so to speak),
Experts with hod and trowel, skilled
In the finesse of pure technique:
And that is why
No rude untutored soldier need apply. O. S.

KING'S REGULATIONS, PARA. 1696.

I HAVE been in the Army for over five years; I have wallowed in Flanders mud; I have killed thousands of Huns with my own hand; I have seen my friends resume the habiliment of gentlemen and retire to a life of luxury and ease; and yet I am still in the Army.

I am informed that I am indispensable and that, although I shall be allowed to go in due course, the fate of the nation depends on my sticking to my job for a short time more. It would be against the best interests of discipline for me to tell you what my job is.

Last week I yearned for a civilian life and decided that not only would I leave the Army but immediately and in good style.

I laid my plans accordingly and proceeded to Mr. Nathan's. There for the expenditure of a few shillings I purchased the necessary material for my guile.

I retired to my office, that is the desk that I sit at in a room with two other officers, and I armed myself with a file which would act as a passport to the Assistant of a Great Man, who in turn is Assistant to a Very Great Man. They all reside at the War Office. I went there and was conducted to the Assistant of the Great Man. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

I found him, after the manner of Assistants, working hard. He did not look up, so I laid my file before him. It was entitled "Demobilization, letters concerning," and this was followed by a long number divided up by several strokes. Within the file were some letters that had nothing to do with my plan and still less to do with demobilization, but I hoped that the Assistant of the Great Man might not delve too deeply into their mysteries.

My hope was justified. "A personal application?" he asked as he glanced at the reference number.

"Undoubtedly, Sir," I replied, and something in the soldierly timbre of my voice arrested his attention.

Carefully replacing his teacup in its saucer he raised his eyes towards me. As he did so he started as though he had received a shock: a look of perturbation came over his features; his cheeks assumed an ashy tint and for a moment my fate trembled in the balance. But gradually I could see his years of training were reasserting themselves; the moral support of the O.B.E. on his breast was restoring his courage; he muttered to himself, and I caught the words "Superior Authority."

Still muttering he rose and retired into the next room. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

In less than a minute he reappeared and beckoned me to follow him. I then knew that I should soon be in the presence of the Great Man himself.

I stood in front of an oak desk and noticed the keen but suppressed energy of the wall-paper, the tense atmosphere of war vibrating through the room, the solid strength of England incarnate behind the oak desk.

The Great Man spoke. His opening words showed that his interest was centred rather in me personally than in the file that lay before him. He spoke again, rose from his seat and disappeared. And as he went I caught the words, "Superior Authority." In less than a minute he returned and beckoned me to follow him. I then knew that I should soon be in the presence of the Very Great Man himself. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

I stood in front of a mahogany desk and noticed the keener but more suppressed energy of the wall-paper, the tenser atmosphere of war vibrating through the room, the solid strength of the Empire incarnate behind the mahogany desk.

The Very Great Man spoke. His opening remarks showed that his interest was centred in me personally. He spoke again, and these are his exact words: "Mr. Jones," he said, "I perceive that you are a student of King's Regulations, and that you conform your actions to those estimable rules. You will be demobilised forthwith, and in view of your gallant service I have pleasure in awarding you a bonus of two hundred pounds in addition to your gratuity; but please understand that this exceptional remuneration is given on the condition that you are out of uniform within two hours."

With my feet turned out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, my knees straight, my body erect and carried evenly over the thighs, I saluted, about turned and marched to the door. Everything had proceeded according to plan.

As I reached the door the Very Great Man spoke to the Great Man. "You will draft an Army Order at once," he said, "in these words: King's Regulations. Amendment. Para. 1696 will be amended, and the following words deleted:- 'Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length.'"

I am still in the Army. The truth of the matter is that what I have described did not really happen. My nerve failed me at the door of Mr. Nathan's. But I believe that whiskers, detachable, red, can be obtained from Mr. Nathan for a few shillings.

Motto for the Anti-British *Écho de Paris*: "*Ludum insolentem ludere* PERTINAX."



EXPERT OPINION.

First Bricklayer (*pausing so as not to exceed his Union's speed limit*). "BOUGHT ANY OF THESE 'OUSING BONDS, MATE?"

Second Bricklayer (*ditto*). "NOT ,ME; THEY'LL NEVER GET NO 'OUSES BUILT, NOT IF THINGS GO ON THE WAY THEY'RE GOING."



Incoming Batsman (to Deep Field). "ER—AM I GOING RIGHT FOR THE WICKET, PLEASE?"

DENMARK TO HAVE A MANDATE FOR IRELAND.

SENSATION IN POLITICAL CIRCLES.

DASHING round to Downing Street on our motor-scooter we were just in time to catch Sir PHILIP KERR by one of his coat-tails as he was disappearing into the door of No. 10 and to ask him whether the strange rumour as to the PRIME MINISTER'S latest project was true.

"Perfectly," replied the genial Secretary, gently disengaging us. "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been greatly struck by Mr. JACK JONES'S comparison of Lord ROBERT CECIL to OLIVER CROMWELL, and has been studying the whole Irish Question anew from an historical standpoint. He has decided that the mandate for Ireland ought never to have been undertaken for the Papal See by HENRY II. STRONGBOW——"

"Let's see, wasn't he a Marathon runner?" we asked.

"You are thinking of LONGBOAT," he replied. "The Earl of PEMBROKE was invited to enter Ireland by DESMOND MACMOROGH, and between you and me and the lamp-post DESMOND was a bad hat. Look at the way he stole DEVORGILAL, the wife of TIGHEIRANACH O'ROURKE."

"Quite, quite," we replied. As a matter of fact, if he had mentioned "The Silent Wife" we should have felt a bit more at home with the situation.

"Now take the Danes," said Sir PHILIP. "Do you ever hear an Irishman complain of the injustice done to Ireland by the Danes? After that little scrap at Clontarf they accepted the Danish invasion quite naturally. Anyhow, the Danes got there first, and the PRIME MINISTER'S view is 'first come first served.'"

"But will Denmark undertake the mandate?" we asked doubtfully.

"Why not? They have Iceland already, and there is only one letter different."

Scooting thoughtfully away, we went to visit Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, feeling sure he would have some light to throw on the situation. We found him overjoyed with the proposal.

"Ireland and Denmark are simply made for each other," he pointed out; "both are butter-producing countries and, welded together, they will form one homogeneous and indissoluble pat. Peace will reign in Ireland from marge to marge."

Mr. DEVLIN was less optimistic. The rule of Dublin Castle under OLAF TRYGVESSON was, he declared, not a whit better than the rule of Dublin Castle to-day. It was true that TURGES the Dane was King of All Ireland in 815, but it was not until that chieftain had been very rightly and carefully killed by MELACHLIN that the Golden Age of Ireland began. He was doubtful whether Mr. EDMUND DE VALERA would consent to be a toparch under Danish suzerainty. As for himself, he held by the Home Rule Bill of 1914 or, failing that, BRIAN BORU.

When we asked Sir EDWARD CARSON how he viewed the prospect of becoming a Scandinavian jarl, he adopted a morose expression reminding us not a little of the "moody Dane."

"If the PRIME MINISTER'S proposal becomes law," he said firmly, "I shall have no alternative but to hand over Ulster to Holland."

We scooted slowly back to the office, forced to the conclusion that the Irish Question is not settled even yet.

GENIUS AT PLAY.

Shall I ever see again
In the human head a brain
Like the article that fills
That interior of Bill's?

Never a day can pass but he
Makes some great discovery;
His inventions are so many
That you cannot think of any
Realm of science, wit or skill
That is not enriched by Bill.

To relieve the awful strain
Of possessing such a brain
William always used to play
Eighteen holes each Saturday.
But he scarce could see at all,
And he often lost his ball,
Plus his temper and his golf,
So he made a ball himself,
Which, if it should chance to roam
Out of sight, played "Home, Sweet
Home"
On a small euphonium he
Had inserted in its tummy.

Next he wrought with cunning hand
Round its waist an endless band,
An ingenious affair
Such as tanks delight to wear;
And, inside, a little motor
Started every time you smote or
Even when you topped your shot;
And, once started, it would not
Stop, for if it came within
Half a furlong of the pin,
Then it was designed to roll
Straight and true towards the hole.
This is scarcely strange, because
It was bound by Nature's laws,
And a magnet was the force
(Hidden 'neath its skin, of course)
Which, thought he, would make it
feel
Drawn towards a pin of steel.

When he practised first with it
William almost had a fit,
For the ball with sudden whim
Started madly chasing *him!*
"That's a game that I'll soon settle,"
William said; "my clubs are metal;
Spoons and other clubs of wood
Will be every bit as good."

Then he found to his dismay
Every time he tried to play
That the ball with sundry hoots
Chased the hob-nails in his boots.
Finally he had to use
On his feet a pair of shoes
Of a most peculiar shape
Made of insulating tape.

So the final test arrives
When once more he tees and drives.
Joy! As soon as he has hit he
Sees it toddling down the pretty,
Never swerving left or right
Till it waddles out of sight,
Plodding through a bunker and
Braying like a German band.

Reader, possibly you'll guess
That the ball was a success.
'Twas in fact a super-sphere,
But—I shed a scalding tear
On these verses as I write 'em—
He forgot just *one* small item
Which (as small things often will)
Simply put the lid on Bill:
For the hole proved far too small
To accommodate his ball.



Best Man. "'Ow much?"
Parson. "Well, the law allows me seven-and-sixpence."
Best Man. "Then 'ere's 'arf-a-crahn. That makes it up to 'arf-a-quid."

"Wanted Situation by respectable middle-aged Girl; working housekeeper, can cook, bake; would not object to milk one cow (Protestant)."—*Ulster Paper.*

As distinct from a Papal Bull.

Singular Coincidence.

"Having successfully towed the disabled American steamer Tashmoo 1,200 miles, the Fort Stephens, a Cunard steamer, arrived at Queenstown on Saturday."—*Daily Paper.*

"Having successfully towed the disabled American steamer Tashmoo, with which she fell in last Monday, 200 miles, the Fort Stephen, a Cunard steamer, arrived at Queenstown on Saturday."—*Same paper, same day.*

"The King has notified his intention to command the attendance of Lieutenants of Counties and the Lord Mayors and the Lost Provosts of Great Britain, at Buckingham Palace on the 15th instant."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Mr. Punch hopes that this additional publicity will lead to the recovery of the missing magistrates.

THE AUTHOR-MANAGERS.

LITERATURE is becoming so commercialised that it is to be expected that before long popular authors, who already surreptitiously practise the tradesman's art, will go a step further and write their own advertisements. No longer will they be content to get themselves interviewed on the subject of their next book, their new car and their favourite poodle, or to depend on the oleaginous eulogies of the publishers.

For instance:

MR. DOUGLAS DORMY
begs to announce that he is
NOW SHOWING
his new Novel,
THE HIDDEN HAND OF HATE,
and confidently recommends it to
his Customers.
It contains no fewer than 92,563 of the
BEST WORDS
in the English Language
and is guaranteed
FREE from Split Infinitives.

Or again:—

Are YOU one of the
mentally alert men, the wistful women,
who have filled up an application form
to-day for
PATTERNS OF CHAPTER ONE
of
SEPTIMUS POSHER'S
New great romance of love and mystery
THE SICKENING THUD?
If you have not already done so, lose no time, but write asking for sample of
OPENING CHAPTER
(where the PINK-EYED WOMAN prevents the marriage of ETHEL and LUDOVIC);
of
CHAPTER NINETY,
with its nine SUPERB-QUALITY MURDERS;
or
CHAPTER TWO HUNDRED
(the last), where ETHEL and LUDOVIC at last set out through the
FAIRYLAND OF LIFE.
You incur NO RISK in asking for these exquisite samples.
Write direct to SEPTIMUS POSHER.

Or yet again:—

MR. BOREAS BINKS
has pleasure in announcing that his new volumes of
RECOLLECTIONS
is now showing at all Libraries. He can confidently claim that this work, entitled
PEOPLE I HAVE MET AND WHAT IS WRONG WITH THEM,
is absolutely the most refined volume of Scandal on the market. All the reminiscences are novel and tasty.

Or once more:—

KEATS WILLIAMS,
Poet and Critic.
Poems of every description completed at the SHORTEST NOTICE.
Ask to see our choice SPRING LINES.
Specimens Free.
EPICS within Two Days.
ODES within a few Hours.
Sonnets, Rondeaux, Triolets, Quatrains while you wait.

A well-known Judge writes: "I should very much like to give you a trial. I am sure you deserve it."

DER TAG ONCE MORE.

["One hundred Diplomatists' Writing Tables, Cupboards, etc., for immediate delivery.—Office Furniture Manufacturers, —— and Co., ——, Berlin."—*The Times "Business Opportunities" column.*]

LIGHTLY loose the silken cable,
  Swell, ye sails, by zephyrs kissed,
Bearing me the walnut table
  Thumped by BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S fist;
Steering, not by course erratic,
  Safe to the appointed wharf,
Bring, O bark, the diplomatic
  Kneehole desk of LUDENDORFF.

Softly now, ye dockers, pardie,
  Cease your wrangling for a bit,
Dump the seat whereon BERNHARDI
  Bowed his dreadful form to sit;
Make no scratch however tiny
  When the circling crane-arm sags
On the chair that rendered shiny
  HINDENBURG'S enormous bags.

Blotting-papered, india-rubbered,
  Good as new, with pencils piled,
Bring me the immortal cupboard
  Where the Hymn of Hate was filed;
Who can say how oft, when brisker
  Beat the heart behind his ribs,
TIRPITZ wiped upon a whisker
  Pensively these part-worn nibs?

Here are *Kultur's* very presses,
  Calendars that marked The Day,
MAX VON BADEN'S ink-recesses,
  DERNBERG'S correspondence-tray;
Gone the imperial years, and cooler
  Counsels on the Spree are planned,
Still one may acquire the ruler
  Toyed with by a War Lord's hand.

Waft them then, ye winds, let Fritz's
  Office furniture be mine;
Each one of these priceless bits is
  Salvage from a Junker shrine;
Breathing still the ancient essence,
  They shall give me, when I speak,
Something of the German presence
  And the blazing German cheek.

EVOE.

MANUAL PLAY.

ONE point emerges very clearly from the murky chaos of the industrial situation to-day; and that is that the brain-worker will not for ever be content to be merely a brain-worker, thinking and thinking, hour after hour, day after day. He is beginning to realise his latent capacity for manual labour; and he demands as his right a larger opportunity for self-development, so that he too may escape from the drudgery of brain-work and rise at last to the higher, freer life of muscular exertion. There must already be many brain-workers who are well-fitted to take their place in the ranks of manual labour; and the cry goes up with increasing force that, given only that *opportunity* which is every man's due, millions of their fellows are capable of lifting themselves to the same standard.

In my house the cry goes up with peculiar force about Easter-time, when I repaint as much of the house as I am allowed and whitewash the rest, and can appreciate what I am missing in my everyday calling. It is astonishing to think that one used actually to pay people money to paint and whitewash, and looked on with meek wonder, for six weeks, while they did it. Bourgeois I may be, but I have put aside that folly. The Easter holidays now are to me the best holidays of the year, because for four whole days I can do almost unlimited decorating. I begin with the conservatory; I do it a delicate pale blue, and it looks very lovely. The vine in the conservatory no longer yields her increase as she used to do, but I can't help that. After the conservatory I start on the basement, and the opportunities in the basement are endless. It is a curious thing that brain-workers who do much decorating in their spare time do most of it in the basement and not in the rooms they have to occupy themselves. The basement is fair game. Another curious thing is that the people who do have to occupy the basement never seem to appreciate what you are doing for them. They appear to think you are merely amusing yourself.

The best day for doing the basement therefore is Easter Monday, when you can legitimately send the whole staff (if any) away for a holiday, and commandeer the entire kitchen equipment. This point is more important than you may suppose; since if the staff are at home and you want to use the basement bucket or the soft broom (both of which are essential for efficient white-washing) it is almost certain that they will at the same time want to put them to some preposterous use of their own;



MANNERS AND MODES.

OWING TO THE SHORTAGE AND PROHIBITIVE PRICE OF SILK STOCKINGS, THE LADIES MAYFAIR DECIDE TO DO WITHOUT THEM AND HAVE RECOURSE TO PAINT.

and this causes either delay or friction, probably both. Besides, they keep bustling about behind you and saying, 'T't, 't't," or "*Busy* to-day!" in a surprised voice. This is most irritating, and an irritated painter always goes over the edges.

When you have got rid of the staff (if any) you can get to work on the scullery and whitewash the ceiling. Whitewashing is much superior to painting. Painting looks lovely while you are doing it, but is very horrible when it is dry, being streaky or blistery or covered with long hairs. Whitewash looks horrible while you are doing it, but marvellous when it is dry, which is much more satisfactory. In a life of average prosperity and no small public distinction, including an intimacy with a professional tenor and two or three free lunches with noblemen, I can recall few moments of such genuine rapture as the one when you creep down to the basement to find the whitewash dry at last and brilliant as the driven snow.

The other thing about whitewashing is that it is done with a broom, not with a finicking brush and a small pot, but a good fat bucket and the housemaid's soft-broom. In this way you can really get some *bravura* into your work. And, except perhaps for watering the garden with a hose, there is no quicker way of making a really good mess. Whitewashing by this method, I find that it takes much longer to remove the whitewash from the floors and other places where it is not intended to go than it does to put the whitewash on the places where it is intended to go; but the charwoman does the removing on Easter Tuesday, and I still think that that method is the best. Especially, perhaps, for outside walls, because in one's artistic frenzy it is usual to cover most of the rose-trees with whitewash; they look then like those whitewashed orchards, and visitors think you are a scientific gardener, combating Plant Pests.

Personally I don't pay too much attention to the rather arbitrary rules on painting laid down by the Painters' Union. Life is too short. For instance, I don't put my brushes in turpentine when I have finished for the day; and if I do I put the green brush and the light-blue brush and the black brush and the white brush in the same pot, and terrible things happen. I don't like my art to be hampered by petty notions of economy, and if brushes persist in crystallising into tooth-brushes when left to themselves for an hour or two I simply use a new brush.



Mistress (to maid who has just served boarders' breakfast). "WHAT WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT, JANE?"
Jane. "YOU, MUM."

Nor do I insist on "cleaning thoroughly the surface before the paint is applied." Anyone who sets out in practice to clean thoroughly the surface of the basement before applying the paint will find that the Easter holidays have slipped away long before any paint is applied at all. Besides, one of the main objects of paint is to hide the dirt, so why waste time in removing it?

On the other hand, I am not content with mere painting; I go in thoroughly for all the refinements like driers and varnishes and gold-size. Driers and gold-size are extremely necessary when painting the basement, because if there is one thing the staff enjoy more than tea-cups coming away in the 'and, it is really rubbing themselves against wet paint and wandering round muttering complaints about it. Without a driers or some drier or whatever it is, the basement remains wet for ever, and all work ceases while the staff amble about, ecstatically rubbing themselves against the doorposts and saying "T'tt, t'tt," in a meaning way.

It is a sad quality of oil-paint that when it is dry it no longer looks so lovely and shiny as it looks when it is wet. It was found that the sense of disappointment which this produced was greater than the Painters' Union could bear; so someone, in order to prevent industrial strife, invented some stuff called varnish, by which, at the very moment of disillusion, the maximum of shininess can be again produced with the minimum of effort. It is one of the few inventions which make a man grateful for the advance of science.

Well, that is all there is about painting. The only difficulty, once you have begun, is to know when to stop. Painting is a kind of fever. The painting of a single chair makes the whole room look dirty; so the whole room has to be painted. Then, of course, the outside of the windows has to be brought up to the same standard; and if once you have painted the outside of a window you are practically committed to painting the whole house.

The only thing that stops me painting is a turpentine crisis, which usually occurs just before church on Sunday morning, when one has three workmanlike coats of glossy enamel or pale-green on one's hands. Week-end painters should keep a close eye on the situation, and cease work while there is yet sufficient turpentine to cope with the workmanlike coats; for I find that in these days the churchwardens look askance at you if you put in a penny with a pale-green hand.

The extraordinary thing is that this painting fever doesn't seem to afflict professional painters; they know exactly when to stop. But then they don't appreciate the luxury of their lot. They don't realise that theirs is one of



Young Lady (making conversation). "HOW PERFECTLY SWEET! I'M SURE I MUST HAVE BEEN THERE. I REMEMBER THOSE GLORIOUS PINES."

Real Artist. "I CALL THAT 'THE FERTILISING INFLUENCE OF THE SUN'S RAYS ON THE MIND OF A POET LOST IN THOUGHT.'"

Young Lady. "HOW *PERFECTLY* SWEET! NO WONDER HE LOST IT, POOR DARLING."

the few forms of labour in which a man has some tangible result (well, not tangible, perhaps) to show for his work at the end of the day. There is nothing more satisfactory than that. It is true, no doubt, that the professional painter would rather have a windy article like this to show; all I can say is I would rather have a bright-blue basement or a middle-green conservatory.

A. P. H.

THE EVE OF GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

IN a Press sighing deeply over the various Labour crises there is the glad news that Mr. CLEM EDWARDS, M.P. (barrister), of the National Democratic Party, has made a match with Mr. JAMES WALTON, M.P. (miner), of the Labour Party, to "hew, fill and train two tons of coal in the shortest time for fifty pounds a side." The contest is to take place at Whitsuntide.

We hope that more Members of Parliament will follow suit, and challenge each other to feats of wholesome toil, to the great benefit of the nation.

In time no doubt the idea would take on with the masses and an immense amount of useful work would be performed disguised as sport. August Bank Holiday might become the great yearly fixture for a sort of Gentlemen *v.* Players bricklaying competition, and we may one day read of huge crowds being attracted to the East India Docks on Easter Monday to watch stockbrokers, flushed with their victory of Boxing Day, playing a return match with the dockers at unloading margarine. The movement might expand until even on Labour Day work would be in progress.

All this is, however, remote, but the solid fact remains that during Whitsuntide of this very year work will actually be done in a coal-mine. So far the miners themselves have expressed no official views on the contest, but there is a general feeling of amazement among them that anyone should work so hard on the chance of winning a mere fifty pounds. For the public at large there is the gratifying thought that Messrs. EDWARDS and WALTON are very nearly matched, and they should therefore produce between them in their friendly struggle the best part of four tons of coal, an unexpected windfall for the nation.

"POST OFFICE TREASURY BONDS.

It should be noted that, as regards the Post Office issue, dividends on registered bonds will not be deducted at the source." —*Daily Paper.*

Nor, we understand, has the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER any present intention of confiscating the capital.

"AMERICA'S FIRST FLOATING BAR-ROOM, *THE CITY OF MIAMI.*—300,000 dols. has been spent in fitting up this vessel for thirsty American citizens. She will ply between Miami, Fla. and Havana, Cuba. A special bilge keel is being fitted to steady ship and passengers."—*Shipping Journal.*

A very necessary precaution.



Fond and resourceful Mother. "It's baby's birthday to-morrow. He's too young to invite children, so I'm having fifteen people in to play bridge."

TO A COMING CHAMPION.

The exodus was ended; stilled the urging
  To "wait and let the passengers off first;"
I and my fellow-sufferers were surging
  Along the gangway in one short sharp burst,
Clutching the straps so thoughtfully provided,
  Stamping on any feet that lay about,
And, Lady, it was then that you decided
  This was where you got out.

I noted with an awestruck admiration
  The gallant way in which you faced the press,
What force, what vigour, what determination,
  What almost everything but politesse;
And then I gave back several hasty inches
  Before your mænad rush; I felt alarmed
Lest you should use a hatpin in the clinches
  While I was all unarmed.

So in a more or less intact condition
  You made your exit through the trellised gate,
And (this, I must admit, is mere suspicion)
  Asked of a porter was your hat on straight;
And lo! the bard, left dreaming *suo more*,
  Mused upon things the future hid from view;
He looked adown the years and saw the glory
  England would win through you.

For in my morning sheet I'd seen it bruited,
  Mid talk of Jazz and Fox Trot, plaids and checks,
That boxing was a sport precisely suited
  To what it quaintly called the gentler sex;
I thought about the coming day when bevies
  Of beauty would be found inside the ropes,
And saw you, eminent among the "heavies,"
  The whitest of white hopes.

I saw—and at the vision England's stock ran
  High above par—how in the padded strife,
Beneath the auspices of Mr. Cochran,
  You'd whip the world, or should I say his wife?
Our land once more would boast the champion thumper,
  The doughtiest dealer of the hefty welt,
The holder of—but no, by then a jumper
  Will have replaced the belt.

"OFFICERS' HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Final: Lt. W. R. Nicol (R.F.A.) knocked out Lt.-General Lord Rawlinson, Commanding at Aldershot."—*Sportsman.*

That's more than Ludendorff could do.

"Some years have passed since I last saw Mr. ——, and last evening I found him considerably aged. His one black hair is very grey."

Provincial Paper.

Probably the result of depression caused by loneliness.

"The Prince of —— has returned recently from England where he was educated. He is to marry several wives, as is the custom of ——. His education is to continue."—*North China Daily News.*

We can well believe it.

"The Chester Vase resolved itself into a contest between a four-year-old and some three-year-olds, but in this case the four-year-old was Buchan, a Trojan among minnows."—*Provincial Paper.*

The writer seems to be a student of "classic" form.



EXIT THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

Dr. Bonar (*to Nurse Devlin*). "*MUST* YOU GO, NURSE? (*Resignedly*) WELL, WE SHALL HAVE TO DO OUR BEST WITHOUT YOU."

[Nationalist Members have decided to take no further part in the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 3rd.—The PRIME MINISTER being confined to his bed and Mr. BONAR LAW being engaged elsewhere in inaugurating the Housing campaign the House of Commons was in charge of the HOME SECRETARY. Consequently Questions went through with unusual speed, for Mr. SHORTT has a discouraging way with him. The most searching "Supplementary" rarely receives any recognition save a stony glare through his inseparable eye-glass, as who should say, "How can So-and-so be such an ass as to expect an answer to his silly question?"

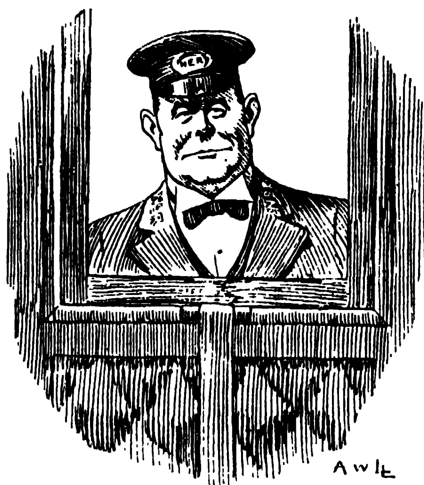
People who consider that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT is too much of "a railway man" will, I fear, be confirmed in their belief. In his opinion the practice of the Companies in refusing a refund to the season ticket-holder who has left his ticket behind and has been compelled to pay his fare is "entirely justifiable." He objected, however, to Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE's interpretation of this answer as meaning that it was the policy of H.M. Government "to rob honest people," so there may be hope for him yet.

It is wrong to suppose that the class generally known as "Young Egypt" is solely responsible for the anti-British agitation in the Protectorate. Among a long list of deportees mentioned by Lieut.-Colonel MALONE, and subsequently referred to by Mr. HARMSWORTH as "the principal organisers and leaders of the disturbances" in that country, appeared the name of "MAHMOUD PASHA SULIMAN, aged ninety-eight years."



THE SPRING-CLEANING (INDEMNITY) BILL.
THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The process of cleaning-up after the War involves an Indemnity Bill. Sir ERNEST POLLOCK admitted that there was "some complexity" in the measure, and did not entirely succeed in unravelling it in the course of a speech lasting an hour and a half. His chief argument was that, unless it passed, the country might be let in for an additional expenditure of seven or eight hundred millions in settling the claims of persons whose goods had been commandeered. An item of two million pounds for tinned salmon will give some notion of the interests involved and incidentally of the taste of the British Army.



"TOO MUCH OF A RAILWAY-MAN."
SIR ERIC GEDDES.

Lawyers and laymen vied with one another in condemning the Bill. Mr. RAE, as one who had suffered much from requisitioners, complained that their motto appeared to be *L'état c'est moi*. Sir GORDON HEWART, in mitigation of the charge that there never had been such an Indemnity Bill, pointed out that there never had been such a War. The Second Reading was ultimately carried upon the Government's undertaking to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, from which, if faithfully reflecting the opinion of the House, it is conjectured that the measure will return in such a shape that its own draftsman won't know it.

Tuesday, May 4th.—The Matrimonial Causes Bill continues to drag its slow length along in the House of Lords. Its ecclesiastical opponents are gradually being driven from trench to trench, but are still full of fight. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY very nearly carried a new clause providing that it should not be lawful to celebrate in any church or chapel of the Church of England the marriage of a person, whether innocent or guilty, whose previous union had been dissolved under the provisions of the Bill. His most reverend brother of York spoke darkly of Disestablishment if the clause were lost, and eleven Bishops voted in its favour, but the Non-Contents defeated it by 51 to 50.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN wanted to know whether swords still formed part of the uniform of Royal Air Force officers, and, if so, why. He himself, I gather, never found any use for one in the "Side Shows" which he has described so picturesquely. Mr. CHURCHILL's defence of its retention was more ingenious than convincing. Swords, he said, had always been regarded as the insignia of rank, and even Ministers wore them on occasions. But the fact that elderly statesmen occasionally add to the gaiety of the populace at public celebrations by tripping over their "toasting-forks" hardly seems a sufficient reason for burdening young officers with a totally needless expense.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is all for a quiet life. When the Dublin postal workers announced their intention of stopping work for two days in sympathy with a Sinn Fein strike, did he dismiss them? Not he. You can't, as he said, dismiss a whole service. No, he simply gave them two days' leave on full pay, a much simpler plan.

Thanks to the Irish Nationalists, who have announced their intention of taking no part in the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill, Mr. BONAR LAW was able to drop the scheme for closuring it by compartments. The new Irish doctrine of self-extermination has given much satisfaction in Ministerial circles. Mr. CHURCHILL's



"*L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI.*"
THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



THE PROFITEER'S CIGAR.

Spokesman of Club Deputation. "WE TRUST, SIR, THAT YOU ARE NOT DELIBERATELY WEARING THAT BAND ON YOUR CIGAR, AS IT IS THE DESIRE OF YOUR FELLOW-MEMBERS THAT YOU SHOULD OBLIGE THEM BY REMOVING IT."

gratitude, I understand, will take the form of a portrait of Mr. DEVLIN as *Sydney Carton* under the shadow of the guillotine.

On the Vote for the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Colonel BURN suggested that a new Department should be set up to deal with the harvest of the sea. Dr. MURRAY approved the idea, and thought that the Minister without Portfolio might give up loafing and take to fishing.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Apparently it is not always selfishness that makes Trade Unionists unwilling to admit ex-service men to their ranks, but sometimes solicitude for the welfare of these brave fellows. Take the manufacture of cricket-balls, for example. You might not think it a very arduous occupation, but Dr. MACNAMARA assured the House that it required "a high standard of physical fitness," and that leather-stitching was as laborious as leather-hunting. It is true that some of the disabled men with characteristic intrepidity are willing to face the risk, but the Union concerned will not hear of it, and the MINISTER OF LABOUR appears to agree with them.

Even on the Treasury Bench, however, doctors disagree. Dr. ADDISON seems distinctly less inclined than Dr. MACNAMARA to accept the claims of the Trade Unionists at their own valuation. The bricklayers have agreed to admit a few disabled men to their union—bricklaying apparently being a less strenuous occupation than leather-stitching—but exclude other ex-service men unless they have served their apprenticeship as well as their country. Upon this the MINISTER OF HEALTH bluntly observed that the idea that it takes years to train a man to lay a few bricks was in his opinion all nonsense.

Thursday, May 6th.—Possibly it was because to-day was originally assigned for the opening of the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill that Members in both Houses drew special attention to the present state of lawlessness in Ireland. If their idea was to create a hostile "atmosphere" it did not succeed, for, owing to Mr. LONG's indisposition, the Bill was postponed. Besides, the fact that every day brings news of policemen murdered, barracks burned, tax-collectors assaulted and mail-bags stolen, while to one class of mind it may argue that the present is a most inopportune moment for a great constitutional change, may to another suggest that only such a change will give any hope of improvement.

It is, at any rate, something to know that Irishmen have not in trying circumstances entirely lost their saving grace of humour. Thus the writer of a letter to Lord ASKWITH, describing with much detail a raid for arms, in the course of which his house had been smashed up and he himself threatened with instant death, wound up by saying, "I thought I would jot down these particulars to amuse you."

The Commons had a rather depressing speech from Mr. McCURDY. His policy had been gradually to remove all food-controls and leave prices to find their own proper (and, it was hoped, lower) level. But in most cases the result had been disastrous, and the Government had decided that control must continue. Sir F. BANBURY complained of the conflict of jurisdiction between the Departments. It certainly does seem unfair that the FOOD-CONTROLLER should be blamed because the Board of Trade is "making mutton high."



Auctioneer (selling summer "grass-keep"). "NOW THEN, HOW MUCH FOR THIS FIELD? LOOK AT THAT GRASS, GENTLEMEN. THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF NEBUCHADNEZZAR WOULD HAVE GIVEN TEN POUNDS AN ACRE FOR."

WANTED—A BOOK SUBSIDY.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, the famous publisher, has recently given a representative of *The Pall Mall Gazette* some interesting facts and figures bearing on the impending crisis in the publishing trade. It is a gloomy recital. Men doing less work per hour with the present forty-eight hour week than with the old fifty-one hour week, and agitating for a further reduction of hours; paper rising in price by leaps and bounds. "Between the two they are forcing up the price of books to a point when we can only produce at a loss." In other words, we are threatened with not merely a shortage but an absolute deprivation of all new books. The horror of the situation is almost unthinkable, but it must be faced. We can dispense with many luxuries—encyclopædias and histories and scientific treatises and so forth—but among the necessities of modern life the novel stands only third to the cinema and the jazz. It is possible that in time the first-named may reconcile us to booklessness, but that time is not yet.

What amazes us in Mr. JOHN MURRAY'S pessimistic forecast is his failure to recognise and advocate the only and obvious remedy. By the reduction of the Bread Subsidy fifty millions have been made available for the relief of national needs. We do not say that this would be enough, but if carefully laid out in grants to deserving novelists, so as to enable them to co-operate with publishers on lines that would allow a reasonable margin of profit, it might go some way towards averting the appalling calamity which Mr. JOHN MURRAY anticipates.

The Ministry of Information is closed, but should be at once reorganised as the Ministry of Fiction, with a staff of no fewer than five hundred clerks, and installed in suitable premises, the British Museum for choice, thus emancipating the younger generation from the dead hand of archæology. Similarly the utmost care should be taken to exclude from the direction of the Ministry any representatives of Victorianism, Hanoverism, or the fetish-worship of reticence or restraint. But no time should be lost. The duty of the State is clear. It only needs some public-spirited and respected Member of Parliament, such as Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY or Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, to promote the legislative measures necessary to secure a supply of really nutritious mental pabulum for the million.

For Prospective Centenarians.

"Salary, £50 per annum, rising upon satisfactory service by annual increments of £5 to a maximum of £880."—*Welsh Paper.*

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of 10/- from Liverpool.

The charge for announcements in the Personal Column is 7/6 for two lines (minimum), and 3/6 for each additional line." *Times.*

Any large outbreak of conscientiousness on this scale will mean ruin for the country.

"A band of armed ruffians disguised as soldiers held up a train near Parghelia, in Calabria, and carried off the contents of two vons, consisting chiefly of sausages."

Scotch Paper.

This is an abbreviated way of speaking. By "the contents of two vons" the writer evidently means the contents of the baggage of two German noblemen.

CONSPIRACY.

It all happened so naturally, so inevitably, yet so tragically—like a Greek play, as Willoughby said afterwards.

Willoughby is my younger brother, and in his lighter moments is a Don at Oxford or Cambridge; it will be safer not to specify which. In his younger and more serious days he used to play the banjo quite passably, and, when the Hicksons asked us to dine, they insisted that he should bring his instrument and help to make music to which the young people might dance, for it seems that this instrument is peculiarly suited to the kind of dancing now in vogue. Willoughby had not played upon the banjo for fifteen years, but he unearthed it from the attic, restrung it, and in the event did better than might have been expected.

Anyhow, he did not succeed in spoiling the evening, which I consider went well, despite the severe trial, to one of my proportions, of having to perform, soon after dinner, a number of scenes "to rhyme with *hat*." Indeed, when I was finally pushed alone on to the stage, any chagrin I might have felt at the ease with which the audience guessed at once that I represented "fat" was swallowed up in the relief at being allowed to rest awhile, for "fat" proved to be correct.

It is not of dumb-crambo, however, nor of hunt-the-slipper (a dreadful game), nor of "bump" (a worse game) that I wish to speak, but of that which befell after.

It was a very wet night, and when the hour for our departure arrived there arose some uncertainty as to whether we could find a taxi willing to take us home.

"I will interview the porter," said Willoughby (the Hicksons live in a flat), and he disappeared, to return in a few minutes with something of the air of a conspirator.

"Get your coat on," he said curtly.

"Have you a taxi?"

"No, I have a car. Get your coat on, and be quick about it."

"A car?" I said. "What car? Whose car?"

Willoughby turned upon me. "If you prefer to walk, you can," he said; "if not, get your coat on, as I say, and don't ask stupid questions."

I did not prefer to walk—would that I had!—but proceeded to bid my host and hostess Good-night. Even as I was doing so the porter came to the door.

"Hurry up, Sir," he called to Willoughby in a stage whisper. "He can't wait; he 's late already."

As we followed him into the hall the porter went on whispering to Willoughby.

"Friend of mine. Always do me a turn. Going right to your square." He continued to nod his head confidentially.

Willoughby turned to me.

"Got half-a-crown?" he grunted.

I had. The porter's head-noddings redoubled.

Arrived at the door, we found a resplendent car, a chauffeur of the imperturbable order seated at the wheel.

"I 'm very much obliged——," Willoughby began.

"That 's all right, Sir," said the man. "I 'm going that way."

We stepped in, drew the fur rug over our legs, and the car glided off.

"It 's a nice car," said Willoughby.

"I understand that the chauffeur is a friend of the hall porter?" I commented.

"That is so."

"And the owner of the car is——?"

"Some person unknown."

"Where ignorance is bliss——"

"I am a little doubtful if the chauffeur will mention our ride to his master, if that is what you mean," said Willoughby.

"Have you considered the bearing of the law concerning Conspiracy on this case?" I asked.

"I have not, nor do I intend to," said Willoughby airily. "The law concerning Bribery and Corruption has a much more direct bearing. Got two more half-crowns?"

I was searching for them as we turned into the square in which we live and the car slowed down.

"Tell him it 's at the far corner," I said.

And then suddenly a rasping voice sounded on the night air:—

"Here, Rodgers! Where are you off to? You 're very late, you know—very late."

The car had stopped with a jerk before a house which was certainly not our house. A stream of light from the open door flooded the pavement. On the steps stood Percival, the man I had that row with about the Square garden. On the pavement, his hand outstretched to open the car door, was he of the rasping voice.

"This is the owner," said Willoughby, and he laughed quietly to himself. He always giggles in a crisis. I could have kicked him. But at the moment I was hurriedly debating whether I could possibly escape by the door on the far side without being seen. "A small thin man might have done it," I thought. But, alas! I am neither small nor thin.

Then the door of the car opened and Willoughby stepped forth into the limelight, as it were. During the evening the dumb-crambo and such had rather dishevelled his hair, and a wisp of it now appeared from beneath the brim of an elderly Homburg hat pushed on to the back of his head. Under his arm was the banjo. On his face was that maddeningly good-natured smile of his.

"What are you doing in my car?" demanded the rasping voice.

Willoughby did not answer for a moment, but simply stood there smiling.

Then he said, "Entirely my fault. Your chauffeur is in no way to blame. The fact is we couldn't get a taxi, and my brother being rather delicate——"

"What, another?" barked the rasper.

There was nothing for it. Acutely conscious as I was how emphatically my countenance, flushed by the exertions of the evening, belied Willoughby's description of "delicate," it was impossible for me to remain in the car, and I stepped heavily out.

"It rhymes with *hat*," said Willoughby softly.

* * * * *

As we slunk off down the Square, after as painful a five minutes as I care to remember, Willoughby kept repeating, "Very unlucky—*very* unlucky," till we arrived at our own door. Then he began to laugh.

"And what is the joke?" I asked.

"There is no joke," he said—"no joke at all."

"Indeed there is not," I said bitterly. "You must remember that, unlike yourself, I live here permanently."

"I realise it," said Willoughby. "But do you not think, on consideration, that that really gives you the advantage? I mean, you have thus the opportunity of living down the unfortunate accusation of inebriety that has been brought against us, which I shall not be in a position to do."

I hate living things down.

Commercial Candour.

From a restaurant bill-of-fare:—

"Develled Leg of Foul and Curly Bacon, 2/6."

"WORMWOOD SCRUBS'S ILL-HEALTH.
Released to Private Hospital.

Mr. Kelly, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, has released Wormwood Scrubs owing to his health."—*Australian Paper.*

Some trouble in the cellular system, we gather.

Mr. James Sexton, M.P., who was howled down at a meeting at St. Helens recently, said he refused to bow the knee to a lot of body-snatchers who wanted him to sacrifice his manhood and conscience to satisfy their inclinations. A self-respecting sexton could do no less.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



A SPIRITED REPRESENTATION OF "CA' CANNY" ON THE KENTISH COAST DURING THE INITIAL WORK ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL, *circ.* B.C. 200.



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

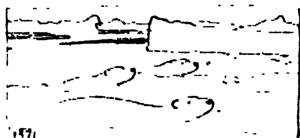
AN AGED COUPLE, THEIR FEATURES DISFIGURED BY MOSQUITO BITES, BRAVELY CONTINUE TO SIT FOR THEIR PORTRAITS.



THE KITTEN WHICH ALL WHO KNOW AND LOVE THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE ACADEMY WOULD EXPECT TO FIND IN THIS PICTURE HAS EVIDENTLY STRAYED INTO



THIS ONE. WE DRAW ATTENTION TO THIS SO AS TO PREVENT VISITORS FROM WASTING THEIR TIME IN SEARCHING FOR IT ALL OVER THE GALLERIES.



See below.



THE FAMOUS MARIONETTE SHOW AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

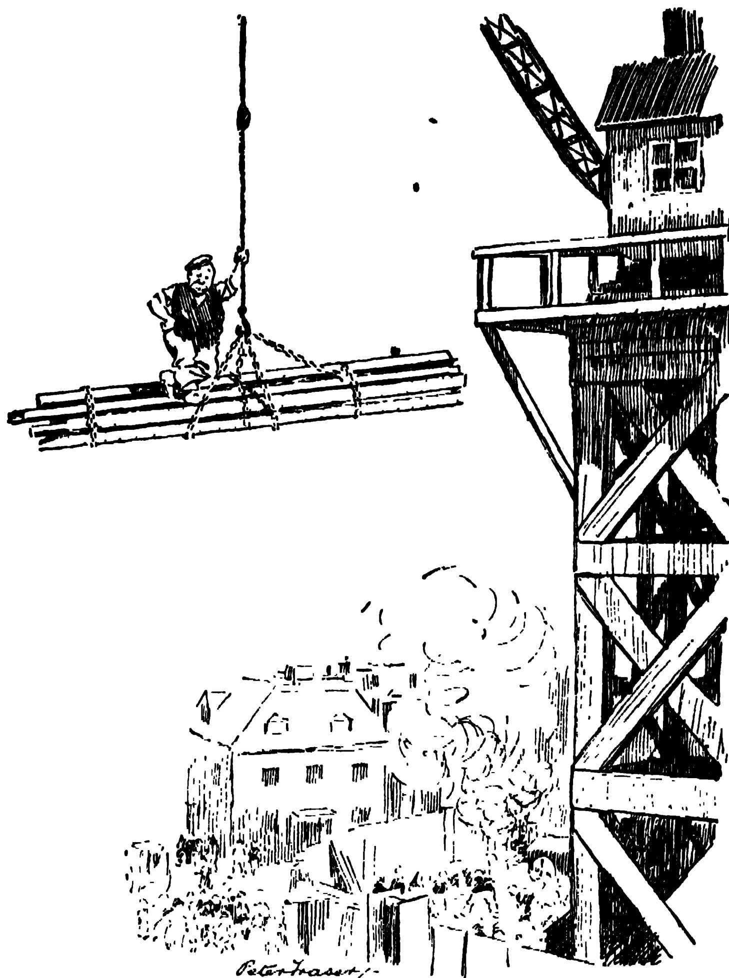
MUCH INTEREST IS SURE TO BE TAKEN IN THIS PICTURE, AS MANY PEOPLE MUST HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THESE WORLD-FAMOUS STATESMEN LOOKED LIKE.



THE STOUT GENTLEMAN APPEARS TO FEEL SOME DISCOMFORT FROM THE HEAT. THAT IS WHY THE HANGING COMMITTEE HAVE THOUGHTFULLY SUSPENDED SOME ICE OVER HIS HEAD.



HERE WE HAVE A SCENE OF DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS IN A SCOTTISH HOME. THE GOOD WIFE IS SCANDALISED BY HER HUSBAND'S LEVITY IN DANCING ON THE SABBATH.



Navvy on Girders (soliloquising). "'EAVEN 'ELP THEM POOR PERISHERS UNDERNEAF IF THIS 'ERE CHAIN BREAKS!"

THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.

(After ANN and JANE TAYLOR.)

HIGH on a mountain's haughty steep
  Lord Hubert's palace stood;
Before it rolled a river deep,
  Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale
  A peasant had his cell;
Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling gale
  And graced his garden well.

But proud Lord Hubert's house and lands,
  Of which he'd fain be rid,
Long linger on the agents' hands—
  He cannot get a bid.

On sauces rich and viands fine
  Lord Hubert's father fed;
Lord Hubert, when he wants to dine,
  Eats margarine and bread.

How diff'rent honest William's lot!
  He's cheerful and content;
He always lets his humble cot
  At thrice its yearly rent.

His dapple-cow and garden grounds
  Produce him ample spoil;
His lodgers pay him pounds and pounds,
  He has no need to toil.

Lord Hubert sits in thrall and gloom
  And super-taxes grim
Pursue him to his marble tomb,
  And no one grieves for him.

But, when within his narrow bed
  Old William comes to lie,
They'll find (I mean when William's dead)
  A tidy bit put by.

ANOTHER HONOUR LIST.

(From an Oxford Correspondent.)

THE list of the recipients of honorary degrees to be conferred by the University of Cambridge has already been announced. We are glad to be able to supplement it by information, derived from a trustworthy source, of the corresponding intentions of the University of Oxford.

The Oxford list is not yet complete, but the following names and the reasons for which the distinction is to be conferred may be regarded as certain and authentic:—

The Right Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., for his strenuous efforts to brighten Sunday journalism.

Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, for unvarnished portraiture and the stoical fortitude exhibited by him in face of the persecution of the Royal Academy.

Mr. LOVAT FRASER, for his divine discontent with everything and everybody and his masterly use of italic type.

Lady COOPER, the wife of the LORD MAYOR, for conspicuous gallantry in advocating the taxing of cosmetics.

Sir PHILIP GIBBS, for his generous recognition of the services of British generals during the War, and for promoting cordial relations between all ranks in the Army.

Mr. WICKHAM STEED, for his invaluable and untiring exertions in familiarising the public with Jugo-Slav geography.

All the above will receive the D.C.L. It is also proposed to confer the degree of Honorary Master of Arts on the entire body of Oxford road-sweepers, for their disinterested patriotism in accepting a wage on a par with that received by many tutors and demonstrators of the University.

Anna Pavlova.

Since I first saw her this year she has been a Sleeping Beauty (very wide awake) and a Chrysanthemum and many other lovely things. In *Autumn Leaves*, where her bloom is blown away by the fierce ardour of the Wind, and she is left to die forsaken, she recalled a little the moving sadness of her Dying Swan. It was a "choreographic poem" of her own making—to music of CHOPIN—and I think I have never seen anything more fascinating than the colour and movement of the *Autumn Leaves* and the "splendour and speed" of the *Autumn Wind*. This was danced by Mr. STOWITTS, and it couldn't have been in better hands or feet. M. VOLININE is largely content to be a source of support and uplift to his partner, but in *The Walpurgis Night* he gave us an astounding exhibition of poise and resilience. In *The Magic Flute* (not MOZART's but DRIGO's), Mlle. BUTSOVA had a great triumph. She has all the arts and graces of her craft that can be taught, and to these she adds one of the few gifts that no training can confer—the natural joy of life that comes of just being young. O. S.

"Food prices were coming down. Soap had already been reduced 1d. a lb."—*Daily Paper.*

We tried it in 1917, but found it deficient in protein.



"You're sure this is Wiltshire bacon?" "Er—I wouldn't like to guarantee it, Madam—*not absolutely*."
"Where do you get it from, then?" "Well, it *comes* from America, Madam."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Probably one of your first, and abiding, impressions of *The Third Window* (Secker) will be that of almost extreme modernity. Certainly Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt) has produced a story that, both in its protagonists—a young war-widow and a maimed ex-officer—and in its theme—spirit-communication and survival of personality—is very much of the moment. It is a short book, not two hundred pages all told, and with only three characters. You observe that I have given you no particulars as to the third, though (or because) she is of the first importance to the development. To say more of this would be to ruin all, since suspense is essential to its proper savouring; though I may indicate that it turns upon the question whether the dead husband is still so far present as to forbid the union of his widow and his friend. The thing is exceedingly well done, despite a suggestion now and again that the situation is becoming something too fine-drawn; I found myself also in violent disagreement with the ending, though for what reasons I must deny myself the pleasure of explaining. Perhaps the cleverest feature of an unusual tale is the idea of Wyndwards, the modern "artistic" house that is its setting—a house rather over deliberate and self-conscious in its simplicity and beauty, lacking soul, but swept and garnished for the reception of the seven devils of bogiedom. The atmosphere of this is both new and conveyed with a very subtle skill.

It must be admitted that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's young ladies enjoy singularly poor luck, as is shown notably by their habit when in foreign parts of picking up the worst people and generally surrounding themselves with a society that it would be flattery to call dubious. The latest victim to this tendency is *Lily*, heroine of *The Lonely House* (Hutchinson). It was situate, as you might not expect from its name, at Monte Carlo, and *Lily* had come there as the paying guest of a courtesy uncle and aunt of foreign extraction, about whom she really knew far too little. They had tried to postpone her visit at least for a couple of days, the awkward fact being that the evening of her arrival was already earmarked for an engagement that Auntie euphemistically called "seeing a friend off on a long journey." If you know Mrs. Belloc Lowndes at her creepiest, you can imagine the spinal chill produced by this discovery. Gradually it transpires (though how I shall not say) that whenever the *Count* and *Countess Polda* were in want of a little ready cash they were in the habit of "seeing off" some unaccompanied tourist known to have well-filled pockets. So you can suppose the rest. If I have a criticism for Mrs. Lowndes' otherwise admirable handling of the affair it is that she depends too much on the involuntary eavesdropper; before long, indeed, I was forced to conclude either that *Lily* possessed a miraculous sense of overhearing, or that the acoustic properties of the lonely house rendered it conspicuously unsuited for the maturing of felonious little plans. But this is a trifle compared with the delights of such a feast of first quality thrills.

The extraordinary cleverness of *A Woman's Man* (Heinemann) is the thing which most impresses me about this life story of a French man of letters, at the height of his fame somewhere in the eighteen-nineties. He is made to

tell his own story, and pitfalls for the author must have abounded in such a scheme, but Miss MARJORIE PATTERSON seems to have fallen into very few of them. *Armand de Vaucourt* is a self-deceiving sensualist who justifies his amours as necessary to literary inspiration and neglects his wife only to find, too late, that she has been his guardian angel, her love the source of all that was worth while in his life and work. There have been such characters as *Armand* in fiction who yet made some appeal to the reader's affection; it is the book's worst defect that *Armand* makes none. His recurring despairs and passions grow tedious; his final but rather incomplete change of heart left me sceptical as to how long it would have lasted had the book carried his history any further. *Armand* as a study of a certain type of egoist is supreme; my difficulty was that I had no desire to study him. Even *Maria-Thérèse Colbert*, the decadent wife of his publisher, a very monster among women, is more interesting. Miss PATTERSON is on the side of the angels, but she makes her way to them through some nasty mire, calling spades spades with a vigour which seems to have prevented her from paying much attention to some beautiful and hopeful things which also have everyday names.

Germany's High Sea Fleet in the World War (CASSELL), which is Admiral SCHEER'S addition to the entertaining series, "How we really won after all," by German Military and Naval commanders, gives you, on the whole, the impression of an honest sailor-man telling the truth as he sees it and only occasionally remembering that he must work in one of the set pieces of official propaganda. To a mere layman this record is of immense and continual interest; to the professional, keen to know what his opposite number was doing at a given time, it must be positively enthralling, especially the chapter on the U-boats, with its discreet excerpts from selected logs. Incidentally one can't withhold tribute of reluctant admiration for the technical achievements of the submarines and the courage, skill and tenacity of their commanders and crews. Most readers will find themselves turning first to the account of the Jutland battle. The tale is told not too boastfully, though the Admiral claims too much. Perhaps that may be forgiven him, as he certainly took his long odds gamely and fought his fleet with conspicuous dexterity. Also the German naval architects and ordnance folk proved to have a good thing or two up their sleeves, and the gunnery, for a time at any rate, was unexpectedly excellent. Naturally perhaps Admiral SCHEER may be claimed as supporting the Beattyites rather than the Jellicoists. But he is biassed and goes further than the most extreme of the former school. For his real grievance against the British Navy, constantly finding vent, is that it did not ride bravely in, with bands playing, to the perfectly good battleground prepared with good old German thoroughness under the guns of Heligoland.



Dear Old Soul. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR BRINGING ME ACROSS. I *DO* SO HOPE YOU'LL GET SAFE BACK AGAIN."

No pioneer work was ever more persistently attacked by the weapons of ridicule and contempt than that of the Salvation Army, and I suggest that all who sat in the hostile camp should read *William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army* (MACMILLAN), and see for themselves what ideas and ideals they were opposing. Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE has done his work well, and the only fault to be found with him is that his ardour has sometimes beguiled him into recording trivialities; and this error strikes one the more as BOOTH, both in his strength and in his weakness, was not trivial. When this, however, is said, nothing but praise remains for a careful study both of the man and of his methods. The instrument upon which BOOTH played was human nature, and he played upon it with a sure hand because he understood how difficult it is to touch the spirit when the body is suffering from physical degradation. To this must be added a genuine spiritual exaltation and love of his fellow-man and also an indomitable courage. Few men could have emerged with hope and enthusiasm unquenched from such a childhood as BOOTH'S; but we know how he lived to conquer all opposition and to promote and organise what is perhaps the greatest movement of modern times. In paying our tribute to him for his successful crusade against misery and evil we are not to forget his wife, whose unfailing love and devotion were his constant support.

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S short stories and studies in *Tatterdemalion* (HEINEMANN) are divided into "of war-time" and "of peace-time." I think the greater part of the author's faithful company of readers will prefer the latter. Mr. GALSWORTHY has less than most men the kind of mind that can put off the burden of the suffering of war or submit easily to the difficult need for us all to think one way in a time of national crisis. But "Cafard," study of a *poilu* in the despairing depression that comes of the fatigue and horror of long fighting, who is lifted back to courage by a little frightened beaten mongrel whose confidence he wins, so forgetting his own trouble, was written, one can feel, because the author wanted to write it, not because he felt it was expected of him. Of the peace-time sketches "Manna," with the theme of a penniless and eccentric parson charged with stealing a loaf of bread and acquitted against the evidence, is as admirable as it is unexpected in flavour. For the rest there is good GALSWORTHY, if not of the very best, and but little that one would not praise highly if it came from an author of lower standards.

Three members, quite impune to scowl or snub,
Disturbed the quiet of the selfsame club;
The first in resonance of snore surpassed,
The next in raucousness, in both the last.
Patience, exhausted, heaved a futile sigh;
No force can cure them and they will not die.

CHARIVARIA.

A SWEDISH scientist has invented a new building material called sylvenselosit. It is said to cost one-fifth the price of the building material in use in this country, which is known to the trade as wishyumagetit.

* * *

A folding motor-car is said to have been invented which has a greater speed than any other car. The next thing that requires inventing is a folding pedestrian to cope with it.

* * *

Berlin manufacturers are experimenting in making clothing from nettles. This is a chance that the nettle has long been waiting for.

* * *

A business magazine suggests that a series of afternoon chats with business men should be arranged. Our war experience of morning back chats at the grocer's is not encouraging.

* * *

The capture of General CARRANZA, says a Vera Cruz message, was a mistake on the part of General SANCHEZ. We trust this does not mean that they will have to start the thing all over again.

* * *

Those who understand the Mexican trouble say it is doubtful whether America can deal with this war until the Presidential election is over. One war at a time is the American motto.

* * *

We gather from a contemporary that people who have been ordering large stocks of coal in the hope of escaping the new prices will be disappointed. Still, they may get in ahead of the next advance.

* * *

The inventor of the silent typewriter is now in London. We seem to know the telephone which gave him the idea.

* * *

A man at Bow Street Court complained that the Black Maria which conveyed him there was very stuffy. Some prisoners say that this vehicle is so unhealthy as to drive custom away from the Court.

* * *

Fruit blight threatens to be serious this year, says a daily paper, and drastic action should be taken against the apple weevil. A very good plan is to make an imitation apple of iron and then watch the weevil snap at it and break off its teeth.

* * *

One North of England workman is said to be in a bit of a hole. It seems that he has mislaid his strike-fixture card.

* * *

Immediately after a football match at Londonderry, one of the players was shot in the leg by an opponent. The latter claims that he never heard the whistle blow.

* * *

Dr. EUGENE FISK, President of the Life Extension Institute, promises by scientific means to prolong human life for nineteen hundred years. If this is the doctor's idea of a promise we would rather not know what he would call a threat.

* * *

Wood for making pianos, says a weekly journal, is often kept for forty years. "And even this," writes "Jaded Parent," "is not half long enough."

* * *

With reference to the man who was seen laughing at Newport last week, it is only fair to point out that he was not a ratepayer, but was only visiting the place.

* * *

LARRY LEMON, says *The Sunday Express*, is considered to be better than CHARLIE CHAPLIN. As he is quite a young man, however, it is possible that he may yet grow out of it.

* * *

The Clerk of the oldest City Company writes to *The Times* to say that his Livery has resolved to drink no champagne at its feasts. Meanwhile other predictions as to the end of the world should be treated with reserve.

* * *

After the statement in court by Mr. Justice DARLING people contemplating marriage should book early for divorce if they want to avoid the rush.

* * *

"Why Marry?" says the title of a new play. While no valid reason appears to exist many declare that it is a small price to pay for the satisfaction of being divorced.

* * *

Three-fourths of the public only buy newspapers to read the advertisements, says a contemporary. It would be interesting to know what the others buy them for.

* * *

"Few people seem to realise," says a cinema gossip, "that Miss S. Eaden, the American film actress, is fond of tulips." We are ashamed to confess that we had not fully grasped this fact.

* * *

It appears that one newspaper has decided that May 24th shall be the opening date for ceasing to notice the cuckoo. Will correspondents please note?

* * *

"Things are unsettled in Ireland," says a gossip writer. We think people should be more careful what they say. Scandal like this might get about.

* * *

A certain golf club has petitioned the local Council for permission to play golf "in a modified form." Members who recently heard the Club Colonel playing out of the bunker at the seventh declare that no substantial modification is possible.

* * *

A new invention for motorists makes a buzzing sound when the petrol tank is getting low. This is nothing compared with the motor-taxes invented by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which make the motorist himself whistle.

* * *

In the opinion of a weekly paper no dog can stand the sound of bagpipes without setting up a howl. This only goes to prove, what we have always contended, that dogs are almost human.



Visitor. "WHY DOES YOUR SERVANT GO ABOUT THE HOUSE WITH HER HAT ON?"
Mistress. "OH, SHE'S A NEW GIRL. SHE ONLY CAME THIS MORNING, AND HASN'T YET MADE UP HER MIND WHETHER SHE'LL STAY."

THE LIBERAL BREACH.

(As viewed dispassionately by a looker-on.)

When dog with dog elects to fight
I take no hand in such disputes,
Knowing how hard they both would bite
Should I attempt to part the brutes.

So in the case of man and wife
My rooted habit it has been,
When they engage in privy strife,
Never to go and barge between.

Nor do I join the fighting front
When Liberal sections disagree,
One on the Coalition stunt
And one on that of Freedom (Wee).

Though tempted, when I see them tear
Each other's eyes, to say, "Be good!"
As an outsider I forbear,
Fearing to be misunderstood.

Fain would I use my gift of tact
And take a mediatorial line,
But shrewdly recognise the fact
That this is no affair of mine.

Yet may I venture to deplore
A great tradition cheaply prized,
And yonder, on the Elysian shore,
The ghost of Gladstone scandalised.

But most for him I mourn in vain
Whom Fate has dealt so poor a fist
(Recalling Shakspeare's gloomy Dane,
That solid-fleshed soliloquist)—

O cursèd spite that he was born
(Asquith, I mean) to close the breach
And save a party all forlorn
By mere rotundity of speech.

O. S.

A LIAR'S MASTERPIECE.

My friend Arthur's hobby is the stupendous. He conceives himself to be the direct successor of the mediæval travel-story merchants. War-tales, of course, are barred to him, for nothing is too improbable to have happened during the War, and all the best lies were used by professionals while Arthur was still serving. Once, however, in his career he has realised his ambition to be taken for a perfect liar, and that time he happened to be speaking the simple truth. I was his referee and he did it in this wise.

When Allenby was making his last great drive against the Turk, he was no doubt happy in the knowledge that Arthur and I were pushing East through Bulgaria to take his adversary in the rear. We pushed with speed and address, but just when it looked as if we should exchange the tactical for the practical we stopped and rusticated at the hamlet of Skeetablista, on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier.

Skeetablista was under the control of Marko and Stefan and an assorted following of Bulgar cut-throats. Although the mutual hatchet had been interred a bare three weeks we found ourselves among friends. Thomas Atkins was soon talking Bulgarian with ease and fluency, while his "so-called superiors," as the company Bolshevik put it, celebrated the occasion by an international dinner in Marko's quarters. The dinner consisted chiefly of rum (provided by us) and red pepper (provided by Marco and Stefan).

These latter were bright and eager youths from Sofia military academy, and while the rum and red pepper passed gaily round they talked the shop of their Bulgarian Sandhurst in a queer mixture of English and French. They made living figures for us of the Kaiser, who had inspected them not long before, of Ferdie and of Boris his son, and told moving tales of British gunfire from the wrong end. We countered with Kitchener, Lloyd George and the British Navy, while outside in the night the Thracian wolves howled derisively at both alike.

"I should like plenty to travel away and see the other countries," said Marko, rolling us cigarettes after dinner. "This is a good country, but *ennuyant*. 'Ow the wolfs make plenty *brouhaha* to-night, *hein?* Stefan, did you command the guard to conduct our frien's 'ome?"

Stefan waggled his head from side to side in assent.

"Yes," continued Marko, "to see Italie, Paris, Londres. Particulierly Londres."

"I live in London," Arthur remarked.

"You live?" said Marko with interest. "Tell me, 'ow great is Londres?"

"How great?" repeated Arthur, doubtful what kind of greatness was indicated, moral or material.

"*Oui*, 'ow great? From one side to the other side?"

"Oh, I see," replied Arthur, and took thought. "About twenty-five kilometres, I suppose."

"Twenty-five!" Marko's eyes rounded with astonishment. "*Écoute, Stefan; vingt-cinq kilomètres.*"

"But—but," demanded Stefan, "'ow many people is there?"

"About six millions," replied Arthur, swelling with pleasure. At last he had found his incredulous audience.

"But that is a nation! I do not know if there are so many in all Bulgarie," cried Marko. "'Ow do they travel? No droski could go so far—it is a day's march. But perhaps you 'ave tramway? In Sofia we 'ave tramway," he added, not without pride.

"There are trams, but most of the people travel in busses——"

"Bussesse?" interjected Stefan. "*Qu' est-ce que c'est*, bussesse?"

"Lorries—*camions*. Big automobiles containing many people. And there are also underground railways, railways under the ground in a tunnel. You know tunnels?"

"*Oui, galleria.* But a railway under a town—*mon Dieu!*" said Marko, appalled. "'Ow do the people descend to it?"

"In lifts—*ascenseurs*. From the street."

Stefan nodded assent. "I 'ave seen *ascenseurs* at Sofia," he said.

"In these tunnels," continued Arthur, visibly warming to his work, "trains go to all parts of the town every three minutes, and the cost is only twenty *statinki*. The streets above are paved with wood."

"With *wood! Kolossal!*" said Marko, forgetting our prejudice against Bosch idiom in his wonder at this crowning marvel.

To what lengths of veracity Arthur would have gone I never knew, for at that moment a trampling of feet and a hoarse command outside announced the arrival of our escort, and Marko, still in a sort of walking swoon of amazement, went out to give them their orders.

Stefan regarded us with twinkling eyes.

"Ah, *farceur!*" he remarked, shaking his finger waggishly at Arthur. "I know all the time you make the joke, but poor Marko, you 'ave deceived 'im *absolument*. Railway under the ground, streets of wood, 'e swallow it all. Oh, naughty *Baroutchik!*"

The wolves did not come near us and our escort on our way home, but they could have had Arthur for the taking. At the moment he had nothing left to live for.

"Johannesburg tramway men started a lightning strike on Thursday owing to the suspension of a conductor."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems a logical reason.

"Do not waste any time in entering for our 'Hidden' Geography Competition."

Daily Paper.

Thanks for the advice; we won't.

"Linacre Lecture.—Dr. Henry Head, F.R.L., 'Aspasia and Kindred Disorders of the Speech.'"—*Cambridge Calendar.*

Yet this is the lady who is supposed to have inspired the most famous of Pericles' orations.

"Furnished Railway Carriage in Surrey garden to Let; 8 beds; company's water, gas-cooker, and light: 2gs. weekly."

Daily Paper.

Miss Daisy Ashford seems to have foreseen this development when she wrote of *Mr. Salteena's* "compartments."



THE RELUCTANT THRUSTER.

Mr. Asquith (*performing the function of a battering-ram*). "I CONFESS THAT AT MY TIME OF LIFE I SHOULD HAVE PREFERRED A MORE SEDENTARY IF LESS HONORIFIC SPHERE OF USEFULNESS."



Profiteer (after trying a variety of patterns without success). "WELL, IT LOOKS PRETTY 'OPELESS WHEN THEY WON'T 'AVE A GOLD FLY. WHAT DO THEY EXPECT—DIAMONDS?"

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

(*By our tireless Political Penetrator.*)

FOR some time past, I understand, the Government has been considering steps to bring the personalities of Cabinet Ministers more prominently into the public eye. "We are not sufficiently known," said Sir WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, who has the matter in hand, "as living palpitating figures to the man in the street. We do not grip the nation's heart. We lack pep."

I told him that it was a pity about pep. I felt that the Government ought to have pep. and plenty of it. If possible they ought to have vineg. and must. too.

"You are right," he said. "Occasional paragraphs in the Press, snapshots which take us very likely with one leg stuck out in front as if we were doing the goose-step, rare provincial excursions and bouquets from admiring mill-girls are all very well in their way, but they are nothing to constant personal appearances at stated times and in stated places before an admiring mob. The heroes of sport are overshadowing us," he continued with a sigh, pushing me over a box of cigars.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked, lighting one and putting another carefully behind my ear.

"You must remember first," he replied, "that this is quite a modern difficulty. Statesmen of the past used to make their leisurely progress through the town surrounded by retainers on horseback, or in sedan-chairs, beautifully dressed and scattering largesse as they went. THOMAS À BECKET, the great Primate and Chancellor, used to have poor men to dine with him and crowds thronging round to bless him. To-day, I suppose, JOE BECKETT in his flowered dressing-gown would be a more popular figure than Lord BIRKENHEAD and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, if you can imagine them rolled into one. In CHARLES II.'s reign, when politicians used to play *pêle-mêle* where the great Clubs are now, anyone could rub shoulders with my lord of BUCKINGHAM and, if he was lucky, get a swipe across the shins with the ducal mallet itself. That is the kind of thing we want now.

"I had thoughts of running popular excursions down to Walton Heath, but I am not sure that the people would care to go so far even to see Sir ERIC GEDDES carrying the home green and Lord RIDDELL—the Riddell of the sands, as we call him affectionately down there—getting out of a difficult bunker. So I am trying to arrange for a few putting greens in railed-off spaces in St. James's Park near the pelicans, and we also propose to hold there on fine summer days the breakfast parties for which the PRIME MINISTER is so famous. We shall make a point of throwing not only crumbs to the birds, but slices of bread and marmalade to the more indigent spectators. We shall also try to get two or three open squash racket courts in Whitehall, so that on hot summer days the most carping critic who watches a rally between Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR will have to admit that we are doing our utmost to eliminate waste-products."

"But what about the clothes and the stately progress and the largesse?" I asked; the largesse idea had struck me with particular force.



Farmer. "Dear me! C-can I do anything?"
Airman. "Thanks, but really I think I've done all there is to be done."

"We are thinking of goat carriages and overalls for economy," he said, "and the largesse cannot, I am afraid, be allowed for in the Treasury Estimates. But we shall certainly scatter a handful or two of O.B.E.'s as we go."

"And how will you deal with the country and the outer suburbs?" I asked when my admiration had partially subsided.

"Ah, there you have the Cinema," replied Sir William enthusiastically. "We are going to make great strides with the Cinema. Our first film, which is now in preparation, deals with the Leamington episode and has been very carefully staged. It has been necessary, of course, in the interests of art to elaborate the actual incidents to a certain extent. Coalition Liberals, for instance, were obliged to board the train in the traditional manner of the screen, leaping on to it whilst in motion and climbing, some by way of the brakes and buffers, some along the roofs of the carriages, into their reserved compartment. Then again we could not reassemble the actual gathering of Wee Frees to represent the enemy, but we secured the services of actors well trained in Wild West and "crook" parts, capably led by those two prominent comedians, *Mr. Mutt* and *Mr. Jeff*. The film ends, of course, with the second meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, when *Messrs. Mutt* and *Jeff* again appear as comic and objectionable interrupters, and are ignominiously hurled into the street.

"Very soon we hope to have all important Parliamentary debates filmed. It will be essential, of course, to provide some comic relief, and we are relying confidently on certain Members to practise the wearing of mobile moustaches and to take lessons in the stagger, the butter slide, the business with the cane and the quick reversal of the hat."

"In short you think politics should be more spectacular?"

"That's it," he said. "Hobbs the mammoth hitter and a little less of the *Leviathan*."

Greatly impressed I bit off the end of his second cigar and went back to the office to look up *Leviathan*. V.

An Optimist.

"The pastor of the —— Congregational Church has been ordered by his medical adviser to take a rest. The rev. gentleman is therefore spending a fortnight's holiday in Ireland."—*Provincial Paper.*

"During the period of waiting before the bridal party appeared, the organist played Wagner's 'Bridal Chorus,' and 'Cradle Song' (Guilmant)."—*West Country Paper.*

The organist seems to have been rather a forward fellow.

With the Polo-season imminent we feel that we must not withhold from intending players the admirable and disinterested advice given in an Indian Trade circular:—

"The skill of a polo player lies in his well management of horse in the turmoil of Play. Ill-weighed Polo sticks make the situation worse if the horse is not so kept.

We try our best to construct Polo sticks in such a way as may help the player in the blur of game and put him in a more progressing mood.

Make a real pleasure of your game and not labour as other sticks than ours would tend to make it. A fond player would like to give anything for a good stick."

HOME-SICKNESS;

OR, THE SINN FEINER ABROAD.

(*After "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," with sincere apologies to Mr. W. B. YEATS.*)

I WILL arise and go now to Galway or Tralee
And burgle someone's house there and plan a moonlight raid;
Ten live rounds will I have there to shoot at the R.I.C.
And wear a mask in the bomb-loud glade.

And I shall have great fun there, for fun comes fairly fast,
Bonfires in the purple heather and the barracks burning fine,
There midnight is a shindy and the noon is overcast
And evening full of the feet of kine.

I will arise and go now, for always in my sleep
There comes the sound of rifles and low moans on the shore;
I see the sudden ambush and hear the widows weep,
And I like that kind of war.

EVOE.

AURAL TUITION.

THE only other occupant of the carriage was a well dressed man of middle age, clad in English clothes, but from many slight signs palpably a foreigner of some sort.

Soon after the train started I noticed that his mouth and throat were twitching and I surmised that he was about to speak. But speech is no term in which to describe the queer animal, vegetable and mineral sounds which issued from him. First his mouth opened slightly and he seemed about to sneeze. Next I was conscious of a scraping noise in his throat, accompanied by a slight ticking. It appeared that he was going to have a fit and I regretted that we were alone. The noise grew louder, took on speed and rose in a crescendo almost to a screech. Then a few more scrapes, as of a pencil on a slate, and I began to detect that he was speaking. His lips did not move, so that his voice had a curiously distant sound. Nevertheless the words were clearly audible.

The following is what he said in a low, metallic monotone: "Good morning, Sir. I am very pleased to meet you. Can you tell me what o'clock it is? I am much obliged. I wish to descend at Manchester. At what hour do we arrive there? There are few passengers to-day. The weather is fine. I beg your pardon if I do not make myself clear. I do not speak English perfectly as yet. No doubt I have need of much practice. Can I send a telegram from the next station? Is there a good hotel at Manchester? Will you do me the favour—— "

"Stop," I cried, after having several times opened my mouth to answer one or other of his questions.

As soon as I spoke the words ended with a sudden click; the voice descended and became a scrape; at last silence.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I shall be happy to give you any information I can if you will ask one question at a time. You evidently speak English very well indeed."

His face lighted with approval of the compliment and then the whole performance began over again. Once more the wheeze, the scrape, the screech, the tick and all the rest of it. I became terrified at these painful impediments in his speech.

I remembered that somebody had once told me what to do on such occasions. It was either to throw the patient upon his back and move his arms up and down in a travesty of rowing or to slap him violently on the back. Seeing that the stranger was several times larger than myself I chose with diffidence the latter course. Rising to my feet I turned him round and thumped his back vigorously. He received the treatment with amiable smiles. Next he produced from his pocket a booklet, which he handed to me with a polite bow, desisting entirely from his menagerie noises.

I am of a nervous temperament and needed some minutes' rest in which to collect myself. Then I began to examine the stranger's gift.

It was a well-printed pamphlet, obviously an advertisement:—

"HOW TO LEARN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

The One Truly Scientific Method.

The only way to acquire the real accent of the native is to listen repeatedly to the language spoken by a native. With our phonograph No. 0034 and a selection of suitable records the student may listen for as many hours daily as he chooses to the voice of a native speaking his own language."

Lower down I saw: "Contents of Records. No. 1, At the Hotel; No. 2, At the Railway Station; No. 3, In the Train." Ah! there it was—the whole monologue:—

"Good morning, Sir. I am very pleased to meet you. Can you tell me ——?"

The explanation relieved me; I turned to my fellow-traveller.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I congratulate you on being the perfect pupil. Your teacher, could it feel such emotions, would be proud of you. Only to an exceptional student can it be given so faithfully to reproduce "His Master's Voice."

FIGURE-HEADS.

"YOU never see a decent figure-'ead,
Not now," Bill said;
"A fiddlin' bit o' scrollwork at the bow,
That's the most now;
But Lord! I've seen some beauties, more'n a few,
An' some rare rum uns too.

"Folks in all sorts o' queer old-fashioned rigs,
Fellers in wigs,
Chaps in cocked 'ats an' 'elmets, lords an' dukes,
Folks out o' books,
Niggers in turbans, mandarins an' Moors,
And 'eathen gods by scores;

"An' women in all kinds o' fancy dresses—
Queens an' princesses,
Witches on broomsticks too, an' spankin' girls
With streamin' curls,
An' dragons an' sea serpents—Lord knows what
I've seen an' what I've not!

"An' some's in breakers' yards now, thick with grime
And weathered white wi' time;
An' some stuck up in gardens 'ere an' there
With plants for 'air;
An' no one left as knows but chaps like me
How fine wi' paint an' gold they used to be
In them old days at sea."

C. F. S.

"Bag and Baggage."

"According to present arrangements the Turkish Peace Treaty will be presented to the Turkish delegation on May 11 at 4 p.m. in the Cloak Room of the French Foreign Office."—*Times*.

These ceremonies are usually conducted in the Salon de l'Horloge, but the new *venue* was doubtless thought more appropriate for disposing of the Turkish *impedimenta*.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE STRIKE AGAINST THE PRICE OF CLOTHES IS SPREADING.

[*Fashion Note.*—Lady Germanda Speedwell was seen walking in the Park looking sweet in a rhubarb-leaf hat, the stalk worn at the side. Her corsage was of clinging ivy leaves, in contrast to the fuller effect of her banana-skin skirt. Her companion wore the usual morning-coat and kilt of grass, but struck a new note with a pumpkin hat.]

THE MAKING OF A CRISIS.

[We are privileged to-day to publish an unwritten chapter from Mr. H. G. WELLS' *History of the World*. It is entitled "The Slime Age," and has a topical interest since it outlines the methods of production of the Crisis, the only article of which the supply to-day exceeds the demand.]

OUT of all this muddle and confusion and slipshod thinking there arose one man with a purpose, one man who fixed his eyes on a single inevitable goal and walked straight at it, not minding what or whom he trod upon on the way. His purpose was the mass-production of crises, and he created crises as rabbits create their young, nine at a time. In those fuddled incompetent days before the Great War the crisis was a little-known phenomenon. Here and there in the drab routine of peaceful corpulent years there flashed in the prosperous firmament the baleful light of a great anxiety. Agadir was one; CARSON and his gun-runners was another. But they were few; they came like rare comets and were forgotten.

Then in the Great War a new habit was born in the minds of the people, the habit of crises. Even then at first they came decently, in ordered succession—Mons, Ypres, the Coalition, Gallipoli. But the people's craving was insatiable; the people cried for more crises.

Then this man stood up and said to the people, "I will give you crises."

And he did. Instead of a casual crisis here and there, to every year a crisis or two, he gave them a crisis every month, every week, every day, and still they were not satisfied. And so, at last, out of all the muddle and waste and pettifogging stupidity this man created crises as men create matches, by the gross. And this was how he created them:—

Extract from "The Slime," April 3rd, a paragraph in the Foreign Intelligence:—

"BOBADIG, *April 1st.*

"A party of French mules, passing to their quarters in the vilayet of Arimabug, were to-day attacked by an Australian sheep on the staff of the British Military Mission. It is feared that many of the mules were injured. Feeling runs high among the peasantry, incensed already by the failure of the British Government to provide mosquito-nets for the sacred goats."

Extract from a leading article in "The Slime," April 6th, on Land Tenure in Wales:—

"... Parliament to-day will be occupied with the preposterous Budget proposals, but we hope our legislators will find time to press the PRIME MINISTER for an explanation of the outrageous incident at Bobadig reported in our columns last week. There is only too good reason to fear that the policy of alternate violence and inertia, against which we have so often protested, has at last inflamed the law-abiding animals of Bobadig ..."

From "The Slime" Special Correspondent:—

BOBADIG, *April 8th.*

"Since my last message (much mutilated by the Censor) events have moved rapidly. Two of the mules have died of their injuries in hospital; three others lie in a dangerous condition at Umwidi, four miles away, where they fled for refuge from the wanton onslaught of the Australian sheep. This sheep, it now transpires, was the personal attendant of General Riddlecombe, Head of the Military Mission, a circumstance which is not calculated to allay the local animosity which the incident has aroused. The situation will require all the tact that the British Government can command."

Extract from the Special Crisis Column of "The Slime," April 11th:—

"ANGLO-ARMENIAN RELATIONS.
GRAVE WARNING.

"In a telegram which we print in another column our Special Correspondent in Armenia confirms to-day the serious fears to which we gave expression in our issue of April 6th concerning the possibility of a crisis in Anglo-Armenian relations. The incident of the Bobadig mules is already bearing fruit, and we can no longer doubt that popular feeling in the vilayet of Arimabug has been dangerously inflamed by the obtuse procrastination of the British Government. These unfortunate mules. ..."

"SCRATCHIPOL, *April 10th.*

"Communications with Bobadig have broken down, but it is reported that a mule was buried there on Sunday in circumstances of great popular excitement. A large crowd followed the body to the cemetery and made a demonstration after the ceremony outside the house of the local veterinary surgeon, who is alleged to have treated the animal for mumps instead of sheep-shock, with fatal results."

From "The Slime," April 14th.

"GRAVE CRISIS.
ARMENIAN ANGER.
THE MURDERED MULES.

"As we feared, a serious crisis has arisen in Anglo-Armenian relations. At Bobadig a third mule has perished and his interment was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration against the policy of Great Britain. In diplomatic circles no one is attempting to conceal that the situation is extremely grave. The PRIME MINISTER has returned to Downing Street from Le Touquet. Shortly after his arrival the Armenian Minister drove up in a motor-cab and was closeted with the PREMIER for a full ten minutes. After lunch, Lord Wurzel arrived in his brougham. At tea-time the Minister of Mutton-Control dashed up in a 24 'bus, followed rapidly by the Secretary of State for War on his scooter. Mr. Burble wore an anxious look. ..."

Extract from a leading article in "The Slime," April 16th:—

"SPIT IT OUT.

"We trust it is not already too late to appeal to the Government to extricate the Empire from the perilous position in which their wilful stupidity has placed it. The news from Bobadig is exceedingly serious. Another of the affronted mules has perished in circumstances of the foulest indignity; it only remains for the other two to die for the triumph of British statesmanship to be complete. These wretched creatures are being slowly sacrificed for the foolish whim of a British Prime Minister. No doubt remains that they have been subjected to sheep-shock by the savage bites of the Australian animal. The Government, blinded by



TRUE POLITENESS.

Party in Check Cap. "WILL YOU HAVE MY PLACE, SIR?"



House-hunter (after another fruitless day). "What about taking this? We could at least hang our pictures."

its own infatuate folly and deaf to the storms of popular indignation in this country, continues to treat them for mumps. . . . By this test the Government will be judged at the forthcoming election. They must realise that the time for trifling is past. If the resources of the British Empire are unable at this date to combat the menace of sheep-shock among the loyal mules of Bobadig, then indeed . . . . At least we are entitled to ask for an explanation of the presence of an infuriated sheep on the staff of a British General. The Prime Minister . . . ."

From "The Slime," April 17th.

"AT LAST.

The situation in Bobadig is easing rapidly. The Government has at last carried out the instructions of *The Slime*, and we understand that a Ministerial expert in sheep-shock has been sent to the assistance of the surviving mules. But while we may congratulate ourselves on the lifting of the clouds in that direction matters in West Ham give ground for the gravest anxiety. The wood-lice of West Ham are proverbially of an irritable nature, and the attitude of the Government has been calculated for some time to inflame . . ."

From "The Slime," April 19th.

"BOBADIG CRISIS OVER.

Premier Yields.

We are glad to report . . . ."

From "The Slime," April 20th.

"WEST HAM CRISIS BEGINS.

Wood Lice in Revolt.

Grave Warning.

Once again we must warn the Government . . . ."

And so on. A. P. H.

"Three swift fierce rounds between Beckett and Wells and the 18,000 spectators at Olympia last night witnessed the close of yet another great ring drama."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Beckett . . . bowed more by instinct than of set purpose to the shouting, over-wrought people who from the floor of Olympia shot up to the ceiling."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We had no idea until we read these paragraphs that the spectators took such an active part in the proceedings.

THE FAIRY BALL.

"I am asked to the ball to-night,
to-night;
What shall I wear, for I must look
right?"
"Search in the fields for a lady's-smock;
Where could you find you a prettier
frock?"

"I am asked to the ball to-night,
to-night;
What shall I do for my jewels bright?"
"Trouble you not for a brooch or a
ring,
A daisy-chain is the properest thing."

"I am asked to the ball to-night,
to-night;
What shall I do if I shake with fright?"
"When you are there you will understand
That no one is frightened in Fairyland."

R. F.

"WIT AND HUMOUR.

Ashton and District Undertakers' Association have advanced the prices of hearse and carriages for funerals."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

If this is the kind of humour that appeals to our contemporary it should alter the heading to "Grave and Gay."



THE LUXURIES OF THE RICH.

Club Member (owner of thirty thousand acre estate). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS—I MUST REALLY GET MY HAIR CUT. DASH IT, I'VE GOT THE MONEY."

COMMUNISM AT CAMBRIDGE.

[Bolshevism and Communism claim many adherents among the young intellectuals at our ancient Universities.—*Vide Press.*]

I AM a Socialist, a Syndicalist, an Anarchist, a Bolshevist—whatever you like to call me; if you wish to be precise, an International Communist.

Anyhow, as such I am opposed tooth-and-nail to the iniquity of the existing Competitive System. It is my intention to devote my life to its eradication, in whatever form it may be disguised, and to inaugurate an era of loving-kindness, peace, leisure and plenty, similar to that now enjoyed by the people of Russia.

But my duties do not lie only in the distant future; they are here, in the present, facing me in the University. For never, I think, was the unclean thing, Competition, so prevalent and unabashed as at Cambridge to-day.

Both in work and in sport is the evil rampant. Take as an example the reactionary custom of dividing the Tripos Honours List into three classes. Can you imagine anything more inducive to competition? Worse, it is a direct invitation to the worker—often, I am proud to say, unheeded—to exceed the one-hour-day for which we Communists are striving.

Even more deplorable is the competitive spirit in sport; more deplorable because more insidious. Even those whom we are wont to regard as our comrades and leaders are not always proof against the canker in this guise. I remember paying a visit to Fenner's, that fair field corrupted by competition, to raise my protest against inter-collegiate sports. To my indescribable grief and amazement I beheld one whom I had always followed and reverenced—a man of mighty voice oft lifted in debate—preparing to *compete* (mark the word) in a Three-Mile Race. "Stay, comrade," I cried. He heeded me not; moreover, it certainly appeared to me that he attempted—thank God, unsuccessfully—to win the race. Maybe I go too far in ascribing to him this desire to come in first, with a resultant triumph over his fellows; but was not his very entrance a countenancing of evil? Had he considered the feelings of bitter enmity inspired in the many who toiled behind him? And the encouragement to College rivalry!—a rivalry in no way differing from that between nations, save that College distinctions are, of course, less artificial.

It becomes obvious, I think, to every unprejudiced observer that most of the games now unfortunately so popular at the University—rowing, cricket, football and the like—*must go.* But let it not be assumed that the Communist is averse from recreation properly conducted; far from it. There is no possible objection to diabolo or top-spinning, for instance, and, though competitive marbles must not be played (whether on the Senate House steps or elsewhere), solitaire may be permitted as in no way provoking the deplorable spirit of rivalry.

Of other games the Communist will discard bridge, billiards and "general post"; and even "hunt-the-slipper" and "hide-and-seek" are not altogether free from the competitive taint. But an excellent game is open to him in "patience," while there is no pastime more indicative of the true Communistic spirit than "ring-a-ring o' roses," so long as proper care be taken that at the last "tishu" all the players collapse simultaneously.



HOMAGE FROM THE BRAVE.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (*to Member of the Royal Irish Constabulary*). "WELL, MATE, I HAD TO STICK IT AGAINST A PRETTY DIRTY FIGHTER, BUT THANK GOD I NEVER HAD A JOB QUITE LIKE YOURS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 10th.—But for the presence of a handful of Irish Peers and of Sir Edward Clarke (looking little older than when he pulverised Gladstone's second Home Rule scheme in 1893) you would never have thought that this was the first day in Committee of the Bill "for the better government of Ireland." The Ulstermen were on duty in full force, but the bench on which the Nationalists are wont to sit was, like their beloved country, "swarming with absentees."

Lord Hugh Cecil, like *Harlequin*, smote everyone impartially, one of his most telling strokes being the remark that the Prime Minister could not distinguish between the art of winning an election and the art of governing a country; but otherwise his performance was about on a par with that of Mr. Jack Jones, who spoke against the Amendment and voted for it. Mr. Bonar Law's declaration that the Bill, however unacceptable to Ireland at the moment, furnished the only hope of ultimate settlement, coupled with the Ulster leader's promise that, much as he loathed the idea of a separate Parliament, he would work it for all he was worth, carried the day. Mr. Asquith's Amendment was knocked out by 259 to 55.

In subsequent Amendments other Members attempted to emphasise the idea of ultimate union by calling the statutory bodies "Councils" instead of "Parliaments," and by setting up a single Senate to control them both. But they did not meet with acceptance. Captain Elliott thought the first as absurd as the idea that you could make two dogs agree by chaining them together, and Mr. Long dismissed the second with the remark (which shows how rapidly his political education has advanced since the Parliament Act) that he was in great doubt as to whether a Second Chamber was in itself a protection for minorities.



HARLEQUIN'S OFFENSIVE.
Lord Hugh Cecil.



A PROTESTING CONVERT.
Sir Edward Carson.

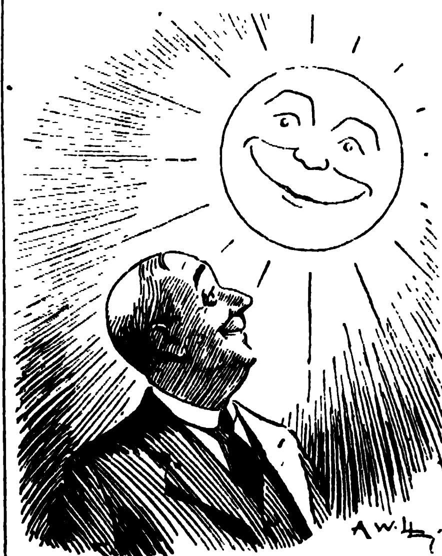
Tuesday, May 11th.—Lord Londonderry moved the second reading of the Air Navigation Bill. An important part of the Bill relates to trespass or nuisance by aeroplanes. The rights of the property-owner *usque ad cœlum* will obviously have to be considerably modified if commercial aviation is to be possible; but Lord Montagu entered a *caveat* against accepting the provisions of the Bill in this regard without close examination. Constant flying over a man's house or property might, as he said, constitute a serious nuisance. Imagine an "air-drummer," if one may so call him, hovering over a Royal garden-party and showering down leaflets on the distinguished guests.

The little *coterie* that is so nervously anxious lest this country should do anything to assist the Poles in their attacks on the Bolshevists was particularly active this afternoon. Even the Speaker's large tolerance is beginning to give out. One of the gang announced his intention of repeating a question already answered. "And I give notice," said Mr. Lowther, "that if the hon. and gallant Member does repeat it I shall not allow it to appear on the Notice-paper."

Another hon. Member wanted to know why, if we were not helping the Poles, we kept a British mission at Warsaw. "Among other things," replied Mr. Churchill, "to enable me to answer questions put to me here." A third sought information regarding the expenditure of the Secret Service money, and was duly snubbed by Mr. Chamberlain with the reply that if he answered the question the Service would cease to be secret.

The rejection of the Finance Bill was moved by Mr. Bottomley. In his view the Chancellor was making a great mistake in trying to pay off debt, especially if it meant the taxation of such harmless luxuries as champagne and cigars. "Let posterity pay," was his motto. Still, if Mr. Chamberlain was determined to persist in his foolish course, let him give him (Mr. Bottomley) a free hand and he would guarantee to raise a thousand millions in a month. The best comment on this oration was furnished by Mr. Barnes, who strongly advocated a tax upon advertisements.

Wednesday, May 12th.—The prevalent notion that the only road a Scotsman cares about is that which leads to England cannot be maintained in face of Lord Balfour's vigorous indictment of the Ministry of Transport for its neglect of the highways in his native Clackmannan. The Duke of Suther-



"SUMER IS Y-CUMEN IN."
Sir Robert Horne welcomes a useful ally.



Sergeant. "'OLD YER 'EADS UP! ALL THE FAG ENDS WAS PICKED UP LONG AFORE YOU—— 'ERE, WHAT THE---?"

Old Soldier (who has produced a small note-book). "ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I'M ONLY KEEPING A RECORD OF THE 'FAG END' JOKE. I'VE NOW HEARD IT TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN TIMES."

LAND was equally eloquent about the deplorable state of the Highlands, where the people were not even allowed telephones to make up for their lack of transport facilities. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and there was real danger that the Highlanders would vote "Wee Free" at the next General Election. Appalled by this prospect, no doubt, Lord LYTTON hastened to return a soft answer, from which we learned that three-quarters of a million had already been allocated to Scottish roads, and gathered that the dearest ambition of Sir ERIC GEDDES was to share the fame of the hero immortalised in the famous lines:—

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made
You would hold up your hands and bless General WADE."

Only Mr. KIPLING could do full justice to the story of the abduction, pursuit and recapture—all within thirty-six hours—of an English lady at Peshawar. Even as officially narrated by Mr. MONTAGU it was sufficiently exciting. The most curious and reassuring fact was that all the actors in the drama, abductors and rescuers alike, were Afridis. It is to be hoped that this versatile community includes a cinematograph operator, and that a film will, like the lady, shortly be "released."

The miners' representatives made an unselfish protest against the increase in the price of coal. Although it would justify them in demanding a further increase in their present inadequate wage they did not believe it was necessary or, at any rate, urgent. Sir ROBERT HORNE assured them that it was, and that the present moment—the season in happier days of "Lowest Summer Prices"—had been selected as the least inconvenient to the public.

Thursday, May 13th.—Ireland maintains its pre-eminence as the land of paradox. Among the hunger-strikers recently released from Mountjoy prison were (by an accident) several men who had actually been convicted. The House learned to its surprise that these men cannot be re-arrested, but are out for good (their own, though possibly not the community's); whereas the untried (and possibly innocent) suspects may be re-arrested at any moment.

The new Profiteering Bill, which, to judge by the criticisms levelled against its exceptions and safeguards, will be about as effective as its predecessor, was read a third time. So was the Health Insurance Bill, but not until a few Independent Liberals, led by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, had been rebuked for their obstructive tactics by Mr. MYERS and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN of the Labour Party. As the small hours grew larger this split in the Progressive ranks developed into a yawning chasm, and the Government got a third Bill passed before the weary House adjourned at six o'clock.

"It has been arranged that the Speaker shall make the presentation of plate [to Miss BONAR LAW], and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith will take part."—*Daily Chronicle.*

It is hoped that they will leave a substantial portion for the bride.

A SMALL FARM.

To all of you who have begun to gaze pensively at railway posters, to furrow your brows over maps and guide-books, or hover sheepishly about the inquiry offices of Holiday Touring Agencies, I would whisper: "Go to a small farm and bask."

You will note that I say a *small* farm. A large farm has much that is pleasant and pungent about it, but to my mind you cannot bask properly on a large farm. You are too much in the way. The medley of barns, byres, styes, rods, poles and perches is a hive of restless energy. Unless you are walking about with a bucket or prodding something with a stick you feel you have no right to be there. On a large farm you are expected to accompany your host across a couple of ten-acre fields to look at his young wheat. Some people can tell what is the matter with a field of young wheat by merely leaning on a gate and glancing at it. Unless I can feel its pulse or take its temperature I cannot tell whether young wheat is suffering from whooping-cough or nasal catarrh. All I can do is to nod my head sagely and say that, considering the sort of Government we have got, it looks pretty flourishing. Then my host remarks that he has got a young bull in Bodger's Paddock (about three miles across country) that it will do my heart good to see. That is the worst of a large farm; anything you want is sure to be several fields away from you.

Now at the small farm which I recommend, but the address of which I am not going to give away, you may lie and bask by the duck pond and be quite in the picture. Further, if a sudden irresistible desire for something—a hoe or a cow, for example—should come over you, you have only to put out your hand and grab it. There is a compactness about the place. They do not put the cattle in odd fields five miles apart, but leave them to lounge round the duck pond or sit in the front garden, where they can be collected without effort. There are no energetic squads of farm-labourers; no bustling battalions of land-girls with motor-plough attachments. The outdoor staff is generally to be found sitting on a bucket by the duck pond rubbing at a bit of harness and looking decently rural. When he has rubbed the harness he stands up and looks at the young wheat. Then he turns round and glances at the mangel-wurzel field. If the appearance of it displeases him he reaches out for a rake and puts it right. Then he sits on the bucket again and has lunch.

When you go to bed at this farm you knock your head against the lintel of the sitting-room with a force corresponding to your height and vitality. Then you hit your head a second time when ascending the stairs and again on entering the bedroom. If you are a heavy breather you sweep the ceiling clear of flies and cobwebs while you sleep. At dawn, or possibly an hour or so before (for he is a nervously conscientious bird), the farm cock steps off the roof of the cow-shed on to your window-sill and bursts into enthusiastic admiration of himself and things in general. Some people of an egoistic and unimaginative temperament get up at once, in order that they may spend the rest of the day telling you how much they enjoyed the sunrise and what a fool you were to miss it. The true basker, on the other hand, declines to be a party to a procedure which destroys the whole poetry of dawn and reduces the proud chanticleer to the sordid status of an alarum-clock. He simply pushes the bird off the window-sill with his foot, turns over and goes to sleep. And later on, when the sound of other people knocking their heads against various portions of the building arouses him, he goes to sleep again.



Shopman. "ARE YOU SURE ONE WILL BE SUFFICIENT?"
Member of the New Plutocracy. "WELL, I'VE ONLY ONE NECK, AIN'T I?"

"COUNTRY JOINER Wanted."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

To work on the Channel Tunnel?

BRIDGING THE LITERARY GULF.

(Famous Publisher's Great Scheme of Reconciliation.)

HEARING on good authority that Mr. Blinkingham, the well-known publisher, was about to launch an enterprise of a magnitude only comparable with that of the *Ency. Brit.* or the *D.N.B.*, Mr. Punch hastened to headquarters for confirmation of the report, was graciously admitted to his presence and furnished with the following interesting details. Mr. Blinkingham, it may be mentioned, is at all points a finely equipped representative of his class, handsome, well-groomed and wearing his monocle with distinction. His sanctum is furnished with delightfully catholic taste—Louis Quinze furniture, a Japanese embossed wall-paper, pictures by BOTTICELLI and Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS and statuettes of PLATO, VOLTAIRE and Mr. WELLS (the Historian, not the Bombardier).

After some preliminary observations on the deplorable condition of the pulp industry, Mr. Blinkingham unfolded his colossal scheme. "By way of preface," remarked the great literary *impresario*, "let me call your attention to the momentous statement made by the Editor of *The Athenæum* in the issue of May 7th: 'We doubt whether there has ever been a generation of men of letters so startlingly uneducated as this, so little interested in the study of the great writers before them.' The Editor of *The Athenæum* takes a most gloomy view of the situation, which is fraught with an atmosphere of hostility and suspicion inimical to a revival of criticism. Yet he sees in such a revival the only way of salvation, the only means of healing the internecine feud which is now convulsing the young literary world.

"For my own part I am convinced that a better way is to lure back the modernists to a study of great writers by presenting them in a more palatable form, not by compressing or abridging them—for that has been tried before—but by having them re-written in conformity with present-day standards by eminent contemporary writers. This notion had been germinating in my head for some time past, but I did not see my way clear until I read the luminous and epoch-making remark of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, that he would sooner have written *Tom Jones* than any book published these two hundred years. In a moment, in a flash, my scheme took shape. 'He shall write it, or rather re-write it,' I said to myself, and I have already submitted to this eminent man of letters my rough *scenario* of the lines on which FIELDING's novel should be brought home to the Georgian mind. In reply he has made a counter-suggestion that the characters should be rearranged on a Victorian basis, CHARLOTTE BRONTË replacing *Sophia*, THACKERAY *Mr. Allworthy*, while the title-rôle should be assigned to an enterprising publisher. But I am not without hope that he will adopt my plan.

"The revival of interest in the works of RICHARDSON, the other great eighteenth-century novelist, is, I think I may safely say, a foregone conclusion. Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON has enthusiastically welcomed the proposition that she should reconstruct the romances of her illustrious namesake, and confidently expects, on the basis of the method employed by her in *The Tunnel*, that she will be able to excavate at least a hundred volumes from the materials supplied in *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa Harlowe*.

"Nor shall we overlook the earlier masters. Professor CHAMBERLIN, whose thrilling lectures on QUEEN ELIZABETH and Lord LEICESTER have been the talk of the town for the last fortnight, has kindly undertaken to organise a new *variorum* version of the Plays of SHAKSPEARE, with the assistance of Mr. LOONEY, the writer of the recently-published and final work on the authorship of the plays. MILTON will be presented in both verse and prose, Mr. MASEFIELD having promised to re-write his epic in six-lined rhymed stanzas, shorn of Latinisms; while a famous novelist, who does not wish her name to appear at present, has consented to re-cast it in the form of a romance under the title of *The Miseries of Mephistopheles*.

"Returning to the eighteenth century, I am glad to be able to say that a brilliant reconstruction of POPE's *Dunciad* is promised by the SITWELL family, in which the milk-and-water school is held up to ridicule, with TENNYSON in the place of dishonour formerly occupied by THEOBALD. With a magnanimity that cannot be too highly commended, the staff of *The Times* has undertaken to adapt another forgotten work under the title of *Grey's Eulogy*, with special reference to the work of the League of Nations.

"I confess to feeling rather doubtful as to the possibility of reviving any interest in the works of SCOTT, DICKENS and THACKERAY. They are at once too near and too far. Still I hope to persuade Miss REBECCA WEST to try her hand at *Vanity Fair*. Then there is GEORGE ELIOT, another uncertain quantity, though perhaps something might be made of *The Mill on the Floss* if it were renamed *Tulliver's Travels*, and given an up-to-date industrial atmosphere by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. I have my eye on Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY as the man who could make a fine modern version of *Tom Brown's School-days*. At the moment he is too busy with his *Life of Queen VICTORIA*, but I feel sure he will not lightly abandon so splendid an opportunity of unmasking the pedantry and pietism of Dr. ARNOLD and throwing the white light of truth on 'Rugby Chapel.'"

BIRD CALLS.

III.

THE robin helps to brighten Winter days
And, if you listen carefully, he says,
"Oh please, oh please do leave some crumbs for me;"
It's greed, but still he says it cheerily.

The starling rolls his "r's" with unctuous joy
And, preening, wonders whom he may annoy,
Then imitates a hen, a water-fowl
And next the "Be quick" of a white barn-owl.

The heron has a fierce and yellow eye
And eats up all our fishes on the sly;
There seems to be but one he deigns to like,
For all I hear him say is simply "Pike."

Tree-creepers, like some busy brown field-mice,
Unwearying chase the furtive fat wood-lice,
Then round the oak-tree's bole they slyly peep
And tell you what you thought you knew—"We creep."

This is the way the sparrow calls his mate;
He says it early and he says it late,
He says it softly, but he says it clear:
"Come unto me, come unto me, my dear."

Dress at the Curzon Wedding.

"Princess —— wore a black hat, a cloak of tailless ermine, and a black and silver toque."
Daily Telegraph.

"Then came Mrs. —— in a dull golf hat."
Daily Graphic.

As a protest, we suppose, against the other lady's extravagance in wearing a couple of hats.

"John ——, a coloured man, was charged with using obscure language in Maria Street. The magistrates fined him 5s."—*Welsh Paper.*

Most unfair! Lots of men do the very same thing in Parliament and get paid four hundred pounds a year for it.

Heading from pp. 516, 517 of *Punch's* official rival, *The Telephone Directory*:

"SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD NOT ENGAGE ****** THE TELEPHONISTS IN CONVERSATION."

We should ourselves have placed the asterisks after the word "THE."

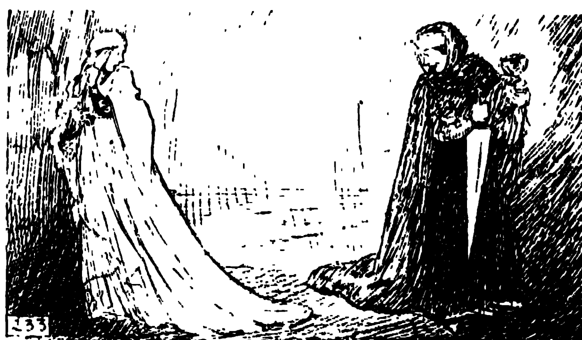
ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



STUDY OF A CHILD, SOME GOATS AND A HORSE. THE HORSE IS FULL OF FIRE AND LOOKS AS IF HE HAD JUST SPRUNG FROM HIS ROCKERS.



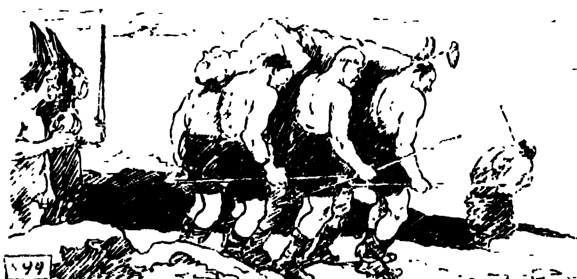
"DOUBLE OR QUIT." A SPORTING OFFER BY A PROFITEERING LANDLORD.



Fair Rosamond. "OH, MY GOODNESS! IS THAT A DAGGER?"
Queen Elinor. "QUITE RIGHT. BUT IT'S ONLY TO HEIGHTEN THE DRAMATIC EFFECT. I KNEW YOU WOULD PREFER POISON."



THE EXHAUSTED SITTER AND THE INEXORABLE ARTISTS.



PREHISTORIC PRIZE-FIGHTERS REMOVING A HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION AFTER HIS DEFEAT.



WINDOW-DRESSING IS NOW ONE OF THE FINE ARTS. A CHARMING GROUP OF WAX FIGURES MADE TO THE ORDER OF MESSRS. WHITERIDGE.



Excited Bather. "SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THESE ROCKS. ONE OF THEM IS TICKLING ME ON THE BACK!"

AT THE PLAY.

"WHY MARRY?"

THIS is a protracted discussion of a venerable topic and takes place in a sun-parlour, which I regret to say is the brightest thing about it.

John is a dollar-snob—it is *John's* parlour—and has two sisters, *Jean* and *Helen*. *John* is easily the heavy-weight champion in stage brothers. Sister *Jean*, who is entirely dependent on *John*, loves a poor man, but under *John's* guidance traps a rich one. Sister *Helen* (who has a job) also loves a poor man, but thinks marriage not good enough. This was, I imagine, due chiefly to living with *John* and *Mrs. John*. She may have got a touch of the sun-parlour. Her man is a terrific young scientist, who once with four colleagues deliberately let a dangerous Cuban mosquito nibble his arm. The colleagues died while *Ernest* survived, which I regretted. However he became demonstrator at the Institute of Bacteriology, with *Helen* as his assistant, and in the excitement of the imminent discovery of his new bacillus the two spend the night in the laboratory totally unchaperoned. The discovery saved thousands of American babes, but it ruined *Helen's* reputation.

Here the narrative becomes confused, but anyhow *John*, who was a trustee of the Institute, spent the three Acts in alternately sacking and reinstating *Helen* and *Ernest*, in thinking of a salary, doubling it, adding thousands of dollars to it and taking away the salary first thought of, together with the additions (and so *da capo*), according as he wished to prevent the marriage because of *Ernest's* poverty, or bring it off because of *Ernest's* disposition to take *Helen* to Paris (France) and dispense with empty rites, or postpone it to gain time, or, on the contrary, have it celebrated between the dressing and the dinner gongs in order to announce it to important members of the family, who, if I understood the butler aright, had already fallen on their food while host and hostess, two pairs of lovers, Uncle *Everett* and Cousin *John* were bickering in the sun-parlour.

Cousin *Theodore*, a guileless and dollarless clergyman, padded about on the outskirts of the discussion, making obvious remarks about the sanctity of marriage and enunciating the highest principles, which he promptly swallowed. But it was Uncle *Everett*, the judge (the only human figure in the bunch), who grasped the fact (long after I did, but let that pass) that the two principal young egotists simply loved being talked over at such gross length. To put an end to the business he used a trick whereby, apparently according to the law of the unnamed State in which the parlour was situate, the two were legally married without intending it. They had the tact to accept this solution, and this softened my heart towards them for the first time.

It was amusing to see Mr. AUBREY SMITH wondering how on earth he had



"WHY MARRY?"

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith (*Uncle Everett*). "DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?"

Miss Henrietta Watson (*Lucy*). "THERE ARE A GOOD MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS PLAY THAT I WOULDN'T CARE TO HAVE TO ANSWER."

got into this play, and Mr. A. E. GEORGE prowling about the stage intent apparently on showing how many ways there are of uttering "Pshaw!" and "Tut-tut!" or noise to that effect. It isn't as easy as it ought to be to do justice to players playing impossible parts; to Miss HENRIETTA WATSON struggling pluckily and skilfully with her *Mrs. John*; or to Mr. COWLEY WRIGHT or Miss ROSA LYND, so perfectly appalling did *Ernest* and *Helen* seem to me and so anxious was I to get them off to Paris respectably or otherwise. They never, by the way, gave me the faintest impression that they could ever have done work of any value in their laboratory.

I have no idea what the moral of this modern mystery play may be, but I did gather that the authoress was seriously perplexed, not perhaps in any startlingly new way, about the difficulties of marriage and the conventional hypocrisies that hedge round that honourable institution, but just forgot that serious argument cannot easily be conveyed through the medium of fantastically impossible and uninteresting people in an extravagantly farcical situation. The play was kindly received.

T.

THE MADNESS OF THE MACNAMARA.

(*From the Gaelic—with apologies to* BON GAULTIER.)

WEEFREES swore a feud
Against the clan McGeorgy;
Marched to Leamington
To hold a pious orgy;
For they did resolve
To extirpate the vipers
With thirty stout M.P.s
And all the Northsquith "pipers."

"Lads," said HOGGE and BENN
To their faithful scholars,
"We shall need to fight
To retain the dollars;
Here's MHIC-MAC-NAMARA
Coming with his henchmen,
HEWART, KELLAWAY
And several Front-Bench men."

* * *

"Coot-tay to you, Sirs,"
Said MHIC-MAC-NAMARA
In a voice that reached
From Leamington to Tara;
"So you 'd drum us out
To enjoy your plunder,
Adding to a crime
Suicidal blunder."

But the brave Weefrees,
Heedless of his bawling,
Drowned him with the storm
Of their caterwauling;
So MHIC-MAC-NAMARA
And the valiant KELLAWAY
Gave some warlike howls
And in haste got well away.

In this sorry style
Died ta Liberal Party,
Which in days of old
Had been strong and hearty;
This, good Mr. Punch,
Is ta true edition;
Here 's your fery coot health
And—bless ta Coalition!

Another Impending Apology.

"We are glad to be able to state in reference to our Pastor that, though much improved in health, he is still unfit to resume his work amongst us."——*Congregational Magazine.*

"This should bring joy to the heart of every resolutionary Socialist."
The Workers' Dreadnought.

All the Socialists we have met answer to this description.



ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W.S. (*otter-hunting for the first time*). "TIRED? COOKED TO A TURN! I WOULDN'T 'AVE COME SO FAR BUT ONE OF YOUR CHAPS TOLD ME YOU 'AD A STRONG DRAG UP THE RIVER AND I THOUGHT WE MIGHT ALL GO 'OME IN IT. AND NOW 'E SAYS IT'S ONLY A SMELL 'E MEANT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I SHOULD certainly call Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE our first living expositor of London in fiction. Indeed the precision with which, from his Italian home, he can recapture the aspect and atmosphere of London neighbourhoods is itself an astonishing feat. In *The Vanity Girl* (CASSELL) he has happily abandoned the rather breathless manner induced by the migratious *Sylvia Scarlett*, and returns to the West Kensington of *Sinister Street*, blended subsequently with that theatrical Bohemia in which *Jenny Pearl* danced her little tragedy. There is something (though by no means all) of the interest of *Carnival* in the new stage story; that the adventures of *Dorothy* lack the compelling charm of her predecessor is inevitable from the difference in temperament of the two heroines and the fact that Mr. MACKENZIE with all his art has been unable to rouse more than dispassionate interest in what is really a study of successful egotism. From the moment when, in the first chapter, we encounter *Dorothy* (whose real name was *Norah*) washing her hair at a window in Lonsdale Road, an eligible *cul-de-sac* ending in a railway line, beyond which a high rampart marked the reverse of the Earl's Court Exhibition panorama, to that final page on which we take leave of her as a widowed countess, sacrificing her future for the sake of an Earl's Court of a different *genre*, her career, sentimental, financial and matrimonial, is told with amazing vivacity but a rather conspicuous lack of emotional appeal. It is perhaps an unequal book; in parts as good as the author's best, in others hurried and perfunctory. One of our more superior Reviews was lately debating Mr. MACKENZIE'S command of the "memorable phrase." There are a score here that I should delight to quote, even if the setting is not always entirely worthy of them.

So long as "BERTA RUCK" will write for us such pretty books as *Sweethearts Unmet* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), we need never feel ourselves dependent on America for our supply of sugary novels. This home-grown variety is just as sweet, and really, I think, may be guaranteed not only harmless but positively beneficial. The authoress has evidently a tender pity for the young men and women whom our social conditions doom either to have no companions among their contemporaries or only the wrong ones. Her heroine represents the too-much-sheltered girl alone in an elderly circle, her hero the lonely young man who has no means of getting to know people of his own sort (I can't say class, because the authoress seems rather uncertain about that herself). Her story is written in alternate instalments by "the boy" and "the girl," a method which encourages intimacy in the telling as well as a sort of gushing attention to the reader not so pleasant. Miss NORA SCHLEGEL has drawn a pretty picture of *Julia* and *Jack* to adorn the wrapper, and I can assure everyone who cares to know it that they are just as nice as they look; *Jack's* passion for abbreviation ("rhodos" for rhododendrons) being the only ground of quarrel I have with them or their creator.

In *Passion* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. SHAW DESMOND desperately wants to say something terrific about love, money and power. His violence makes one feel that one is reading under a shower of brickbats, and it is the effort of dodging these which perhaps distracts the mind from his message. (Is he a Marinettist, I wonder?) There are not enough words in the language for him, so he invents fresh ones at will; while as for grammar and syntax he passionately throttled them in Chapter I.; nor did they recover. I will own that notwithstanding all this the author has a way of making you read on to find out what it is all about. You don't find out; but there, life's like that, isn't it? The author's ideas of the operations of high finance are ingenuous. The *Mandrill* (do I rightly guess this to be a portrait distorted from the life?), who is out to corner copper and "do down" the *Squid* (head of the opposing copper group), is, if you are to judge by his passionate exuberance at board meetings, about as likely to corner the green cheese in the moon. I imagine the author saying, "*Mandrills* mayn't be like that, but that's how I see 'em. It's my vision and mood that matter. Take it or leave it." Well, on the whole I should advise you to take it, first putting on a sort of mental tin hat. You'll at least have gathered that Mr. DESMOND is a lively writer.

Of a war-story reviewed in these pages some months ago I remember taking occasion to say that the author had damaged his effect by a too obvious wish to injure the reputation of a certain cavalry brigade (or words to that effect). Well, a book that I have just been reading, *The Squadron* (LANE), might in some sense be regarded as a counterblast to the former volume, since its writer, Major ARDERN BEAMAN, D.S.O., has admittedly intended it as a vindication of the work of the cavalry in the Great War. I can say at once that the defence could scarcely have found a better advocate. Major BEAMAN (who, I think superfluously, figures in his own pages in the fictional character of Padre) has written one of the most interesting records that I have read of personal experience on the Western Front. Partly this is explained by his fortunate possession of a style at once sincere, sanely balanced and always engaging. Also his story, apart from the matter of it, reveals in the men of whom he writes (and incidentally in the writer himself) a combination of just those qualities that we like to call essentially British. Cavalrymen of course will read it with a special fervour; but I am mistaken if its genial temper does not disarm even so difficult a critic as the ex-infantry Lieutenant—than which I could hardly say more. In short, *The Squadron* is a belated war book in which the most weary of such matters may well recapture their interest.

Written in the last great ebb and flow of the War, when the censorship still prevented anything like carping criticism of matters near the battle-front, *The Glory of the Coming* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) naturally resolves itself into a pæan of praise of the French and British armies in general and the American troops in particular, both white and black. Mr. IRVIN S. COBB brings good credentials to his task, for he saw the advance of the German army through Belgium in 1914, and in this book he describes the combined resistance to their last great effort before defeat. The accident, if we may so call it, to the Fifth Army has had nowhere a more eloquent apologist. "They were like ants; they were like flies," he says of the Germans; "they left their dead lying so thickly behind that finally the ground seemed as though it were covered with a grey carpet." There are interesting strictures in the later chapters on some of the quaint semi-official delegations and personages who persuaded the United States Government to let them come over and visit the War; and there are a number of quite good yarns of the Yankee private, related in the Yankee style. But better than all the American stories I think I like that of the Bedfordshire soldier who, when asked by the writer to direct him to Blérincourt during the chaos of the great retreat, replied, "I am rather a stranger in these parts myself." Perhaps by the way I ought to make it quite clear that the title refers to the coming of the American troops, and that, although the line, "He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored," is also quoted in the prefatory stanza, there is nothing in the book about Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON.



["I hear of a seaside hotel whose proprietors have instructed their staff never to correct the pronunciation or use of a word by a guest. If it is necessary to use the same term in the conversation the guest's form of it is the one to be used; it saves a lot of irritation, if not actual humiliation."—*Daily News.*]

Waiter (with anticipative tact) to holiday customer. "ANY HORSE DOOVERS, SIR?"

I suppose the War did throw up a great number of worthy pompositics genuinely eager to serve their country in some conspicuous and applauded way, and old *Mr. Thompson*, the principal figure in *Young Hearts* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), may be taken, on the authority of J. E. BUCKROSE, as an East Riding variant of the type. He had always some patent scheme for winning the War or improving the Peace, and no doubt deserved all the ragging he got, though I lost my zest in the matter before the author did. *Mr. Thompson* had two daughters: a minx (almost too minx-like for belief) and a never-told-her-love maiden of sterling worth. The latter marries the good-young-man-under-a-cloud (the cloud was, of course, a misapprehension or, alternatively, had a silver lining), though the minx shamelessly tried to "bag him," as she did every eligible male, the good sister tamely submitting under the impression apparently that the other was a perfect darling. I indeed seemed to be the only person who really understood what a little beast she was—and possibly the author, who finally allotted to her the beautiful unsatisfactory young man with the emotional tenor. Commended for easy seaside reading.

TO RECALCITRANT HOUSE-OWNERS: Let and let live.



Sportsman. "WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO THE FAVOURITE?"
The Jonah Man. "I PUT SOME MONEY ON HIM."

CHARIVARIA.

BOHEMIA has decided to have a Coalition Government. Several London morning papers are prepared to offer them one in good going condition, providing they pay cost of transit.

***

According to a contemporary, "rabbits are worth less when they are skinned by the shopkeeper." So is the customer.

***

"It is of greater advantage to know the Welsh language," says Professor TROW, "than to know French." That is, of course, if you wish to use it for defensive purposes.

***

Sir GORDON HEWART has declined to "make any attempt to consider what is to happen after the next election." The fact of the matter is that *The Daily Mail* itself has not yet decided.

***

It is reported that an opposition League of Nations is to be started among countries addicted to war. The League will take cognisance of all outbreaks of peace.

***

A peculiar incident is reported from a large town in the South of England. It appears that one day last week a bricklayer lost count of the number of bricks he had laid, with the result that a recount had to be made to enable him to ascertain whether he had finished for the day or not.

***

The Post Office Workers' Union Conference at Morecambe declared last week that the Government was "without capacity, courage or principle." Apart from these defects they have no fault to find with it.

***

Sir JAGADIZ CHUNDER BOSE, lecturing at Westminster School, said that plants, like human beings, are sensitive to pain. Some of the war-time allotment marrows we heard so much of must have suffered badly from obesity.

***

Most actors, in the opinion of an official of the Actors' Association, are better off than they used to be. But what we want to see is an improvement when they are on.

***

American shipping circles deny the rumour that they are building a liner measuring thirteen hundred feet in length. We felt at the time that this vessel must have been a Canarder.

***

Although a heavy safe was bodily removed from a small house in Wolverhampton during the night, not one of the four persons sleeping in the next room was awakened by the burglars. Such thoughtfulness on the part of the intruders deserves the greatest credit.

***

"A single greenfly," declared a speaker at a meeting of the R.S.P.C.A., "may have fifteen thousand descendants in a week." This almost equals the record of the Chicago millionaire who recently died intestate.

***

A motor-cyclist who was thrown from his machine as a result of colliding with a car near Birmingham was asked by the occupants of the latter why he did not look where he was going. This in our opinion is a most difficult thing to do, as one's destination is so uncertain until the actual landing takes place.

***

On being sentenced to six months' imprisonment at a London Police Court last week a burglar threw his boot at the magistrate and used insulting language towards him. We understand that in future only law-abiding criminals will be allowed inside the court.

***

A Hackney boy has dug up a Queen Anne shilling. We understand that, on hearing the price of sugar, the shilling asked to be put back again.

***

The old gentleman who, after reading in the daily papers that all hairy caterpillars should be destroyed at sight on account of their destructive powers, tried to crush a Society lady's pet Pekinese in Hyde Park with his foot is now supposed to be short-sighted.

THE VIRTUE THAT BEGINS AWAY FROM HOME

(as illustrated by an American sample of missionary zeal).

In Europe's hour of darkest night
That daunts the faith of sage and seer
I long to share the morning light
Diffused in yonder hemisphere;
There all is joy and radiance (just
As when on Eden first the sun rose),
Thanks to the Power that holds in trust
That legacy of Colonel Monroe's.

But out of those so halcyon skies
Chill blasts of disillusion blow
When I observe with pained surprise
The state of things in Mexico;
And "Why," I ask, "in Heaven's name,
Can't 'God's own country' (U.S.A.) go
And, by the right none else may claim,
Put it across the dirty Dago?"

Then I reflect: "'Tis not so strange;
Some virtues best begin at home,
But others, of superior range,
Prefer to start beyond the foam;
There are who mend the ills at hand,
But those whose aims are even bigger
Seek out a far and savage land
There to convert the godless nigger.

"This chance, no doubt, distracts the Yank
From sinners at his very door;
No local cure, he feels, can rank
With efforts on a distant shore;
His heart to Sinn Fein's gospel wed,
And by its beauty deeply bitten,
He sends his dollars forth to spread
The fear of hell in heathen Britain." O. S.

THE BEST PICTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

Let me see. I must have been battling my way through the Galleries step by step for an hour and three-quarters, and I haven't yet decided which is the best picture.

But then it's no easy matter to make up one's mind when there are so many, many pictures—and so many, many people. . . .

And some of them, I'm sorry to say, are not quite so considerate as they might be. For instance, I had nearly chosen Mr. Clausen's *Shepherd Boy: Sunrise.* I was imagining the hush, the solitude. Suddenly two inexorable hats were thrust between me and the canvas, while two inexorable voices carried on a detailed discussion about what Doris (whoever Doris may be) was wearing at the wedding yesterday.

It wasn't fair to me; and it wasn't fair to the *Shepherd Boy.* I know he hasn't got a face, poor fellow. But is that a reason for putting ideas into his head?

It seems to me the crush is fiercer than ever in front of the picture over there. Probably I shall find that to be the best of all; *No. 274*: Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Sir Oswald Stoll.* Ah, I see. These ladies are simply using the unfortunate gentleman as a looking-glass to tidy their hair in.

But oh, Sir Oswald, do I really look as tired as all that? Yes, you're right; I *am* tired. I'll go and sit down.

Not a vacant seat anywhere. . . . Yes, there is—quick! At the far end of the Galleries. Now isn't it just like the *Supreme War Council* to have left that one chair empty for me at their table?

No, it's a trick! The artist knew I should never have the effrontery to sit there, right under the Prime Minister's nose. Very well, Mr. Olivier, exhausted though I am, I shall not vote for you either.

There's a dull pain all down my spine. My feet are like lead. Give it up? Never! I will not leave until I have found the masterpiece.

But I can stem the tide no longer. I surrender myself to the mob and let it bear me whither it wills . . .

Where am I? Oh, the Architectural Room. Thronged this afternoon, like all the others. And yet, once upon a time, before I grew old and weary—heavens, how weary!—I remember this room with only one other person in it, and she——

Why, here! Right in front of me; *No. 1235: London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, Ltd.: Brondesbury Branch.* That's it. That's the best picture in the Academy!

Not so much because of its chiaroscuro, not because of its romantic associations, but because, immediately opposite that branch-bank, there's a place where at last, at long, long last—ah!—I can sit down.

OPEN DIPLOMACY.

Stung to the quick by the accusation of secrecy hurled at him by a portion of the Press in connection with the conference at Lympne, Mr. Lloyd George has arranged, with M. Millerand, we understand, to make the next encounter, on French soil, a vastly different affair. As a delicate compliment to the Welsh blood shared by the Prime Minister and the greatest of our Tudor kings, and through the courtesy of Sir Philip Sassoon who has kindly promised to defray the whole of the expenses, the *mise en scène* will be arranged to resemble, almost to the minutest detail, the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

* * * * *

The place of meeting will be between Ardres and Guisnes. Hundreds of skilful workmen, if they do not happen to be on strike, will be employed in erecting the pavilions that are to lodge the two statesmen, who will meet in open field, but not be allowed, either of them, to visit the camp of the other lest they be suspected of secret diplomacy. M. Millerand and Mr. Lloyd George will first meet riding on horseback, and each wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as can possibly be put upon their backs. Mimic jousts and mock combats will be held. Lord Derby, Lord Riddell and Mr. Philip Kerr will all encounter chosen French champions. Six days will be given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broadsword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers. Mr. Lloyd George will wrestle with M. Millerand.

* * * * *

On the last day there will be a gorgeous masque, at which the Prime Minister will appear accoutred as Hercules, wearing a shirt of silver damask, with a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves on his head, and in his hand a club with fourteen spikes. His Nemean lion skin will be of cloth of gold, and his buskins of the same material. Fountains of French wine will play in the British marquee. M. Millerand's chief pavilion will have a magnificent dome, sustained by one huge mast, covered with cloth of gold and lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top outside a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. All the Press, but particularly those representing Lord Northcliffe's papers, will be not only allowed, but entreated and cajoled, to go everywhere and see everything, to play about with the ropes of the tents and take snippets of cloth of gold for souvenirs.

* * * * *

Oh, how different from Lympne (pronounced "mph")!



HIS OWN BUSINESS.

Uncle Sam. "If I weren't so preoccupied with Ireland I might be tempted to give myself a mandate for this."



Magistrate (to incorrigible vagrant on his thirteenth appearance). "I'M TIRED OF SEEING YOU, AND DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO SEND YOU TO GAOL OR THE WORKHOUSE."

Vagrant. "MAKE IT GAOL, MY LUD, AS THERE YOU DO GET A ROOM TO YERSELF, WHEREAS IN THE WORK'US YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOU RUB SHOULDERS WITH."

HAMPSTEAD.

THE trouble about Hampstead is that it is so very much further from Kensington than Kensington is from it. Every day, I believe, there pass between Kensington and Hampstead telephone conversations something like this:—

Kensington. When are you coming to see us?

Hampstead. Why don't *you* come *here* instead?

Ken. It's such a fearfully long way.

Hamp. I like that. Do you know that a bus runs the whole way from here to Kensington?

Ken. I don't blame it. But I'm jolly sure it doesn't go back again.

Then Hampstead rings off in a rage and nothing is done about it.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING must surely have known of this regrettable estrangement or he would never have sung—

"North is North and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Except in the Tube at Leicester Square or the corner of Oxford Street."

Anyhow you will find that people living in Hampstead tend more and more to regard themselves as dwellers in the mountains, and take defiantly to wearing plaid shawls and big hobnail brogues, and carry alpenstocks in the Underground with them. They acquire, moreover, the keen steady gaze of those who live in constant communion with the silent hills, so different from the Oriental fatalism in the eyes of the Kensingtonite, which comes from the eternal contemplation of the posters of *Chu Chin Chow*.

It is possible, however, to visit Hampstead, if you are sufficiently venturous, by bus, tube, tram or train. If you are very rich the best way is to take a taxi-cab as far as Chalk Farm, where London's milk supply is manufactured. You cannot go further than Chalk Farm by taxi-cab, because the driver will explain that he is afraid of turning giddy, having no head for heights. You have then the choice of two courses, either to purchase the cab outright and drive it yourself, or to finish your journey by the funicular railway.

Let us suppose that you have done the latter and emerged on the final peak which surmounts the Hampstead range. On your way upwards you will have been charmed by the number of picturesque houses which seem to have been thrown at the side of the hill and to have stuck there, and also by the luxuriant groves of cocoanut palms and orange and banana trees which the L.C.C. has thoughtfully planted to provide sustenance for London on its Whitsuntide Bank Holiday. It is indeed a pleasant thought that so many hard-working people are able on this day to snatch a little leisure in the good old English fashion on the swings and roundabouts and forsake the weary routine of watching American films. These great crowds picnic also on the greensward, bringing their food in paper wrappers, so that a student of such matters can easily gauge the proportionate circulation of our principal morning dailies by taking a walk round Hampstead Heath early on Whit-Tuesday morning.

When you have reached the last summit you will find yourself confronted by a frowning Gothic pile known as Jack Straw's Castle, and a large flag-staff on which the flag is only flown when the castellan is in residence. There is also a pond where the inhabitants of Hampstead, both old and young, swim their dogs after sticks and float a great variety of boats. On fine mornings there is such a confusion of boats and sticks and barking dogs that, if you are lucky, you can come up with an Irish terrier and an ash plant and go down rather proudly with a Newfoundland and the latest model of *Shamrock XIV.*

Looking downwards from the top you will discern on the open slopes and twinkling amongst the vegetation a vast multitude of white poles. On Saturday afternoons, I believe, there

are more poles on Hampstead Heath than in the whole of Kieff. Each pole is attached to a boy scout, and it has been calculated that, if all the boy scouts in Hampstead were to set their poles end to end in a perfectly straight line from the flagstaff, pointing in a south-easterly direction, they would be properly told off by their scout-masters for behaving in such an idiotic manner.

Next perhaps in interest to the boy scouts, both because of their quaint mediæval costume and the long lances which they carry in their hands, are the rangers of Hampstead Heath. Feudal retainers of the L.C.C., they sally ever and anon from their lairs with lances couched to spear up the pieces of paper which the people of London have left behind; and this paper-sticking is really the best sport to be enjoyed now on Hampstead Heath, unless one counts fishing for dace in the ponds, which I take to be the most contemplative recreation, except coal-mining, in the British Isles.

Amongst the very many famous people who either live or have lived at Hampstead may be mentioned Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, CONSTABLE, Lord BYRON, Lord LEVERHULME, JOHN MASEFIELD, JOE BECKETT, the younger PITT, Miss MARIE LLOYD, KEATS, Madame PAVLOVA, ROMNEY, CLAUDE DUVAL and RICHARD TURPIN, the last of whom, I believe, bequeathed his spurs to the borough in grateful memory of all that it had done for him. There are no highwaymen to be met at Hampstead Heath now, but the solicitor and house-agent of the man from whom I am trying to lease Number—— but there, perhaps I had better not go into that just now. I cannot however omit to say a few more words about KEATS, because the nation is trying to buy his house, although it has not yet been decided which of them is to live in it if they get it. In the garden of this house the poet is said to have written his celebrated "Ode to a Nightingale," and the nightingale may still be heard on Hampstead Heath in June. Presumably it is the same bird, and the lines,

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird;
No hungry generations tread thee down,"

must be taken as a remarkable instance of literary foresight, for crowds of people have for years been trying in vain to trample the brave bird down and have evidently been hungry, or they would never have left so much sandwich-paper about.

Oh, and there is yet one more notable resident of Hampstead, as you have doubtless just gathered, and that is myself, or will be if those accursèd—— but another time, perhaps. EVOE.



Conductor (to alighting passenger, who has rung the bell several times). "THAT'LL DO, MY BANANA QUEEN. ONE RING IS SUFFICIENT—NOT 'THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.'"

A PLEA TO THE EXCHEQUER.

LESS gifted souls may seek an earthly mate;
  Lonely for ever I am doomed to be,
For all my life to Art is dedicate;
  Yea, Art for mine or (speaking English) me.

I 've put away the commonplace delights
  Of humbler folk to brood on things sublime;
Rapt and aloof I ever tread the heights,
  Thinking great thoughts and getting words to rhyme.

Maidens have passed before me, but no bride
  Among them all have I essayed to choose;
Sternly I 've put the thought of love aside,
  An austere poet "wedded to the Muse."

But now of one small guerdon I am fain
  (A poet's solace for the love he lacks)—
That this may qualify me to attain
  The married man's relief from income-tax.

Commercial Candour.

"AMAZING SHOE OFFER.
LAST SEVEN DAYS."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We know this kind of shoe.

"PARROT, splendid talker, South African grey, in perfect condition; good reason for selling; does not swear."—*Provincial Paper.*

Tastes differ, of course; but personally we should not call this a "good" reason.

THE TARTAR PRINCESS.

She was staying at a Finnish hydro near Helsingfors. I asked for her on the telephone and her old mother answered.

"Is it you, Monsieur Anatole? Fancy ringing up so early—twelve o'clock! Of course Tatiana is in bed. One can see you have been away from your native country a long time. We left Petersburg three months ago. Come and see us at a reasonable time—say three o'clock—and we'll tell you all about it."

My two years' sojourn in England had accustomed me to English ways. I had certainly committed an indiscretion in ringing up my former clients (I was their legal adviser in Petersburg) at such an unconscionable time.

I found Tatiana, in a smart black glacé gown, reclining on a sofa and smoking a cigarette in a dull sitting-room, surrounded by other Russian *émigrés*. She jumped up when she saw me.

"At last, Monsieur Anatole," she said. "You remember when you left Petersburg in 1918 I told you that you would be submarined, but here you are back again safely. I'm *so glad*." Her eyes shone and she held out her little white hand. "You have brought it with you?"

"What with me?"

"The soap, of course. Surely you remember. I asked you to buy me some Savon Idéal in Paris. It is the only kind that suits my skin."

"But I haven't been to Paris."

"You haven't brought my soap! Why haven't you been to Paris?"

"I have been to London."

She pouted. "Why stay in London instead of Paris? What silliness!"

"And how did you get here?" I asked.

"By sledge. It was terribly exciting and illegal, of course, and dangerous. Petersburg's awful. All the pipes have burst and there are no Russians there."

"No Russians!" I exclaimed.

"Because the best people—I mean, of course, the people who won't work—have all adopted other nationalities. We are—what are we, Mother?"

"I think it's Adgans, my dear," the old lady chimed in.

"Adgans," I repeated.

"Something of that sort," said the Princess. "It doesn't matter about the name, but it's more convenient. You are under the protection of your Government and then your property benefits."

"Do you mean Azerbaijans?" I asked.

"Oh, I daresay."

"But what claim have you to become Azerbaijans?"

"Every claim," she answered with asperity. "Somebody had a property there once—either one of our family or a friend. Why don't your family become Esthonians? You'd find it much more convenient. Your father could leave Petersburg."

"But he's never been to Esthonia."

"That's nonsense," said Tatiana; "he must have travelled through Reval at some time, and besides I remember he went to Riga once to fight a case for the Government."

"But Riga's in Latvia," I protested.

"What does that matter? Anyhow we escaped with two hundred thousand roubles and one small trunk. The first few weeks we had a great time here and spent all our money, but after that we had to 'put our teeth on the shelf.'"

"But how did you manage without money?"

"Well, we sell our things—jewellery and clothes. I think you might at least have come back through Paris; I can't understand how you forgot about the soap. You've no idea what bad manicurists the Finns are; they've torn my fingernails to bits."

"But when you've sold all your clothes and jewellery what do you intend to do?" I asked.

Tatiana laughed. "Then there's the house in Petersburg that will fetch quite a lot of money, and there are a number of people here who want it."

"How can you sell a house to people who can't get to it?" I asked.

Tatiana shrugged her shoulders. "Of course I can sell it all the better because they don't know the state it's in. I think England must have made you rather silly. You wrote and asked me to lunch without my husband and you know it's not done in Petersburg; you've become quite English."

"But last time we met you were just divorcing the Count and I wasn't quite sure of your relations with your new husband."

Tatiana kissed the tips of her fingers. "He's lovely!" she cried enthusiastically. "A real Cossack officer. Why, there he is! Dmitré, this is Monsieur Anatole, our family lawyer. He'll sell the house for us, and he's promised me some Savon Idéal from Paris. You'll go to Paris, won't you?" she said, putting a very seductive face close to mine.

I parried. "It's difficult for Russians——"

"Oh, that's all right; you can become a Czecho-Slovak. I can give you a letter; you need only stay there half-an-hour when you're passing through."

I felt my cherished Russian nationality slipping away and my only safety seemed to lie in an instant departure. I caught her hand and kissed her polished finger-tips. She bent forward and kissed my forehead.

"Good journey," she said.

"A happy time at home," I answered, and, saluting her husband, I hurried to the door.

"I'm glad there's a little bit of Russian left in you," she called after me. "And by the way you might bring two boxes of the soap; it doesn't last long."

ONE SPORTSMAN TO ANOTHER.

You that I fancied my prey
  (Mine was the blunder)—
Three pounds I'd back you to weigh,
  Not an ounce under—
Are you, like prices to-day,
  Rising, I wonder?

Triton were you among trout,
  Jaw tough as leather;
I put it over your snout
  Light as a feather—
Splash! and the line whizzing out
  Linked us together;

Till, ere your fate I could seal,
  Me you eluded;
Back came the line to the reel
  (Cast not included);
Oft 'twixt the weed and the creel
  Fish slip—as you did.

So, since all winter, alack!
  I have bemoaned you,
Give me a chance to get back
  Some of my own due
Interest earn'd on the black
  Gnat that I loaned you.

Then we'll be for it, we two
  (Luck to the winner!);
Meanwhile be careful what you
  Take for your dinner;
Fancy confections eschew—
  Blue, dun or spinner.

Scorning (you'll grant me the boon?)
  Other folk's gay fly,
Under the willow till June
  Sheltered and safe lie;
I shall be after you soon,
  I and my May-fly.

"I should be very glad to have a movement started to put an end to the extravagant, unseemly and disedifying length to which ladies in this country have gone in adopting fashions of dress."—*Irish Paper.*

Hitherto it had been supposed that the objection to the modern modes was their excessive brevity.

"Coopers Wanted, dry or tight; only Society men need apply."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Inebriation is no longer popular among Society men.



MANNERS AND MODES.

QUEERING HIS PITCH. WHAT OUR ARTIST POSER HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

MUCH THE BETTER HALF.

"THEN you mean that neither of you is coming to the concert?" said Margery.

"Speaking for myself," said John, "the answer is in the affirmative—or negative, just as you prefer. Any way, I 'm not coming. Your worthy brother must decide for himself."

"Our worthy brother-in-law has spoken for me, Margery," I said; "I also regret my inability to assist at the revels."

"Then all I can say is I think you 're a couple of pigs."

"Margery, Margery," said John, "really your language—— I shall have to write to the papers about you."

"That 's the idea," I joined in. "'The Modern Flapper,' by 'Broad-minded but Shocked.' You 'd better look out, Margery, or you 'll never marry. The papers are full of letters about people like you. There 's a beauty this morning. Half a minute; I 'll read it to you."

"Don't trouble yourself, please," said Margery, curling her lip up somewhere over her right eyebrow.

"No trouble at all, it 's a pleasure," I said, turning over the pages. "Ah! here we are. This is signed 'Disgusted Ex-Soldier.' Listen:—

"'SIR,—Speaking as one but recently returned to so-called civilisation after the horrors of two years of war ["Conscript!" said John], may I venture to give you my opinion of the Modern Girl . . .'"

"That's you he means," said John.

"Pah!" said Margery.

"And bah! to you twice," said John.

"Shush, both of you," I said; "listen to 'Disgusted Ex-Soldier':—

"'What was it kept up our hearts and spirits during the terrible days and nights in the trenches?'"

"The Rum Ration," cried John. "Hear, hear. Loud cries of 'Down with Pussyfoot!'"

"Nothing of the sort," I said. "'It was the thought of the sweet simple girls at home in England that nerved us during those frightful days.'"

"Was it? So it was. Of course," said John feebly, "I forgot."

"'It was for them that we suffered as we did.'"

"Did we? I mean was it? So it was," said John, growing enthusiastic. "Good old 'Ex-Soldier!' What's he say next?"

"'And when we return at last from the toil and stress of war [Grunts of appreciation from John], what do we find?'"

"Pork and beans," said John.

I looked at him severely.

"John," I said, "this is no matter for idle jesting. Listen what the poor fellow goes on to say, "'What do we find?'"

"Boiled be—— I don't know, Alan," he finished hurriedly as I looked at him again. "I—I don't think I found anything."

"'We find,'" I continued, treating him with contumely, "'a laughing, giggling, smoking, jazzing, frivolous and slangy crowd of ill-mannered flappers, devoid of all interest in the higher aspects of life and thinking only of the latest fox-trot. What hope have I of finding among such as these the woman who will look after my home and bring up my children?'"

"Hooray!" said John, "that 's the stuff to gie 'em."

Margery squeaked with indignation.

"Look after his home, indeed," she choked. "The impertinence of it! The conceited ape! Who does he think he is?"

"Margery," said John in his special deep tone, "you are too young to understand these things."

"Understand them! I should just think I am. I didn't believe such conceit existed in a man nowadays."

"It isn't conceit, my dear Margery; it is the Right Attitude to Adopt," said John, speaking in capitals. "Personally, I admire the man. Begin as you mean to go on, I say."

Margery snorted.

"I should just like to see you beginning then," she said.

"That is precisely what I am going to do," said John, leaning back in his chair and stretching his legs. "I see now that I have always been too easy-going with Cecilia. From now onwards, however, there will be a difference. I shall be master in my own house. In short—er—*nous avons changé tout cela!* Am I right, Alan?"

"Nothing to speak of," I said; "but the idea 's good. Carry on, John."

"Ah, well, the idea 's the thing, as SHAKSPEARE said. Anyway, the point is that 'Ex-Soldier' has awakened my sense of manhood. In future I shall, as I say, take my rightful position."

"Indeed," said Margery; "and how are you going to set about it?"

"Well, here 's a case to begin with," said John. "I have said that I won't be dragged round to your beastly village revels to-morrow, and I stick to it. What Alan does is his own concern. For my part I shall spend to-morrow evening having a quiet million up on the table."

"I 'm with you," I said; "we will bash the globules together."

Margery decided to change her tone.

"Don't be beastly, John," she said; "you know Cecilia expects you to come with us."

John laughed softly.

"Precisely, my dear Margery," he said, "and that 's a very good reason why I shouldn't go. Cecilia always does expect me to do everything she wants. And I 'm so good-natured I have always given way. But never again, Margery; I shall *not* come to the concert. I shall say to Cecilia, 'Cecilia, I am not coming to your concert,' and that will end the matter."

"Then I think you 're a selfish beast," said Margery.

Just then Cecilia came into the room.



Fish Hawker (reading a book of Natural History he has bought for his son's birthday). "LIZ, I BIN SWINDLED. I 'VE READ ALL FROO THE INDEX OF FISHES, AN' KIPPERS AIN'T EVEN MENTIONED."



WHITSUN AUCTION AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

Ruffled Veteran (whose partner has not led her suit against a "three no-trumps"). "NOT HAVING (*realises the enormity of her offence*)—ER ER—PLAYED THE GAME BEFORE, PARTNER?"

"And who's a selfish beast?" she asked.

"Not me, Cecilia," I said. Cecilia is my elder sister, and I have known her for many years.

"It's John," said Margery. "He's talking the most awful rot, and now he says he won't come to the concert."

"Won't come to the concert?" said Cecilia, lifting her eyebrows. "Of course he's coming. Alan's going to sing and John will probably have to say something."

I sat up straight and swallowed hard.

"No, Cecilia," I gasped, "I really can't sing. I'll turn up if you like and cheer and all that sort of thing, but really I can't sing."

"Of course you can. You must. I've told them to put your name down. Everybody has got to do something. It's for St. Dunstan's, you know, and everyone for miles round is turning up."

I subsided, murmuring feebly.

John was gazing moodily at the fire.

"So that's that," said Cecilia cheerfully, resting her hand softly on his shoulder. "And *you*'d better be thinking what to say to make the jolly old farmers stump up, my dear."

John cleared his throat.

"I've—er—decided not to come to the concert, dear," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous, John," said Cecilia, cooing like a covey (or whatever it is) of doves. "Of course you're coming. I've arranged it all."

"I think I'd rather stop at home, dear," he said; "I can—er—look after Christopher and—er—there's a bit of work I have to finish."

"Christopher will be in bed, and your old work can wait, just as it always has to."

"Well, you know, darling," said John, looking furtively at Margery and me, "I'm not much use at these social affairs. I always say the wrong thing."

"I know you do, dear," said Cecilia sweetly; "but they've all heard you before, and nobody minds."

She paused a moment while John gulped.

"So that's settled, isn't it?" she said.

John gulped again.

TO A DENTIST.

["Dry champagne is an excellent mouth-wash."—*Dr. SIM WALLACE, at a Conference on Prevention of Diseases of the Teeth.*]

WHILE in your dismal *salle d'attente* I wait
And with forgotten *Punches* idly toy,
How it will reconcile me to my fate
To muse upon the mouth-wash you employ.

Or, squirming in the plush-upholstered chair,
How shall I thrill with valour to observe
Among the implements of torture there
A magnum of the best, to brace my nerve.

Not the hooked probe nor hum of whirring file,
The fearful forceps nor the needled lance
Will wholly banish my expectant smile
That greets "the foaming grape of eastern France."

E'en in that pass whereat the boldest blench,
The "aching time" will quickly turn to bliss,
When, having borne the devastating wrench,
I hear you murmur, "Rinse your mouth with this."

I thank you, Dr. WALLACE, for that word;
My teeth, I'm sure, require attention soon;
Ah! Widow CLICQUOT, how my heart is stirred!
Appointment? Right. To-morrow afternoon.



AT THE OPERA.

First Patroness of Art. "But why come here if it bores you so?"
Second ditto. "My dear! One must occupy oneself somehow after dinner till it's time to go somewhere."

MEETING THE COUNTESS.

"Could you find time to meet the Countess of Aire?" inquired the Vicar's wife with her gracious smile, after we had chanced together at a corner of our village street. "At five o'clock," she added, "at the cross-roads."

"I shall be charmed," said I. "But what a funny meeting-place."

"It seems to me very natural," said the Vicar's wife.

"Is there going to be speech-making?" I asked.

"How absurd!" she answered. "But of course there will be a discussion."

"Who else will be present?" I asked.

"No one," she said.

I was never so puzzled in my life.

"It really seems rather odd," said I, "that we should meet alone at the cross-roads. And it seems so romantic too. At five o'clock, you said? I always think that is such a sentimental hour."

A bewildered look now crept into the Vicar's wife's face.

"Are you joking or serious?" she said. "Perhaps I have not made myself clear. I am simply asking if you could kindly meet the Countess of Aire in place of the Vicar."

"And I say I shall be charmed," I repeated; "and I think the prospect is most alluring, and I shall endeavour to do the occasion all honour. I shall put on my best mustard-coloured suit and my new green Tyrolean hat—the one with the feather in it."

"I don't see why you should, simply to meet the Countess of Aire."

"But think of the romance of the meeting," I urged. "Just fancy! It is to be at the cross-roads, perhaps above the nameless grave of a suicide. There I shall be waiting at five o'clock, all dressed up in my mustard suit and tremulous with excitement. And at last there will dash up to the tryst-ing-place some splendid equipage, a silver-plated car, or the family coach with prancing and foaming horses. And there, at the cross-roads, we shall have our little discussion; no speech-making, all quite informal. Oh, I wish it could have been moonlight!"

The Vicar's wife began to look quite scared.

"Are you going mad?" she asked.

"I think so," I said. "Do you know," I went on wildly, saying just anything by way of preserving my sanity, "I remember that once, when I was quite little, I half promised I would marry this highly exalted person; we were playing together as boy and girl in a garden."

"But the Countess of Aire," cried the Vicar's wife, "never was a girl."

"And never was a boy either," I cried.

"The Countess of Aire," screamed the Vicar's wife—yes, she was fairly screaming by now—"is a he."

"Now that *is* absurd," I said.

It was the Vicar, coming round the corner in his usual hurry, as if every day were a Sunday, who saved the situation by bumping into us both.

"The Countess of Aire," shrieked his poor wife, frantically clutching him by the coat-tails, "is a man, isn't he?"

"Certainly," said the Vicar. "It is a terrible age, but thank Heaven for this," he added piously, "we have yet to learn of a female County Surveyor."

"Nursery Governess Wanted. Three children, 7, 6, and 2 ears."—*Daily Paper.*

Plenty of stuff to box.



THE LIMIT—AND BEYOND.

GERMANY. "THEY TELL ME I'VE GOT TO MAKE UP THIS COLOSSAL SUM."
TURKEY. "IT'S WORSE FOR ME: *I*'VE GOT TO MAKE UP MY *MIND*!" (*Swoons.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN.

Porter Law. "Some of this stuff will have to be left for the relief train—if we have one."
Mr. Lloyd George. "That's all right so long as you can carry my little lot."

Monday, May 17th.—In theory the business of a Second Chamber is to revise calmly and dispassionately the legislation which has been scamped by the First. In practice what happens in our Parliament is that the Peers, after killing time with academic debates for two or three months, are suddenly called upon, whenever a Recess is in contemplation, to pass three or four Bills through all their stages in as many days. At the invitation of Lord Crawford (Lord Salisbury perfunctorily protesting) they entered upon one of these legislative spasms this afternoon, and within less than an hour gave a second reading to two Bills, and a third reading to two others, besides listening politely while Lord Newton (with him Lord Lamington) bewailed the sad fate of certain German' "Templars" (a species of Teutonic Quaker and quite harmless, we were told) who, having been evicted from Palestine, are now threatened with compulsory deportation to a Fatherland which they have no desire to visit. "Some hustlers, your Peers," remarked a visitor fresh from Washington.

That distinguished seaman, Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, would never think, I am sure, of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, but he has no compunction in abusing the Poles. He regards their recent advance into the Ukraine as an unprovoked assault upon the poor innocent Soviet Government, and is shocked to think that it should have even the negative approval of His Majesty's Ministers. Mr. Bonar Law's assurance that the military stores despatched to Poland from this country were the Poles' own property, and that the fact that they were embarked upon a vessel called the *Jolly George* had no ulterior significance, quite failed to convince him.

According to Sir Robert Horne the price of a best quality worsted suit, as made by a high-class tailor in this country, is approximately sixteen to eighteen guineas, and is still rising, though he thinks it should not be more than twenty guineas next winter. His remark that quite good suits could be procured at much lower prices prompted Sir F. Hall to call attention to the wares of a fellow-Member, upon which Mr. Whitley who was occupying the Chair, observed, with a touch of Mr. Speaker's humour, that Question-time must not be used for advertisement.

The approach of the holidays gave point to Mr. Forrest's complaint of the inefficiency of the present arrangements for conveying passengers' baggage by rail. Mr. Neal expressed a rather faint hope that the system of "luggage in advance" might be reintroduced. There are signs, however, that the Parliamentary train is already overloaded and that a good deal of Ministerial *impedimenta* will have to be left behind.

Tuesday, May 18th.—Our ancestors, generous fellows, considered British citizenship such a fine thing that they sought to extend its benefits as widely as possible. Under the existing law the child of British parents born in Canton and the child of Chinese parents born in Stepney are equally entitled to boast "*Civis Britannicus sum.*" Lord Stanhope, regarding this as an objectionable anomaly, brought forward a Bill designed to restrict British nationality to persons of British blood. But,

though he did this with the object of enabling the Government to fulfil one of their election pledges, "Britain for the British," he received scant sympathy from the LORD CHANCELLOR, who declared that, far from making for simplicity, the Bill would produce a state of things "partly overlapping and partly contradictory."

Although close upon a hundred Generals have been demobilised since the Armistice, there is no immediate danger of this interesting race disappearing altogether. Twenty-six of the finest specimens are specially maintained at the War Office, at the comparatively trifling cost of sixty-two thousand pounds a year.

Viscount CURZON has many times both on sea and land shown himself the possessor of a fine nerve, but never more so than this afternoon, when he contrasted the activity of the police in apprehending infringers of the Motor-Car Acts with their alleged failure to capture really dangerous criminals. Mr. SHORTT gave the figures of the motor-car prosecutions, and resisted the temptation to point out the extent to which they had been swollen by the noble Lord's own delinquencies.

A listless House resumed the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill. Mr. FISHER declined to accept a proposal to include nine counties, instead of six, in the Northern Parliament, the view of the Government being that they must cut their legislative Ulster according to their Protestant cloth. Mr. CLYNES announced the intention of the Labour Party to wash their hands of the Bill, which he regarded as a sheer waste of time. Undeterred by the prospect of this calamity the House passed Clause I. by a majority of 152.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Mr. BOTTOMLEY obtained leave to introduce a Bill to create a Public Defender, in spite of an attempt by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to strangle the bantling at its birth. He did not succeed in making clear his objection to the measure, and it is thought that he may have confused it with Sir ROBERT HORNE'S Bill to regulate the Supply of Gas.

When the Committee-stage of the Home Rule Bill was resumed the subject of debate was the Irish Council, the pivot on which all hopes of unity are centred. Exactly fifty Members were present to listen to this epoch-marking discussion, carried on entirely by a few English enthusiasts and the Members from Ulster. They differed profoundly on most of the details of the Council's constitution, but were unanimous in expressing the belief that nothing much mattered since it would never work. Lord WINTERTON indeed prophesied that if it is composed, as seems probable, of a solid *bloc* of Sinn Feiners from the South and another of Unionists from the North there would be a free fight at every meeting. In that case it may become a popular body after all.



Keeper at the Zoo (exhausted with efforts to catch refractory ibex). "WELL, THEY CAN 'AVE THEIR FANCY MAPPIN TERRISSES. A CAGE FOR ME EVERY TIME."

Commercial Candour.

"Dry Old Chickens, 50s. to £4 4s. per doz."
Local Paper.

Our Musical Athletes.

"Double-action Gothic Harp (by Erard), suitable for a lady in perfect condition."
Provincial Paper.

For Domestic Interiors.

"For the Blood, Stomach, and Liver, there is nothing to compare with
CORK LINOS. 800 rolls to choose from."
Provincial Paper.

Buttered rolls, we trust.

UNIVERSAL "TRAINING."

THE Great Eastern have inaugurated a new plan for helping food-producers. They are sending out an instructional train, manned by experts and full of live stock—poultry and rabbits and goats—which is to traverse their system for two months. The contents will be on view and lectures will be given to cottagers, artisans, clerks—to all in fact who are interested in the breeding of the lesser live-stock, apple-growing, etc. The plan is so excellent that we feel sure it is bound to lead to further developments in regard to the industries and pursuits that really matter.

The rural districts, it may be safely assumed, already know something about agriculture. But many areas are still in a state of benighted ignorance about the results of intensive culture applied to the arts. There are parts of the Cornish Riviera, for example, in which you may travel for miles and miles without hearing a syncopated orchestra. Here is the opportunity of the Great Western—to equip and despatch a train band or band train, with a *personnel* carefully selected from the best negro performers (of whom there are now several thousands in London), with the view of brightening and enlightening the existence of those unfortunate villagers hitherto beyond the range of the beneficent dominion of din. As an antidote to agricultural discontent we can conceive nothing more salutary.

Again, there are portions of the Black Country where the very names of the leading Georgian poets are unknown. A troupe of poets, personally conducted by Mr. EDWARD MARSH or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, or both, should without delay be organized and sent forth by the North-Western and Midland Railways to give recitations over every portion of both systems. The effect on the output would be instantaneous. London should not be allowed to monopolize this stimulant to activity. Minstrelsy should be mobilized. It is true that a small group are interested in rotary motion, but we want to see all the Georgian poets on "Wheels." If we cannot have a free breakfast-table, at least we ought to be in a position to indulge without any control the appetite of our people for free verse.



"I've just 'eard, Mrs. 'Untable, as 'ow my Ned is behavin' so well that 'is sentence is bein' reduced by six months."

"You don't say so! Well, reelly, Mrs. 'Arris, wot a comfort it must be to you to 'ave a son what does you so much credit."

Lastly, the plan of the instructional train might be applied with the most beneficial results to spreading the taste for the Russian Ballet. We do not hope to detach such bright particular stars as Pavlova or Karsavina from the London stage, but at the present moment, according to the latest statistical returns, there are several hundred Russian *premières danseuses* and thousands of *coryphées* of all grades congregated in the Metropolis, many of them without engagements, and reduced to giving dancing lessons to the daughters of profiteers, Crypto-Semites and other unpropitious persons. The organisation of a Russian Ballet train would therefore serve the double purpose of freeing these gifted performers from an ignoble use of their talents and at the same time initiating the provinces in the poetry of motion.

"Oxford University.—First Innings.
R. H. Bettington, dun out . . 12"
Daily Paper.

The batsman himself, we understand, expressed the opinion that he had been "done in."

HIGH FINANCE.

[Lines written at Geneva, with the rate of exchange standing at about twenty francs to the pound in Switzerland and about fifty francs to the pound in France. French and Swiss franc-pieces are good currency in both countries.]

Now here's a thing which makes me laugh
And in a bitter way:
The egg, that once was twopence-half,
Is fivepence net to-day.

It needed but this final woe
To fill the wretched cup,
That Hecuba, the hen, should go
And put *her* prices up.

This Hecuba, her pride is such
She'll only do her job
For pay in francs; she will not touch
The honest British bob.

Thus I, who have not got the dash
To borrow, steal or beg,
Have first of all to buy the cash
Wherewith to buy the egg.

And when I go to buy some francs
To see the matter through
I find that hereabouts the banks
Have raised their prices too. . . .

The farm is Swiss; but then, suppose
You place yourself by chance
Upon the southern edge, your nose
Is trespassing in France.

'Tis here that Hecuba, the hen,
In solitude sublime
Does business every now and then
At half-a-franc a time.

Then ought she not (of course she ought)
To pause and shift her ground,
And lay my egg where francs are bought
At fifty to the pound? Henry.

From a music-hall advertisement:—

"IMPORTANT NOTICE!
OWING TO THE
ENORMITY OF THIS PRODUCTION,
FIRST HOUSE COMMENCES..6.15."
Provincial Paper.

The licensing authority seems to have been caught napping.

"The interesting announcement is made that Finchale Priory has been handed over to the care of the Society for the Prevention of Ancient Monuments."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is suggested that some of the London statues might profitably be handed over to the same body.

THE PERFECT SCULLERY.

I WAS more than interested in the article "About Bathrooms" which appeared in the columns of *Punch* of March 31st last, because I too always smoke a pipe in a hot bath, to which I add the habit of reading, not books—they are too sacred to risk—but newspapers. I also frequently indulge in a further luxury at this time, a cup of coffee, which rests on the sponge and soap bridge between sips. Of course the soap sometimes falls into the coffee, and if this is undetected in time a slight frothing at the mouth occurs, but no really serious harm ensues.

I tried the effect of pictures round the bath—pictures with a shiver in them that made me pull the water up closer round my neck. But I found that they were being ruined by the steam, so I removed them and am now looking for some undraped but respectable statuettes that will give the same result.

I have not tried the rich rug stunt. The only rug we possess which might be so described is a Persian one, and is on our cat at present. When she has done with it I intend to spread it over the only part of the bathroom floor which is permanently dry. And, suffering as our bathroom does from that lack of space which the writer on bathrooms so justly laments, the "profound chair" is out of the question.

While his views on bathrooms are sound it seems evident to me that the writer of the *Punch* article lives in pre-war style—with servants. We don't. Our last maid left us to be a Waac and has not been seen since in the precincts of domestic servitude. I did hear something about her approaching marriage to a Colonel of Hussars, but don't know whether it came off or not.

It seems to me that what is chiefly wrong with houses, at any rate with our house, is the scullery. It is smaller than most bathrooms, and, though it is anything but bare, the furnishings of it are not intriguing to one who, like myself, spends therein such an undue proportion of the twenty-four hours.

Our present char comes three days a week, about eleven o'clock, has a look round with a duster in one hand till thirteen o'clock, then lunches and (probably) has a cigarette. She leaves at fifteen o'clock. This means that I help with the washing-up of the breakfast, tea and dinner things on char days, and of luncheon things as well on non-char days. My share of the task is generally the wiping. This is not such an engrossing occupation as to prevent one from thinking great thoughts at the same time, thoughts worthy to be committed to paper afterwards. Now, as a song-writer, I ask how can one get inspiration while gazing at a row of saucepans, a cullender, a bottle of metal paste, one ditto knife polish and a plate-rack?

If any room in the house should be luxuriously furnished it is the scullery. But what is even more important, I think, is that the whole game of scullerying should be revolutionised. The implements still in use are worthy of the Stone Age. The rules should be so framed that there should be little or no washing-up, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

Let me put before you a pen-picture of the scullery of my dreams. A cosy pleasant room, the whole length of the house in fact, with a south aspect, full advantage of which is secured by a long window filled with leaded lights of opalescent glass (in order that the Hilary-Tompkins next door, who have two servants, may not grow too ribald). On the western wall is a rich mosaic depicting Hercules cleansing the Augean stable, and below this a fountain of clear limpid water, warmed to at least twenty over grease-proof, gushes forth and flows in a pellucid stream, between banks of marble, to the eastern end of the chamber. At the fountain head reclines Euphemia, my wife, arrayed and fructed proper, who leisurely drops the crockery into the stream. At the other end of the room, seated in a "profound chair" by the estuary, where the waters of the River Plate fall into the Sink Basin, behold me lazily watching the cups and platters as they glide gently down the rippling flood towards me, dexterously fishing out each fresh arrival and depositing it in a hot-air receptacle conveniently placed for its accommodation.

Such, I say, is the scullery of my dreams, in which the washing up of a nine-hole-course dinner would be as pleasant as a round of golf. No unsightly pots, pans, brooms, tins or other junk pollute the apartment; they are in the dream ante-chamber, to be hereinafter described or not, if the Editor sees fit. [ED.—He does not see fit.]

Shakspeare and Mr. Charles Chaplin.

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN writes from Los Angeles protesting against the allegation, made in our issue of March 31st, that "he does not like SHAKSPEARE." Mr. Punch cannot accept responsibility for a statement quoted from the report of an interview, but he has no hesitation in expressing his profound regret for any wrong that he has inadvertently done both to Mr. CHAPLIN and SHAKSPEARE.

THE GREAT DIVORCE QUESTION.

WHEN I week-end with people I like them to be tactful. I thought Mrs. Benham lacked the tact essential to a hostess when she said, "We breakfast at half-past nine on Sundays. That will give us all ample time to get to church." She never seemed to contemplate the possibility of my having a Sunday morning indisposition.

Now there is no virtue in compulsory church-going, but as I was for it I accepted my fate cheerfully. I walked with Benham across the park to the church. He is the adopted Candidate for the division, and he took the opportunity of rehearsing to me a speech he was preparing which showed up Bolshevism in its true colours. Though no Sabbatarian I have the deepest objection to political speeches on a Sunday, and it was really a relief when I reached the gracious refuge of the church.

The family pew was a little too near the pulpit, but it was most comfortable. When the sermon came on I settled myself in a restful corner to listen to the Archdeacon. After a moment or two I felt he was on sound orthodox lines and needed no supervision of mine. I leant back and gradually dozed off.

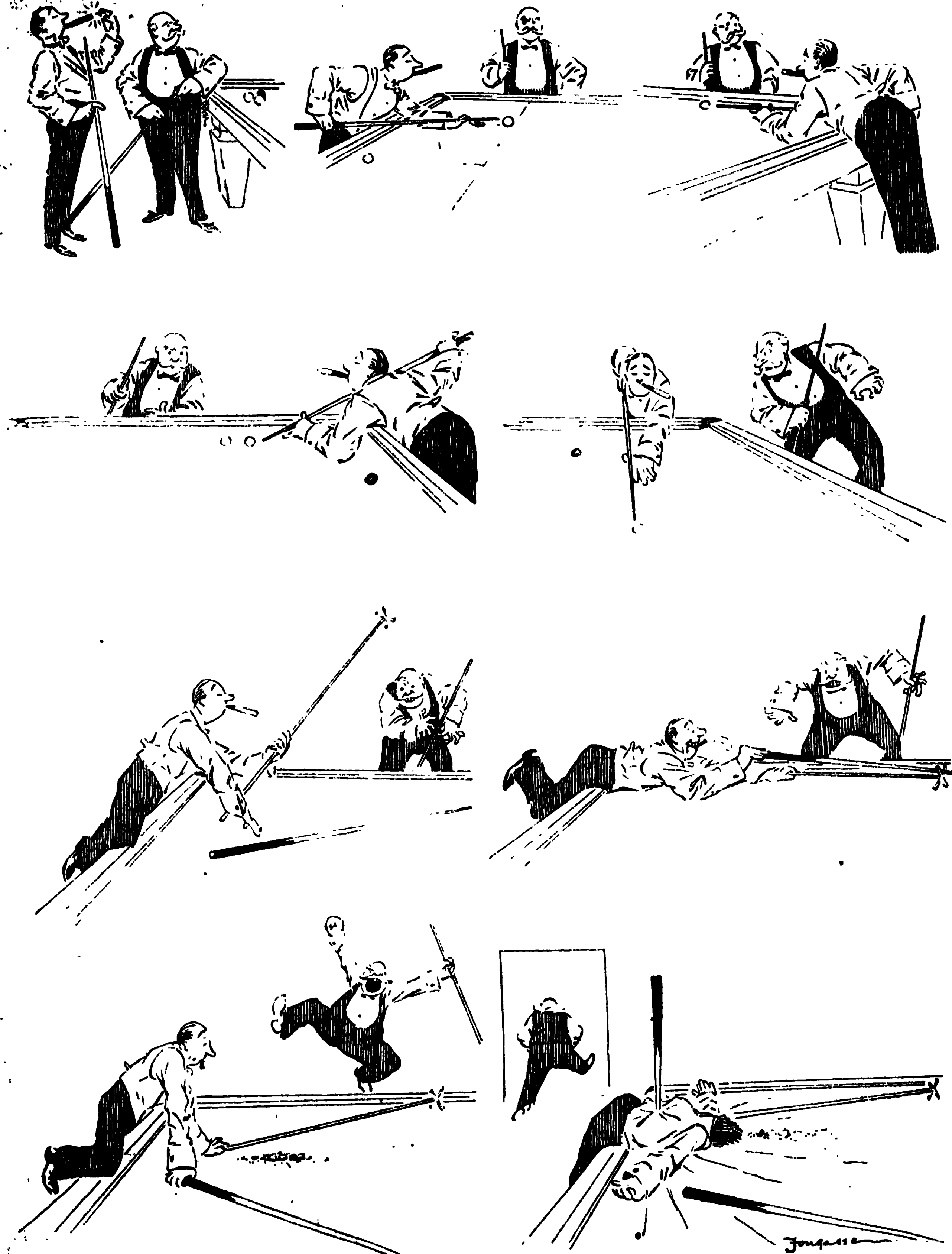
Then in my sleep I became aware of a stern voice disapproving of something. It seemed to me that Benham was at a public meeting denouncing Bolshevism to a very lethargic audience. It was my bounden duty to support my host. "Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" I said most emphatically.

I woke up just as the last "Hear" left my lips. The choir-boys were sniggering—you can always trust them to do that. A large curate was eyeing me as if I were something between a leper and a dissenter. Mrs. Benham was looking indignantly down the pew at me; Benham was tactfully but ineffectively pretending not to have heard anything.

I went hot all over. What could I do? Should I be prosecuted for brawling in church? Could I possibly explain to the Archdeacon that I spoke in my sleep, and therefore was not responsible? There are some explanations that aggravate an offence.

There came a terrible moment when the service was over. The Archdeacon stepped deliberately towards our pew. I was tempted to bolt through a stained-glass window. And then, as he came near, he beamed on me.

"Don't apologise, my dear Sir, don't apologise. If you were so moved by the picture I drew of the inroads the new Divorce Law would make on the sanctity of our homes why should you



TRAGEDY OF A CIGAR-ASH.



Farmer. "So you want a job of work, eh?"
Applicant. "I said a job. I never said a job o' work."

not express your indignation? Enthusiasm is far better than lethargy."

"Mr. Johnson feels very strongly on the subject," said Mrs. Benham. I had never said a word about it before her in my life.

That night she surveyed me carefully. "I can see you've a headache, Mr. Johnson," she said. "You had better not go to church; there is nothing worse than a hot church for headache."

After all, Mrs. Benham is not without tact.

Another Impending Apology?

"The Bank now gives employment to 6,000 persons, 2,000 of whom are women. In order to accommodate them outside premises have been acquired from time to time. The chief of these new establishments is St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics."—*Sunday Paper.*

MAGNANIMOUS MOTTOES.

A writer in *The Evening Standard* calls attention to the latest ornamentation of the fine old Elizabethan Hall of Gray's Inn, in the shape of the arms of Lord Birkenhead, who as a past Treasurer of the Inn is entitled to this armorial distinction in his lifetime. But, he goes on, "it was not so much the arms as their motto which attracted me—the motto of a man who began his brilliant career as plain Mr. F. E. Smith. Now the Latin for 'smith,' as an artisan, is *faber* (artificer or fabricator in the primal sense); so, with a fine democratic courage, Lord Birkenhead has chosen as his family motto: '*Faber meæ Fortunæ*' (Architect of my own Fortune)."

We agree; but it must not be supposed that Lord Birkenhead has an entire monopoly of this frank spirit. Other eminent men who have recently been ennobled or decorated have shown a similar frankness. Thus it may not be known that Lord Riddell has adopted a motto which reveals the comparatively modest beginnings of his greatness. Lord Riddell was, and we believe still is, the proprietor of *The News of the World*. Now the Latin for news or newness is *novitas* (novelty or unfamiliarity in the primal sense); so with a noble democratic courage he has chosen as his family motto: "*Sæculorum vetustati præstat novitas mundi*" (The news of the world surpasses the antiquity of the ages). It is rather a long motto, but it is eminently Ciceronian in its cadence.

Then there is the case of Lord Northcliffe, who began his brilliant career as simple Mr. Harmsworth. Now the Latin for "harm" is *damnum* (loss or sacrifice in the primal sense), and for "worth" *dignus*. So, with a fine loyalty to his antecedents, Lord Northcliffe has adopted the heroic and pleasantly alliterative motto: "*Per damna ad dignitatem*" (Through sacrifices to worthiness).

Even more ingenious is the motto chosen by Lord Beaverbrook, who began his coruscating career as a native of New Brunswick. Now the Latin for "beaver" is *castor* (not to be confounded with the small wheels attached to the legs of arm-chairs), and in Greek mythology Castor was the brother of Pollux, who was famed as a boxer. "Boxer" is a synonym for "prize-fighter"; "prize-fighter" recalls "Wells"; "wells" contain "water," and "water" suggests "brook." So Lord Beaverbrook, with a true allegiance to Canada, coupled with a scholarly mastery of the niceties of Classical etymology, has chosen for his family motto: "*E Castore Pollux*" (Brook from the Beaver).

THE DEVIL IN DEVON.

The Devil walked about the land
And softly laughed behind his hand
To see how well men worked his will
And helped his darling projects still,
The while contentedly they said:
"There is no Devil; he is dead."

But when by chance one day in Spring
Through Devon he went wandering
And for an idle moment stood
Upon the edge of Daccombe wood,
Where bluebells almost hid the green,
With the last primroses between,
He bit his lip and turned away
And could do no more work that day.

R. F.



THE HEDGER.

"Wot he goin' to win the two-thirty race, Varmer?"

"Well, young feller, there be nine 'osses runnin', an I 'as three *fancies* an' four *sneakin'* fancies. But, mark my words, I shan't be a bit surprised if one o' they other two don't do the trick."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

There has recently been a notable output of books of "personalities" and critical appreciations, contemporary, historical and (for the most part) iconoclastic. One may therefore say that Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson is distinctly of the movement in compiling his *Portraits of the 'Eighties* (Unwin). This is certainly a volume that anyone can dip into with instruction and entertainment, even if (to be quite honest) the former is likely to predominate. The fact is that one has become so used to the satirical method in portraiture, in which the attack is all and the subject emerges only as a beriddled target, that an ordinary pen-picture, however faithful, is apt to seem heavy by contrast. Mr. Hutchinson certainly is not of the slingers; he will just "tell you about" the notable persons of his period, setting down nothing in malice, omitting little however banal, and rejecting no aphorism or anecdote as outworn. Perhaps his nearest approach to the popular method is a very occasional touch of gentle irony, as when he permits himself to say of G. W. E. Russell (to whose *Portraits of the Seventies* the present volume is intended as a sequel) that he "used to drive about London in a carriage picked out in colours that did not suggest that he sought seclusion." I have no space for the barest list of the sitters in Mr. Hutchinson's crowded picture of a time rich in character, his treatment of which aims rather at covering a wide ground than at intimacy of detail. To mention but one, it is interesting to compare his General Gordon with the recent presentment of him by another hand. If the result is more creditable to Mr. Hutchinson's kindliness than to his wit, it may serve as an apt comment on the whole book.

Beauty and Bands (Constable) is not, as you might excusably suppose, a treatise on syncopation or the decline of Jazz, but takes its title from a verse in the Book of Proverbs. Really what the story most illustrates is the extent to which a clever and experienced writer can clothe a wildly impossible plot with some aspect of reality. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler assuredly does not lack courage; having thought out a "good situation" (which it certainly is) she was not going to be put off by any considerations of probability. I can't resist some sketch of it, even at the risk of spoiling your pleasure. Suppose a lovely but selfish wife, bored to the point of flight from a well-intentioned husband, then involved in a railway smash which disfigures her beauty, destroys her memory and incidentally reforms her character; let her by plausible circumstance be mistaken for another traveller in the wrecked train and under a new name and personality meet her husband, fall in love with him, but be compelled to reject his suit by the presumption that his vanished wife may still be living—as I hinted, the result in situations is enough to satisfy the most exacting, the only real drawback being that not all Miss Fowler's pleasantly persuasive efforts can

make me believe a word of it. If she had dared a little more, and inflicted the husband with blindness, impaired hearing and slight mental decay, I would have stretched a point and supposed that, during a protracted courtship, he might never have recognised his own wife. Lacking these concessions I can only report an entertaining but preposterous absurdity.

Those of us who read *With the Persian Expedition* know something about the Hush-Hush Army; enough, at any rate, to whet our appetites for more. Let me then recommend *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* (Arnold) to your notice, and assure you that it is a most lively account of as strange an enterprise as any that the War brought forth. Briefly, the object of General Dunsterville's mission was to prevent German and Turkish penetration in the area of the Caucasus, Baku and the Caspian Sea. In January, 1918, he set out from Baghdad with what he calls "the leading party." Continually hampered by lack of men, the mission failed to achieve its original object; but what it accomplished in most difficult circumstances was of great value to the Allies. The conditions at the time when the author sailed from Enzeli with his "Dunsterforce" to raise the siege of Baku were delightfully cosmopolitan. He describes himself as "a British General on the Caspian, the only sea unploughed before by British keels, on board a ship named after a South African Dutch President and whilom enemy, sailing from a Persian port under the Servian flag to relieve from the Turks a body of Armenians in a revolutionary Russian town." "Let the reader," he adds, "pick his way through that delirious tangle, and envy us our task who may." After pursuing the tricky course of this astounding adventure I confess myself lost, not in its mazes, thanks to an excellent map, but in profound admiration for "Dunsterforce" and its leader.



When people do posters-



I wish they wouldn't-



Make the wording—



Go all round like this.

In *A Merchant Fleet at War* (Cassell) it takes nearly a hundred pictures to illustrate the fighting effort and experiences of the Cunard Steamship Company. Quite a lot of them are from snap-shot photographs actually taken while in action with submarines, and where through an unfortunate oversight these have not been available someone with vivid brush and imagination has done wonders to fill the gap. Certainly such a subject as the passing of the *Lusitania*, her decks still packed though her great bulk is three-quarters gone, the sea crowded with boats and, presumably, drowning Englishmen, is perhaps a little poignant to be handled in this fashion; but no one can object to seeing a U-boat nose-diving at the instance of S.S. *Phrygia*, or another being messed up by a shell from the *Valeria*; while the historic fight between *Carmania*, in Prussian blue, and *Cap Trafalgar*, mostly crimson, competes for lurid splendour with the *Mauretania* in "dazzle" costume, staged with a sky to match. Incidentally Mr. Archibald Hurd has acted as showman for the collection. One might have found his exposition rather more substantial but for Sir Julian Corbett's first volume of *Naval Operations*, which has set an uncomfortably high standard in sea history. Frankly, the deeds of the men of our merchant fleets, of the Cunarders no less than others, were so magnificent that a book to be worthy of them must be in itself as modest and unpretentious as they were. This book is not.

The Tall Villa (Collins), by "Lucas Malet," has a strange theme—no less than the deliberate wooing, by a sensitive unhappy woman, of a more unhappy ghost. *Lord Orley* had lived in this odd villa on Primrose Hill a hundred years ago with a noted stage beauty who had finally jilted him. One of his descendants, *Frances Copley*, banished from Grosvenor Square by her husband's financial failure and conscious of the growing rift between them, detaches herself more and more from the world of sense till she is—well, till she is in just the right mood for seeing ghosts. First it is a mere shadow that stands by her piano; next a faceless figure, exquisitely dressed, sits brooding in her chair; then she hears a pistol shot; later—but this will spoil your entertainment. I cannot say I was quite convinced, but I certainly was held to the end by a tale very skilfully, almost too carefully, told, and by the cleverness of the four portraits—*Frances* herself, the adorable *Lady Lucia* her cousin, *Charlie Montagu* the passionate bounder, and, a little less definite, *Morris Copley* the stockbroking husband.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have beaten up various American magazines and shepherded a few *Waifs and Strays* of short stories by the late "O. Henry" (William Sydney Porter) into a final volume of their excellent edition of his works. They have also included appreciations by various American and British critics of the author's achievement, together with some sparse biographical details. The stories are of varying value, exercises on a sentimental motive cloaked by humorous or bizarre exaggeration of language, with those unexpected but ingeniously plausible endings which are of the essence of "O. Henry's" method. Of the criticisms, English readers will be most affected by Mr. Stephen Leacock's "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry," an analytical appreciation in the most handsome terms, deploring English neglect of this master of one of the most difficult of art-forms—a neglect which we have done something of late to remedy.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the heat experienced in this country last week can be deduced from the fact that several bricklayers were distinctly seen to wipe their brows in their own time.

* * *

It is all very well for LENIN to talk about Great Britain recognising Russia, while his followers are doing their best to render the place almost unrecognisable.

* * *

Normally, says Dr. GEOFFREY KEYNES, a person has fifteen thousand millions of blood corpuscles circulating in his body. People suffering with insomnia might try counting them in bed.

* * *

According to a scientific journal, tests recently made show that microbes cannot live long on coins. "Middle Class" writes to say this is nothing new to him, as no germ could live on his salary.

* * *

The promoters of the Milk and Dairies Bill hope to ensure clean milk for the public. They seem to have thought out an improvement on the present system by which certain dairymen are in the habit of washing their milk.

* * *

It took nature several million years, says *The New York World*, to make a ton of coal. It looks as if she has arranged to charge us retrospectively by the hour for the stuff.

* * *

A gold wedding-ring has been found inside a large doe rabbit which was shot recently in a wheat-field near Wilbury. The question arises, "Do modern rabbits go through the marriage ceremony?"

* * *

The latest fad of the American golfer is to have a small painting made of himself in the act of driving. We feel, however, that it will be some time before English golfers will place orders for plaster casts of their language.

* * *

Nearly all the extra firemen required for the London Fire Brigade have been engaged. Clients are assured that arrears of fires will now be worked off with all speed.

* * *

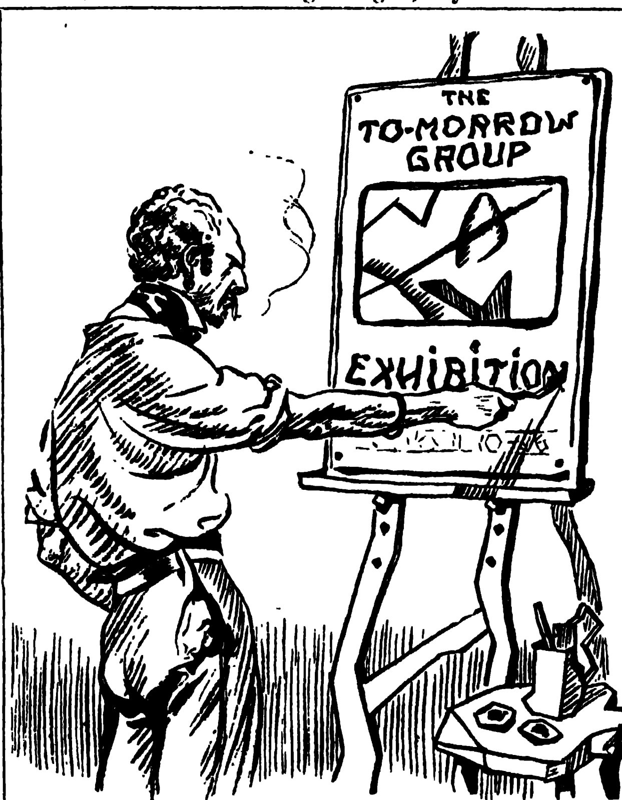
According to a daily paper a severe thunderstorm which recently visited Luton was not heard by the audience in a local concert hall. It is rumoured that a performer was at the time reciting a chapter of Lord FISHER'S autobiography.

* * *

A strike of incubator-makers is threatened and many grocers who stock breakfast-eggs fear that a lot of chicks may come out in sympathy.

* * *

According to an evening paper a young lady who was chased by a bull in a provincial meadow ran a quarter of a mile and jumped a stream sixteen feet wide before gaining safety. Not much of a jump, surely, considering the long run she took.



CHAGRIN OF MEMBER OF ADVANCED ART GROUP AT NECESSITY OF MAKING THE LETTERING OF HIS POSTER INTELLIGIBLE.

* * *

"Whilst motoring between Baldock and Grantham one is struck by the greenness of the growing wheat and barley," states a writer in a motor journal. The regularity with which these cereal grasses adopt this colour is certainly worthy of attention.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the American travellers who set foot on our shores at Southampton one day last week just five minutes after closing-time.

* * *

In their recent match against Sussex the first four Middlesex batsmen each scored a century. We understand that in order to obviate a recurrence of this sort of thing a movement is on foot to increase the number of runs in a century to a hundred and fifty.

* * *

We are informed that "a man arrested by Dutch fishermen in the belief that it was the CROWN PRINCE making his escape turned out to be a notorious jewel thief." The error seems to have been excusable.

* * *

The case of the dock labourer who appeared at a County Court in a tail coat and white waistcoat is now explained. The man's valet, who usually looks after these things for him, had gone on strike for more wages.

* * *

Charged with taking one hundred and forty-five pounds of his employers' money a Newcastle office-boy was stated to have been reading trashy novels. It was thought to be only fair to the financial papers that the public should know where he got the idea from.

* * *

"I reckon I can drink fifty pints a day, easy," a witness told the Portsmouth magistrates. He may do it for a while, but sooner or later his arm is bound to go back on him.

* * *

"Under British guidance," says a contemporary, "Persia's future is bright with promise." We know nothing of its future, but its present seems to be scintillating with performance under Bolshevik direction.

* * *

"Cave exploration," declares a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "is a most fascinating sport." There is always the thrilling possibility that you may find another Liberal principle hidden away somewhere.

* * *

Owing to the increased cost of living it is said that burglars will now only book jewel robberies of two thousand pounds and over.

"NEW POLICY IN IRELAND.
NO TRIALS WITHOUT ARRESTS."
Dublin Paper.

A good idea, but it was anticipated in the matter of jugged hare.

"Register as a regular reader of *The Daily* ——, and you at once disqualify for £3 a week during disablement." —*Daily Paper.*

We shall be careful not to register.

ODYSSEUS AT THE DERBY.

[Racing men will not need to be reminded that Polumetis (many-counselled) is named after a common epithet of the hero of the *Odyssey*.]

At times the pulse of memory is stirred
Out of a chronic state of coma
By just a poignant tune, a rhythmic word,
A whiff of some refined aroma,
And lo! the brain is made aware
Of records which it didn't know were there.

So in a sudden moment I was shot
Back to my boyhood and the highly
Instructive works of Homer, long forgot,
And with the late *Odysseus* (wily)
Ploughed once again the wine-red deep
On drawing Polumetis in a sweep.

Oh, "many-counselled" hero! if a horse
Your attributes may also borrow,
Lend him your cunning round the Derby course,
Teach him a thing or two to-morrow,
That at the end it may be said:
"He did a great performance with his head."

As you contrived by tricks of crafty skill
Ever to down your foes and flatten 'em,
So may he lie low going up the hill,
Secure the inside berth at Tattenham,
And do a finish up the straight
Swift as your shafts that sealed the suitors' fate!

Fortune attend his name, though some deplore
Its pedantry, and I assume it is
Likely, from what I know of bookies' lore,
That on the rails he'll be "Poloometis";
For me, I do not care two pins
How they pronounce him, if he only wins. O. S.

THE SERENE BATSMAN.

It is a common fallacy among cricketing coaches and their pupils that when the young batsman has mastered all the strokes that can be imparted to him at the nets his education is complete. So far from that being the case, it has barely begun. Under the prevailing system, the psychological factor, the most important of all, is entirely neglected. The most trying moment of a cricketer's life is when he first steps forth alone from the pavilion of a public ground. In that moment all that the old pro has taught him of cuts and drives, forward play and back play, will not prevent his knees from weakening as he totters to the wicket, whereas the following hints may enable him to face the occasion with confidence if not contempt.

Remember that for a public performer a good entrance is more than half the battle; the first impression on the spectators is the most lasting.

Nothing looks worse than a batsman hurrying out at a furtive trot, as if he were going to pawn his bat. When your turn comes to go in, take care to be just within the regulation two minutes, but school yourself to emerge from the pavilion at a leisurely stride with more than a suspicion of swagger in it. The bat should not be carried as a shy curate carries a shabby umbrella, but either boldly across the shoulder, like a rifle, or tucked under the armpit, so that you may do up your batting-gloves in your progress across the greensward. An excellent effect will be produced if you pause half-way and execute a few fancy strokes at an imaginary ball. Besides, you may not have another opportunity of displaying your accomplishment.

Having, as it were, reported yourself at the wicket, it is a good plan to discover that you need a new batting-glove. This will afford you an excuse for a return journey to the pavilion, during which your gait will lose nothing in stateliness if you can manage to adopt the goose-step. On your return to the wicket you will probably find, if the weather is mild and the grass dry, that the fieldsmen are reclining on the ground; it will enhance your reputation for nonchalance and good-fellowship if you can contrive to give one of them a playful pat with your bat in passing, especially if he is a total stranger to you and much your senior.

On your second arrival at the wicket, you might get the wicket keeper to take his gloves off and adjust the straps of your pads. This is one of many subtle ways of demoralising the fielding side and whetting the interest of the onlookers.

After taking middle with such scrupulous exactitude as to imply that you suspect the umpire's eyesight, take one of the bails and scratch a block deep enough to plant something in. Then beckon to the square-leg umpire to come and replace the bail. In this you will be strictly within the law, and nobody can suspect you of the surreptitious use of a little cobbler's wax.

Your next move should be to summon the other batsman to a whispered conference in the middle of the pitch. It doesn't much matter what you say to him; a new funny story or the plot of a play you saw last week will serve to make him assume an air of thoughtful attention.

After a chat of about five minutes, you will return slowly to your crease, there to scrutinise the slip fieldsmen, and then to gaze all round the ground as if to make sure that the other side is not playing more than eleven men.

When taking your stance you will do well to give full effect to some such mannerism as Mr. Warner's trick of hitching up the left side of the trousers and tapping the ground seven times. And just as the bowler is about to start his run you can disconcert him by suddenly whipping round to see if they have moved another man over to the leg side while your back was turned.

As soon as the bowler has covered half his course to the wicket you should raise your hand to arrest his career. Then you must stroll about a third of the way up the pitch and give the ground a good slapping with the face of your bat.

If you feel so inclined, there is no reason why you should not repeat this manœuvre. Nothing is more calculated to upset a highly-strung bowler. And when the ball does come down the chances are that it will be a wide, in which case you will have earned one run for your side. If, on the other hand, it should happen to knock your middle stump out of the ground, there is nothing more to be done, but you will have the satisfactory feeling that your little turn in the limelight has not been utterly inglorious.

In Memoriam.

Cecil Clay.

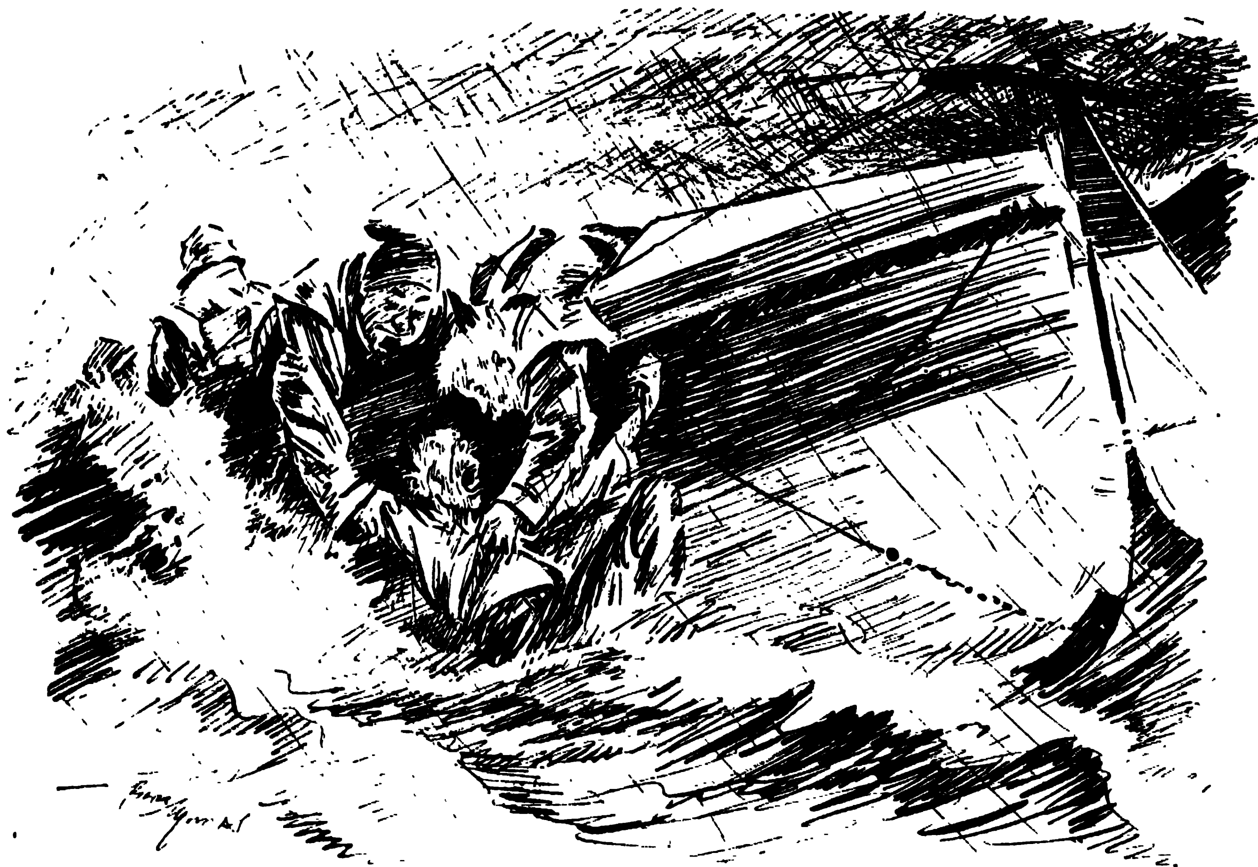
Athlete and wit, whose genial tongue
Cheered and refreshed but never stung;
Maker of mirth and wholesome jokes;
Fit mate of dear Rosina Vokes;
Creator, to our endless joy,
Of priceless *Arthur Pomeroy*—
Light lie the earth above his head
Who lightened many a heart of lead;
Courteous and chivalrous and gay,
In very truth no common Clay.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. A. Chantrey Corbould, whose work as a sporting artist was familiar to an earlier generation of *Punch's* readers.



ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY.

Prime Minister (*to Bolshevist Delegates.*) "HAPPY TO SEE YOU, GENTLEMEN. BUT WOULD YOU MIND GOING ROUND BY THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING?"



Shipwrecked Mariner. "Ahoy, mates! Wot 's won t' Derby?"

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMATEUR EXAMINER.

The Nabobs is, I suppose, one of the best girls' schools in England. Anyhow it is perhaps the most exclusive unless you have money enough. But, as the prospectus says, "it commands an extensive view of the English Channel," and I suppose these things have to be paid for. At all events there is no doubt that the principal, Miss Penn-Cushing, has her heart in her work and is a splendid disciplinarian, and so I sent my niece Mollie there to be finished (her mother being in India).

I have an idea at times that it is Mollie who will finish Miss Penn-Cushing, but I try to preserve a benevolent neutrality combined with a regular supply of food parcels to my niece.

Miss Penn-Cushing is LL.A. of one University and LL.B. of another, and, I think, LL.C. of a third, so that she ought to be more than a match for six Mollies.

I have always had the impression that Miss Penn-Cushing regarded me as a humble entomological specimen until the other day when she paid me a staggering compliment. She herself teaches all the English literature in her academy, and each class in turn goes up to her room to receive its daily dose. Mollie says that when she grows up she is going to give up English literature for ever and read something interesting.

I am glad that the revered Principal is never present to hear Mollie's blasphemies, at which I as an uncle have to shudder. Since the publication of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* Miss Penn-Cushing has been steadily absorbing it, to help her in her daily task, and has apparently reached the chapter in which is suitably acknowledged the debt of English literature to *Punch*.

So at least I judge, for she gave the girls a long serious talk on humour in literature, how to detect it and what should be done about it. One rather sensitive child began to cry, but Mollie, who has never kept a secret in her life and in fact loves to drag her uncle's skeletons out of cupboards, blurted out, "Uncle writes for *Punch!*"

I was somewhat alarmed when I heard of this, for I did not know how Miss Penn-Cushing, who keeps all the girls' uncles in order, might take it. My fears were groundless, perhaps stupid, for the immediate result was an invitation to examine Mollie's form in literature at the forthcoming Christmas examination. I felt uplifted in spirit; I felt that people were beginning to understand me. I even entertained an hallucination that perhaps Mollie might now treat my intellect with respect and stop calling me "Old dear." Three inches taller I sat down to my desk and, thanking Miss Penn-Cushing for the honour paid me, I promised I would do my best, although it would be my first appearance in the *rôle*.

I determined, however, not to allow this distinction to make me overbearing to my inferiors at our next speech-day. I would be affable to ordinary uncles, common parents and guardians of the other girls, but I would lead the conversation artfully on to other literary critics and examiners of the past. As a preparation I read up Matthew Arnold.

It is not easy to be an examiner, I found. I would rather write ten leading articles than one examination-paper. It appeared that I had to set themes for essays as well as questions in literature. We never learnt literature when I was young and I didn't know you could, but I borrowed a text-book from Mollie and did my best.

The result was a crushing letter from the lady principal. She said that "The Ten Points of a good Doll" seemed a preposterous subject for senior students of literature to write about, and "My Favourite Elopement in Fiction" would be outside the purview of any of her girls. She would substitute instead (with my permission), "The Debt of Literature (as well as Science) to DARWIN" and "My Favourite Piece of Epic Poetry." In fine, if I did not really mind, she would herself set all the questions and I should examine the answers. She thought that the more fructiferous course.

How to mark was my chief difficulty. How many marks should one give a darling with brown eyes and a musical laugh (Mollie has brought her to tea often) who signs herself "Norah O'Brien," and winds up delightful irrelevances about DARWIN and her abhorrence of reptiles with a personal appeal to the examiner. I do not know what other examiners do in such cases. It was a beautifully worded and most respectful appeal. I decided to give her forty for Norah and forty for O'Brien. Both names have always appealed to me.

This made it necessary for me to give eighty marks to her sister Kathleen, who wrote really an excellent essay on a subject we had stupidly forgotten to set. It was an excellent subject, and she has even browner eyes than Norah, but as an examiner one must be rigid and impartial.

Eunice came next. This name recalled dear memories of the past and of what might have been. But as an examiner I could not let old dreams weigh down my impartial scales, so I refused to give her more than eighty. Finally, for they are really charming girls and know far more about literature than I do, I gave eighty to everybody except Mollie, and for being Mollie I gave her eighty-two.

I forgot. There was one perfectly horrid little girl called Katie de Pinnock. She never shared her chocolates with anyone; the fact was notorious. She wrote in a copperplate hand sentiments like these: "MILTON awes me; SHELLEY thrills me; BLAKE, the prophet of self-sacrifice, is ever my consolation and my guide. I ask for nothing beyond." I gave her nineteen.

And now comes the tragedy. Miss Penn-Cushing's letter of thanks was icy. She feared I had been "a thought nepotic," and (with my permission) she would revise my marks.

She dealt me the final blow at our Speech-Day. "I have decided," she gave out, "to award the first prize in Literature to Miss Katie de Pinnock. I am sure, though, that you will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Marcus O'Reilly, our examiner, was so impressed with the literary excellence of all your papers that he has presented the whole class with consolation prizes. We tender him our heartiest thanks."



Farmer. "EH, LUCY, THESE MOVING STAIRS DO BE VINE THINGS VOR SAVING VOLK'S TIME."

Commercial Candour.

Extract from a Canadian business-circular:—

"What intelligent car owners have been looking for is a tire that will give them a minimum amount of service for a maximum amount of expenditure. You can get that tire from us."

"THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY THE RT. HON C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

'Die, thou children of stormy dawn,' cries the Prime Minister to-day, as he stamps out the life of his little land taxes."—*Daily News.*

According to his critic Mr. LLOYD GEORGE seems to have done great violence to his syntax as well as to his little land taxes.

"The bride, a tall brunette, looked a vision of golden beauty as she advanced up the aisle on the arm of her father."—*Evening Paper.*

We do not think that this was the right occasion for an exposure of feminine camouflage.

THE ART OF POETRY.

I.

Many people have said to me, "I wish I could write poems. I often try, but——" They mean, I gather, that the impulse, the creative itch, is in them, but they don't know how to satisfy it. My own position is that I know how to write poetry, but I can't be bothered. I have not got the itch. The least I can do, however, is to try to help those who have.

A mistake commonly committed by novices is to make up their minds what it is they are going to say before they begin. This is superfluous effort, tending to cramp the style. It is permissible, if not essential, to select a *subject*—say, mud—but any detailed argument or plan which may restrict the free development of metre and rhyme (if any) is to be discouraged.

With that understanding, let us now write a poem about mud.

I should begin in this sort of way:—

Mud, mud,
Nothing but mud,
O my God!

It will be seen at once that we are not going to have much rhyme in this poem; or if we do we shall very soon be compelled to strike a sinister note, because almost the only rhymes to *mud* are *blood* and *flood*; while, as the authors of our hymns have discovered, there are very few satisfactory rhymes to *God*. They shamefully evaded the difficulty by using words like *road*, but in first-class poetry one cannot do that. On the whole, therefore, this poem had better be *vers libre*. That will take much less time and be more dramatic, without plunging us into a flood of blood or anything drastic like that. We now go on with a little descriptive business:—

Into the sunset, swallowing up the sun,
Crawling, creeping,
The naked flats——

Now there ought to be a verb. That is the worst of *vers libre*; one gets carried away by beautiful phrases and is brought up suddenly by a complete absence of verbs. However at a pinch one can do without a verb; that is the best of *vers libre*:—

Amber and gold,
Deep-stained in mystery
And the colours of mystery,
Inapprehensible,
Golden like wet-gold,
Amber like a woman of Arabia
That has in her breast
The forsaken treasures of old Time,
Love and Destruction,
Oblivion and Decay,
And bully-beef tins,
Tin upon tin,
Old boots, and bottles that hold no more
Their richness in them.
And I——

We might do a good deal more of this descriptive business, bringing in something about dead bodies, mud of course being full of dead bodies. But we had better get on. We strike now the personal note:—

And I,
I too am no more than a bottle,
An empty bottle,
Heaving helpless on the mud of life,
Without a label and without a cork,
Empty I am, yet no man troubles
To return me.
And why?
Because there is not sixpence on me.
Bah!
The sun goes down in the West
(Or is it the East?)
But I remain here,
Drifting empty under the night,
Drifting——

When one is well away with this part of the poem it is almost impossible to stop. When you are writing in metre you come eventually to the eighth line of the last verse and you have to stop; but in *vers libre* you have no assistance of that kind. This particular poem is being written for instructional purposes in a journal of limited capacity, so it will probably have to stop fairly soon; but in practice it would go on for a long time yet. In any case, however, it would end in the same way, like this:—

Mud, mud,
Nothing but mud,
O, my God!

That reasserts, you see, in a striking manner, the original *motif*, and somehow expresses in a few words the poignant melancholy of the whole poem. Another advantage in finishing a long poem, such as this would be, in the same way as you began it is that it makes it clear to the reader that he is still reading the same poem. Sometimes, and especially in *vers libre* of an emotional and digressive character, the reader has a hideous fear that he has turned over two pages and got into another poem altogether. This little trick reassures him; and if you are writing *vers libre* you must not lose any legitimate opportunity of reassuring the reader.

To treat the same theme in metre and rhyme will be a much more difficult matter. The great thing will be to avoid getting *mud* at the end of a line, for the reasons already given. We had better have long ten-syllable lines, and we had better have four of them in each verse. Gray wrote an elegy in that metre which has given general satisfaction. We will begin:—

As I came down through Chintonbury Hole
The tide rolled out from Wurzel to the sea.

In a serious poem of this kind it is essential to establish a locality atmosphere at once; therefore one mentions a few places by name to show that one has been there. If the reader has been there too he will like the poem, and if he hasn't no harm is done. The only thing is that locally Chintonbury is probably pronounced Chun'bury, in which case it will not scan. One cannot be too careful about that sort of thing. However, as an illustration Chintonbury will serve.

It is now necessary to show somehow in this verse that the poem is about mud; it is also necessary to organise a rhyme for 'Hole' and a rhyme for 'sea,' and of the two this is the more important. I shall do it like this:—

And like the unclothèd levels of my soul
The yellow mud lay mourning nakedly.

There is a good deal to be said against these two lines. For one thing I am not sure that the mud ought to be yellow; it will remind people of Covent Garden Tube Station, and no one wants to be reminded of that. However, it does suggest the inexpressible biliousness of the theme.

I think "levels" is a little weak. It is a good poetical word and doesn't mean anything in particular; but we have too many words of that kind in this verse. "Deserts" would do, except that deserts and mud don't go very well together. However, that sort of point must be left to the individual writer.

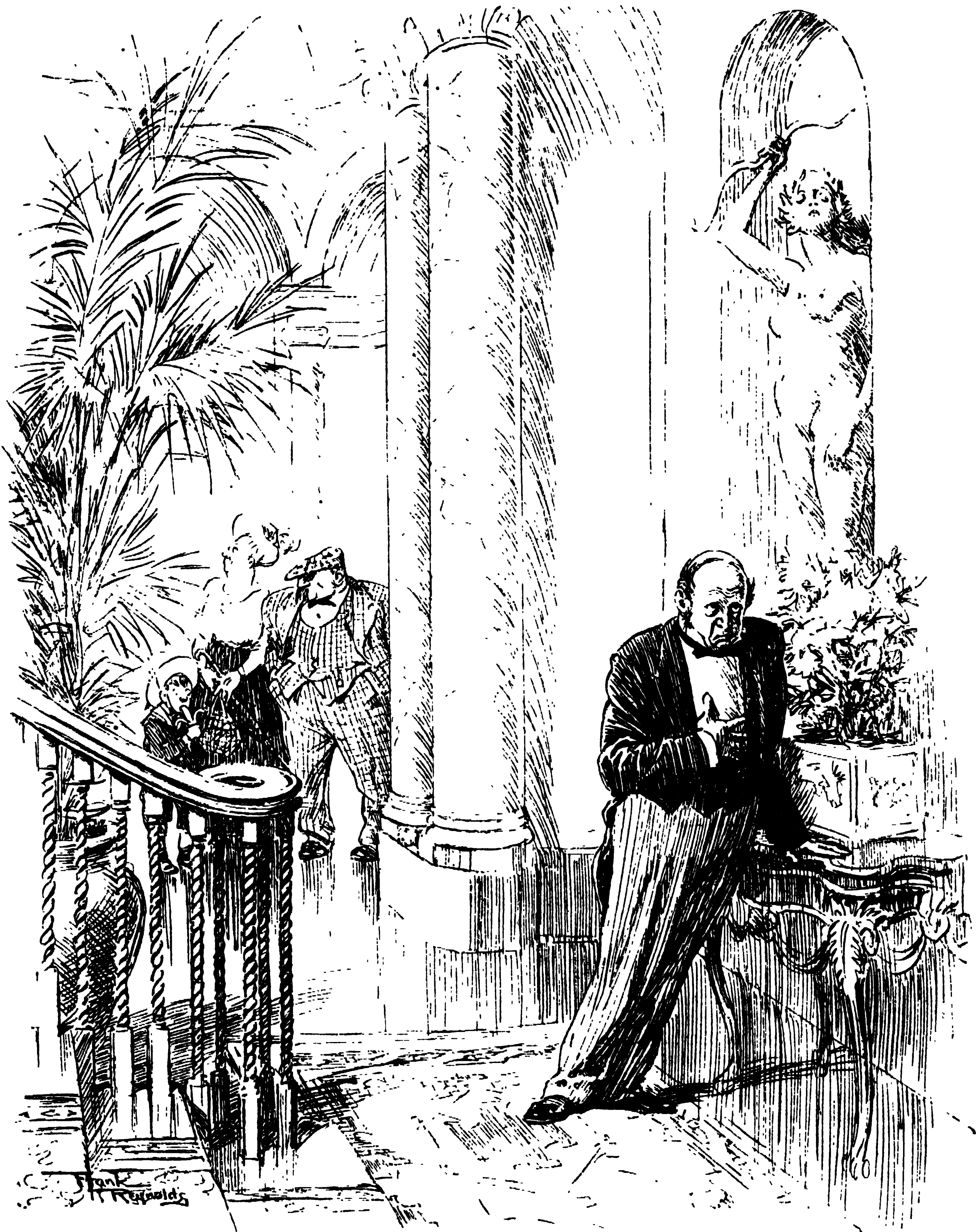
At first sight the student may think that "naked*ly*" is not a good rhyme for "sea." Nor is it. If you do that kind of thing in comic poetry no editor will give you money. But in serious poetry it is quite legitimate; in fact it is rather encouraged. That is why serious poetry is so much easier than comic poetry. In my next lecture I shall deal with comic poetry.

I don't think I shall finish this poem now. The fact is, I am not feeling so inspired as I was. It is very hot. Besides, I have got hay-fever and keep on sneezing. Constant sneezing knocks all the inspiration out of a man. At the same time a tendency to hay-fever is a sign of intellect and culture, and all the great poets were martyrs to it. That is why none of them grew very lyrical about hay. Corn excited them a good deal, and even straw, but hay hardly ever.

So the student must finish this poem as best he can, and I shall be glad to consider and criticise what he does, though I may say at once that there will be no prize. It ought to go on for another eight verses or so, though that is not essential in these days, for if it simply won't go on it can just stop in the middle. Only then it must be headed "Mud: A Fragment."

And in any case, in the bottom left-hand corner, the student must write: *Chintonbury, May 28th, 1920.*

A. P. H.



MANNERS AND MODES.

WHAT OUR PROFITEER'S BUTLER (WHO WAS TAKEN ON WITH THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH:—MASTER'S RELATIONS.

ELIZABETH'S TIP FOR THE DERBY.

"Talkin' o' the Derby," began Elizabeth.

As a matter of fact I was not talking of the Derby or even thinking of it at the moment. I had just been telling Elizabeth that the omelette which she had served us at dinner was leathery, and her remark struck me as irrelevant.

"Master thinks the omelettes would be lighter if you fried them in more butter," I continued. Of course Master had thought nothing of the kind. But nowadays complaints must be conveyed to domestics in this indirect way.

Elizabeth ignored the omelette. "I'm goin' to win fifty pounds at least," she exclaimed, and in her excitement broke the cup she held—I mean to say the cup came in two in her hand as she spoke. "I've got a bit on an 'orse for the Derby."

I felt slightly shocked. It is always surprising to discover a latent sporting instinct in one's domestics, unless they are highly placed and dignified domestics like butlers or head-footmen; but in a cook-general it seems peculiarly low.

"I shouldn't bet if I were you," I advised; "I think—er—*Master* thinks," I added involuntarily—"that you might lose money at it."

"But I'm goin to *win* money this time," announced Elizabeth triumphantly; "my young man ses so, and 'e knows."

"Which young man?" I inquired.

Elizabeth, I ought perhaps to explain, is uncertain about her young men. She never has any lack of them; but they are like ships that pass in the night (her night out as a rule) and one by one they drift off, never stopping to cast anchor in her vicinity. You know what I mean. Elizabeth can't *keep* a young man. Perhaps she lacks the charm which Barrie describes as "a sort of a bloom on a woman." Or if she has any of that bloom it must be swamped in the moist oleaginous atmosphere of washing-up which seems to cling permanently about her.

"It's a new young man," said Elizabeth in answer to my question, "an' 'e's got work in a racin' stable, so that's 'ow 'e knows wot's goin' to win. It'll be an outsider, 'e ses, which makes it all the better for me."

"All the better for you?"

"Yes, 'm. You see, the more you puts on the more you wins."

Elizabeth may not have charm but she certainly has simplicity. "You don't mean to say," I cried, a light breaking on me, "that you got your next month's wages in advance just to put it all on a horse?"

"That I did," she replied complacently. "You see, my young man ses that, if you put it on some time before'and, you get a better price, so I thort I'd give it to 'im to put on at once. 'E promised 'e wouldn't waste a minnit over it."

"But this is most foolish of you—to trust your money to an entire stranger," I expostulated.

"'E isn't a stranger—'e's my young man," corrected Elizabeth, tossing her head.

For the following few days she was radiant—but then anybody would be who was certain of the winner of the Derby a week before the race. In addition to this she had got a young man. Those brief periods when Elizabeth's young men are in the incipient stages of paying her attention are agreeable to everybody. Elizabeth, feeling no doubt in her rough untutored way that God's in His heaven and all's right with the world, sings at her work; she shows extraordinary activity when going about her duties. She does unusual things like remembering to polish the brasses every week—indeed you have only to step into the hall and glance at the stair-rods to discover the exact stage of her latest "affair." I remember that, when one ardent swain "in the flying corpse" went to the length of offering her marriage before he flew away, she cleaned the entire house down in her enthusiasm, and had actually got to the cellars before he vanished out of her life.

The follower from the racing stable might aptly be described as "The Man Who Never Came Back." He romped out of Elizabeth's existence on the Sunday preceding the Derby.

"I waited for 'im four-an'-an-'arf 'ours, an' 'e didn't turn up," she informed me next day.

"Perhaps he was prevented from keeping the appointment," I suggested to comfort her, though I felt the outlook was gloomy.

She shook her head. "I'll never see 'im no more. I *know* 'em," she said, drawing on the depth of her experience of young men who do the vanishing trick. "An' my money gone too. It's 'eartbreakin'. But I might 'ave known that that there 'orse was a bad sign."

"What horse?" I asked, bewildered.

"The one 'e told me to put my money on. The name alone ought to have set me agen it; it was too true to life."

"And what was the name of the horse?" I inquired as she drifted dismally to the door.

"'E Goes," said Elizabeth mournfully.



"Try 'im wiv a worm, Guv'nor!"

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(*By our Lunatic Contributor.*)

That the notorious King Belshazzar
Was noted as the earliest Jazzer;
That, on the contrary, Zerubbabel
Was most exclusive and unclubbable;
That Romulus and brother Remus
Were not so tall as Polyphemus;
That the one weakness of Calypso
Was what is briefly known as "dipso;"
That Clodius, very long ago,
First bore the nickname of "Old Clo;"
That the illustrious Palestrina
Did not invent the concertina;
That Wagner's methods in *Tannhäuser*
Never appealed to *Mrs. Poyser*;
That the Albanian Prenk Bib Doda
Prefers his whisky *minus* soda;
That good Professor Flinders Petrie
Did not discover Sacha Guitry.

Our Journalistic Sleuths.

"The circumstances under which the deceased came by his death are shrouded in mystery. From the gun shot wounds it is surmised that he either shot himself or somebody had shot him."—*Indian Paper.*

"Would Persons present in Restaurant in Shiprow on Saturday Night, when dispute arose with regard to sixpence, please communicate with No. 798 Express Office?"
Scotch Paper.

Who heard the bang?



[Week-end hostesses are now giving "Lend-a-hand" parties, at which every guest is expected to do some household service.]

Wife. "I'M ASKING DOLLY DITCHWATER THIS WEEK-END. BIT DULL, BUT SHE DOESN'T DROP THE CHINA."
Husband. "DON'T FORGET BERTIE BUNT. BIT OF A BOUNDER, BUT HE'S AN ACE AT CLEANING BOOTS."

AMERICA AGAIN.

A SITUATION of extreme international delicacy has recently arisen. We understand, with regard to the impending strike of Italian organ-grinders and ice-cream merchants in the Metropolis, that Signori Rimbombo Furioso and Fagiuolo Antico, representing the Amalgamated Society of Itinerant Instrumentalists and the National Union of Refrigerated Tuck Sellers, have lately been invited to a conference with Dr. MACNAMARA, and their economic grievances are now under the consideration of the MINISTER OF LABOUR. These, briefly, are as follows:

(1) The high price of sugar.

(2) Restricted hours and insufficient emoluments.

(3) Undue interference by the police.

(4) Inadequate supplies of monkey nuts.

It now appears that in order to make a bid for the large Italian vote in the forthcoming Presidential elections in the U.S.A. a violent anti-British propaganda compaign is raging on the other side of the Atlantic, and that an enormous amount of spurious sympathy is being manufactured on behalf of the purveyors of rotary music and frozen confectionery in Soho. Beautiful Italian girls are daily besieging the British Embassy at Washington with placards bearing such inscriptions as—

SHOULD HOKEY POKEY SUFFER?

ENGLAND COERCES HER TRAVELLING ORGANISTS.

AMERICANS! HELP THE DUMB APE!

The agitation is the more uncalled for since, as a matter of fact, both Signor Furioso and Signor Antico, like most of their compatriots in this country, are pronounced Irredentists and filled with aspirations for a larger Italy, so that they have little or nothing in common with anti-Imperialistic America. Nevertheless, so bitter is the feeling which has been aroused that large subsidies are being sent overseas and Black Hand gangs organised to resist the London police. All over the outer suburbs organ-grinders are refusing to move on, and insist on playing well into the early hours of the morning. Deleterious substances of an explosive nature are being mingled with the ice cream, or else it is being supplied in such a watery condition that it is impossible for customers to lick it out of the receptacle without ruining their shirt fronts and waistcoats. Monkeys are being trained to give violent manifestations of ferocity, and, should the present heat-wave continue, rabies is anticipated.

The latest development is a rumoured suggestion from the U.S.A. Government that a representative should be sent over to take part in the Conference, and the names of Mr. JOE DEMPSEY and Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN have been put forward as possible mediators.

V.

"All is not plane sailing yet for the German in search of foreign markets."—*Evening Paper.*

But wait till their flying bagmen get to work.



Hairdresser in Ancient Assyria. "DON'T GO, SIR. I SHALL BE FINISHED WITH THIS NOBLEMAN IN THREE OR FOUR HOURS."

PRACTICAL ZOOLOGY.

THERE is nothing which distinguishes your true Briton so much as the systematic study of the ways of wild animals, and there is no kind of instruction which an English child so eagerly accepts.

"The addax or Nubian antelope," how frequently one may hear a father say to his small son in the schoolroom, "has horns very similar to those of the Indian antelope, but is a larger animal." "Yes, father," responds the boy brightly, "it has a tuft of long hair on the forehead and large broad hoofs, adapted for treading on fine and loose sands."

But it is easier perhaps to make these nice points in natural history in the comparative calm of the home than in the more frenzied atmosphere that reigns in the Zoological Gardens themselves. It is for that reason that I have put together the few notes which follow, hoping that they may assist the reader to adopt a definite system in dealing with this great national institution and educate the young mind on a reasoned and scientific plan.

Take the order of visiting the cages first. I do not complain of your natural wish to begin with the giraffe, because it has such an absurdly long neck and may possibly mistake Pamela's straw-hat for a bunch of hay and try to eat it, and because you will be able to see the hippopotamus on the way. As a matter of fact you will find that the giraffe is not standing near the bars at all, but close to its stable, where it is mincing and bridling exactly like a lady in a Victorian novel, and as for the hippopotamus you cannot see the pretty pink part of him because he is giving his famous imitation of a submarine. But never mind that. Your difficulty now will be, "What shall we do next?" and in order to assist you I have constructed a logical order for visiting the various cages. Here it is:—

1. The lions, because you can hear them already roaring most horribly fiercely.

2. The sea-lions, because they are saying "Ock, ock."

3. The lions, because the tiger may be roaring too this time.

4. The Elephant House. No, Pamela, I don't know why he is swaying about like that.

5. The lions, because Tony did not really see the black panther, which was asleep in one corner of its cage.

6. The Monkey House. I suppose we *must*.

7. The lions, to wait there till they are fed.

The only trouble about this order is that you may not have much time to visit the Mappin Terraces, and it is of course very important that you should go there because of the bears. The bears by rights should be fed on umbrellas, because they suck the stick and the ribs of the frame for all the world as if they were pieces of asparagus, and tear the silk part very carefully into tiny little shreds. But umbrellas are very expensive just now and the keeper does not think they are very good for the bears either. It is better to give them oranges, but oranges are expensive too, so you must make quite certain that you do not waste them on the grizzlies which are not on the Mappin Terraces at all. It is no use giving an orange to a grizzly bear, because it goes down with one quick motion, like the rod into the right-hand top pocket. But if you give it to one of the Himalayan bears he opens it and scoops out all the inside and guzzles it up and then sits down and licks his paws exactly like a Christian, and while he is doing that the other Himalayan bear comes up and is so annoyed at not having an orange too that he lies down and groans with rage and flaps himself with his paws. So you have to get another orange.

Another thing that you have missed all this time and ought to see if pos-



A DARK HORSE.

Profiteer. "'Economy'? Never heard the name. Looks as if he might spoil my book, though."



THE NICETIES OF CLOTHES ECONOMY.

"Good Lord! That fellow's actually had his overalls *pitched!*"
"Darned little fop."

sible is the Antelope House, where the telephone is. I don't know why the antelopes want a telephone more than all the other animals, but they do. Of course if they knew how bad the telephone is they would realise that with their long legs they could get there and back again in much quicker time than it takes to get a call through.

And then there are the Small Birds. It is not known to everybody, least of all, I think, to poets, that the nightingale sings best of all in a cage in broad daylight and amongst a lot of other birds, all twittering away like anything. We should like to take Mr. Robert Bridges to the Small Birds' House. We should like to take Mr. Robert Smillie there too, and introduce him to the bird just underneath the nightingale, which is called the Talking Mynah.

But you are not very much interested in coal or poetry, and will probably like the Sugar Birds best, for, if there is anything more delightful than being a bird, especially a tiny little bird, blue or green underneath, it must be living on sugar and having grapes stuck in the bars of your cage.

The snakes of course are slimy sort of creatures and their house is a long way off, and, though we fully agree with you that the monkeys were just like real persons, we think we really ought to be starting home now.

No, there is no time to see the lions again. . . . Evoe.

THE CAP THAT FITS.

"Gerald, dear," said my wife the other evening, "I wish you'd write and order some more notepaper; we've hardly any left."

"All right, Margaret. What sort do you want? The last lot was beastly—too thick to make into spills and not large enough for drawing up the fire."

"Well, here's a list of the different kinds they have in stock at Jones and Robinson's."

I took it from her and glanced through it. "What do you say to 'Cream Laid,' Margaret? I like the sound of that. It will make me feel so nice and cool in the hot weather to think of the rows of fresh-faced country girls, in their spotless white overalls, pouring the cream delicately over the paper. I wonder how they get it to stop exactly at the edge?"

"It wants a very cool head and steady hand, I expect," said Margaret; "they'd all be picked cream-layers, of course. But how would you like 'thick hand-made paper with deckle edges'? What are deckle edges, I wonder; and how is paper hand-made?"

"Rather like treading grapes, I fancy, only that's done by foot. I mean they smash up the pulp with a very heavy pestle in a huge——"

"Mortar!" cried Margaret triumphantly.

"Yes; but am I telling this story or are you? Well, and then they put it through a mangle——"

"Wurzel," said Margaret.

"Wrong—just a mangle, and roll it out flat, after which they deckle the edges."



Sandy (viewing doctor's bill). "BUT THE BILL IS NO RICHT, SIR. YE'VE CHAIRGED ME FOR SEVEN DAYS INSTEAD O' SIX. DINNA YE MIND I WAS DELEERIOUS ONE DAY AN' WAS NOT AWEER OF YOUR PRESENCE?"

"But how do they do that, Gerald?"

"Oh, they just call in the edge-deckler and say, 'See to't that yon edges be deckled ere set o' sun,' and he sees to't. His is a most important post, I believe."

Margaret came and sat on a tuffet by my chair.

"Sorry about wurzel," she said. "Now tell me all about machine-made paper, there's a dear. It will be so nice to be able to explain all this to Nat when he's older."

"Paper-making by machinery, my dear," I said graciously, "is a most complicated process. I won't puzzle you with all the details, but roughly the idea is to pulp up the—er—rags and so on in a huge sort of—er—bowl, and then to roll it out thin in the rolling-out machine."

Margaret thought this over. "It sounds just the same as the hand-made," she said.

"Oh, *no*," I said quickly; "it's all done by *machinery*, you see. Pistons and rollers and—er—mechanical edge-decklers and so on."

"And what does 'Linen Wove' mean?"

"They employ people to thread the paper with linen threads, my dear. A very delicate performance; that's why Linen Wove is so expensive. Azure Wove is, of course, done with blue flaxen threads. Silurian Bond is made by a fellowship of geologists, and for Chelsea Bank they have a factory on the bank of the Thames at Cheyne Walk. That's all I need tell you, though I know a lot more."

"I never realised before how awfully interesting paper-making could be," said Margaret gratefully. "Write and order me a good supply of Chelsea Cream Wove, will you, dear? Oh, and some other kind for yourself, to write your stories on. Don't forget."

"Very well; Chelsea Cream Wove for you. And what shall I have?"

Margaret's mouth twitched a little.

"Foolscap, I think, dear," she said.

ANALGESIA.

(With Mr. Punch's best wishes for the speedy recovery of the French PRESIDENT.)

["President Deschanel . . . was compelled to take several analgesia cachets. (Analgesia is a condition in which there is incapacity of feeling pain)."]—*Evening Paper.*

WHEN, haply through excess of cake,
  In childhood's days of fun and frolic,
I suffered from that local ache
  Known to the Faculty as colic;
Or if across the foam I fared
  And was (invariably) sea-sick,
How much distress had I been spared
  Just by a simple analgesic.

In the Headmaster's awesome den,
  His cane poised o'er me palely bending,
A lozenge deftly swallowed then
  Had eased the smart of its descending.

Thus might I have indulged in "rags,"
  Immune from every sore corrective,
Nor need I then have stuffed my bags
  With notebooks, often ineffective.

Henceforth, in any sort of fuss—
  Life's little incidental dramas,
As when one boards a motor-bus
  Or leaps from trains in one's pyjamas—

I'll take a tabloid. DESCHANEL!
  So much to me your agile feat meant;
L'exemple présidentiel
  Lends quite a *cachet* to the treatment.

"59 ACCIDENTS IN 5 YEARS.
PROPOSED ROAD WIDENING TO INCLUDE CEMETERY CORNER."
Evening Paper.

The only alternative would appear to be to enlarge the cemetery.

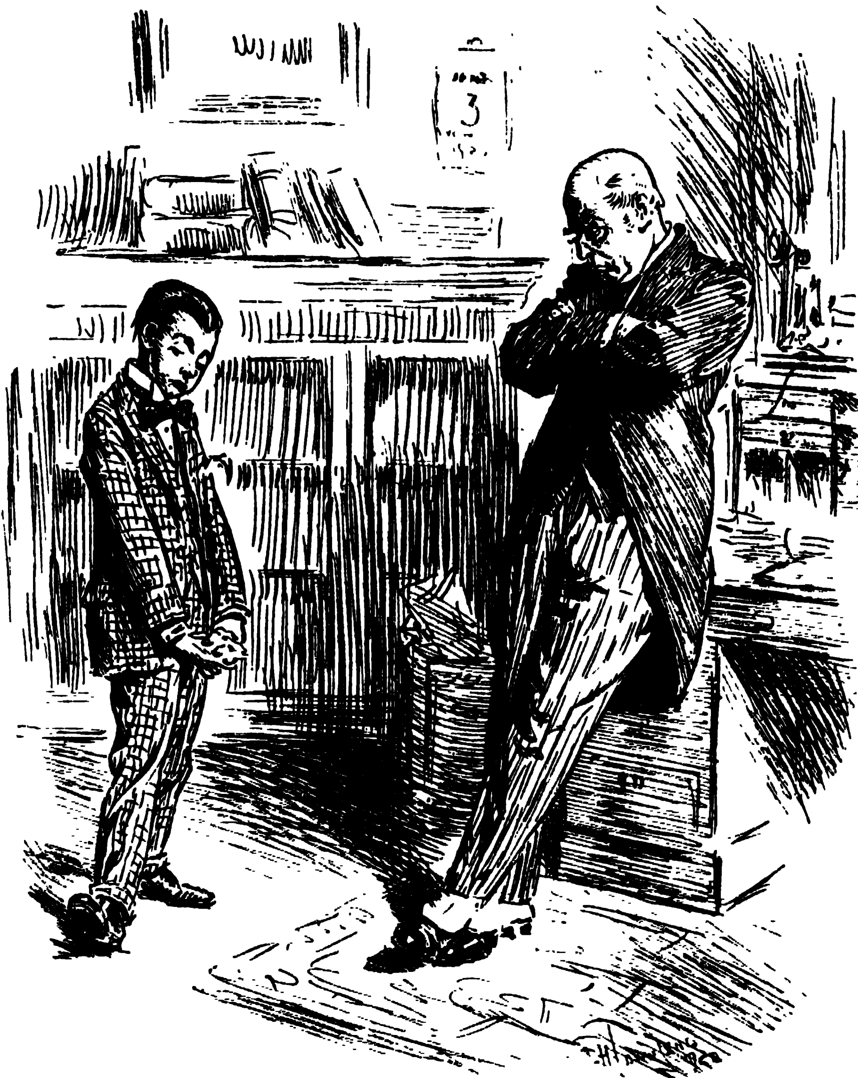
AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT AT EPSOM.

I am not attending the Derby this year. Nor was it my original intention to go last year, but since my beneficent employers, unasked, offered me a day off, Selina insisted we ought to go. It was a national institution, a sight everyone should see once in a lifetime, and so forth. I protested it was an extravagance; that to be married was really more than we could afford, let alone race-meetings. But Selina was firm. She would pay, if necessary, out of the house-keeping money. Besides it need cost nothing. We might win enough money to cover our expenses.

Thus the idea of betting was introduced. Gambling in all forms is against my principles; and how I came to give in on the point I scarcely know. From the way Selina argued one might have supposed that a bet on the Derby was a prudent investment, something in the nature of a life-insurance which no careful husband would neglect to make. So I yielded, merely stipulating that our stake was not to exceed one pound; and this amount fortunately satisfied Selina's conception of recklessness.

So upon the appointed day we found ourselves at the famous Heath, or is it the Downs? The selection of a horse to bear our fortunes to victory was not made without anxious debate, since Selina's choice was based upon the colour scheme of the jockey's coats, and mine on the romantic associations of the animals' names. In the end we compromised on a horse called Grand Parade.

Next, equally momentous, we selected a bookmaker who was to oblige us by opposing our fancy at the most advantageous rate. I was in favour of picking a man whose abundance of chin and paunch would, should he default, prevent his attaining more than four miles an hour on the flat. I had already discovered one that answered this description. He was soliciting clients in a voice that made one think a vulture might be rending his liver. Selina, who pretends to read character from faces, declared his eyes were too close together for those of an honest man. She had singled out a more suitable individual, and she indicated to me a slender gentlemanly man dressed in a grey frock-coat with a tall hat of the same colour just pathetically beginning to grow shabby. He also invited custom, but in a refined, almost confidential tone which, in comparison with the braying of his rival, resembled the cooing of a dove. His features, which to me denoted weakness of character, Selina asserted to be those of an honourable man struggling with adversity. It was



"So you absented yourself without leave, and went to Epsom. What have you got to say?"

"That it was worth it, Sir, even if it do mean the loss of my pension."

to support an ailing wife, she felt sure, that he toiled at his uncongenial vocation. I should have liked to explain, though I knew it was useless, that our object in dealing with him was not to contribute to the support of his wife; that our success, indeed, might mean that the unhappy lady would be deprived for many a week to come of those little delicacies that are essential to the comfort of an invalid.

Against my better judgment I gave in and our little stake was deposited in his hands. I almost felt inclined to apologize for its smallness, but his courtesy in accepting it rendered excuses unnecessary. Nevertheless I should have preferred, when taking up a position to view the race, to have chosen a spot from which we could at the same time have kept an eye on his gentlemanly tall hat. Selina however poohpoohed the idea. We therefore walked some little distance to a point on the hill whence, some ten minutes later, we had the satisfaction of seeing Grand Parade gallop home a winner.

In the moment of triumph I had almost forgotten my apprehensions as to our bookmaker. Selina however had not, for, as we caught sight of his elegant grey-clad figure on our return, she could not resist exclaiming, "See how wrong your suspicions were."

The crowd, set loose after the tension of the race, impeded our progress, so that by the time we reached him he was alone. Apparently he had paid off all the other winners, and we were the last claimants to arrive.

"Ah, I was waiting for you," he said in his easy well-bred fashion. "You will think it very strange, perhaps, but

for the moment I am unable to pay you. Most absurd. My losses have been rather more than I calculated, and I have unfortunately disbursed all my available cash. You need be under no apprehension, however; if you will kindly give me your address you shall have a cheque by the first post to-morrow."

I tried to recall what one did to welshers. I seemed to remember that one raised a hue-and-cry, that one tarred and feathered them, and rode them on a rail to a pond. I am, however, constitutionally timid about making my voice heard in public, and I was as short of tar and feathers as he was of ready cash. I had therefore no alternative but to draw out my pocket-case and present him with a card.

"Ah, thanks," he said, and with a neat little silver pencil he scribbled on the back a hieroglyph of some sort, doubtless to jog his memory. Then he wished me good-day with many apologies and, politely taking off his hat to Selina, sauntered leisurely in the direction of the railway-station.

I confess that this *contretemps* somewhat dashed my spirits. Nor was my chagrin lessened by observing, during the remainder of the afternoon, my corpulent friend, notwithstanding the closeness of his eyes to each other, paying off regularly, at the end of each race, a host of customers with the greatest good grace, enlivened by coarse jocularities. I followed the rest of the sport with little zest, and my cup of enjoyment was not filled to overflowing when, possessing first-class return tickets, we had to stand, Selina as well as myself, in a crowded third-class smoker.

Selina however preserved both her spirits and her confidence. Bookmakers, she had heard, were, as a class, most honourable. Their losses could not be recovered by law, but they regarded them as debts of honour. There were exceptions, of course, but the gentleman in grey was not one of them. Something told her so. I should see that she was right.

At breakfast next morning we scanned our post for a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting. There was none.

"It was really rather early to expect one," said Selina.

On the following morning, however, amongst others there lay a letter in a strange writing, addressed moreover in precisely the same style as the description of me on my visiting card.

"What did I tell you?" said Selina.

"Well?" she asked, as I tore open the envelope and read the letter.

"This must be some mistake," I said. "It is a demand from the railway for a first-class fare from Epsom to London. They state that I was detected travelling without a ticket. Ridiculous. I shall pay no attention to it."

In the evening, however, as I started home from the City, I thought better. It would save trouble if I looked in at London Bridge.

"You have come to pay?" said the chief clerk, as I showed him the note.

"Indeed I have not," said I. "On the contrary the Company should refund me the difference between first and third-class fare."

"Do you deny, then, that you travelled back from Epsom without a ticket?"

"Indeed I do."

"You will not deny, perhaps, that this is the card you handed the inspector with a promise to pay?"

I took the proffered card. I could not deny it, for the card was mine. I turned it over. There, faintly legible on the back in pencil, was the hieroglyph that the bookie had scrawled on it.

I explained to the clerk. I also explained to Selina when I got home. She, however, sticks to her original contention. She was not deceived. Fundamentally the man was honest. Only the expenses of his wife's long illness had caused him to deviate from the path of probity.

METHODIC MADNESS.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

THE newspapers have recently devoted a certain amount of space to the American millionaire who, while confined in a psychopathic ward of a private lunatic asylum, by his clever financial manipulations added in the course of six weeks five hundred thousand pounds to a fortune "conservatively estimated at three million pounds." In spite of this achievement the misguided millionaire pleaded earnestly for his release. But the verdict of the New York Sheriffs' Court was adverse. The expert "alienists" admitted that he possessed an extraordinary memory and undoubted genius, but held that he was none the less insane. Accordingly he is to remain in the psychopathic ward to which he was consigned "at the request of his aged mother." A simple sum in addition establishes the fact that, if the patient maintains his present average, he will considerably more than double his fortune in a year. Yet none of the newspaper commentators have realised the tremendous possibilities underlying this achievement.

We are threatened with national insolvency, and here is an infallible remedy ready to hand. Lord FISHER's panacea for our discontents was to "sack the lot"—to dismiss all our rulers and administrators. But he had only a glimmering of the truth. Our cry should rather be, "Lock up the lot." Experience has taught us that if complete latitude is given to eccentrics and incompetents, if, in the words of Professor SODDY, F.R.S., the destinies of the country are entrusted to people of archaic mental outlook, the result is bound to be disastrous and chaotic. But if you treat them as lunatics, there is a strong presumption of their mending their ways and proving valuable factors in the economic reconstruction of the Empire and the world.

Grave evils call for drastic treatment, and in view of the hectic condition of the Stock Exchange and the "vicious circle" round which industrialism is now unhappily revolving I cannot but think that the temporary seclusion of the Ministry in a psychopathic ward might be fraught with economic consequences of the utmost importance. Even if they were only able to reduce our indebtedness at the same rate as that attained by the American millionaire, their combined efforts would represent a magnificent total.

Perhaps it would be wiser to proceed tentatively and not commit ourselves for more than six weeks to start with. It is just conceivable that the treatment might stimulate extravagance instead of economy. Financial thrombosis is not unknown as one of the obscurer forms of megalomania. Still, as I have said, the experiment is worth making.

In other spheres of activity the results achieved are most encouraging. For example, an extremely *outré* Cubist who was recently consigned to a psychopathic ward at the instigation of his grandmother, developed a remarkable talent for painting in the manner of MARCUS STONE, while a neo-Georgian composer under similar treatment has produced a series of *études* indistinguishable from the pianoforte music of STERNDALE BENNETT, though he had previously far outstripped the most unbridled and exacerbated aberrations of SCRIABINE in his latest phase.

Commercial Candour.

"YE OLDE TEA HOUSE
(Opposite the Church).
HOME-MADE CAKES. ANTIQUES."
Local Paper.

"TO BE SURE.

'Why do you call that performing poodle Sidius?'

'He's a dog star, ain't he now?'"
Canadian Paper.

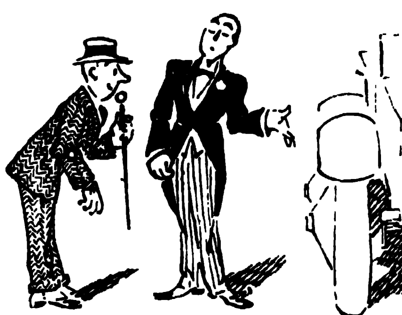
Still we don't see it.

THE PROVISION MERCHANT.

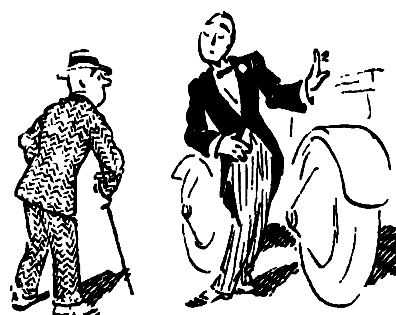
Fougasse



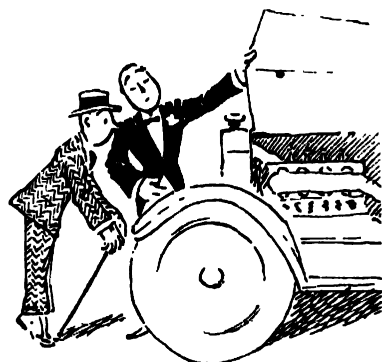
"CAN WE SUPPLY YOU WITH A CAR, SIR? CERTAINLY.



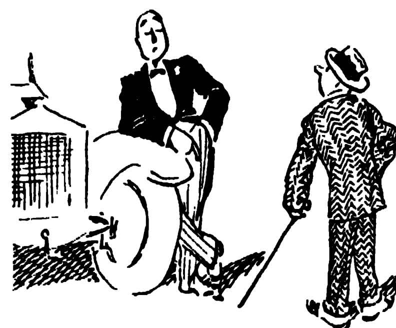
THIS IS OUR 1920 TOURING MODEL—PROVISIONAL, OF COURSE.



BY THE WAY, THE BODY, YOU SEE, IS ONLY A PROVISIONAL ONE.



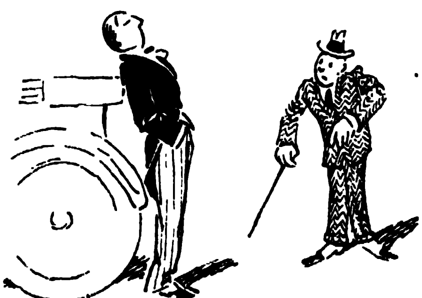
THE ENGINE-DESIGN IS PURELY PROVISIONAL, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND—



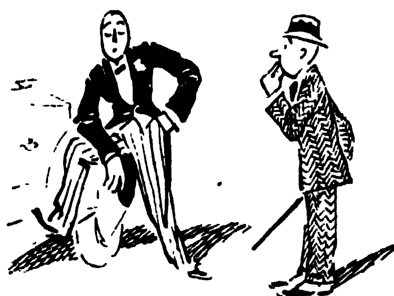
AND THE HORSE-POWER IS PROVISIONALLY FIXED AT 12–78.



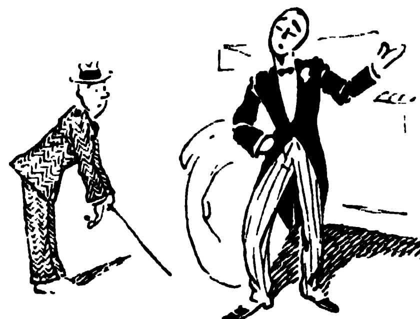
DELIVERY IS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS—QUITE PROVISIONAL, THAT IS—



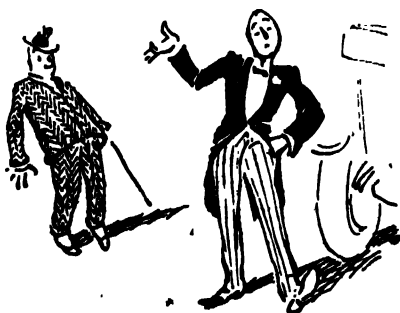
AND THE PRICE WE PUT PROVISIONALLY AT £1,200.



WE SHALL REQUIRE, OF COURSE, A DEPOSIT OF £600 BEFORE WE CAN PROVISIONALLY ACCEPT THE ORDER.



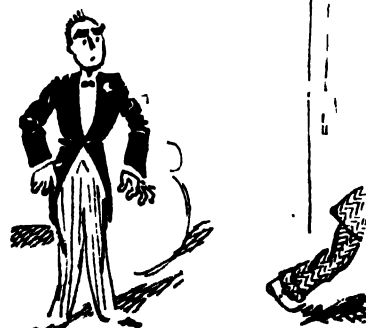
I MAY ADD THAT A GUARANTEE GOES WITH EACH CAR—PROVISIONAL, NATURALLY—



AND WE WILL PROVISIONALLY UNDERTAKE TO INFORM YOU OF ANY PROVISIONAL ALTERATIONS—



THAT WE MAY MAKE IN OUR PROVISIONAL DESIGNS IF YOU APPLY TO OUR PROVISIONAL WORKS—



—PROVIDED—— NO, SIR, I CANNOT TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN HIRE A PUSH-BIKE!!!"

AT THE PLAY.

"The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

Gentlemen of the Press having been tactfully requested not to give away this awesome mystery, I am barred by the fastidious sense of honour which distinguishes our profession from spoiling your pleasure in this matter—a course which otherwise I should naturally have preferred.

Not that I have any too clear idea of what it was all about or why an innocent gentleman should be apparently going to be guillotined for it. For there was no question of anyone having been murdered, the only tangible crime before the Court that I could see being the abstraction of some scientific papers. However don't imagine that this vagueness will deprive you of the pleasures of shock. Only don't go thinking about it. Remember *Rosamund* and her Purple Jar.

I think I am free to tell you that a young journalist possessing (characteristically) "fantastic humour and exuberant gaiety," a famous amateur detective to boot, outwits all the official police, robs the law of its prey and finds a long-lost mother for himself.

If this doesn't excite you sufficiently you can extract fun from subsidiary details. It is always diverting to the unspoilt soul when the principal lady goes to turn up one lamp and the other promptly glows instead; or when, a particularly obvious and commonplace knock assaulting the ear, she exclaims in tragic accents, "There's someone at the door;" or when the detective drags from the bottom of the lake a pair of the driest of dry old boots.

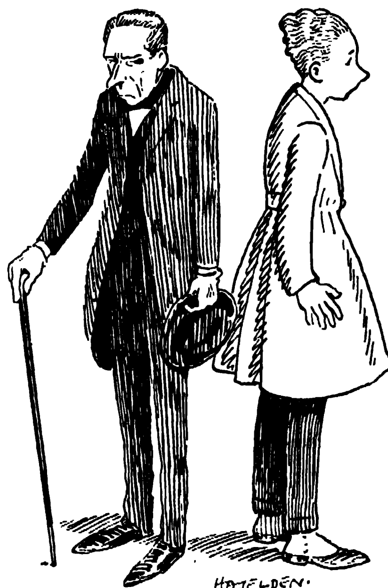
Or, if you are superior to this kind of thing, you can amuse yourself by deducing from the practice before you the famous *Rules for Revolvers*, which, *mutatis mutandis*, are as old as the Aristotelian unities and, for all I (or, probably, you) know to the contrary, were laid down at the same time by the same hand.

Rule 1. "All Innocent Characters expecting murderous assault from Particularly Desperate Villains will provide themselves with revolvers. Before retiring for the tragic night they will, grasping the revolver firmly in the right hand, place it carefully (as Professor Leacock would direct) on the revolver-stand. The P.D.V. will then know what to do about it. (*Note*: P.D.V.'s do not carry revolvers. They don't need to.)

Rule 2. "I.C.'s actually attacking P.D.V.'s will on no account fire, but, advancing stealthily, will offer their pistol-wrist to the enemy, who will at once lock it in a deathly grip. After a brief struggle, swaying this way and that, the P.D.V. will, on the word 'Four,' put on another beard and have the I.C. thrown into prison." And so forth.

I have no serious fault to find with these tactics. On the contrary. But I rather think that in the first Act an incident was introduced (no doubt in the spirit of the little girl's explanation *à propos* of her riddle, "That was just put in to make it more difficult"), which was not quite cricket as it is played by the best people in these stage shockers.

But I am on dangerous grounds. Let me say that Mr. Hannaford Bennett has been distinctly ingenious in his adaptation from M. Gaston's Leroux's hectic feuilleton; that Miss Sybil Thorndike put in a much finer quality of work than is usually supplied with this kind of heroine; that Miss Daisy Markham as her friend played very gaily and prettily as long as the situation allowed it, and that Messrs. Franklin Dyall, Lewis Casson, Nicholas Hannen, Arthur Pusey, Major Jones, Colston Mansell and the Prompter all did notable work. T.



Joseph Rouletabille (Mr. Arthur Pusey) to *Frederic Larsan* (Mr. Franklin Dyall). "Father, I am a journalist; I cannot tell a lie. You did it!"

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"No doubt the inhabitants of the seaside resorts are duly grateful as they turn their faces to the trippers and the sun. Like Niobe, they are all smiles."—*Provincial Paper.*

"It certainly was a heavy swell, but the good ship 'Onward' had, so to speak, got its sea legs, and so had the party aboard; and although we rolled, it was a long steady roll which in time became almost most enjoyable."
Isle of Man Weekly Times.

It is on occasions like these that the Manxman finds his third leg so useful.

CUTCHERY CATS.

[In order to check the depredations of mice and rats the Government of India have directed the maintenance of cats in every public office ("Cutchery"). Rations do not err on the side of over-abundance, and the cats in consequence are not always the most favourable specimens.]

What time five notes on the cutchery gong
The aged orderly rings,
And he who calleth the waiting throng
Striketh his work and sings,
There cometh a man with broken meats,
Cheerily calling, and him there greets
With wailing of souls that are tried too long,
A bevy of Fearsome Things.

Ribbed as railings and lank as rods,
Stark as the toddy trees,
Swarming as when from the bursting pods
Scatter the ripened peas,
Flaming pupil and naked claw,
Gaunt and desolate, maimed and raw,
Cats by courtesy, but, ye gods!
Never were cats like these.

Nay, of a verity these be souls
Such as in life were vile,
Risen again from the nethermost coals
To harry the earth a while;
Versed in wickedness, old in sin,
Never was hell could hold them in,
And back they hasten in droves and shoals
To desecrate and defile.

Here where the shadow of Ancient Lies
Falleth athwart the room,
Where the Angel of Evil Counsel plies
His chariot through the gloom,
Where the Lost Endeavours and Faded Hopes
Cluster like fruit in the mango-topes,
Here is the perfectest paradise
For the damned to work their doom.

And swear will I by the Cloven Hoof
And the name of the Manichees,
By the hair that riseth despite reproof
And the rebel veins that freeze,
That at night, when the graves give up their dead
And the thunder belloweth overhead,
You would not get me under this roof
For a lakh of the best rupees!

* * * * *

The Magistrate's risen and eke the Sub,
And bicycles homeward spin;
The clerks depart with a shrill hubbub
And the snores of the guard begin;
Ah, lock ye the strong-room sure and fast,
For the night draws down and the day is past;
Masters, I will away to the Club,
For the hour of the cats is in.

H. B.



Batsman. "I DON'T WANT NONE OF YOUR UNDER'ANDS. BOWL ANOTHER AN' I TAKES THE BAT 'OME—SEE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

ALTHOUGH *Madeline of the Desert* (UNWIN) is published in the First Novel series, it by no means follows that Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL can be considered a beginner in authorship, his various activities already including some volumes on Egyptology that have made for him a wide circle of appreciative readers. You will therefore be correct in guessing that the Desert of the title is Egyptian; also that the story is one in which the setting and the local colour are treated with expert knowledge and an infectious enthusiasm. Of *Madeline* herself I should say at once that nothing in her life, as shown here, became her like the beginning of it. Her entrance into the tale, arriving out of the desert to consult the recluse, *Father Gregory*, whose nephew she afterwards marries, does very strikingly achieve an effect of personality. *Madeline* was a product of Port Said and, when we first meet her, an adventuress of international reputation, or lack of it. Then *Robin* rescues, marries and educates her. It was the last process that started the trouble. *Madeline* took to education more readily than a duck to water; and the worst of it was that she was by no means willing to keep the results and her conclusions therefrom to herself; indeed she developed the lecturing habit to an extent that almost (but not quite) ruined her charm. Mr. WEIGALL is so obviously sincere in all this that, though I cannot exonerate him from a charge of using *Madeline* as the mouthpiece of his own sociological and religious views, I must acknowledge his good intentions, while deploring what seems to me an artistic error. But, all said, the book is very far from being ordinary; its quality in the portrayal both of place and character is of the richest promise for future stories, in which I hope the author will give us more pictures of the land he understands so well.

I certainly admit that the publishers of *The Strangeness of Noel Carton* (JENKINS) have every justification for speaking of it as "a new note in a novel." Indeed that clever writer, Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, has here sounded as new, original and (for all its surface humour) horrible a note as any I have heard in fiction for some time. My trouble is that I can hardly indicate it without giving away the whole business. Very briefly the tale is of one *Noel Carton*, who has married beneath him for not quite enough money to gild a detestable union, and, being an unstable egoist and waster, presently seeks consolation (and pocket money) by writing a novel founded in part on his own position. One may note in passing that Mr. CAINE seems to have but a modest idea of the mental equipment required for such a task. Still I suppose he knows, and anyway that isn't the point. The point is that, once *Noel* has got himself properly projected into his novel, all sorts of the queerest and most bogie coincidences begin to occur. Again to quote the puff preliminary, "as the book develops the reader has a suspicion which becomes almost a certainty, until the great and astounding climax is reached;" concerning which you may justly remark that no reader with a certainty would regard its verification as "astounding." But this takes nothing from the craft with which, on looking back, you see the climax to have been prepared. I could hardly call the tale altogether pleasant, but it is undeniably new and vastly original.

The good Sioux glories in his scalps, and Mr. ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, of Louisville, must surely be the Great Chief of interviewers. Interviewing, he tells us, is, after all, only a form of reporting, and so are history, poetry and romance. What, he asks, were MOMMSEN and GIBBON, WORDSWORTH and KEATS but reporters, and I can only answer, What indeed? To have been found worthy of tonsure by Mr. MARCOSSON it is necessary to be very eminent, and to win his highest praise it is essential also to be a good "imparter," though he has a kind of sneaking admiration for the pale-face who insists on handing him a written statement and declines to speak. Such a one was Sir EDWARD CARSON. Hanging to Mr. MARCOSSON's girdle are the *chevelures* of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Lord HAIG, Marshal FOCH, Sir JAMES BARRIE and Mr. ROOSEVELT, to name no more. Naturally *Adventures in Interviewing* (LANE) is full of side-lights on the recent war. How could it be otherwise when so many celebrated brains are laid bare? One quotation I cannot refrain from giving. Speaking of Lord BEAVERBROOK he says, "He had come to London a decade ago, to live 'the life of a gentleman,' but was drawn irresistibly into politics." I challenge our literature to produce a more beautiful "but."

Miss EDITH DART has grouped against her Dartmoor setting in *Sareel* (PHILIP ALLAN) just the characters to act out the well-worn story of the mutual infatuation of a young man of birth and an ignorant country maid. But though *Sareel*, the little workhouse-reared servant at the farm, falls in love in the accepted fashion with the best-looking of the three young men who lodge there on a reading tour, and though he duly falls in love with her, the innocence of her soul keeps their passion on the highest plane. What is more, when *Alan*, as such young gentlemen in fiction generally do, changes his mind Miss DART provides a happy ending, without even a suicide to spoil it, and without inconsistency either in her own point of view or in that of her characters. I don't really believe that Devonshire people say that they like things "brave and well" quite as often as Miss DART makes hers, and I wish she had not so great a fondness for the word "such" that she must invent phrases as weird as "though he had not sought such" in order to bring it in; but apart from these trifles *Sareel*, as something like a feminine version of a book by Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS arranged for family reading, will certainly please a great many people.

If you would like to see a white lady ride on a white horse to Banbury Cross and elsewhere with a body-guard of men in tin hats, carrying *The Banner* (COLLINS) and proclaiming the League of Youth (against war and other evils) and forcible retirement from all offices of profit or power under the Crown at the age of forty, get Mr. HUGH F. SPENDER's new and, as it seems to me, rather ingenuous novel. Love is not neglected, for a peer's son, deaf and dumb through shell-shock, so responds to the counter-irritant of seeing this modern JOAN riding through Piccadilly that he recovers both speech and hearing and promptly uses them to put her a leading question and understand her version of "But this is so sudden. However——" There is a people's army; a rose-water revolution with the King accepting it as all in the day's dull work; a fight or rather an arming of a few last-ditchers of the old order, and much else that is not likely to happen outside Ruritania. Also candid expression of the opinions of (I take it) the "Wee Frees" concerning *Glamorgan Jones*.

If Mr. ALAN GRAHAM does not unsettle my conviction that it is easier to begin a story of hidden treasure than it is to finish it, I can nevertheless promise you a good day with the sleuth-hounds, should you decide to *Follow the Little Pictures* (BLACKWOOD). For some not too lucid reason I went to the meet with a fear in my heart that the command in the title referred to the "movies," and my relief was great on discovering that it was taken from a cipher containing the key to the treasure. The scene of this hunt is laid in Scotland, and the most notable figure among its followers is a certain *Laird Tanish*. The pecuniary fortunes of the *Tanish* clan were at a low ebb, and in his determination to improve them by winning the prize the *Laird* broke all the rules of the game and gave way to terrific outbursts of rage in the manner of those explosive gentlemen with whom Miss ETHEL DELL has familiarised us. There is both ingenuity and originality in this story, and I should be doing the author and his readers a great disservice if I disclosed the details of the plot. Anyone with a bent for treasure-hunting will be missing a fine opportunity if he refuses to have a day (or a night) with Mr. GRAHAM's hounds.



Mistress. "NORAH, DO YOU EVER REPEAT ANYTHING YOU HEAR THE MASTER AND MYSELF SAY TO EACH OTHER WHEN WE HAVE A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION?"

Domestic. "THE SAINTS FORBID, MUM!"

A Sympathetic Auditor.

"Dr. R. C. Ghostley, of Edmonton, was in the city last week and attended Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture."—*Canadian Paper.*

"W. W. ——, the Rugby International forward, won his third success in four days at Chesham Oddfellows' and Foresters' sports yesterday, when he took first prize in the 10 yards open event, with 7½ yards start, in 9 2-5 sec."—*Daily Paper.*

His strong point, we gather, is not speed but staying-power.

À propos of the DE KEYSER case:—

"Unfortunately, the Dora regulations against free speech and printing were never taken before the High Court, and our ancestors will wonder at our timidity."—*Daily Herald.*

We understand that Sir A. CONAN DOYLE has already received several urgent messages on the subject.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to heavy storms the other day one thousand London telephones were thrown out of order. Very few subscribers noticed the difference.

* * *

A camera capable of photographing the most rapid moving objects in the world is the latest invention of an American. There is some talk of his trying to photograph a bricklayer whizzing along at his work.

* * *

"Perjury is now rampant in all our Courts and there seems to be no way of preventing it," declares a well-known judge. Surely if they did away with the oath this grievance would soon disappear.

* * *

"With goodwill on both sides," said Lord ROTHSCHILD recently, "the Jews will make a success of colonising their own country." There will have to be assets as well as goodwill, it is thought, if they are to be made to feel thoroughly at home.

* * *

Mr. GEORGE BEER, the man who built the first glass houses in this country, has died at Worthing. The man who threw the first stone from inside has not yet been identified, but suspicion points to Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.

* * *

When the police order you to move on, said the Thames magistrate, it is better to go in the long run. Others declare that it is quite sufficient to melt from view at a businesslike waddle.

* * *

"The only way to get houses," says the Marylebone magistrate, "is to build them." The idea of knitting a few seems to have been overlooked.

* * *

We understand that the Scotsman who was injured in the rush outside the post-office on the last night of the three-halfpenny postage, is now able to get about with the help of a stick.

* * *

New motor vehicles to take the place of the "Black Marias" are now being used between Brixton Gaol and Bow Street. Customers who contemplate arrest should book early to avoid the congestion.

* * *

Signor MARCONI has failed to get into touch with Mars. At the same time we are asked to deny the rumour that communication has been established between Lord NORTHCLIFFE and the PREMIER.

* * *

"Comedians," says a stage paper, "are born, not made." This disposes of the impression that too many of them do it on purpose.

* * *

It has been established in the Court of Appeal that the farther north you go the larger are people's feet. Surprise has been expressed at the comparatively small number of Metropolitan policemen who hail from Spitzbergen.

* * *

SYDNEY RICHARDSON, the London messenger-boy who went to America for Mr. DAREWSKI, has just returned. It is said that one American wanted to keep him as a souvenir and offered him a job as a paper-weight for his desk.

* * *

The Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich, famous of old for its whitebait dinners, has been turned into a Trades Union Club. The report that the Parliamentary Labour Party has decided to preserve the traditions of the place by holding an annual red herring supper there is not confirmed.

* * *

A certain brass band in Hertfordshire now practises in the evening on the flat roof of a large factory. We understand that the Union of Cat Musicians are taking a serious view of the matter.

* * *

A vagrant was before the magistrate last week, charged with tearing his clothes and destroying all the buttons on them whilst in a workhouse ward. It is not known at what laundry he served his apprenticeship.

* * *

After announcing that the fox which had been causing severe losses to poultry had at last been killed a local paper admits that the wanton destruction of fowls is still going on. It is thought that another fox of the same name was killed in error.

* * *

"The Irish will take nothing that we can offer them," say a Government official. Outside of that they seem to take pretty much what they want.

* * *

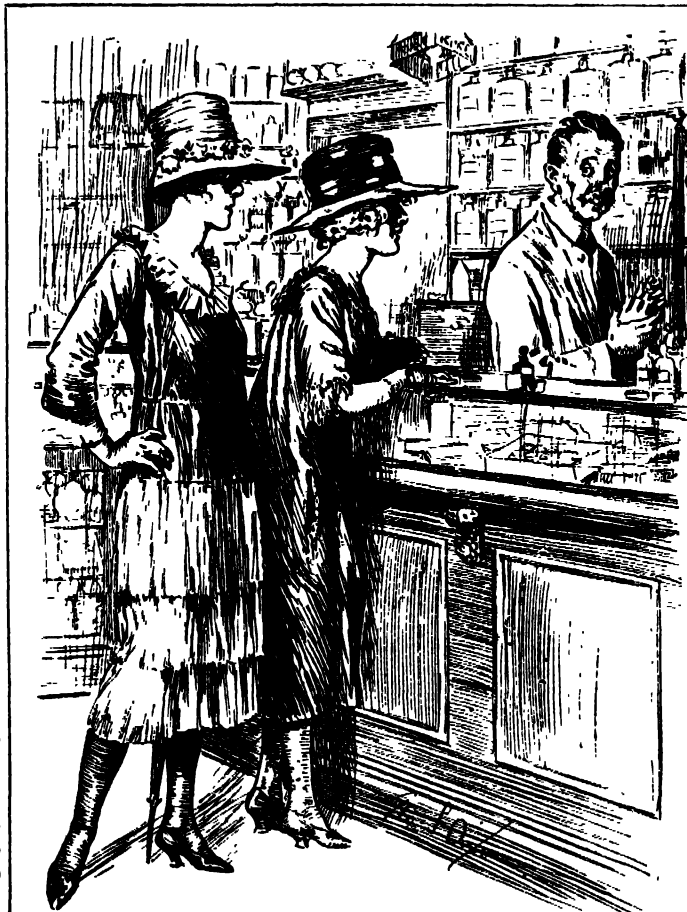
We think that the attention of the N. S. P. C. C. should be drawn to the fact that several stall-holders on the beach of a popular seaside town are offering ices at twopence each, or twelve for one-and-six.

* * *

A man was charged at the South Western Police Court with throwing a sandwich at a waiter. Very thoughtless. He might have broken it.

* * *

A new instrument for measuring whiskey is announced. The last whiskey we ordered seemed to have been squirted into the glass with a hypodermic syringe.



Flapper. "OH—AND I WANT SOME PEROXIDE. ER—IT'S FOR CLEANING HAIRBRUSHES, ISN'T IT?"

The Bull-dog Breed.

"H. Prew, b Staples, c L. Mitchell, c Ryland, b Rajendrasinhji, 17."—*Daily Paper.*

The gallant fellow doesn't seem to have known when he was beaten.

"Wanted, thoroughly capable Woman, to take management of canteen; one with knowledge of ambulance work preferred."
Provincial Paper.

A "wot" canteen, presumably.

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE."

["A Skilled Labourer," writing to *The Times*, speaks of "the extremists" among the working classes as "cherishing a belief that the intelligence of educated persons is declining."]

Doubtless, my Masters, you are right
As to the lore which they delight
To teach at Cambridge College;
Contented with a classic tone,
Those useful arts we left alone
By which we might have held our own
Against the Newer Knowledge.

Even if I could still retain
The ethics which my early brain
Imbibed from Aristotle,
It would not serve me much to speak
His views on virtue (in the Greek)
When buying table claret (weak)
At ten-and-six the bottle.

Or when my tailor claims his loot
Of twenty guineas for a suit
Of rude continuations,
I must remain his hopeless thrall,
Nor would it move his heart at all
Could I from Juvenal recall
Some apposite quotations.

If I engaged a working-man
To mend a leaky pot or pan
Or else a pipe that 's porous,
He would not modify his fees
For hours and hours of vacant ease
Though out of Aristophanes
I said a funny chorus.

I am a failure, it appears;
I cannot cope with profiteers
Nor with enlightened Labour;
Too late I see, on looking back,
Where lies the blame for what I lack;
Why was I never taught the knack
Of beggaring my neighbour?

O. S.

A CONNOISSEUR'S APPRECIATION.

Sharp Rise of Great Britain in the Estimation of U.S.A.

The first-class carriage was empty. I threw my coat into a corner and settled myself in the seat opposite. Just as the train started to move, the door was flung open and a tall lean body hurled itself into the compartment and dropped on my coat. He was followed instantaneously by a leather bag which crashed on to the floor.

"Say, these cars pull out pretty slick."

My intelligence at once conjectured that this was an American, one of the thousands who have lately taken advantage of the exchange to spy out the nakedness of our land.

I must admit that I understand American only with great difficulty. I try to guess the meaning of each sentence from the unimportant words which I can interpret. I surmised somehow that his speech referred to the bag on the floor.

So I answered, civilly enough, "I hope your bag is undamaged. Excuse me, I will relieve you of my coat." So saying, I pulled it from beneath him and with a single movement flung it on the rack over my own head.

The stranger spoke again after some moments. He appeared to have spent the interval in repeating my words to himself, as though to grasp their meaning. Yet, heaven knows, I speak plainly enough.

This time he said, "Guess my grip 's O.K. But I ain't plunkin' my bucks on the guy that says the old country 's in the sweet and peaceful."

After this most extraordinary and unintelligible communication he began to feel his pockets and his person all over, as though searching for something. I felt myself at liberty to resume my study of *The Spectator*.

However, I was not to be left alone. Again he addressed me. "Guess I gotta hand it to you."

"I beg your pardon," I observed, lowering my paper.

"You 've got 'em all whipped blocks," he went on, his absurd smile still persisting. "You 're a cracker jack, you 're a smart aleck. You 've done to me what the fire did to the furnishing shack. You 've dealt me one in the spaghetti joint. Oh, I gotta hand it to you."

I could understand little of the words, but I gathered from his manner that he was congratulating me on something in the extravagant but interesting fashion of the North-American tribes.

"You sure put the monkey-wrench on me," he continued. "You make me feel like I couldn't operate a pea-nut stand. I 'm the rube from the back-blocks, sure thing. I ain't going to holler any—not me. I 'm real pleased to get acquainted. Shake."

I took his hand with as little self-consciousness as possible, not yet having been able to understand what praiseworthy act I had accomplished. I must admit none the less that I felt vaguely pleased at his encomiums.

"There was a guy way back in Nevada used to have a style like yours. They called him Happy Cloud Sim, and he had a hand like a ham. See that grip? Well, Sir, Sim 'ud come right in here, lay his hand somewheres about, and that grip 'ud vanish into the sweet eternal. You could search the hull of the cars from caboose to fire-box and nary a grip. He was an artist. Poor Sim, he overreached himself in Albany, trying to attach a cash-register. The blame thing started ringing a bell and shedding tickets all along the sidewalk. The sleuths just paper-chased him through the burg. He was easy meat for the calaboose that Fall."

I was at a loss to understand the relevance of this extremely improbable narrative. It did not appear, on the face of it, complimentary to connect me with a declared thief and gaol-bird. Still it was my duty to be courteous to one who was for the time a national guest.

"A most interesting story," I remarked, "and one which has the further advantage of conveying a moral lesson."

"But you got Sim beat ten blocks," he resumed. "The way you threw your top-coat up made Sim look like a last year's made-over. I never set eyes on a dry-goods clerk as could fix a package slicker. I 'll have a lil something to tell the home town."

He looked out of the window. "Guess this is Harrow," he remarked, "and we 're pulling into the deepo. I may as well have my wad back."

So saying he put his hand into the folds of the coat over my head and withdrew a roll of notes fastened with a rubber band. This roll he then stuffed into his hip-pocket. I began to see the meaning of his insinuations.

"If you think," said I indignantly, "that I saw you drop your notes and deliberately rolled them up in the coat——"

"Nix on that stuff," he retorted jovially. "I know them dollar-bills; they kinder skin theirselves off the wad and when you come to pay the bartender they 've hit the trail and you stand lonesome with a bitter taste in your mouth, like Lot's wife."

The train stopped; the man stepped out with the unnecessary haste of his kind.

"Well, I 'm pleased to have met you," he concluded, still smiling amiably through the window; "if ever you strike Rapid City, Wis., you 'll find me rustling wood somewheres near the saloon. I 'd like to have got better acquainted, but I promised the folks I 'd stop off here and get wise as to how boys is raised in your country. They sure grow up fine men. I reckon we 're way behind the times in Rapid City——"

The train passed out leaving me speechless with indignation.

It took me some moments to recover my normal balance. Then I confess I was delighted to notice that the fellow, in his enthusiasm over the alleged lightness of my fingers, had left his precious "grip" behind him.

It travelled with me to my destination. I hope it is still travelling.



MORE HASTE, LESS MEAT.

The Calf (*to the Butcher of the Exchequer*). "OH, SIR, IT SEEMS SUCH A PITY TO KILL ME. YOU'D GET SO MUCH MORE OFF ME LATER ON."



WHEN EXPERTS DIFFER.

Junior Partner (in syndicate whose operations on the 2.30 race—six furlongs—have gone wrong). "THERE—DIDN'T I TELL YER DIAMOND'S PRIDE WAS A FIVE-FURLONG 'ORSE?"

ON APPROVAL.

John looked up from his paper.

"Ah!" he sighed loudly, "how the world progresses."

There was silence. John sighed again.

"How the world progresses," he said a shade louder.

Cecilia and I continued reading.

"Can't *anyone* ask a question?" asked John peevishly.

"Where do the flies go in the winter-time?" murmured Cecilia without looking up.

I was weak enough to laugh. For some reason it annoyed John.

"Go on, go on, laugh!" he spluttered; "you're a good pair, you and your sister. Say something else funny, Cecilia, and make little brother laugh. What a crowd to have married into! Shrieks of laughter at every feeble joke, but as for intelligent conversation——"

"Well, we're reading," said Cecilia; "we don't want intelligent conversation."

"There's no need to tell me that. I know it only too well. I haven't been married to you for all these years without seeing that."

"'All these years,'" repeated Cecilia, aghast. "The vindictive brute."

"And," continued John bitterly, "I say again what I said just now: How the world progresses."

"Well, there's no need to keep on saying it, dear old cauliflower," I said; "we *know* it progresses. What are we expected to say?"

"I know," said Cecilia brightly. "*Why?*"

John pulled himself up.

"Because," he said, "they are proposing in the paper here to start a system of temporary marriages which can be dissolved if either party is dissatisfied after a fair trial. I only wish somebody had thought of it—how many?—eight years ago."

Cecilia's jaw dropped. I chuckled.

"You certainly bought that one all right, Cecilia old dear," I said. "Can't you manage a witty retort? Try, sister, for the honour of the family."

Cecilia pulled herself together.

"Retort?" she said in surprise. "Why on earth a retort, my dear Alan? When my husband makes his first really sensible remark for years I don't retort, I applaud. If only I had known the sort of man he is before I tied myself to him for life! What an actor he would have made! Why, before we married——"

"'Nothing was too good for you,'" I encouraged. "Go on, Cecilia."

"Don't interrupt, Alan—nothing was too good for me. Afterwards——"

"Last year's blouses and a yearly trip to the Zoo. Shame!" I said.

"And what about me?" said John. "Haven't I been deceived? Didn't you all conspire to make me think she was sweet and good? I remember somebody telling me I was a lucky man. I realise now you were all only too glad to get rid of her."

"Alan! How can you let him?" said Cecilia with a small scream of rage.

"Come, come," I said, "this family wrangling has gone far enough. You *are* married and you can't get out of it. Make the best of it, my children, and be friends."

"Yes," said John sadly, "it is too late now. I must try to bear up; but it is hard. If only this scheme had been started a few years earlier. If only I could have taken her on approval."

He paused a moment and smiled softly.

"Imagine the scene," he resumed. "'Cecilia,' I should say, 'I have given you every chance, but I am afraid you don't suit. For eight long years I have suffered from your rotten cooking, your

. . . extravagance . . . and so on . . . *et cætera* . . . and I regret that I must give you a month's notice, to take effect as from four o'clock this afternoon. You have good qualities. You are honest and temperate and, to some extent, not bad looking—in the evening, anyway. Your idea of keeping household accounts is atrocious, but, on the other hand, you look rather nice in a hammock on a hot summer day. But that is all I can say for you. You have not given me the wifely devotion I expected. Only last week, when I came home feeling miserable, you sat at the piano playing extracts from some beastly revue, when a true wife would have been singing "Parted" or even "Roses of Picardy." Again, you invariably put our child in front of me in all things, such as the last piece of cake or having an egg for tea. I am not jealous of the boy, mind you, but I hate favouritism, and I won't play second fiddle to Christopher or anyone else.

"'In fact, my dear Cecilia (I use the phrase in its formal sense only), not being satisfied that you do all that was promised in the advertisement, I have decided to return you without further liability and ask for a refund of the cost of carriage. That will be all, thank you. You may go.'"

There was a few moments' ominous quiet, and then Cecilia went over the top with a roar of artillery and the rattle of machine guns. John put up a defensive barrage. Cecilia raked him with bombs and Lewis guns. He replied with heavy stuff. The air grew thicker and thicker.

"Shush!" I shouted through the din of battle. "Man and wife to wrangle like this! Think of your good name. Think of the servants. Think of the child."

Cecilia caught the last phrase and the noise subsided.

"Yes," she said, breathless but calm, "there's the hitch in your plans, Master John—the child. If I go I take Christopher with me."

"That you don't. Christopher belongs to me. He is part of my estate —in law. You *can't* take him."

"Can't I?" said Cecilia. "Am I his mother or am I not?"

"Who pays his school-fees?" said John. "What's his name? Whose house does he live in?"

Cecilia was gathering herself for another offensive when the door opened and Christopher came in.

We looked at him and he paused in embarrassment.

"What are you all looking at me for?" he asked, smiling uneasily; "I haven't done anything."

"He belongs to *me*," said Cecilia suddenly.

"He belongs to *me*," said John with decision.

Christopher knows his parents fairly well. "Whatever are you doing?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Come here," said John.

Christopher advanced and stood between his mother and his father.

"I don't know what I'm inspected to do," he said.

"Christopher," said John, "to whom do you belong—to your mother or to me? Think well, my child."

Christopher wrinkled his nose obediently and thought for a moment.

"Why," he said, his face clearing, "we all b'long to each other."

* * * * *

"'The Heart of a Child,'" I said; "the beautifullest love-story ever told. Featuring Little Randolph, the Boy Wonder."

They took no notice. They were all three busy rehearsing the final reconciliation scene.



The Wife. "Must we always 'ave champagne, 'Arry? It don't reely suit me."
The Profiteer. "Of course we must. They might think we couldn't afford it."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a special golf correspondent:—

"I cannot remember the Latin for a daisy, but most emphatically 'Delanda est.'"

O Carthego! *Daily Paper.*

"'Pol-u-me-tis.' The Greek brings back the thundrous verse of Virgil. Echoes from the twilight of the gods." *Daily Paper.*

Poor old Götterdämmerung.

Another Sex-Problem.

"White Milking Shorthorn Bull for Sale, £50."—*Farmers' Gazette.*

"A Good Canvasser wanted for Credit Gentlemen's wear; ready to wear and made to measure clothing."—*Daily Paper.*

"One," in fact, "that was made a shape for his clothes, and, if Adam had not fallen, had lived to no purpose."

"To-morrow afternoon, the Dansant, 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Tickets inclusive 3s. 6d. Dansant (only) 2s. 6d."—*Provincial Paper.*

The "the" seems cheap at a shilling.

THE ART OF POETRY.

II.

In this lecture I propose to explain how comic poetry is written.

Comic poetry, as I think I pointed out in my last lecture, is much more difficult than serious poetry, because there are all sorts of rules. In serious poetry there are practically no rules, and what rules there are may be shattered with impunity as soon as they become at all inconvenient. Rhyme, for instance. A well-known Irish poet once wrote a poem which ran like this:

"Hands, do as you're bid,
Draw the balloon of the mind
That bellies and sags in the wind
Into its narrow shed."

This was printed in a serious paper; but if the poet had sent it up to a humorous paper (as he might well have done) the Editor would have said, "Do you pronounce it *shid?*", and the poet would have had no answer. You see, he started out, as serious poets do, with every intention of organising a good rhyme for *bid*—or perhaps for *shed*—but he found this was more difficult than he expected. And then, no doubt, somebody drove all his cattle on to his croquet-lawn, or somebody else's croquet-lawn, and he abandoned the struggle. I shouldn't complain of that; what I do complain of is the *deceitfulness* of the whole thing. If a man can't find a better rhyme than *shed* for a simple word like *bid*, let him give up the idea of having a rhyme at all; let him write—

Hands, do as you're TOLD,

or

Into its narrow HUT (or even HANGAR).

That at least would be an honest confession of failure. But to write *bid* and *shed* is simply a sinister attempt to gain credit for writing a rhymed poem *without doing it at all.*

Well, that kind of thing is not allowed in comic poetry. When I opened my well-known military epic, "Riddles of the King," with the couplet,

Full dress (with decorations) will be worn
When General Officers are shot at dawn,

the Editor wrote cuttingly in the margin, "Do you say *dorn?*"

The correct answer would have been, of course, "Well, as a matter of fact I do;" but you cannot make answers of that kind to Editors; they don't understand it. And that brings you to the real drawback of comic poetry; it means constant truck with Editors. But I must not be drawn into a discussion about them. In a special lecture—two special lectures—— Quite.

The lowest form of comic poetry is, of course, the Limerick; but it is a mistake to suppose that it is the easiest. It is more difficult to finish a Limerick than to finish anything in the world. You see, in a Limerick you cannot begin:—

There was an old man of West *Ham*

and go on

Who formed an original *plan*,

finishing the last line with *limb* or *hen* or *bun*. A serious writer could do that with impunity, and indeed with praise, but the more exacting traditions of Limerical composition insist that, having fixed on *Ham* as the end of the first line, you must find two other rhymes to *Ham*, and good rhymes too. This is why there is so large a body of uncompleted Limericks. For many years I have been trying to finish the following unfinished masterpiece:—

There was a young man who said "*Hell!*
I don't think I feel very well——"

That was composed on the Gallipoli Peninsula; in fact it was composed under fire; indeed I remember now that we were going over the top at the time. But in the quiet days of Peace I can get no further with it. It only shows how much easier it is to begin a Limerick than to end it.

Apart from the subtle phrasing of the second line this poem is noteworthy because it is cast in the classic form. All the best Limericks are about a young man, or else an old one, who said some short sharp monosyllable in the first line. For example:—

There was a young man who said "*If*——

Now what are the rhymes to *if?* Looking up my *Rhyming Dictionary* I see they are:—

cliff hieroglyph hippogriff
skiff sniff stiff tiff whiff

Of these one may reject *hippogriff* at once, as it is in the wrong metre. *Hieroglyph* is attractive, and we might do worse than:—

There was a young man who said "If
One murdered a hieroglyph——"

Having, however, no very clear idea of the nature of a hieroglyph I am afraid that this will also join the long list of unfinished masterpieces. Personally I should incline to something of this kind:—

There was a young man who said "If
I threw myself over a cliff
I do not believe
One person would grieve——"

Now the last line is going to be very difficult. The tragic loneliness, the utter disillusion of this young man is so vividly outlined in the first part of the poem that to avoid an anticlimax a really powerful last line is required. *But there are no powerful rhymes.* A serious poet, of course, could finish up with *death* or *faith*, or some powerful word like that. But we are limited to *skiff, sniff, tiff* and *whiff*. And what can you do with those? Students, I hope, will see what they can do. My own tentative solution is printed, by arrangement with the Editor, on another page (458). I do not pretend that it is perfect; in fact it seems to me to strike rather a vulgar note. At the same time it is copyright, and must not be set to music in the U.S.A.

I have left little time for comic poetry other than Limericks, but most of the above profound observations are equally applicable to both, except that in the case of the former it is usual to think of the *last* line first. Having done that you think of some good rhymes to the last line and hang them up in mid-air, so to speak. Then you think of something to say which will fit on to those rhymes. It is just like Limericks, only you start at the other end; indeed it is much easier than Limericks, though, I am glad to say, nobody believes this. If they did it would be even harder to get money out of Editors than it is already.

We will now write a comic poem about Spring Cleaning. We will have verses of six lines, five ten-syllable lines and one six-syllable. As a last line for the first verse I suggest

Where have they put my hat?

We now require two rhymes to *hat*. In the present context *flat* will obviously be one, and *cat* or *drat* will be another. Our resources at present are therefore as follows:—

Line 1—— ——
" 2— . . . flat.
" 3—— ——
" 4— . . . cat or drat.
" 5—— ——
" 6—Where have they put my hat?

As for the blank lines, *wife* is certain to come in sooner or later, and we had better put that down, supported by *life* ("What a life!"), and *knife* or *strife*. There are no other rhymes, except *rife*, which is a useless word.

We now hold another parade:—

Terumti—umti—umti—umti—wife,
Terumti—umti—umti—umti—flat;
Teroodle—oodle—oodle—What a life!
Terumti—oodle—umti—oodle—cat (or drat);
Teroodle—umti—oodle—umti—knife (or strife);
Where have they put my hat?

All that remains now is to fill in the umti-oodles, and I can't be bothered to do that. There is nothing in it.

A. P. H.

"WILL any gentleman requiring a Housekeeper accept two decently brought up boys, age 12 and 8 years? Excellent cook and housekeeper; capable of full control."

Daily Paper.

Someone really ought to give these young sportsmen a trial.



MANNERS AND MODES.

The Domestic Servant Shortage.

HOW THE MISSES MARJORIBANKS DE VERE (WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A PERRUQUIER) UPHOLD THE DIGNITY OF HER LADYSHIP THEIR MAMA'S AFTERNOON "AT HOMES."



The Visitor. "But you spoil the place by having the public incinerator on that hill over there."

The Town Clerk. "Pardon me, Sir—that is *my* idea. It completes the resemblance to the Bay of Naples, which we insist on in all our advertisements."

THE LOQUACIOUS INSTINCT.

Don't you ever know the impulse, when you are idly turning the pages of a telephone directory, to ring up some total stranger and engage him in light conversation?

I do, quite intensely. In moments of ennui, when there is really nothing to do in the office, the fear of discovery alone restrains me. I 'm not sure that I can rely on the professional secrecy of the girl at the exchange. Has she strength of mind to refuse a righteously indignant subscriber who demands to know (with imprecations) what number has been talking to him?

I could take her into my confidence, I suppose. Only the thing oughtn't to be elaborately premeditated; it should be sudden and spontaneous, the matter of a happy moment. You get your number and say:—

"Hullo! Is that Barefoot and Humpage, the architects? Can I speak to Mr. Barefoot—or Mr. Humpage?"

"Mr. Humpage speaking. Who is that, please?"

"Well, I want you to design me a cathedral. By to-morrow afternoon, if poss——"

"To design you a what?"

"A cathedral. C-a-t-h—— but I expect you heard me that time. A massive structure, you know, chiefly built of stone. As at Salisbury, and Ely, and—well, probably you'll know what I mean. Now, as to details——"

"Who are you?"

"I? Oh, I'm a collector of these buildings in a small way. But about this one we 're discussing. Something in the pre-Raphaelite manner, do you think—with arpeggios dotted about here and there?"

Of course I don't know what Mr. Humpage would say at this point. Therein would lie the fascination of these experiments—to discover just what different people would say at that kind of point.

Take Mr. Absalom, for instance, who is described in the Directory as a commission agent. How would he express himself, I wonder, if I were to ring him up and request him to dispose, on the most advantageous terms, of my commission in the Army?

Messrs. Wheable Brothers too. Just the people I 've been looking for.

"You 're the sand and gravel contractors, aren't you?" I should begin. "Well, I know of some sand that badly wants contracting."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Perhaps I had better explain. You see, I always spend my holidays at Pipton-on-Sea. This year, in fact, I'm going there in two or three weeks' time. Earlier holidays—a splendid movement, what? See railway posters. In June the average snowfall is only—— But the point is that at Pipton there 's a belt of about two miles of sand, even at high-tide—several hundred yards, anyhow—and it *does* spoil the bathing so. Now if you could arrange to have this sand contracted to half or a third of its present width? Perhaps you 'll quote me terms. Thank you so much."

Then there 's the Steam Packet Company at a neighbouring port. One might ask them to supply half-a-dozen small packets of steam for the ungumming of envelope-flaps.

I find also in the Directory two or three gentlemen with the surname of "George." I could profess to be an earnest Liberal opponent of the Prime Minister, accustomed to refer to him by that disrespectful abbreviation:—

"Oh, is that Mr. George? Well, Sir, I wanted to have a word with you on your handling of the European situation. Now, it 's surely obvious that the Jugo-Slavs——"

It seems possible that your victim now and then might enter into the spirit of the thing and do his best to make the dialogue a success. Contrariwise, if you were seeking violent excitements, you would ask a retired admiral, let us say, his opinion on the question "Do flappers put their hair up too soon?" or some such urgent problem of the day. How jolly these promiscuous exercises in conversation might be!



Biddy (recovering a spoon the morning after the party). "SURE, ONE AV THE GUESTS MUST HAVE HAD A HOLE IN HIS POCKET."

TO THE NEW POLICEMAN.

["Increased remuneration is attracting to the force a more intellectual and better class of recruit. . . . Police administration here is now organised in a more humanitarian spirit than formerly, and a policeman is as much encouraged to prevent the necessity of an arrest as to effect an arrest."—*Sir* WILLIAM GENTLE *(retiring chief of the Brighton Police Force, unofficially known as "Sir William Gentle's Gentlemen"), interviewed by "The Daily Sketch."*]

O Robert, in our hours of crime
Certain to nab us every time,
Or, failing, fill a dungeon cell
With someone who does just as well;

Now you're a gentleman in blue
Provided with a princely screw,
More is expected of you still;
You must *prevent* us doing ill.

No longer is it deemed enough
To slip the hand within the "cuff,"
To trap road-hogs and motor-bikes,
Or merely to arrest *Bill Sikes.*

Thus, when you take position at
The window of an empty flat,
And *Bill* arrives to burgle it,
Urge him his evil ways to quit;

Or, posted in a public bar,
Where men drink too much beer by far,
Before them you might firmly put
The arguments of PUSSYFOOT;

Or, summoned to a scene of strife,
Persuade the fellow with the knife
By means of tactful reasoning
That murder is not quite the thing.

The world would profit if you took
A leaf from out the Parson's book,
Becoming a judicious blend
Of "guide, philosopher and friend."

Discard your truncheon for a tract;
Strive to admonish ere you act;
In Virtue's force enrol recruits
And stamp out Belial with your boots.

ITEMS FROM ANYWHERE.

(After the model of most of the dailies, by our specially unreliable news service.)

It is reported that, owing to the present high price of labour, a German Zeppelin is to be loaned to the Government to carry out the demolition of the nineteen unnecessary City churches.

* * *

Arrested on a charge of loitering with felonious intent, Thomas Wrott, aged forty, of Featherleigh, Beds, stated that he was building a house.

* * *

Though the titles of all the pictures in a recent Vorticist exhibition were placed by a printer's error opposite to the wrong numbers in the catalogue, none of the visitors discovered the mistake.

* * *

Strike action is threatened in Manchester by the Amalgamated Society of Tyldesleys, several Lancashire wickets having been taken by non-union labour.

* * *

It is reported that Lord FISHER was recently traversing *The Times* with a belt of Biblical sentences when a cross-feed occurred, causing the action to jam.

* * *

A silver salver is to be presented to the Royal Automobile Club in token of gratitude by octogenarian villagers of Sussex.

"Experienced Cook-General Wanted; comfortable home; liberal outings; wages £40; policeman handy."—*Welsh Paper.*

Would it not have been more tactful to say, "Copper in kitchen"?



Disgusted Plutocrat (*to partner, who has just missed a fifty-pound putt*). "COULDN'T YOU SEE THAT SLOPE AFTER I POINTED IT OUT TO YOU?" *Partner*. "AFTER YOU'D DONE WAVING THOSE DIAMONDS ABOUT I COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING."

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

IN stone perdurable and bronze austere
 We have bequeathed the memory of the dead
 Unto the yet unborn; "'their name,'" we said,
"'Liveth for evermore'; each happier year
Shall see, we trust, before the unmossed stone
 Love and Remembrance wed."

Though from dim hosts that narrow and recede
 Dear unforgotten eyes salute us still,
 Look back a moment, make our pulses thrill
With the old music, though the festal weed
Of Spring be cypress-girt, oblivion
 Will come, as Winter will.

Ah, not oblivion drowsing love and pain
 Into dull slumber; still we can retell
 How young blithe valour broke the powers of hell;
We grope for hands that will not stir again
In ours, hear still in every carillon
 The cadence of Farewell.

Not these things and not thus do we forget;
 But the informing spirit, the dream within
 And the high ardour that was half-akin
To ancient faiths and half to hopes not yet
Coherent, unperceived are surely gone,
 Like stars that dawnward set.

Though "their name liveth," the dream they died to bring
 Unto fruition eludes our fumbling hold;
 The Othman riders gallop to their old
Red revels, and the seas are darkening
Round all the Asian shores, while one by one
 Depart the sweets of Spring.

O you whom yet we mourn, for whom the song
 Of victory and sorrow dies not away,
 Well is it with you if beyond the grey
Islands of sleep that you are met among
No world-born memories win. May there be none!
 We have not remembered long.

Yet if beyond the sunset's golden choir,
 Instead of one august enduring sleep,
 There waits a life where memory shall keep
Her ancient force and hope her old desire,
Now, even now, on altars cleft and prone
 Rekindle the pure fire! D. M. S.

"SCOUNDREL AND MAN OF LETTERS.
One of the Prizewinners in Our Article Competition."—*Weekly Paper.*

But ought an editor to give away his contributors like this?

"M. Decos, the leading French amateur [tennis] of the day, who was beaten in 1914 after 'une tutte à charné,' as the French say, will be competing."—*Daily Paper.*

The French have a lot to learn about their own language.

"Dr. —— will extract a tooth free from the person who will be kind enough to secure him an office in the Central district."
North China Daily News.

This is presumably meant as an inducement, but it sounds like a threat.



THE GREAT IMPROVISER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Tempted by the fine weather a good many Members had evidently determined that the country was good enough for them and that Westminster could wait. But Viscount CURZON was not of their number. Was it not on the glorious First of June, a hundred and twenty-six years ago, that his great-great-great-grandfather won victory for his country and immortal fame for himself? On such an anniversary he was obviously bound, no matter at what personal inconvenience, to show a like public spirit. Accordingly, with a full sense of responsibility, he addressed to the appropriate Minister this momentous question: "Whether any fried fish shops are now the property or under the control of the Ministry of Munitions; and if so how many?" The House paused in awed anticipation of the reply, but breathed again when Mr. HOPE announced that "No fried fish shops are now nor, so far as is known, were ever conducted by the Ministry of Munitions."



From left to right:—The Whirlpool of Charybdis; The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; The Rock of Scylla (SIR EDWARD CARSON).

No other episode of Question-time rose to this high level. Next in importance to it were Mr. BALDWIN'S revelations on the subject of "conscience-money." It seems that in one particular instance it cost the Treasury eleven shillings to acknowledge the receipt of half-a-sovereign; but that was because the dilatory tax-payer insisted that the depth of his remorse could only be adequately exhibited by a notice in the "agony-column." In ordinary cases no charge is incurred.

Any conscientious Sinn Feiner who may have been fearing lest the recent destruction of Inland Revenue offices in Ireland should prevent the authorities from sending out the usual demand-notes, may now forward his contribution direct to the Treasury without hesitation. Mr. BALDWIN is doubtless relying upon the wide adoption of this practice, for he stated that, although the damage might cause delay in the collection, it was not expected that the ultimate yield of the tax would be seriously affected.

The discussion on the Navy Estimates was chiefly conducted by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who made half-a-dozen set speeches, besides any number of informal interjections. To place them in order of merit would be impossible, but of single passages that which perhaps carried most conviction with his audience was the description of the pre-war Navy as "a sort of pleasant service into which the fools of the family could be put."

In the discussion on the Navy Estimates Rear-Admiral Sir REGINALD HALL, resisting a proposal to hand over the coastguards to the Board of Trade, surprised the House with the apparently reactionary statement that "we do not want to run the Navy in water-tight compartments."



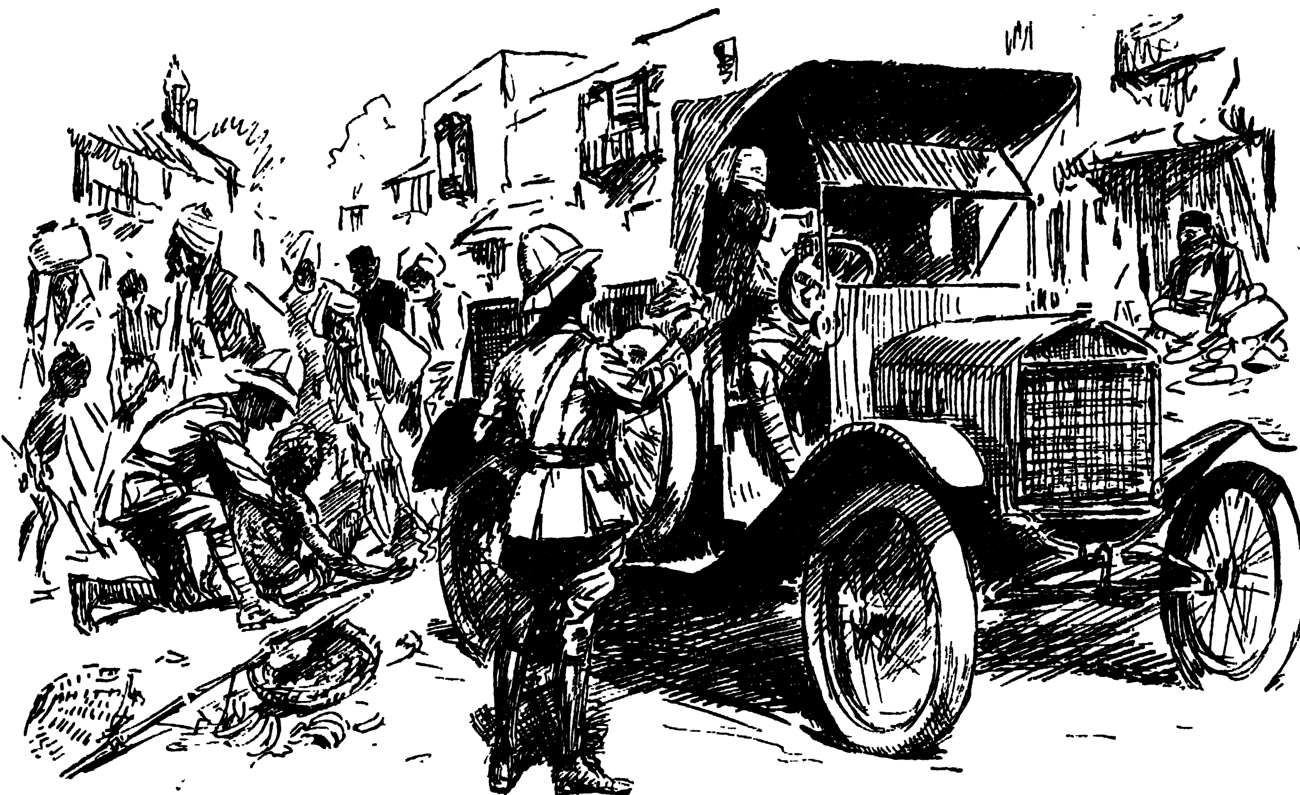
THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.
"No arrests have been made."

Commander BELLAIRS, enforcing the point that administration must depend upon policy, recalled the fact that in his time "the Mediterranean outlook" had given way to "the North Sea outlook," and expressed the confident belief that we should next have "the Pacific outlook." Well, let us hope we may. At any rate the House agreed with the FIRST LORD that the best way to ensure it was to keep the Navy strong and efficient, for by half-past eight it had passed all the Votes submitted to it.

Wednesday, June 2nd.—Derby Day and an adjournment of the House of Commons! Mr. BALFOUR might well rub his eyes and wonder if there had been a revival of the Saturnian days when Lord ELCHO used annually to mount his favourite hobby and witch the House with noble horsemanship. But on this occasion the adjournment lasted only half-an-hour, and had nothing to do with Epsom. Chivalry, not sport, was its motive. The House merely wished to do honour to its Leader by assisting at the presentation of its wedding gift to Miss BONAR LAW (now Lady SYKES).

At Question-time Lord CURZON sought information regarding the British Naval Mission recently captured at Baku, and inquired whether the Government intended to continue negotiating with people who were keeping our men in prison. Sir JAMES CRAIG could not say anything on the question of policy, but to some extent relieved the anxiety of the House by stating that the last news of the prisoners was that they were seen playing football.

The complications of the Peace Settlement continue to increase. Thus President WILSON has consented to delimit the boundaries of Armenia, although the United States shows no desire to undertake the mandate for its administration. No doubt it is with the kindly



"OH, EAST IS EAST."

Mechanical Transport Officer. "I TOLD YOU NOT TO DRIVE FAST THROUGH THE BAZAAR."

Lorry Driver. "BUT, SAHIB, THESE BE ONLY VERY IGNORANT PEOPLES. ME MOTA DRIVER! IF DRIVE SLOW, THESE PEOPLES THINK ME COMMON PERSON."

intention of helping those dilatory Americans to make up their minds that Turkey has asked for an extension of time before signing the Treaty.

The placid progress of the Government of Ireland Bill through Committee was broken this afternoon when Captain COLIN COOTE proposed to hand over the control of the armed forces of the Crown in Ireland to the new Parliaments. His argument was in brief that these bodies must be given serious responsibilities which would compel them to unite. He wanted, as he said, to "infuse blood into their veins" at whatever risk—*Coote que coûte.*

The idea of providing a probably Sinn Fein Parliament in Dublin with submarines and aeroplanes did not appeal to the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, who was hotly rebuked for his lack of imagination by Captain ELLIOT. The fact that two young Coalitionists should have advocated such revolutionary ideas inspired another of Sir EDWARD CARSON's gloomy variations on the theme that any form of Home Rule must lead ultimately to separation.

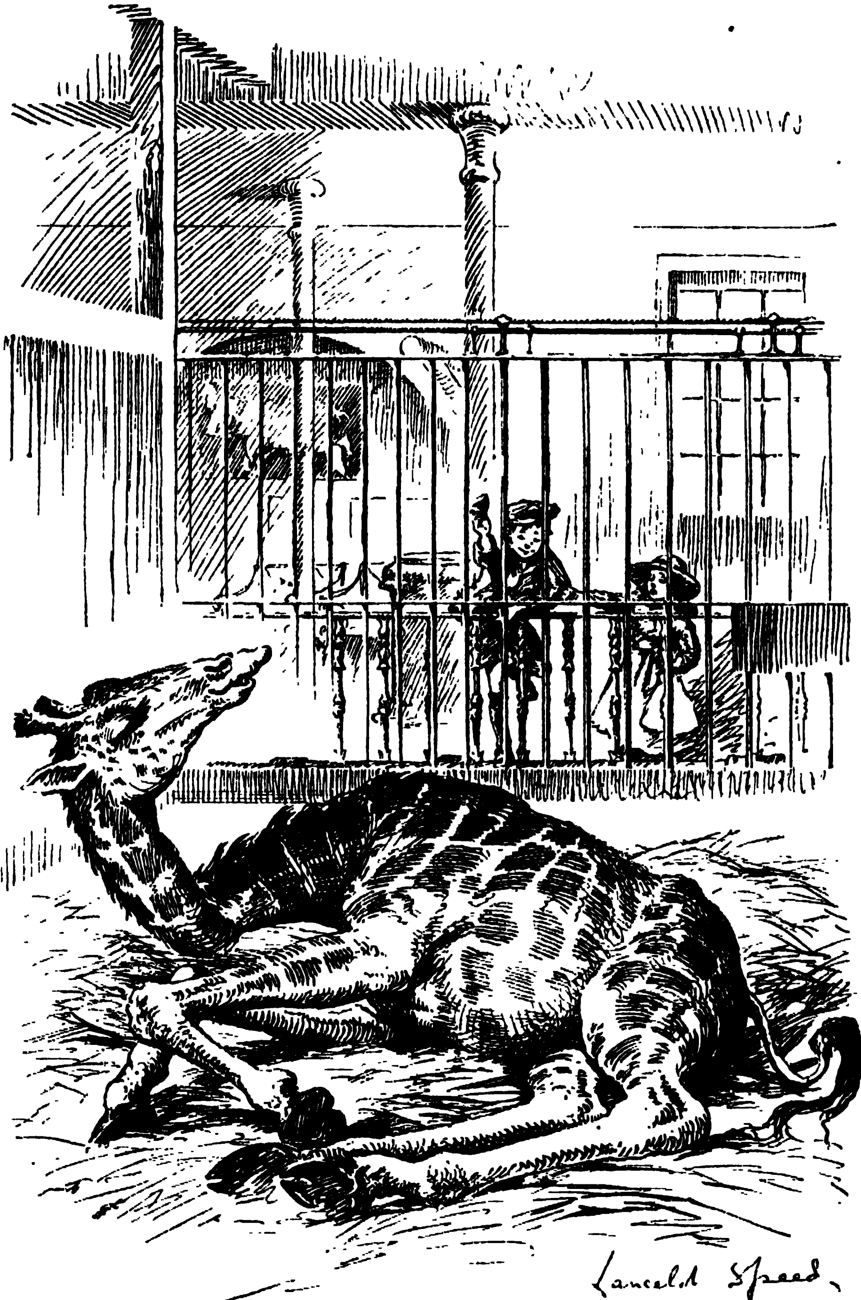
Thursday, June 3rd.—Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, who took his seat on Tuesday, answered Irish questions for the first time. His manner was as direct and forceful as ever, but his matter, unhappily, consisted chiefly in the admission of unpleasant facts regarding recent attacks upon the police, with the invariable addition that "no arrests have been made."

The hon. baronet who sits for Nottingham is so much impressed with the necessity for economy that he ought to be known as *Rees angustæ.* But he has no luck. Mr. FISHER offered the "frozen face" to his complaints that the State is giving free education at the Ministries to ex-Service men; and Mr. SHORTT was no more sympathetic to his plea that the new policewomen should be abolished.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, looking delightfully cool in a new grey suit, made a welcome reappearance after some weeks' absence. He gave a version of the KRASSIN negotiations—which, according to his account, had followed exactly the course marked out by the Supreme Council in Paris and San Remo—very different from that presented in a section of the Press, and he implied that the alleged perturbation of French public opinion only existed in the imagination of "certain newspapers which are trying to foment ill-feeling between two countries whose friendliness is essential to the welfare of the world." His most satisfactory pronouncement was that British prisoners must be released before trade with Russia would be resumed.

In spite of the absence of the regular Opposition the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY is finding the Government of Ireland Bill a rather unhandy vessel to steer. He dares not concede too many powers to the new Parliaments lest he should be putting weapons into the hands of our Sinn Fein enemies; on the other hand, he cannot reduce them overmuch lest the Bill should cease to have any chance of conciliating Irish sentiment.

The dilemma arose acutely over the clause relating to the Irish police. When, if ever, should they be handed over to the new Government? The Bill said not later than three years after the appointed day. An amendment suggested "not earlier." Sir EDWARD CARSON thought the only fair thing would be to allow the police to retire on full pay directly the Bill came into force, instead of leaving them with a divided allegiance and control. Eventually, on the Government undertaking to modify their proposals, the clause was passed; but with so many matters to be adjusted on Report it looks as if it will be a LONG, LONG way to Tipperary.



Gwendoline. "'E AIN'T AGOIN' TO GET UP FOR NO BUN. 'E'D 'AVE SUCH AN ORFUL LOT OF UP TO GET."

PERCE MURGATROYD, MASTER BRICKLAYER.

By One who knew Him.

By the untimely death of the late Mr. Percival Murgatroyd we suffer the irreplaceable loss of our youngest and perhaps most talented master bricklayer. The story of his life is yet another example of genius triumphing over adversity. Perce Murgatroyd was born in a mean street. His father was a poor hardworking physician. Lacking the influence necessary for the introduction of his boy to some lucrative commercial calling he contrived at great self-sacrifice to educate him for the Civil Service.

The long hours of grinding toil and the complete lack of sympathy at home could not extinguish the divine fire of genius in the youthful Murgatroyd. Exhausted and hungry as he often was at the end of the day's work, he devoted his leisure to the study of bricks and mortar, and out of his scanty pocket-money he bought for himself first a trowel and later a plummet.

When I first made his acquaintance he was already, at the age of twenty-five, assisting a bricklayer's helper, and was fairly launched on a career of unbroken success which was to culminate in a master bricklayership at the record age of thirty-eight.

Some of the finest things Murgatroyd did are to be found in and around Tooting, a quarter which is becoming known as Murgatroyd's London; but there is scarcely a district which does not cherish some gem from his trowel. At Wanstead Flats, during some reparations to "Edelweiss Cottage," there was discovered under the plaster a party-wall which proved to be a genuine Murgatroyd. It is one of his early works, executed with his studied reserve of power, and is marred only by suggestions of the conventional haste of the early Georgian School, from which Murgatroyd had not in those days completely broken away. It is also worth while to make a pilgrimage to Walham Green, where all that is best and most typical of the Master—that effect he obtained of deliberate treatment of each individual brick—may be seen in a perfect little poem—an outhouse (unfinished).

The fame of Perce Murgatroyd is founded on the quality rather than the quantity of his output. To our eternal loss he suffered from a temperament. He worked only by fits and starts. He never overcame a superstition that "Monday was a bad day for good work." And he was too conscientious an artist to attempt anything on days when the sky was overcast and the light bad. Often too, when he had actually made a start, he would stand, smoking furiously, in front of his work waiting for an inspiration.

This habit of his was the primary cause of his premature end. Emerging from some such fit of abstraction he became aware that it was after twelve. Convivial spirit that he was, he hurried to join his colleagues at their dinner, displaying remarkable agility as he descended the scaffold. But the effort caused him to perspire, and he took a chill, from which he never recovered.

The keynote of Murgatroyd's character was simplicity. Unaided he rose to be pre-eminent as a bricklayer, but in private life he never became accustomed to the exclusive society to which by his genius he had won admittance. He never quite lost the mincing speech of the class from which he sprang, nor could he acquire facility in the vigorous mode of expression proper to his new and exalted station. "Not 'arf" and "'Strewf" ever came haltingly to his tongue, and to the last he struggled painfully with the double negative.

But the same indomitable courage which brought him to the top of his profession eventually served him in his adopted social sphere, and in the end he won through.

THE BRAIN WAVE.

I hope William likes it, for he brought it on himself. As soon as the sad event was announced to me I discussed the matter most seriously with Araminta. "A situation of unparalleled gravity has arisen," I said, "with regard to the wedding of William. It is going to be carried out at Whittlehampton in top-hats. Picture to yourself the scene. Waterloo Station full of lithe young athletes of either sex arrayed for sports on flood and field, carrying their golf-clubs, their diabolo spools and their butterfly nets, and there, in the midst of them, me with my miserable coat-tails, the June sun glaring on my burnished topper, and in my hands the silver asparagus-server or whatever it is that I am going to buy for William. I tell you it isn't done. They will come round and mock me. They will titter at me through their tennis-racquets."

"Couldn't you wear a common or Homburg hat and carry your other in a hat-box?" she suggested in that bright helpful way they have.

"Amongst the severe economic consequences of the recent great war," I replied coldly, "was, if you will take the trouble to remember, the total loss of my top-hat box."

"Well, why not a white cardboard box, then?"

"No power on earth shall induce me to stand on Waterloo Station platform dandling a white cardboard box," I cried. "Waterloo indeed! It would be my Austerlitz, my Jena. I should never dare to read the works of 'Man about Town' again. Besides, what about my morning-coat?"

"Well, I could pin the tails of it up inside if you like. Or what about wearing an overcoat?"

"Your first suggestion makes me despair of women's future position in the economic sphere. The second I would consider if I could settle the hat problem."

And still thinking hard I rang up William.

"I suppose you couldn't possibly cancel this wedding of yours?" I asked when I had explained the *impasse*. Self-centred as usual, he flatly declined.

"Honestly, I don't see the difficulty at all," he went on. "I expect you'll look a bit of a mug anyhow, and probably there'll be lots of people on the platform dressed in morning-coats and top-hats."

"Nobody leaves London on a Saturday morning wearing top-hats," I assured him, "nobody. If I were coming *in* to London it would be quite a different matter. I might be an officer in the Guards, or M. Krassin proceeding to a deputation in Downing Street; but going out—no. Look here, why not make it a simple country wedding — sports coats and hayseed in the hair, and all that sort of thing?"

"Spats and white vest-slips will be worn by all the more prominent guests," he replied firmly.

"Well, hang it, have the thing in London, then," I implored, "and I'll promise to add the price of the return-fare to the cost of your wedding present."

"The bride's parents reside at Whittlehampton, and the wedding will take place from the home of the bride," he answered.

"You got that little bit out of *The Morning Post*," I said. "Couldn't you persuade the bride's parents to take a house in London? There's one just opposite us at only about thirty pounds a week. Stands in its own grounds, it does, and there's a stag's head in the hall. There's nothing like a stag's head for hanging top-hats on."

It was no good. You know what these young lovers are. Immersed in their own petty affairs, they can pay no proper attention to the troubles of their friends.

William rang off and left me once more a prey to harrowing despair. There were only three nights before the calamity took place, and I had terrible nightmares on two of them. In one I attended the wedding in a bowler hat and pyjamas, with carpet slippers and spats. In the other my top-hat was on my head and my vest-slip was all right, but I tailed off into khaki breeches and trench boots. On the third day a gleam of light broke and I rang up William again.

"I haven't quite settled that little hat problem I was talking to you about," I told him. "Look here—can you lend me your old top-hat-box?"

"Haven't got one," he replied. "In the chaos consequent upon Armageddon it somehow disappeared."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

Happily the morning of the wedding was cloudy and dull. I wore my oldest squash hat and coat and went to Whittlehampton carrying my present in my hand. As the train arrived the sun broke through the clouds, and I also emerged from my chrysalis and attended the ceremony in all the panoply that William's egotism had demanded. If it had not been too late to get into the list you would have seen this entry amongst the wedding gifts:—

"Mr. Herbert Robinson: Leather hat-box."

Perhaps if it had been a very full list it would have gone on:—

"Containing unique specimen of dappled fawn trilby headwear slightly moth-eaten in the crown."

As I explained to William, it is customary to give useful rather than ornamental gifts nowadays, but I could not refrain from adding a small sentimental tribute. Evoe.

THE WESTERN LIGHTHOUSES.

Flashed Lizard to Bishop,
"They're rounding the fish up
Close under my cliffs where the cormorants nest;
The lugger lamps glitter
In hundreds and litter
The sea-floor like spangles. What news from the West?"

Flashed he of the mitre,
"The night's growing brighter,
There's mist over Annet, but all's clear at sea;
Lit up like a city,
Her band playing pretty,
A big liner's passing. Ay, all's well with me."

Flashed Wolf to Round Island,
"Oh, you upon dry land,
With wild rabbits cropping the pinks at your base,
You lubber, you oughter
Stand watch in salt water
With tides tearing at you and spray in your face."

The gun of the Longships
Boomed out like a gong, "Ships
Are bleating around me like sheep gone astray;
There's fog in my channel
As thick as grey flannel—
Boom-rumble!—I'm busy; excuse me, I pray."

They winked at each other
As brother to brother,
Those red lights and white lights, the summer night through,
And steered the stray tramps out
Till dawn snuffed their lamps out
And stained the sea-meadows all purple and blue. Patlander.

"Advertiser has Stole Skin, Russian Sables, for Sale."—*Daily Paper.*

This is what comes of opening up trade relations with the Bolshevists.

A provincial firm announces that it supplies "distinctive clothing for men." And a very necessary thing, too, in these days of sex equality.

"Ex-Soldier requires Loan of £100. What interest? No lenders."—*Daily Paper.*

We should have thought "No interest! What lenders?" would have been more to the point.



Squire.



Almshouse inmate, late squire.



Second under tweeny at the Hall.
(*See Squire*).



Ploughman homeward plodding his weary way.



Village shop proprietor.



Oldest inhabitant.



Parson.



Bird Scarer (D.S.O., M.C.).

[Among the Americans who will visit us this summer there may be some not familiar with our countryside types. Mr. Punch hopes the above will be useful.]



The Ex-Plunger. "Chuck 'orses, my son—they'll be the ruin of yer. I lorst a fortune on the Durby."

HOW TO PACIFY IRELAND.

(*By a Student of anti-Coalition Political Psycho-Analysis.*)

The announcement that a child of ten years old, recently described by the Willesden magistrate as "a remarkable example of a child kleptomaniac," has been handed over to an eminent specialist in psycho-pathology, has not yet received the attention that it undoubtedly demands. It is true that, in the beautifully alliterative phrase of one of our contemporaries, "with the exception of a penchant for petty peculations" the young offender "has always been a model girl, industrious and truthful," thus justifying the belief of the eminent specialist, that he could "wipe out the original sin" in her. But the child is mother to the woman, and those of us who have been gradually and conscientiously convinced of the total inadequacy of the Government's policy towards Ireland, cannot but recognise in this experiment an example which might be profitably followed in dealing with what—with all due deference to Hibernian susceptibilities—we are reluctantly driven to call the irregular conduct of certain sections of Irish society.

With the exception of a penchant for petty pin-pricks at the expense of the police, Ireland's behaviour has been exemplary in its industry and humanity. So averse were a large number of her sons from the employment of violence in any form that they refused to participate in warlike operations against the enemy that threatened our common Empire. So magnanimous was their charity that they found it impossible to credit the harsh and unchristian allegations levelled at the Kaiser and his countrymen. But it could hardly be expected that so high-spirited and energetic a race could indefinitely pursue a course of inaction. The relentless logic which has always been a distinguishing feature of the Celt has impelled them, since the cessation of formal hostilities, to express their disapproval of a war waged in their interests by indulging in demonstrations—if so harsh a term may be permitted—directed against the *régime* which has secured them immunity from invasion, devastation and conscription, and at the same time afforded them exceptional opportunities for amassing wealth.

It must be reluctantly admitted that some of these ebullitions have bordered closely on what we may be forgiven for describing as indecorum. But the motive was undoubtedly a generous instinct of self-assertion. Ever since the days of Cain, the first great self-expressionist, there have always been richly-organised natures to whom even fratricide is preferable to the dull routine of agricultural life.

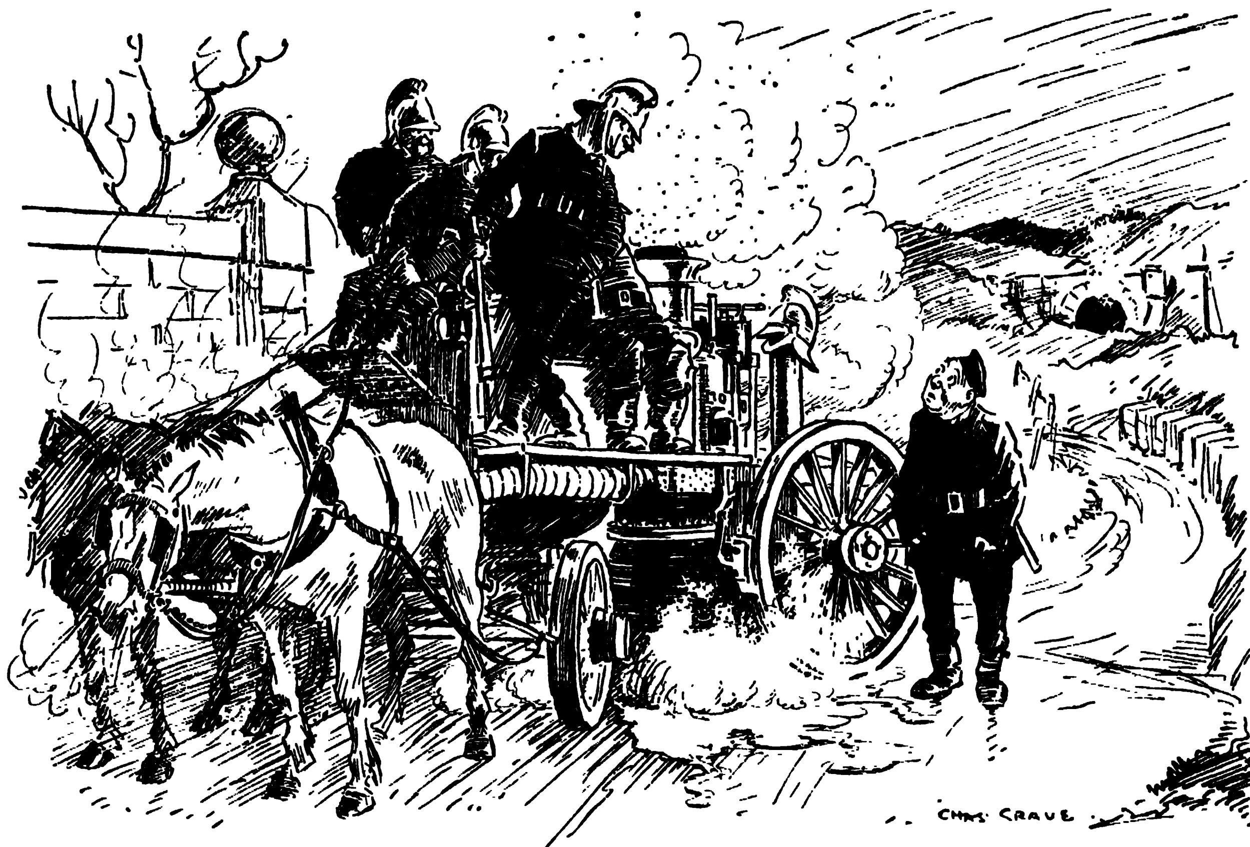
None the less it is at least arguable that an indefinite extension and expansion of the conduct now prevalent in the Sister Isle might be fraught with consequences not altogether conducive to the longevity of the minority. And while sad experience has proved the futility of legislative panaceas there still remain the fruitful possibilities inherent in an application of the principles of psycho-pathological treatment based on the discoveries of Freud. For our own part we are convinced that herein lies the only solution of Ireland's discontent.

Therefore let the Government at once withdraw all troops and munitions of war from Ireland, disband the R.I.C. and invite the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement and of the I.R.B. to submit to a course of psychiatric treatment conducted by an international board of specialists, from which all representatives of the belligerent Powers should be excluded, with possibly the exception of America. It seems incredible that such an offer should be refused. If it is we can only patiently acquiesce in the optimistic view of the famous Celtic chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, that Ireland will be ultimately pacified just before the Day of Judgment—*vix paulo ante diem judicii.*

THE ART OF POETRY.

Solution to Problem on page 446.

"It comes of my having a sniff."



OUR VILLAGE FIRE BRIGADE.

Amateur Engineer (who has burst the boiler and shouted to the driver to stop). "Get out the hose quick! The engine's afire."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

From what is known of the tastes of Sir Ian Hamilton it might have been supposed that he wrote his *Gallipoli Diary* (Arnold) lest his pen-hand should lose its cunning while wielding the sword. Indeed he tells us of a rumour among his officers "that I spend my time composing poetry, especially during our battles." But that he did not write for the sake of writing must be clear to anyone who reads the book, even if the author had not declared his motive in the preface. Here he admits that, though "soldiers think of nothing so little as failure," it was in fact the thought of possible failure that determined him, at the very start, to prepare from day to day his defence. Perhaps this is not quite the attitude of one who stakes all upon the great chance. In another significant passage of self-revelation he tells us how, on a tour of inspection in Egypt, he met Rupert Brooke, "the most distinguished of the Georgians." "He looked extraordinarily handsome . . . stretched out there on the sand, with the only world that counts at his feet." Whether in ordinary times the world of art is or is not the "only world that counts," I cannot say, but I am certain that to a soldier entrusted with an enterprise of so great moment the only world that should have "counted" at that hour was the world of war. If the chapter which describes the failure that followed the landing in Suvla Bay exposes the incapacity of some of his officers to inspire their men with that little more energy which would have ensured a great victory, it seems also to expose a certain want of compelling personality in the High Command. But of the military questions here raised I make no pretence to judge, and in any case judgment has been passed on them already. The interest of the diary lies in its appeal as a human document. It is the *apologia* of a man who, for all his criticism, often apparently justified, of the authorities at home (there are passages which he must surely have suppressed if Lord Kitchener had still been living), sets down scarce a word in malice and but few in bitterness of spirit; who appreciates at its high worth the devotion and gallantry of his officers and men; who, whatever qualities he may have lacked for his difficult task, reveals himself as loyal at heart and generous by nature.

Miss Ruth Holt Boucicault (a name with a double theatrical association) has written, in *The Rose of Jericho* (Putnam), a novel of American stage life which I should suppose comes as near to being a true picture as such stories can. She derives her title from the convenient habit of the desert rose of detaching itself from uncongenial or exhausted soil, subsiding into a compact mass and travelling before the wind to more profitable surroundings. It will be admitted that the author has at least hit upon a picturesque metaphor for a touring company, which on this analogy becomes a very garden of (Jericho) roses. Actually, however, she no doubt intended it to apply more to the disposition of her heroine, and in particular to her power of transferring her young affections, flower, leaf and root, from one object to another, with undiminished enthusiasm. *Sheelah's* capacity for being off with the old and on with the new is almost preternatural; her progress from stage-child to leading lady is accompanied by such various essays in unconventional domesticity that the reader may well experience a sense of confusion, or at least feel some

difficulty in sustaining the first freshness of his sympathy. The story is at times almost startlingly American, as when the original betrayer of the heroine is excused on the ground that, being English, his morality would naturally not rise to native level (I swear I'm not laughing—see page 168); and so full of the idiom of the Transatlantic stage as to be a perfect *vade mecum* for visiting mimes from this side. For the rest, vivacious, wildly sentimental and obviously written from first-hand experience.

By calling her *Potterism* (Collins) "a tragi-farcical tract" Miss Rose Macaulay disarms our criticism that she conducts too heavy a discussion from too light a platform. I don't think the author of *What Not* is likely to write anything dull, anything I shan't be pleased to read. She has a keen eye, a candid soul, a sharp-pointed pen. She is deliciously modern. And she dislikes *Potterism*, which is sentimental lack of precision in thought. It is much more (or much less) than this, but I get the definition by inverting a phrase of her dedication. *Potter*, by the way, or *Lord Pinkerton*, as he is now, owns a series of newspapers "not so good as *The Times* nor so bad as *The Weekly Dispatch*" (guileless piece of camouflage this!), and *Mrs. Potter* ("*Leila Yorke*") is a novelist who might have written *The Rosary*. Two of the young *Potters, Jane* and *Johnny*, though they both when up at Oxford joined the *Anti-Potter League*, do not thereby escape being Potterites. They cling to materialistic *Potter* values. Whereas an aristocratic clergyman, a woman scientist, a Jew journalist (this last an admirable study) do in varying degrees contrive to avoid the deadly infection. This tract needed writing. I have a feeling that it could be better done and by Rose Macaulay. But it makes excellent reading as it is. . . . The pachyderm will wince, shake himself and be left grinning.



Customer. "But if these watches cost ten bob to make, and you are selling them at the same price, where does your profit come in?"
Watchmaker. "We get it repairing them."

Mr. Arnold Palmer derives the title of *My Profitable Friends* (Selwyn and Blount) from a verse, new to me, in which the poet, apparently when launching her wares, concludes,

> "But who has pain has songs to sell;
> My Profitable Friends, farewell!"

which I take to be the pleasantest way in the world of calling them pot-boilers. But whether they were so intended or not, there can be no question of the very agreeable dexterity that Mr. Palmer brings to the composition of his tales. Save for a few experiments (which I should call the least successful in the collection) his formula is not the episodical "slice of life," with crumbly edges. His choice is for the well-made, with usually some ingenious little twist at the finish, and (so to speak) a neatly tied bow to end all. As an instance of this kind I commend to your notice the admirably shaped little yarn called "Twopenn'orth." Mr. Palmer has a pretty wit (perhaps here and there a trifle thin), shown nowhere to better advantage than in "A Picked Eleven," one of the most entertaining, and at the same time human, short stories that I have ever read. Further, his tales are essentially of the friendly order, and the public will be in fault if they do not also prove profitable, since we have none too many writers capable of getting such deft results with the same economy of means.

In most stories constructed on the *Enoch Arden* principle one of the husbands or wives (whichever it may be of whom there are too many) is usually a very nasty person. Miss Sophie Cole, in *The Cypress Tree* (Mills and Boon), makes all three of her entangled characters quite attractive; in fact, though I fear she would not wish me to say so, I really liked the unsuccessful competitor better than the winner. Books made up of the little homely things which might happen to anybody and distinguished by their pleasant atmosphere have been Miss Cole's speciality in the past; this time she has, without abating a jot of her pleasantness, added a touch of the occult in the shape of an old black-letter volume which infects everyone who gets possession of it with a mildly insane determination to keep it. An honourable man steals it and a nice woman smacks her baby for holding it, so you can see how really baleful its influence must have been when you consider that they were both Miss Cole's characters. A very little of the occult will excuse a good deal of improbability, and the small amount that has crept into *The Cypress Tree* does not spoil the effect of a truly "nice" tale.

As an admirer of the *Spud Tamson* books it irks me to have to say that *Winnie McLeod* (Hutchinson) contains too much solid sermon to appeal to me. I gather that R. W. Campbell wants to show how dangerous life may be for a poor and beautiful girl, and as a warning *Winnie* can be confidently recommended. But sound and wholesome as the preaching is it seems to me more suitable for a tract than for a novel. Moreover it is not easy to feel full sympathy with a hero who is frankly called an Adonis, who "played a good bat at cricket," and also in a strenuous rugger match "dropped a beauty through the Edinburgh sticks." Altogether the picture suffers from the prodigious amount of paint that has been spent on it; yet I am confident it will afford edification to many people whose tastes I respect but cannot share.

"Ninety-six per cent. of men employed in the gas undertakings voted in favour of a strike. Four per cent. were against such action and the neutrals formed an infinitesimal number."—*Daily Paper.*

A mere cipher, in fact.

"Required, immediately, man with intimate knowledge of colours, to call on consumers with ochres from the French Alps."
Daily Paper.

Personally, we always prefer to consume raw umbers from the Apennines.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Bolshevists," says a gossip writer, "do not always rob Peter to pay Paul." No, they sometimes just rob Peter.

* * *

A Yarmouth report anticipates a shortage of herrings. It is said that the PRIME MINISTER has a couple of second-hand red ones for disposal which have only been drawn across the path once or twice.

* * *

"One of the Kaiser's mugs," says a news item, "has just been sold in New York for forty pounds." We have suspected for some time that he was a double-faced fellow.

* * *

"There should be no temptations to crime in so beautiful a spot," said Mr. Justice COLERIDGE when presented with white gloves at the Anglesey assizes. The sentiment is thought to be as old as ADAM.

* * *

"If it is necessary to strengthen the hands of the military in Ireland," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "the Government will certainly do so." Our own view is that they should be protected even if it means sending the Reserve of Special Constables to do it.

* * *

According to the Ministry of Transport, there is only one motor-car to every one hundred and twenty people in Great Britain. The necessity of fixing a maximum bag of pedestrians per car does not therefore arise.

* * *

A purple-eyed fish, eleven feet long, with a horn on its nose and no teeth, has been caught at San Diego, California. That is the sort of thing that makes Prohibition a secondary issue.

* * *

As the result of some remarks let drop by the crew and repeated by the ship's parrot, several hundred bottles of liquor were found on board the *S.S. Curaçao* by the San Francisco port authorities. It is now suggested, in the interests of philology, that the parrot should be put back to hear how the crew takes it.

* * *

A young man while fishing on the Wye landed a wallet containing twenty-two one-pound Treasury notes. A correspondent writing from North of the Tweed inquires what bait the fellow was using.

* * *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL points out that five hundred new telephones are to be erected in rural districts. Local residents should at least be grateful for this little friendly warning.

* * *

It is reported that M. KRASSIN told the PREMIER all about Russia. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was very interested, as he had often heard of the place.

* * *

With the letter postage at twopence, we read, it is in many cases just as cheap to telephone. And in some cases just as quick.

* * *

"Will Wilde meet Beckett?" asks a headline. We can only say that we do not intend to stand in their way.

* * *

General VON KLUCK has been telling somebody that he lost the battle of the Marne by a fluke. As we can't have the War over again we must let the matter remain at that.

* * *

According to an evening paper a temperance speaker fainted during a procession in a Kentish town, and was immediately carried into a shop and brought round by whisky. The report that on being informed of this fact he again went off into a faint is happily without foundation.

* * *

A man aged seventy-six was charged last week with threatening to shoot a West-End family of six. It is said that his parents intend to plead the baneful influence of the cinema.

* * *

The fact that at least seven people have expressed their intention of swimming the English Channel this year draws attention once more to the lack of accommodation on our cross-Channel steamers.

* * *

A wheelbarrow has been presented to the parishioners of Hornchurch, Essex. We have maintained all along that the motor-car craze would wear itself out in time.

* * *

On April the 21st the Maharajah of BIKANIR shot his hundredth tiger. All efforts to induce him to join the R.I.C. have so far failed.

* * *

The case is reported of a hen which lays an egg each morning on her master's bed and then pecks his cheek to wake him up at the proper time for breakfast. Guess where this happens. America? Right.

* * *

We understand that in view of the paper shortage the West Drayton man who managed to get through on the telephone last week has abandoned the idea of writing a book about it.

* * *

Much annoyance is said to have been caused to one bricklayer last week. It seems that just before the dinner hour somebody kicked away the brick he had laid and the unfortunate fellow had to start the day all over again.

* * *

According to *The Manila Bulletin* the cost of living is going to fall. Not on us, we trust.



'Arry. "THEY'RE TALKIN' ABAHT DOIN' GREEK PLAYS AN' PAGEANTS AN' ALL SORTS O' LOOPY STUNTS AT 'AMPSTEAD ON BANK 'OLIDAYS."

'Arriet. "LUMME! IT'LL GIT THE PLACE A BAD NAME."

The Hire Education.

"Required, an Assistant Teacher (Lady), with option of purchase."—*Australian Paper.*

"Ex-Soldier's Tale.

NOTE TO WAR PRISONER HIDDEN IN CHEESE."
National News.

We should like to hear more of the prisoner and his novel hiding-place.

MAY-WEEK.

[Addressed affectionately to the author of "May-Week Then and Now" in *The Times* of last Wednesday.]

Though forty years have done their worst
To change us to the sere and brown,
Since we in verdant freshness first
Assumed the triple-chevroned gown,
As I perused *The Times* this very day week
Your statement thrilled me through and through—
How people still go gathering nuts in May-week
Much as they used to do.

The courts their dun-grey habit keep,
Their velvet-green the sacred lawns;
The rooks that marred our matin sleep
Still devastate the golden dawns;
Beneath my westward windows still the same bridge
Sags in the centre as of old;
In fact, in all essential matters Cambridge
Preserves its ancient mould.

Slight innovations have occurred
That rudely on your senses strike;
Our innocence had never heard
The hooting of the motor-bike;
And though you might approve, with your rich tresses,
The vogue of leaving off your hat,
I with a crust that loathes the wind's caresses—
I should revolt at that.

But for the rest there's little strange;
Still Cam pursues his torpid way;
'Tis we alone who suffer change
(I could not stick the course to-day);
New generations lash the same old river,
Spurt up the Long Reach, bump and sup;
What if we pass, through weight of years or liver?
Somebody keeps it up.

Time may have weaned us long ago
With even sterner heights to win
Than when the once resilient toe
Was apt to dance the daylight in;
No doubt we've grown in wisdom since we started,
But I would give my head (with brain)
Just to be back there, young and agile-hearted,
Just for one June again.

O. S.

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[In this series Mr. Punch presents a few specimens of the work of his newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature. Terms and simple self-measurement form on application.]

I.—The Responsibilities of Genius.

By Miss Dinkie Devereux, the renowned Film Favourite.

The Editor of *The Weekly Newsbag* has kindly asked me to write an article on the duty which we denizens of Flickerland owe to the public. This, it happens, is a subject that has long given me "furiously to think," as a witty Frenchman once said in French. It may be of interest, by the way, to state that I am myself partly of Gallic extraction, my mother having been a Lyons girl before she was enabled to open a tea-shop of her own; and, although born and bred in what I am proud to call my native country, I can even now act just as fluently in a French film as in an all-British production.

But I must not let my thoughts run away with my pen, fascinating though such cross-country excursions may be. To return to my appointed topic, heavy indeed is the burden that is laid on the back of a cinema star. You who know me only as the reigning queen of countless Palaces may possibly imagine that my life is spent in flitting butterfly-fashion from film to film, existing only for the golden moment. But one is not born a butterfly, nor does one remain so without constant effort. The strenuous nature of my labours indeed necessitates frequent periods of recuperation, which I seek either in my Highland fastness, or on my Californian peach-farm, or amid the lotus-bushes of my villa on the Riviera. This, then, is one of my first duties to the public—to preserve that Heaven-sent talent which, in the words of mighty Milton, "is death to hide." (Milton, I may say, is my favourite poet next to George R. Sims, and "Odont" is my favourite mouth-wash.)

But the intervals between pictures are not all play. When I receive notice of a forthcoming production in which my services are entreated (and I owe it to humanity not to refuse my co-operation provided certain bothersome preliminaries of a financial nature are successfully negotiated), I spend a considerable time steeping myself in the atmosphere of the part I am to fill. One of my most famous *rôles*, as I need hardly mention, is that of *Lilian the Lift-Girl*, in the great Solomonson six-reeler, *Ups and Downs*. In order to prepare for this momentous undertaking I used to visit Whiteridge's Stores daily and devote an hour or so to travelling in the elevators; only thus could I hope to attain the proper perspective. The attendants of course knew me well and used to ply me with gifts of chocolates, etc.; but after a time I was compelled to refuse these touching offerings because my chauffeur has a tendency to biliousness.

Then there is the sacred duty of looking after what my Press agent is good enough to call my "unearthly charm." I do not agree with the *dictum* that "we are as Heaven made us," and I am sure no film enterprise could carry on successfully on those lines. Of course you must have something to work upon, and for the bare edifice of my beauty, which in all humility I admit was raised by other hands than mine, I claim no special praise. But I think I may justly take credit for the structural alterations I have effected and for the self-sacrificing labours I have willingly undergone to maintain each of my features at its maximum efficiency; to these the advertisement columns of the papers bear constant testimony.

(In passing let me observe that I have always found Mrs. Phipps's Face-Fodder of invaluable assistance in "that fierce light which beats upon the screen," as dear old Tennyson—another great favourite of mine—so nearly said.)

Naturally enough the public is always ravenous for information concerning the minutest details of my life, and to prevent disappointment in this respect I send the Press a daily budget of my doings, entitled *Dinkie Day by Day*. That is another burden I cheerfully shoulder, and by this method my admirers are kept fully acquainted with what I may call the real me—with the heart that beats beneath the shadowed counterfeit. Nevertheless at times the most absurd rumours get abroad. Recently, for example, I saw it stated in quite a reputable organ that my favourite jam is blackberry-and-apple; as a matter of fact I find all jams ruinous to the figure, and as a tea-relish I usually limit myself to the more ascetic bloater-paste, with salmon-and-shrimp as an occasional variant.

My pet hobby is collecting precious stones, and my favourites among these are pearls and diamonds, especially of the larger variety. Frequently admirers of my art who know of this harmless foible are good enough to add to my collection, and these spontaneous tributes are among the compensations of a life dedicated at every moment of the day to the public service.



DIRECT REACTION.

Labour Extremist. "HE'S A BIT TOO QUICK ON THE REBOUND."

[Mr. Lloyd George gave a very straight answer to the representative of those members of the National Union of Railwaymen who had refused to handle munitions intended for the defence of the Royal Irish Constabulary against murderous attack.]



HOLIDAY GOLF.

Landlady (showing apartments in the vicinity of famous links). "OH, YOU'LL BE QUITE COMFORTABLE HERE, SIR; YOU SEE, WE'RE USED TO GOLFERS."

ANOTHER DOG DISPUTE.

As far as was revealed by the torn remnants of posters adhering to Farmer Pyke's barn, the only event of importance in Little Spudsey since the letting by auction of fifty-seven acres of summer keeping in April, 1918, was the Rural District Council Election in March, 1920. Conspicuous mention was made of Pyke, Cluttrel and Gedge, Coalition Candidates, who had apparently coalesced to crush one Winch, Independent. I was endeavouring to discover his fate when old William Trimble doddered along.

"Marnin', Mr. Lomax," he said; "you be back at last?"

I could not deny the fact.

"There be only Hosea Bennett an' George Riley to coom now, an' the toll 'll be complete."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"George be in India, or leastways 'e was, an' Hosea's at Cologny. They'm both expected back by Saturday fortnit, an' th' question which on 'em really owns th' Yarkshire tarrier 'll have to be settled once an' for all. Yon election hinged on it."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten the details, William," I confessed lamely.

"You'll surely remember th' little Yarkshire tarrier as strayed into th' village in the summer o' '14," said William. "Hosea claimed it as his'n by right of hollering it first, but George rackened him givin' it a bit o' bacon-rind from 'is lunch med 'im th' rightful owner. It stayed a few days wi' Hosea, then George 'ticed it away, an' generally it hung to the one as happened to have th' biggest bone. Feeling ran high atween them till, after the harvest 'ad bin got in, Mr. Gedge, at The Chequers, axed George what about j'ining up.

"'What, an' give Hosea a free run wi' th' tarrier?' said George. 'Not blessed likely.'

"Hosea for his part said 'e weren't going to budge while th' village were infested wi' dog-stealers; so Mr. Gedge 'e says, 'Hand th' dog to me. I 'll howd it wi'out fear nor favour, an' when you both cooms back we 'll have it properly arbitrated on.'

"So Hosea j'ined the Infantry an' George went into th' Yeomanry. There was some friction when George first coom on leave an' Mr. Gedge let 'im have th' tarrier for a day's ratting. Th' Bennett family said it were breaking the agreement, but Mr. Gedge said it were a patriotic duty to give th' lads a bit of amusement when they came on leave, an' 'e 'd undertake the Rileys 'ud make no objection when Hosea coom home. But it made a lot 'o coolness atween th' families, an' when Hosea were wounded in '15 the Bennettses as good as said th' Rileys weren't no better nor pro-Germans in not giving up their claim to th' tarrier. Public opinion were with Hosea at that time, but it veered round to George when 'e won th' Military Medal in '16.

"However, George got orders to go East in '17, an' Hosea had pretty frequent



Host (to guest, who is helping him to make a pergola). "Don't lean on it, you silly ass! You'll have it down."

leaves and were allus parading th' dog outside the Rileys' cottage. About the end o' '18 owd Ephraim Riley got tired of it and went to see Mr. Gedge on th' subject.

"'Fair's fair,' he says, 'an' Hosea ain't no right to be worming 'is way into that dog's affections while George can't get home.'

"'There's summat in that,' said Mr. Gedge; an' next time Hosea cooms home 'e finds the dog in pound, so to speak.

"'Very good,' says he; 'I don't coom home again till George is here.'

"In th' spring of '19, 'bout the time as the tarrier—which was getting owd and cantankerous—bit Wilfred Browitt in th' leg, we heerd that George weren't likely to be back for a longish time, an' Hosea wrote to say in that case he'd take on in th' Army for another year. Then we had mower excitement, for it was said that Winch, a new-comer, had put up for th' Council, an' it 'ud mean an election. Fowks were so used to Farmer Pyke an' Mr. Gedge and Mr. Cluttrel setting that they rackened they didn't need to be voted on, but would go in automatic. However, there were a meetin' in th' parish-room, an' when Chairman axed if anyone 'ad any questions Wilfred Browitt got up an' said:

"'Who owns tarrier, Hosea Bennett or George Riley?'

"It were well known that Wilfred were a mean-sperrited crittur as only wanted to know from which one 'e'd be likely to get compensation for th' bite on his leg. So Mr. Gedge 'e rose an' answered:—

"'It's well known Mr. Pyke nor Mr. Cluttrel nor self can't say anything on the matter, as it is sub-judish till th' lads coom home.'

"'What do you say, Mr. Winch?' persisted Wilfred.

"'I declare for George Riley,' said Winch boldly, 'him being the first to give it sustenance.'

"There were a great sensation at that, an' it showed the cunningness o' Winch. He knew the Rileys were intermarried wi' half th' village and all George's relations 'ud be bound to vote for 'im after he'd declared for them. And so it proved, for, though the Bennettses rallied everyone they could for th' Coalitioners, they weren't strong enough, an Winch got in in place o' Mr. Cluttrel."

"Still," I remarked, "the question of ownership isn't settled."

"No, that 'll be settled Saturday fortnit. It 'll be a rare set-back for Winch if the verdict goes to Hosea."

"But in any case the terrier is sure of a good home," I said.

"Well, as to that," replied William, "it were the principle o' the thing that were at stake. When th' tarrier bit Wilfred Browitt in '19 he chased it out of th' village wi' his stick, an' nobody ain't seen it since."

Our Modest Advertisers.

"To be Let.- Charming Little Gentleman's Pleasure Farm."—*Field.*

"A Northampton Corporation report states that contractor's workmen have applied for permission to work longer hours."

Daily Chronicle.

We understand that the Labour Party will at once order the Ministry of Health to take steps to isolate these cases, and that there is little danger of a spread of the epidemic.

A PRISCILLA DIALOGUE.

There is probably some way by which a young female child can be led through easy stages of Socratic dialogue to the idea of ultimate truth in morals as well as art. There is probably some way of talking to such a child without being badly scored off. But I do not seem to have the gift. This is the more unfortunate because the thing usually happens before I have finished my breakfast, and nothing is quite so damaging to my self-esteem as to be soundly snubbed in my own house before the day's work has begun.

Mind you I do not honestly believe that my logic is at fault. I believe that there is usually a flaw in the reasoning of the child. But you cannot very well say to an infant of three, "You are now being guilty of an undistributed middle or a *petitio elenchi* or whatever it is." She would do what I have heard even older women do in like circumstances. She would change the subject at once. Perhaps the Montessori system . . . But let us take a typical case.

I found her sitting at a large table by the dining-room window, in a high chair that left her red shoes eighteen inches from the ground, a complete doll's tea service in front of her and a small stuffed lamb on her right-hand side. The tea-pot appeared to contain real water and the sugar-basin real sugar, and although she was supremely busy watering and sugaring and re-arranging her cups and jugs and spoons she greeted me with the composure of an experienced *châtelaine*. Our conversation went something like this:—

She. Will you have any cup of tea?

I (*having drunk a small cup of water with a very little real sugar and a large quantity of real grit in it.*) Thank you. How delicious! But I must go and have my breakfast now.

She (*taking no notice at all and offering me a small fragment of moist toast*). Will you have any piece of cake?

I. Thank you. What lovely plum-cake!

She (*with infinite scorn*). Ho! that isn't *plum*-cake. There isn't any plums in it. It's *choclat* cake.

I (*humiliated*). Oh, well, I don't think I will have any more tea, thank you.

She (*coldly*). I'm going to give my lamb tea now.

[*The method of giving tea to a lamb, in case it is not generally known, is to plaster the lamb's nose with spoonfuls of sugar and then lick off the sugar with one's tongue. At least that is the way Priscilla does it.*]

I (*reprovingly from the breakfast-table.*) What a funny way to give your lamb tea, Priscilla.

She. My lamb says he likes having his tea like this. (*A longish pause.*) Please will you draw me a picsher?

I. What kind of a picture?

She. A picsher of a house.

I. What kind of a house?

She (*in one long breath*). A purple house with a yellow roof and blue curtains and a green door and rose-trees with red roses and hollyhocks and a dear little pussy-cat and a motor-car coming up the drive.

[*This is executed in coloured crayons with a rapidity born of hunger and long practice, and passed to the Hanging Committee for inspection.*]

She (*examining it critically*). Ho! that isn't a *door*.

I. Yes, it is, Priscilla. It's a very nice *door*.

She. It isn't a door. It hasn't any knocker.

[*After all, when is a door not a door? I finish the joinery job and carry on with my bacon.*]

She (*suddenly*). There isn't any sun.

[*I sketch in the regulation pattern of circular sun, with eyes, a nose and a smile complete.*]

She. That isn't a sun. It hasn't any hair.

I. The sun doesn't have any hair, Priscilla.

She (*decisively*). Nurse has hair.

[*This really seems unanswerable. Having amended Phœbus Apollo I start in with my marmalade. After a lapse of a few minutes a low hammering is heard from somewhere on the floor at the far side of the table.*]

I. Whatever are you doing, Priscilla?

She. Sooing my horse.

[*She is discovered beating the wheels of a grey wooden flat-backed animal on a stand with a hammer procured from heaven alone knows where.*]

I. Well, don't hit him on the wheels, anyhow. (*A pause, subdued noises and a sigh.*) What are you doing now, Priscilla?

She. Sooing him on his back.

I. Doesn't that hurt him?

She. It hurts him very much, but he doesn't *say* anyfing.

[*I come round to give veterinary advice.*]

I. Don't you love your horse, Priscilla?

She. Yes, he's my friendly horse.

I. Well, don't bang him about like that; all the paint's coming off him.

[*The carpet is in fact bestrewn with small flakes of grey paint from the unhappy creature's flanks.*]

She (*derisively*). Ho! that isn't paint. That's snorts.

I (*helplessly*). Whatever do you mean?

She. That's snorts. Snorts from his mouf. White snorts.

I. But why is your horse snorting from his mouth, Priscilla?

She. He's snorting from his mouf because I'm sooing him on his back.

Well, there you are, you know; what is one going to do about it? There is a sort of specious plausibility about these replies after all; I am no farrier, but I should think it quite likely that if you shoed a cart-horse long enough on the back with a large enough hammer he *would* snort white snorts from his mouth; and it's no use telling the girl that she can't jump from realism to romance in that disingenuous manner. Besides she might start hammering the wheels again. Or else she would say that her horse *said* he was snorting, and who am I to contradict a British horse? I used to consider myself pretty good at what are called back-answers and I still believe that with a little practice I could hold my own in Whitechapel or the House of Commons, but there are subtle transitions about Priscilla's method of argument with which only a Prime Minister could cope. It carries too many guns for me. It cramps my style.

V.

A CORNISH COTTAGE.

Beside the clock two spaniels stand,
Two china spaniels golden-spotted;
On a lace d'oyley (contraband)
Beams a red-faced geranium (potted).

Framed portraits rest on woollen mats,
Black-bearded smugglers with their spouses;
The gentlemen wear bowler hats,
The ladies sport their Sunday blouses.

Two pictures decorate the wall,
Vesuvius spouting sparks and ashes,
The brig *Calypso* in a squall,
Full-sailed despite the lightning flashes.

Without, the dark Atlantic flings
Against the cliff its booming surges,
And, as a shell, the snug room rings
With its reverberating dirges.

Against the door the night winds rave
Like outcast dogs, their lot deploring;
Triumphant over wind and wave
Rises my landlord's lusty snoring.

Patlander.

"There was one summer when he lived by himself in a lonely old houseboat on the Thames, from which he paddled himself ashore every morning in a top-hat."—*Daily Paper.*

The drawback to this kind of craft is that it only accommodates a single skull.



MANNERS AND MODES.

MR. GILEAD P. BLOGGS (U.S.A.) ORDERS FOR HIS NEW DINING-ROOM AT PITTSBURG A COLOSSAL PICTURE REPRESENTING A HOSPITABLE SIDEBOARD, TO KEEP ALIVE HIS MEMORIES OF "WET" AMERICA.



Accused (just dismissed). "MANY THANKS! WHAT SHOULD I HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU?" *Counsel.* "OH, ABOUT SIX MONTHS."

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

BILLINGSGATE.

IN order to see Billingsgate properly in action it is necessary to get up at half-past four and travel on the Underground by the first train East, which is an adventure in itself. The first train East goes at three minutes past five, and there are large numbers of people who travel in it every day; by Charing Cross it is almost crowded. It is full of Bolshevists; and I do not wonder. One sits with one's feet up in a first-class carriage, clutching a nice cheap workman's ticket and trying hard to look as if, like the Bolshevists, one did this every day.

On arriving at the Monument Station one walks briskly past the seductive announcement that "THE MONUMENT IS NOW OPEN," and plunges into a world of fish. I have never been able to understand why fish is so funny. On the comic stage a casual reference to fish is almost certain to provoke a shout of laughter; in practice, and especially in the mass, it is not so funny; it is like the Government, an inexhaustible source of humour at a distance, and in the flesh extraordinarily dull.

Over the small streets which surround the market hangs a heavy pall of fishy vapour. The streets are full of carts; the carts are full of fish. The houses in the streets are fish-dealers' places, more or less full of fish. The pavements are full of fish-porters, carrying fish, smelling of fish. Fragments of conversation are heard, all about fish. Fish lie sadly in the gutters. The scales of fish glitter on the pavements. A little vigorous swimming through the outlying fisheries brings you to the actual market, which is even more wonderful. Imagine a place like Covent Garden, and nearly as big, but entirely devoted to fish. In the place of those enchanting perspectives of flower-stalls, imagine enormous regiments of fish-stalls, paraded in close order and groaning with halibut and conger-eel, with whiting and lobsters and huge crabs. Round these stalls the wholesale dealers wade ankle-deep in fish. Steadily, maliciously, the great fish slide off the stalls on to the floor; steadily the dealers recover them and pile them up on their small counters, or cast them through the air on to other counters, or fling them into baskets in rage or mortification or sheer bravado.

The dealers are men with business-faces, in long white coats, surprisingly clean. Every now and then they stop throwing crabs into baskets or retrieving halibut from the floor, and make little entries in long note-books. I do not know exactly what entries they make, but I think they must all be in for some competition, and are making notes about their scores; one man I watched had obviously just beaten the record for halibut-recovery. He recovered so many in about a minute that the tops of his boots were just beginning to show. When he had done that he made such long notes in his book about it that most of the halibut slid on to the floor again while he was doing it. Then he began all over again. But I expect he won the prize.

Meanwhile about a million fish-porters are dashing up and down the narrow avenues between the fish-stalls, porting millions of boxes of fish. Nearly all of them, I am glad to say, have been

in the army or have had a relative in the army; for they are nearly all wearing the full uniform of a company cook, which needs no description. On their heads they have a kind of india-rubber hat, and on the india-rubber hat they have a large box of fish weighing about six stone—six *stone*, I tell you. This box they handle as if it was a box of cigars. They pick it up with a careless gesture; they carry it as if it was a slightly uncomfortable hat, and they throw it down with another careless gesture, usually on to another box of fish; this explains why so many of one's herrings appear to have been maimed at sea.

When they have finished throwing the boxes about they too take out a note-book and make notes about it all. This, it seems, is to make sure that they are paid something for throwing each box about. I don't blame them. It must be a hard life. Yet if I thought I could pick up six stone of salmon and plaice and throw it about I should sign on at Billingsgate at once. It is true they start work about five; but they stop work, it seems, about ten, and they earn a pound and over for that. Then they can go home. Most of them, I imagine, are stockbrokers during the rest of the day.

And they are a refined and gentlemanly body of men. I hope the old legend that the fish-porter of Billingsgate expresses himself in terms too forcible for the ordinary man is now exploded; for it is a slander. In fact it is a slander to call him a "porter;" at least in these days I suppose it is libellous to connect a man falsely with the N.U.R., if only by verbal implication. But, however that may be, I here assert that the Billingsgate fish-porter is a comparatively smooth and courteous personage, and, considering his constant association with fish in bulk, I think it is wonderful.

At the far end of the market is the river Thames; and on the river Thames there is a ship or two chockful of fish. Fish-porters with a kind of *blasé* animation run up and down a long gangway to the ship with six-stone boxes of fine fresh whiting on their heads. These boxes they pile up on a chute (carefully noting each box in their note-books), after which an auctioneer auctions the boxes. This is the really exciting part of the show. The dealers or the dealers' agents stand round in a hungry ring and buy the boxes of fish as they slide down the chute. The dealers seem to detail a less cultured type of man for this purpose, and few of the bidders come up to the standard of refinement of the fish-porters. But the auctioneer understands them, and he knows all their Christian names. He can tell at a glance whether it is Mossy Isaacs or Sam Isaacs. He is a very clever man.

They stand round looking at the boxes of fish, and when one of them twitches the flesh of his nose or faintly moves one of his eyelashes it means that he has bought six stone of whiting for thirty shillings. That is the only kind of sign they give, and the visitor will be wise not to catch the auctioneer's eye, or blow his nose or do any overt action like that, or he may find that he has bought six stone of salmon and halibut for forty-five shillings. At an auction of fish it is true to say that a nod is as good as a wink; in fact it is worse.

The dealers are silent motionless men; but nobody else is. Everybody else is dashing about and shouting as loud as he can. As each box of fish is sold the porters dash at it and shout at it (of course in a very gentlemanly way) and carry it off in all directions. It is quite clear that nobody knows who has bought it and where it is going. The idea of the whole thing is to impress the visitor with the mobility of fish, and this object is successfully attained. No



Connoisseur (smoking cigarette stump just thrown away by passer-by). "EITHER TERBAKKER ISN'T WOT IT WOS—OR THESE 'ERE TOFFS AIN'T."



Aspiring Solicitor (*speaking in telephone with the idea of impressing supposed client*). "YES, TELL THE LORD CHANCELLOR I WILL LUNCH WITH HIM, AND SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO GIVE HIM THE BENEFIT OF MY ADVICE IN THE MATTER HIS LORDSHIP MENTIONED. GOOD-BYE. NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?"

Supposed Client. "WELL, I'VE COME ABOUT YOUR TELEPHONE, SIR, WHICH I UNDERSTAND FROM YOUR LETTER TO US HAS BEEN COMPLETELY OUT OF WORKING ORDER SINCE YESTERDAY."

doubt when the visitors have gone away they settle down and decide definitely whom the fish belongs to.

It is now about half-past six. Fish is still rushing in at one end from the ship and is rushing in at the other from the railway-vans. The porters are throwing the fish at the dealers' stalls (registering each hit in their note-books), and the dealers are throwing it on to the floor or throwing it at each other or trying to throw it at a retailer, who always puts on a haughty air and passes on to the next stall, till he too gets entangled in the game and finds that he has bought twenty-four stone of whiting at twopence a pound; then he throws it at some more porters, and the porters dash outside and throw it at the carts, and the carts clatter away to Kensington, and my wife buys a whiting at tenpence a pound, and the circle of fish organisation is complete.

At about this point it is a good thing to pass on to Covent Garden and buy some flowers. A. P. H.

A Record Crash.

From "Sayings of the Week" in a Sunday paper:—

"With the aerial world at our feet we are making no effort to grasp it.—*G. Holt Thomas.*"

CAPUA.

(*A Bolshevist's lament, designed to show that though we may appear to be giving way rather easily to the Russian Government we have a deep purpose in it all.*)

SILKEN ways and softer manners
Bend the barbarous victor down;
Woe unto the Soviet banners!
M. KRASSIN is in town.

Hark! the Lydian lute is thrumming;
Roses fall about his feet;
He shall pardon each shortcoming,
Conqueror he shall taste defeat.

Puzzled, maybe slightly baffled,
He shall get to like it all,
Overlook the absent scaffold
At the windows of Whitehall.

Piccadilly, though it warps his
Sense of justice, he shall see
Unencumbered by the corpses
Of a bloated *bourgeoisie*;

Quite forget the stern aspirants
To a nobler newer world;
Tread the Birdcage Walk with tyrants,
Have his hair by Bond Street curled;

Lulled by scented airs and graces,
Feel the Scythian ardours fade;
Purchase underwear and braces
In the Burlington Arcade;

Losing for a mess of pottage
TROTSKY'S wireless apothegms,
Take a little country cottage
And a houseboat on the Thames.

Oh to think that as he lingers
Hour by hour he needs must hook
Round imperial palms the fingers
Of a hand that LENIN shook.

Commerce like an iron girder
Props the new world and the old;
All men know the stains of murder
May be lightly washed with gold.

Ah, but when the bright-eyed vulture,
Fresh from feasting on the slain,
Learns the way of foreign culture
Shall his claws grow sharp again?

So for him we weep, the Tartar
Blood-bedabbled to his wrists,
When his free soul sinks to barter
With abhorred capitalists.

Silken ways and softer manners
Bend the sturdiest victor down;
Woe unto the Soviet banners!
M. KRASSIN is in town. EVOE.



AIR-CRAFTINESS.

British Lion. "HALLO! STARTED FLYING AGAIN ALREADY?"

German Eagle. "OH, PURELY A COMMERCIAL FLUTTER."

British Lion (*to himself*). "I REMEMBER HEARING THAT SAME YARN ABOUT THEIR NAVY. TIME I DEVELOPED *MY* WINGS AGAIN."

["In Germany there are millions of men firmly determined to win back by the air what they have lost by sea and on land." *General Seely.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 7th.—"Has the right hon. gentleman any experience of Sunday School treats?" asked Mr. Inskip after the Minister of Transport had announced that the railway companies, while conceding reduced fares for those outings, could not extend the facilities to more than one adult for every ten children. Sir Eric Geddes admitted that his experience was "many years ago." There must have been "giants in those days" among the Sunday School teachers if one of them was able to "moderate the transports" of ten little Erics.

The Prime Minister had discarded the jaunty grey suit which he wore last week, and in his "blacks" looked rather like a Scottish elder. Nevertheless, when requested by Mr. MacCallum Scott to interpret the articles of the "Auld Kirk" he declined to rush in where Mr. Bonar Law had feared to tread, and contented himself with the remark that this was "a very dangerous question for a mere Southerner."

The negotiations with M. Krassin caused many inquiries. Mr. William Shaw, for example, sought a guarantee that the Bolshevists should not be allowed to pay for the goods they might now order with the stores that they had seized from His Majesty's Government. One is reminded of Phil May's publican, who took the theft of his pewters philosophically, but was moved to strong protest when the thief brought them back in the form of bad half-crowns.

Coalitionist anxiety in regard to the Prime Minister's flirtation with the Soviet emissary took shape in a motion for the adjournment moved by Colonel Gretton, who was shocked at the idea of negotiating with a Government that depended on violence, and seconded by Admiral Sir R. Hall, who doubted whether there was anything to be got out of Russia. Mr. Lloyd George replied that, according to the evidence of anti-Bolshevist refugees, there were quantities of grain and raw materials awaiting export, while in regard to the general question he poured much rhetorical contempt on the argument that we were never to trade with a country that was misgoverned. What about Turkey? What about Mexico? "You cannot always examine the records of your customers."

Earlier in the day Sir A. Griffith Boscawen had moved the Second Reading of the Agriculture Bill with so much vigour and enthusiasm that one wondered why a Bill so vital to the national well-being had not been introduced a little earlier. Later speakers were less friendly. Mr. Acland declared that the measure was only necessary because the Government could not keep the country out of international difficulties. Captain Fitzroy complained that the Bill did too much for the tenant-farmer; whereas Mr. Cautley described it as the tenant-farmer's death-knell.



"MANY YEARS AGO."
Sir Eric Geddes at a Sunday School treat.

Tuesday, June 8th.—The prevalent belief that Mr. Churchill is always spoiling for a fight, and is mainly responsible for all the wars now going on in various parts of the world, is, I am ready to believe, entirely erroneous. But there is no doubt of his desire to "see red" so far as His Majesty's Army is concerned. The report that the Government intended to spend three millions in putting our soldiers back into the traditional scarlet inspired a multitude of questions to the War Secretary this afternoon. Mr. Churchill declared it to be grossly exaggerated. Nevertheless, in political circles it is believed that at the next election the Government can rely with confidence upon the nurserymaids' vote.

In resisting the proposal to make a levy on capital Mr. Chamberlain covered the ground so exhaustively that, as Sir F. Banbury subsequently observed, the chief complaint to be made of his speech was that it was not delivered three months before, when it would have saved the money-market great anxiety and prevented much depreciation of capital. For, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a levy on war-wealth was never really practicable, and even if it had been would have had no effect upon the amount of the floating debt, his most pressing problem. But, if so, why not have said it at the start, instead of setting up a Committee to try to find a solution for the insoluble?



MR. CHURCHILL SEES RED.
Army uniform (1) as it is; (2) as it was before the war and will be again; and (3) as, to suit Mr. Churchill's Marlborough traditions, it should have been.

Mr. Chamberlain's contention that by the income-tax and super-tax wealth was already heavily conscripted would have perhaps been better left without illustration. His case of the gentleman with £131,000 a year, who after paying his taxes had only £42,500 to spend, left Mr. Stephen Walsh quite cold. Sir Donald Maclean, by some odd process of reasoning, came to the conclusion that the Government's decision would be welcomed by all the enemies of capital, and announced his intention of joining the Labour Party in the Lobby.

Wednesday, June 9th.—The Air Navi-



Resourceful Spokesman of Picnic Party (*anticipating trouble*). "DELIGHTED YOU WERE ABLE TO TURN UP! YOU DON'T MIND OUR HAVING STARTED WITHOUT YOU?"

gation Bill passed through the usually serene atmosphere of the Upper House, but not without encountering a certain number of "bumps." Lord MONTAGU, calling to mind the nursery saying, "if pigs could fly," was alarmed by the possibility that "air-hogs" might interfere with the amenities, and might even endanger the lives, of earth-bound citizens by flying over them at unduly low altitudes. He suggested two thousand feet as a minimum. Lord LONDONDERRY resisted the Amendment on the ground that it was difficult to gauge the height at which aircraft flew, and thought few airmen would care to risk the penalties provided in the Bill—a fine of two hundred pounds and six months' imprisonment—by indulging a taste for forbidden stunts.

At first blush you would hardly think it necessary to include the City Corporation among the local authorities who may establish aerodromes. The "one square mile" does not offer much encouragement to the airman who wishes to make a safe landing. But you never can tell what may happen. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," who is said to be contemplating an upward extension of her premises, may perhaps welcome aeroplanes to her hospitable roof, and thereby give a new significance to "banking" in the aviator's vocabulary.

In the Commons the anomalous position produced by President WILSON'S undertaking to delimit the boundaries of Armenia, although his country has refused to accept the mandate for its administration, elicited from Mr. BONAR LAW the curious explanation that the invitation to delimit was addressed to Mr. WILSON "in his personal capacity." But when Mr. BOTTOMLEY sought further light on this phrase Mr. LAW was unable or unwilling to supply it. He did, however, vouchsafe the information that, whatever America might do, this country would not add Armenia to its existing share of "the white man's burden."

Thursday, June 10th.—It seems a pity that since Count DE SALIS left Montenegro and made his famous secret report the British Government has had no representative in that distracted country. In the absence of official information the most diverse descriptions of its present state gain currency. According to Lord SYDENHAM the Serbians, who wish to incorporate Montenegro in the new Jugo-Slavia, are taking every step to intimidate their opponents (described as ninety per cent. of the population) and have incidentally imprisoned a number of ex-Ministers. Lord CURZON agreed that this was quite probable, inasmuch as ex-Ministers bore a considerable ratio to the whole population, but otherwise challenged Lord SYDENHAM'S allegations. His own information (source not named) was that the Montenegrin majority was in favour of Yugo-Slav union. The debate confirmed the impression that all statements emanating from the Black Mountain should be taken *cum grano* DE SALIS.

In the Commons Mr. BONAR LAW was taking a day off, and, as usually happens when the PRIME MINISTER is in charge, "a certain liveliness" prevailed. The renewed offensive of General WRANGEL incited the Bolshevist sympathisers to start one on their own account. An attempt to move the adjournment was nipped in the bud by the SPEAKER. Colonel WEDGWOOD made a gallant effort to usurp the functions of the Chair by declaring that the matter was both definite and urgent; but Mr. LOWTHER replied that unfortunately the decision rested with him and not with the hon. Member.

The House then settled down to business, and gave a Third Reading to two Bills, and a Second Reading to five others. On the Women, Young Persons and Children (Employment) Bill Mr. BARNES took exception, not unnaturally, to a clause permitting "the employment of women and young persons in shifts up to ten o'clock at night," and Major BAIRD undertook to consider the withdrawal of this equivocal piece of draftsmanship.

"'The time has come,' the walrus said,
'To speak of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.'—(O. Henry)."
Free State Paper.

Where did LEWIS CARROLL? Apparently not in the Free State.

THE FUTURE OF APSLEY HOUSE.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

THE possibility of a super-dancing-saloon being erected on the site of Apsley House is, we fear, likely to be relegated to the limbo of lost opportunities.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago London in general and the West-End in particular was excited and delighted by the announcement that Apsley House had been sold to an influential syndicate and would shortly be converted into a massive and monumental block, forty storeys high, crowned with the dancing-saloon and including a concert-hall with the most powerful organ in the world, and a swimming-bath with salt water conveyed by a special pipe from Brighton.

It will also be remembered that Mr. Chumpley Swope, the chairman of the syndicate, issued a powerful manifesto in which he explained the purely humanitarian motives of the enterprise —to obliterate the militaristic associations of the site; to replace an unsightly building by a fabric which would be one of the architectural glories of London, and simultaneously to cheer the patients in St. George's Hospital with the sounds of harmony by night.

Unhappily the realisation of these beneficent and artistic designs seems likely to be indefinitely postponed, to judge from the authoritative statements made to our representative by Mr. Doremus Pomerene, architect to the owners, and by Mr. Chumpley Swope himself.

"There never was any idea," said Mr. Pomerene, "in the minds of the present owners, Mr. Otis Flather and Mr. Virgil Onderdonk, of converting the site of Apsley House to the uses of a super-dancing-saloon. Mr. Flather is a convinced opponent of the dancing mania and President of the Anti-Tarantulation League, while Mr. Onderdonk has always been a profound admirer of the great Duke of WELLINGTON. Subject to the approval of the present Duke it is our intention to re-erect Apsley House on the Playing Fields at Eton, and utilise the site for the building of flats for the New Poor."

"The erection of a Neo-Georgian super-dancing-saloon on the Piccadilly frontage of Apsley House," said Mr. Chumpley Swope, "has long been the dearest dream of my heart. My first negotiations with Messrs. Shumway and Prudden were conducted for the express purpose of facilitating the realisation of this project. Moreover, when Mr. Flather joined me in the purchase of the entire site his representative, Mr. Onderdonk, was fully aware of my plans and expressed his cordial approval thereof.

"Eventually my friends and I accepted offers made to us by Mr. Flather whereby the entire site was vested in him, subject to an agreement that the Piccadilly frontage to a depth of two hundred kilowatts should be reserved for the erection of the dancing-saloon, the concert-hall and the swimming-bath.

"Owing however to the difficulties connected with the laying of the pipe from Brighton and the unaccountable and irrational hostility displayed by the Governing Body of St. George's Hospital the plan of erecting this Temple of Terpsichore has fallen into abeyance and the West-End is threatened with the loss of an educational asset of incomparable value. I may add, however, that negotiations have been opened with the Dean and Chapter of WESTMINSTER and that I do not altogether despair of obtaining an alternative site and making a fresh start with my plans for beautifying and humanising London."



Curate (discussing the drink question). "MIND YOU, I'M FOND OF A GLASS OF BEER, MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T INDULGE. IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME."
Rustic (sympathetically). "DEAR, DEAR! AIN'T THERE NO CURE?"

Limitations.

There was a young lady of Clacton
Whose knowledge was wide and exact on
Jazz, jumpers and plays
And the cinema craze;
But she never had heard of Lord ACTON.

"'Obregon signed the flag as did others at the convention,' said Villa. 'He kissed the mlag, and cried as he kissed it. Then those who wanted to break the agreement stole the blag with the signatures of the delegates."
American Paper.

This helps us a little to appreciate the confusion of Mexican politics.

PERSISTENCE OF THE MILITARY.

In pre-war days, when one's health was tested at the order of a verbally polite but fundamentally distrustful insurance company, the examination was a pleasant affair, conducted by a benign old gentleman who behaved like one's own family physician.

Now all that is changed. I lately took the liberty of offering to bet a Company that I would not live for ever, in spite of my present rude health. In reply I was invited "to meet our medical advisers at our office."

I arrived obediently at the appointed time and was ushered into a room in which sat behind a table two elderly gentlemen of ultra-military appearance. When, later, they addressed each other as "Colonel" and "Major" I knew that they were civilian dug-outs militarised by the War.

Colonel drew himself up and spoke to me in a C.O. voice: "Well, what is the general state of your health?"

I felt that it was up to me to play the old war-game, even if it ruined my chance of getting insured. I therefore started to enumerate the various minor ailments from which I suffered.

"To begin with," I explained, "I've sprained my wrist rather badly and——"

"That won't prevent your holding a rifle," interrupted Colonel severely.

"Then," I continued, "sometimes I have a headache."

"Ah," said Major, "and I suppose when you run uphill your heart palpitates like a pea in a drum?"

"Yes," I replied quickly, "it does do that. How did you know?"

Major laughed a laugh such as HINDENBURG himself might have delivered. It was cold and mirthless and must have hurt his face.

"Come," said Colonel sharply, "let's have no more of this humbug. Drink and smoke less and keep yourself fit; and don't come whining before us, complaining of this and that. A few route marches will soon set you up."

"But, seriously," I objected, "my health is not of the best and I feel I ought to warn you that there are slight disabilities in my constitution which——"

"Which make you," interjected Major, "of course unfit to do your duty." His voice was like steel wire and I hated him.

"Very well, then," I answered calmly, "I will say no more."

"You'd better not," roared Colonel. "It's no use your thinking you can impose on us. I've marked you down A1. I'm sick to death of you fellows who try to get behind a doctor directly your comfort is threatened. That disposes of *your* case. About—turn!"

Mechanically I left their presence. . . .

I don't know what the Insurance Company will make of it when they find all their candidates passed as first-class lives. Somebody ought to tell those doctors that the War is over.

ANOTHER POST-OFFICE HOLD-UP.

Our post-office is to be found taking cover in one corner of the village's general shop. Poetically it may be described as between the lard and the lingerie. In prose the most interesting thing to be said of it is that I was there this morning.

It was while I was buying a box of matches that the thought came to me that I might as well enjoy myself thoroughly and have some stamps as well. There was quite a crowd in the shop at the time, and we both moved to the postal counter together. She, however, got in the first word.

"One stamp, please," she demanded, and went on, "You'll never guess what I want it for."

"Isn't it for a letter, then?" asked the post-mistress, as if, for instance, stamps might be used for holding down the butter while the bread is rubbed against it.

"Yes, but who to? That's the point. Our George!"

To me there did not seem much in this to cause a sensation, but it did. Question and answer flew backwards and forwards as thick as reminiscences at a regimental dinner.

"Not young George?"

"Yes, old George. We had a letter from him last week. First we'd heard for six years."

"Lordy, lordy," said the post-mistress, "it only seems yesterday that he went away. I remember——" and she proved it by doing so for ten minutes with a volubility that would have made the fortune of a patter comedian. At the first sign of a pause I found the courage to ask for my stamps, but quite in vain. The conversation was only getting its second wind.

"Young George, to be sure! And how is he? Tell me all about him."

I gathered that George was in the best of health and in America, was unmarried and umpired out in a recent baseball match and wanted——" ["A dozen stamps, please." This from me.]—a photograph of the old people and his brothers and sisters. From this the transition was easy to an uncle of the post-mistress's who went——" ["A dozen stamps."] to foreign parts. He always was a rolling stone, he was. Never gathered no moss. On the other hand, there were no flies on him. Did very well for himself, he did, and when he died——"

But it was at this point that the moisture from the margarine cask against which I had been leaning began to make its presence felt, and, stampless, I left the shop.

At the edge of the village I met our policeman.

"Go quickly," I implored him; "there's a hold-up at the post-office."

Perhaps "quickly" is not quite the right word, but, at any rate, he went. I doubt if he will get promotion over the job, but I am sure he too will like to hear about our George, if there's anything left to say by the time he gets there.

SOMETIMES.

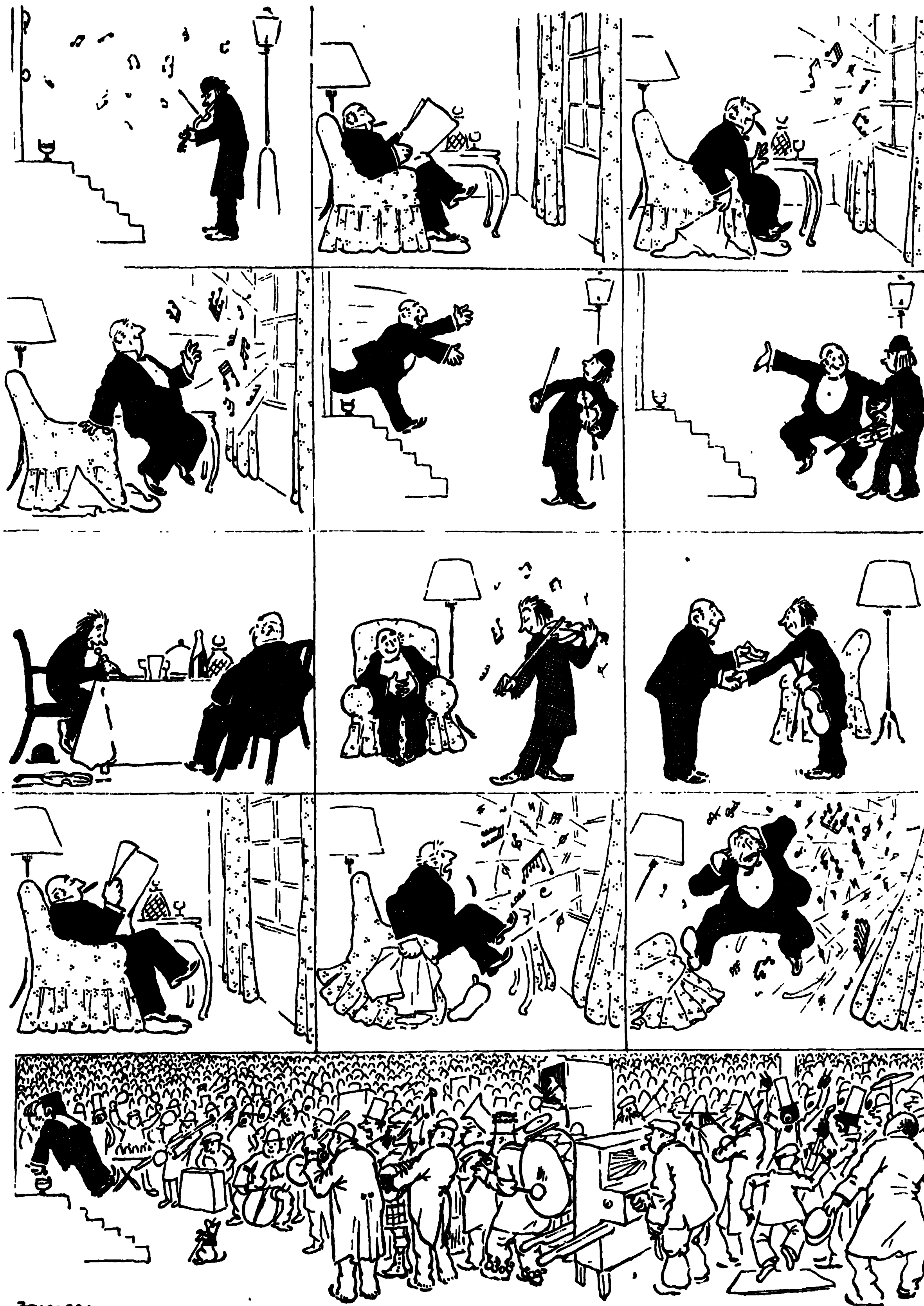
Some days are fairy days. The minute that you wake
You have a magic feeling that you never could mistake;
You may not see the fairies, but you know they're all about,
And any single minute they might all come popping out;
You want to laugh, you want to sing, you want to dance and run,
Everything is different, everything is fun;
The sky is full of fairy clouds, the streets are fairy ways—
Anything might happen on truly fairy days.

Some nights are fairy nights. Before you go to bed
You hear their darling music go chiming in your head;
You look into the garden and through the misty grey
You see the trees all waiting in a breathless kind of way.
All the stars are smiling; they know that very soon
The fairies will come singing from the land behind the moon.
If only you could keep awake when Nurse puts out the light . . .
Anything might happen on a truly fairy night. R. F.

"CRICKET.

Little Snoring Ladies *v.* Little Snoring Lads."—*Local Paper.*

This match was played in Norfolk and not, as you might have expected, in Beds.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUSIC.



A CAST.

Ghillie. "Ay, Sir, the fushers are no what they were. Ye'll maybe no believe me, but there was a man here last month that had naething but a sup o' cold tea in his flask to wet a fush when he caught yin!"

THE PARADISE OF BARDS.

(*From an Oxford Correspondent.*)

Considerable resentment has been caused in various centres of poetic activity by the preference recently expressed by the Prime Minister for the products of Welsh minstrelsy. In a letter addressed to Huw Menai, the working South Wales miner poet, Mr. Lloyd George declares that he has read his poems with the "greatest delight." If the Premier had merely said "great delight" no untoward consequences would have ensued, but the invidious use of the superlative threatens to embroil the whole country in that internecine war recently predicted by the Editor of *The Athenæum* in his gloomy survey of Neo-Georgian literature.

Meetings of protest have been held in Hampstead, at Letchworth, Stratford-on-Avon and the Eustace Miles Restaurant, but the most remarkable and orderly of these demonstrations was that which took place at Boar's Hill on Saturday last, under the presidency of the Poet Laureate. Boar's Hill, we need not remind our readers, is *par excellence* the fashionable intellectual suburb of Oxford, and has been called the "Paradise of Bards." Dr. Bridges in a brief opening address, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, dealt with the statistical side of the question. He pointed out that of the residents at Boar's Hill one in every six was a true poet, and three out of every five were masters of the art of prosody. There were no miner poets on Boar's Hill. Their motto was *Majora canamus.*

Professor Gilbert Murray, who followed, laid stress on the perfect harmony which reigned amongst the residents, in spite of the fact that all schools of poetry were represented, from the austerest of classicists to the most advanced exponents of Neo-Georgian *vers libre.* They were a happy family, linked together by a common devotion to the Muses, and in their daily output of verse showing a higher unit of production than that recorded of any other community in either hemisphere.

Mr. John Masefield moved the only resolution, which was carried unanimously, to the effect that Mr. Fisher, the Minister of Education, should be requested to convey to the Prime Minister the regret of the meeting that he should have overlooked the paramount claim of Boar's Hill to be regarded as the Parnassus of Great Britain. In *Murray's Guide to Oxfordshire* it had been spoken of as "a health resort for jaded students," but that was an obsolete libel. Constitutionally vigorous and daily refreshed by draughts from the pellucid springs of the Pierides, they led a life of exuberant health, as the vital statistics of the neighbourhood would abundantly show. On Boar's Hill people began to write poetry earlier and continued to do so later than in any other spot in the British Isles.

Sir Arthur Evans, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, made the gratifying announcement that Mr. Masefield was already engaged on a companion poem to his "Reynard the Fox," commemorating the *genius loci* under the inspiring title of "The Sticking of the Pig."

A Very Free Translation.

"'Have you come to make peace?' '*Nous verrons pour cela* ('That is what we have come for),' replied Krassin at once."

Daily Paper.



Martha (to ancient spouse, who has narrowly escaped being run over by passing car). "AN' SERVE YER RIGHT TOO IF IT 'AD A-KNOCKED YER. YER DO GO RACIN' A'EAD NO SENSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

RECENT developments have given an unexpectedly topical interest to a new book by Professor PAUL MILIUKOV, LL.D., entitled *Bolshevism; an International Danger* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). The whole question of the *de facto* Government of Russia is so fiercely controversial that it is not to be expected that such a work should escape violent criticism from those for whom that Government can do no wrong, though the writer justly claims that (however obvious his own views) he has striven to be strictly fair to those of the enemy. The scheme of his work has been "to trace the evolution of Bolshevism from an abstract doctrine to a practical experiment." One may excusably find the history a grim and menacing one. In the course of it Professor MILIUKOV tells again the tragedy of the great betrayal (which it will do no one harm to ponder upon just now), when the Commander of the 1st corps of the Siberian Army reported: "A brilliant success crowned our efforts . . . there remained before us only a few fortifications, and the battle might soon have taken the character of a complete destruction of the enemy." But the work of M. LENIN had been too thorough; instead of a victory that might have ended the War and saved thousands of lives, we saw this already triumphant army, equipped through British industry, melt into a disorganised rabble. Nor is the writer less interesting on other aspects of his theme; in particular an exposition of the notorious Third International and a survey of the present-moment activities of Bolshevist propaganda, notably in our own country. No one who wishes to read and keep for reference a clearly written and understandable survey of the most urgent problem in modern politics need go further than this short but highly concentrated study.

The March to Paris and the Battle of the Marne, 1914 (ARNOLD), by Generaloberst ALEXANDER VON KLUCK, is more of a soldiers', indeed a staff-officers', book than any that has appeared here from the other side. It deals exclusively with the operations of the German right wing, VON KLUCK'S own (first) army and his *liaison* with the second (VON BÜLOW'S), during the move forward to the Grand Morin, the allied counter-offensive and the establishment of the line of the Aisne—that is from the twelfth of August to the twelfth of September. The principal army orders are given textually. An admirable map illustrates each day's routes and billets for his first line and second line troops, his cavalry and the extreme right of the second army. VON KLUCK'S explanation of his breach of the Supreme Command's orders and the manœuvre which exposed him to MANOURY'S stroke was that, while ignoring the letter, he was acting in the spirit of those orders on the information available; that a pause to fulfil them literally would have given the enemy time to recover; that defective intelligence kept him ignorant of the fact that the German left and centre had been definitely held by the French (if he had known this he would not, he says, have crossed the Marne). An examination of the frontispiece portrait suggests that this fighting General would easily find excellent reason for disobeying other people's orders and maintain an obstinate defence of his own decisions once made, however disastrous in result. Notes by the historical section (military branch) of the Committee of Imperial Defence point out inaccuracies and contradictions which the lay reader would be unlikely to discover for himself. He will however, if I mistake not, appreciate a soldierly narrative, unspoiled by "political" parentheses or underestimation of opponents, of what was undoubtedly a great military feat. The German right wing covered the most ground and met perhaps the toughest of the fighting.

I have found in *Lighting-up Time* (Cobden-Sanderson) that all too rare thing, a theatrical novel of which the vitality does not expire towards the end of the fourth chapter. Obviously Mr. Ivor Brown knows the life of modern stageland, one would say, with the intimacy of personal experience. More important still, he commands an easy style and a flow of genial, not too esoteric, humour that combine to keep the reader chuckling and curious to the last page. His title is characteristic, *Lighting-up Time* symbolising here that period in the career of an actress when her possibly waning attractions need the illumination of a judicious boom. The two main characters are *Mary Maroon*, the leading lady, and *Peter Penruddock*, the astute publicity agent who engages to set her upon her financial and artistic pedestal. *Peter*, in other words, is *Mary's* tide, taken at the flood in chapter one, and leading her, very divertingly, on to fortune. Both the tour of *Stolen or Strayed* and the company that present it are admirably true to life, while Mr. Brown has even been able convincingly to suggest the atmosphere of theatrical Oxford, when in due course his mummers descend upon that home of lost comedies and impossible revues. If I have a complaint against the book it is that a tale of such pleasant irony hardly needed the general pairing-off with which the author rings down his curtain; but for this Noah's Ark I should have more easily believed in a story that entertained me throughout.

There are some forty-odd bits in *A Bit at a Time* (Mills and Boon), and they embrace a variety of subjects, ranging from crocuses in Kensington Gardens to corpse-boats on the Tigris. They are all, whether sentimental, satirical or pathetic, fiction of the lightest type. Such literature was eminently readable during the War—most of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's bits have to do with somebody's "bit"—when a touch of conventional pathos and pretended cynicism and a generous padding of humour, real or forced, provided sufficient relaxation from the strain of anxious hours. But the wisdom of republishing them in book form in these sober days of peace is open to question. When Mr. Calthrop talks satirically of "perfect officials" or of an earnest young American aviator who writes letters home in a United States dialect that was never heard on land or sea outside Bayswater, or of the war-time adventures of one *Mr. Mason*, skipper, and *Mr. Smith*, his mate, he is tolerably amusing. When he becomes serious, as in "The Prayer of the Classical Parson" and "When the Son Came Home," his limitations become increasingly apparent. Yet it is in this vein that he gives us what is by all odds his best bit, "The Chevalier of Carnaby Row." When he writes of Cupids and fauns and Columbines and rose-leaves and the sort of young females that find this environment congenial (in books) I like Mr. Calthrop least. Perhaps it is because the publishers have put his picture on the paper cover. He looks much too stalwart and sophisticated to be toying with such gossamer fantasies.



LIFE'S LITTLE ANOMALIES.

How many thousands of pounds have been offered to Carpentier and Dempsey to fight, and now here is a kind old lady giving two boys sixpence each if they'll promise not to.

I doubt whether the complications which attend the devolution of dead men's property were created for the confusion of survivors or for the convenience of novelists. In the case of *The Lost Mr. Linthwaite* (Hodder and Stoughton), *Mrs. Byfield* had married *Mr. Byfield*, or at least she thought she had, and *Mr. Byfield* had died, supposedly intestate. Previously *Mrs. Byfield* had married *Mr. Melsome*, or again she thought she had, and *Mr. Melsome* had disappeared and was assumed to be dead, leaving nothing behind him except a brother as vile as himself. The following discoveries were made by her in due sequence: That *Mr. Melsome* was not dead and that therefore she was not *Mrs. Byfield* but *Mrs. Melsome*; that *Mr. Melsome* was already married when he purported to marry her, and that therefore she was not *Mrs. Melsome* but *Mrs. Byfield*; and that a solicitor's clerk was absconding with the bulk of the *Byfield* estate, which, of course, was what the bother was all about. Her son, bitten with the craze for discoveries, then discovered on his own that the late *Mr. Byfield* hadn't died intestate. I wonder myself if he ever really died at all. . . . These are what Mr. J. S. Fletcher very aptly calls the mere legalities; the plot, which thickens and thickens from first page to last, concerns the handling of them by the evil but talented *Melsome* brothers, the accidental intervention of *Mr. Linthwaite*, and the rescue work of his admirable nephew, *Mr. Richard Brixey*, of *The Morning Sentinel*. Mr. Fletcher tells his story well, but up to the very last moment I was looking and hoping for a surprise and was suspecting those legalities of being a deception invented to make the surprise all the greater. A first-class adventure, in my opinion spoilt by the sacrifice of originality to technicality.

"The girls, to the number of 116, escaped in their night attire, and displayed great coolness."—*News of the World.*

Very natural.

"Baron Evence Coppee, a Belgian, has been arrested on the charge of furnishing coal to the enemy during the war."—*Daily Paper.*

With a name like that the copper could hardly miss him.

"Sir Robert is now satisfied, I understand, that there is considerable merit in the adage 'all comes to he who waits.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Sir Robert seems easily pleased.

"Orchestra (small), or few Instrumentalists, for sea-handling Margarine and Butter in up-to-date style."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

But we fear that some of the stuff met with nowadays would "beat the band."

CHARIVARIA.

Kieff has been retaken by the Bolshevists. It looks as if the Poles will have to win the place three times in succession before it becomes their own property.

* * *

Annoyed by a small boy who was sucking sweets and laughing a parson recently stopped in the middle of his sermon and refused to go on with it. We are informed that the boy in question has since received several tempting offers from other parishes.

* * *

A motorist, summoned the other week, admitted to having knocked three people down one day and two people the next. If only this progress can be steadily maintained!

* * *

Traffic in Finsbury Park was considerably delayed the other day by a crowd which [illegible] in the main street in order to watch two bricklayers who had deliberately removed their coats.

* * *

A weekly paper states that the winding up of the Ministry of Munitions will not be completed until next year. After all it is just as well not to rush things.

* * *

"Only the small boy knows the joys of ice cream," says an evening paper. Inside information, we presume.

* * *

A New York writer thinks that a man with a large family of girls is fortunate. On the contrary, in these days, just as he gets the last one married off, the first gets a divorce and comes back home.

* * *

"The secret of health," said Professor Darsonval of the French Academy of Science, "is to walk on the toes." This is better than the plan adopted by Tube travellers of walking on other people's.

* * *

At the Business Exhibition there was shown a waistcoat-pocket calculator guaranteed to juggle with figures up to five thousand pounds. This should be just the thing for persons ordering dinner at a London restaurant.

* * *

"In 1924," says a contemporary, "Mars will be only thirty-five million miles from the earth." It has not yet been decided what can be done about it, but we understand that Lord Northcliffe has the matter in hand.

* * *

Scotland Yard is warning people against a man who perpetrates fraud by means of the telephone. It is to be hoped he will soon be captured so that the secret of how he gets through can be wrested from him.

* * *

"An expedition in search for gold," says a contemporary, "will leave Glasgow next week." In view of their object no surprise is felt that they have decided to leave Scotland.



Time: *Monday Morning.*

Golfer. "No, I nevah go to the Club on Saturdays or Sundays. I find a much better lot there on Mondays."

The Other (bound Citywards). "Really. Well, you might keep a special look-out for a couple of new 'Purple Dimples' I lost at the fourteenth yesterday."

Mr. Robert Hyde, a chemist of Pittsburg, claims to have obtained sugar from sawdust. This is not so very remarkable. Several people in this country have succeeded in obtaining sugar from a grocer.

* * *

"On July 1st," says an official notice, "all banks in the United Kingdom will be closed." To avoid disappointment, holders-up are requested to enter the date in their engagement books.

* * *

Whilst assisting with the repairs to his church a clergyman in the Midlands has had the misfortune to injure his thumb with a hammer. It still remains a mystery what the clergy say on such occasions.

* * *

Although this year the majority of lady-shoppers are practising in private for the summer sales there are still a few who have again adopted the Underground Railway as their training quarters.

* * *

The principle of the League of Nations has now been accepted by all the Great Powers with the exception of America and Mr. Bottomley.

* * *

A bargee summoned in Warwickshire for saying what he thought of the Government was acquitted, but was told that if he repeated the offence the fine would be five pounds. We understand that he is saving up for it.

* * *

"We must thank Germany for the present high cost of living," says an evening paper. Personally, at the risk of appearing ungrateful, we shall do nothing of the sort.

* * *

During a recent debate on crime a well-known doctor stated that, although his house was often left empty, no attempt had ever been made upon it. We hear, however, that he has since been visited by the secretary of the Burglars' Union and has agreed to await his turn.

* * *

In reply to several correspondents we have now much pleasure in announcing that it is not necessary to wear kilts whilst taking the oath in the Scottish fashion.

"Send Twopence for the latest Pamphlet on the East:

CARRYING FREEDOM TO TURKEY.

Delivery may be slightly Delayed."

Muslim Outlook.

We can well believe this.

There was a young man of the Peak
Who had kippers for tea once a week;
As he hated the taste
It was rather a waste,
But it gave him a feeling of *chic.*

"It was learned yesterday, on enquiry at the offices of the City of Dublin Steampacket Company, that there is no truth in the statement that the officers and crews of the company's boats had been served with six months' notice in into a new contract for the carrying of the Government."—*Irish Paper.*

We doubted it from the start.

THE ART OF POETRY.

III.

IN this lecture I shall deal with the production of Lyrics, Blank Verse and (if I am allowed) Hymns (Ancient and Modern).

First we will write a humorous lyric for the Stage, bearing in mind, of course, the peculiar foibles, idiosyncrasies and whims of Mr. Alf Bubble, who will sing it (we hope). Mr. Bubble's principal source of fun is the personal appearance of his fellow-citizens. Whenever a new character comes on the stage he makes some remark about the character's "face." Whenever he does this the entire audience rolls about on its seat, and cackles and gurgles and wipes its eyes, and repeats in a hoarse whisper, with variations of its own, the uproarious phrasing of Mr. Bubble's remark. If Mr. Bubble says, "But look at his *face!*" the audience, fearful lest its neighbours may have missed the cream of the thing, splutters hysterically in the intervals of eye-wiping and coughing and choking and sneezing, "He said, '*What* a face!'" or "He said, '*Did* you *see* his face?'" or "He said, 'Is it a *face?*'"

All this we have got to remember when we are writing a lyric for Mr. Bubble. Why Mr. Bubble of all people should find so much mirth in other men's faces I can't say, but there it is. If we write a song embodying this great joke we may be certain that it will please Mr. Bubble; so we will do it.

Somebody, I think, will have made some slighting remark about the Government, and that will give the cue for the first verse, which will be political.

We will begin:—

Thompson . . . .

I don't know why the people in humorous lyrics are always called Thompson (or Brown), but they are.

Thompson, being indigent,
Thought that it was time he went
Into England's Parliament,
To earn his daily bread . . . .

That is a joke against Parliament, you see—Payment of Members and all that; it is good. At the same time it is usual to reserve one's jokes for the chorus. The composer, you see, reserves his tune for the chorus, and, if the author puts too much into the verse, there will be trouble between their Unions.

Now we introduce the *face-motif:*—

Thompson's features were not neat;
When he canvassed dahn our street
Things were said I won't repeat,
And my old moth-ah said:—

This verse, you notice, is both in metre and rhyme; I don't know how that has happened; it ought not to be.

Now we have the chorus:—

"Oh, Mr. Thompson,
It isn't any good;
I shouldn't like to vote for you,
So I won't pretend I should;
I know that you're the noblest
Of all the human race . . . ."

That shows the audience that *face* is coming very soon, and they all get ready to burst themselves.

"I haven't a doubt, if you get in,
The Golden Age will soon begin—
But I DON'T LIKE—your FACE."

At this point several of the audience will simply slide off their seats on to the floor and wallow about there, snorting.

The next verse had better be a love-verse.

Thompson wooed a lovely maid
Every evening in the shade,
Meaning, I am much afraid,
To hide his ugly head . . . .

Head is not very good, I admit, but we must have *said* in the last line, and as we were mad enough to have rhymes in the first verse we have got to go on with it.

But when he proposed one night—
Did it by electric light
Mabel, who retained her sight,
Just looked at him and said:—

Now you see the idea?

"Oh, Mr. Thompson,
It isn't any good;
I shouldn't like to marry you,
So I won't pretend I should;
I know that you have riches
And a house in Eaton Place . . . .

(Here all the audience pulls out its handkerchief)

I haven't a doubt that you must be
The properest possible match for me,
But I DON'T LIKE—your FACE."

I have got another verse to this song, but I will not give it to you now, as I think the Editor is rather bored with it. It is fortunate for Mr. Bubble that he does not have to perform before an audience of Editors.

Having written the lyric the next thing to do is to get a composer to compose music for it and then you get it published. This is most difficult, as composers are people who don't ever keep appointments, and music publishers like locking up lyrics in drawers till the mice have got at the chorus and the whole thing is out of date.

By the time that this song is ready Mr. Bubble may quite possibly have exhausted the *face-motif* altogether and struck a new vein. Then we shall have wasted our labour. In that case we will arrange to have it buried in somebody's grave (Mr. Bubble's for choice), and in 2000 A.D. it will be dug up by antiquaries and deciphered. Even a lyric like this may become an Old Manuscript in time. I ought to add that I myself have composed the music for this lyric, but I really cannot undertake to explain composing as well as poetry.

The serious lyric or Queen's Hall Ballad is a much easier affair. But I must first warn the student that there are some peculiar customs attaching to this traffic which may at first sight appear discouraging. When you have written a good lyric and induced someone to compose a tune for it your first thought will be, "I will get Mr. Throstle to sing this, and he will pay me a small fee or royalty per performance;" and this indeed would be a good arrangement to make. The only objection is that Mr. Throstle, so far from paying any money to the student, will expect to be paid about fifty pounds by the student for singing his lyric. I do not know the origin of this quaint old custom, but the student had better not borrow any money on the security of his first lyric.

For a serious or Queen's Hall lyric all that is necessary is to think of some natural objects like the sun, the birds, the flowers or the trees, mention them briefly in the first verse and then in the second verse draw a sort of analogy or comparison between the natural object and something to do with love. The verses can be extremely short, since in this class of music the composer is allowed to spread himself indefinitely and can eke out the tiniest words.

Here is a perfect lyric I have written. It is called, quite simply, *Evening:*—

Sunshine in the forest,
Blossom on the tree,
And all the brave birds singing
For you—and me.

Kisses in the sunshine,
Laughter in the dew,
And all the brave world singing
For me—and you.

I see now that the dew has got into the second verse, so it had better be called quite simply *The Dawn.*

You notice the artistic parallelism of this lyric; I mean, "The brave birds singing" in one verse and "The brave *world* singing" in the next. That is a tip I got from Hebrew poetry, especially the Psalms: "One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another," and so on. It is a useful trick to remember, and is employed freely by many modern writers, the author of "The King's Regulations," for example, who in Regulation 1680 has the fine line:—

"Disembarkations are carried out in a similar manner to embarkations."

That goes well to the Chant in C major by Mr. P. HUMPHREYS.

But I am wandering. It is becoming clear to me now that I shall not have time



A MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE.

John Bull. "'If I had wit enough to get out of this wood,' . . ."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 1.



ELIMINATION.

Stranger. "Can you tell me where Mr. Tooley lives?" *Native.* "There's fifteen families o' Tooleys."
Stranger. "Mr. Samuel Tooley?" *Native.* "There's twenty Sam Tooleys."
Stranger. "He is, I believe, a carpenter." *Native.* "Ten on em's carpenters."
Stranger. "His age is seventy-eight." *Native.* "Ah, that must be me. What can I do fur ee?"

to do Blank Verse or Hymns (Ancient and Modern) in this lecture, after all, so I will give you a rough outline of that special kind of lyric, the Topical Song. All that is required for this class of work is a good refrain or central idea; when you have got that, you see how many topics you can tack on to it. But if you can tack on Mr. Winston Churchill you need not bother about the others.

Our central idea will be "Rations," and the song will be called *Heaps and Heaps*:—

Now Jimmy Brown

(always begin like that)

Now Jimmy Brown
He went to town,
But all the people said,
"We're rationed in our jam, you know,
Likewise our cheese and bread;
But we've lots of politicians
And Ministers galore,
We've got enough of them and. gee!
We don't want any more."

Chorus.

We've had heaps and heaps and heaps of
Mr. Smillie (Loud cheers);
We've had heaps and heaps and heaps of
our M.P. (Significant chuckles);
At political carouses
We've had heaps of (paper) houses
But though we wait, no houses do we see
(Bitter laughter).
The khaki-boys were good enough for fighting,
But now we hear the khaki-coat is barred;
If they ration us in Mr. Winston Churchill,
Why, anyone may have my ration-card!
(Uproar.)

All you have to do now is to work in some more topics. I don't think I shall do any more now. The truth is, that that verse has rather taken it out of me.

In my next lecture I shall deal with Blank Verse and "The King's Regulations." A. P. H.

"Deeside Forest Fire.

Ground game flew from their nesting places with shrill cries."—*Daily Paper.*

Odd behaviour for hares and rabbits?

Professional Candour.

"Young Gentlemen Taught
BALLROOM DANCING
(Privately).
Individual Instruction. No Class."
Advert. in South African Paper.

"For Sale.—A chance for Art Collectors:—Beautiful Enamel on Gold by Email de Geneve."—*Singapore Free Press.*

We understand that the advertiser has also for sale some priceless statuary by the eminent sculptor, Plâtre de Paris.

"By Lady M—— S——.

My favourite quotation is: 'Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why, then, should we wish to be deceived?'—*Samuel Butler.*"—*Daily Sketch.*

It always looks well, when mentioning the name of the author of one's favourite quotation, to get it right. There seems to be an Analogy here between Lady M—— S—— and that Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph."

NEW MODES FOR MARS.

THE anti-scarlet fever raging throughout the country is causing the Government the deepest concern, and many schemes for modifying the present khaki uniform of our troops, instead of reverting to the old red and blue for ceremonial wear, have, it is well known, been under consideration by the tailoring experts of Whitehall. Bright and brainy as are most of the projects, we are authorised to state that the following memorandum at present holds the field, being considered to provide the greatest measure of economy and utility, nattiness and hygiene.

* * * * *

The flat-topped service cap (to begin with the private's head) is to undergo considerable alterations, the crown becoming dome-shaped, the peak disappearing and a brim being added eight inches wide and curving deeply downwards. This detail will be carried out for summer in chip-straw, for winter in crown velours, and completed with a ribbon in the regimental colours (to take the place of the regimental badge), with two streamers in the rear, like those of the Glengarry bonnet, but greater in length and width. The chin-strap will be made of white elastic, but not pipe-clayed, and worn permanently round the chin.

* * * * *

Owing to the expense of brass buttons and the bother of cleaning them the S.D. frock will cease to be worn, a Cardigan taking its place both for winter and summer use. The old shades of grey-brown elephant and mole will disappear, but in deference to the views of the pacifists a pale pink will be substituted for the unpopular red. White facings will surround the collar, cuffs and bottom edge of this garment, which will extend to a depth of eight-and-a-half inches above the knee-cap. If side-arms are worn they will be of a miniature size and suspended round the neck to hang in front by means of a lariat decorated with coral beads. Non-commissioned rank will be indicated by bangles round the right wrist.

* * * * *

Service trousers and puttees are both clumsy in appearance and awkward to put on, and will be replaced by a variant of the Scottish kilt, navy blue in colour and without the sporran or pleats. Under this will be worn pink socks, supporting the *motif* of the Cardigan, and, instead of the ammunition boot, tan shoes, fastened by means of a single cross strap and button, a mechanism which can be taken down and reassembled with remarkable ease.

* * * * *



Policeman. "YOU SAY YOU SAW THE MAN. WHAT SORT OF A MAN WAS 'E?"

Lady (giving the information). "OH, A CLEAN-SHAVED BLOKE—SAME AS MY 'USBAND 'ERE."

A small haversack will be carried by a cord attachment in the right hand, and will contain the following items of small kit:—

One housewife.

One hold-all. [This will be filled with the usual toilet requisites, including a toothbrush, to be employed for the first time, in view of the abolition of brass buttons, for the purpose of brushing the teeth.]

One front hair glass.

One back ditto.

Six safety-pins.

One tin shoe-cream.

One tin face-cream.

It will be compulsory to shave the upper lip, but, in order to minimise expense at the barber's shop, the hair will be worn not less than ten inches in length and brushed with a downward and backward movement of the right hand away from the crown, so as to leave the forehead clear and conceal the ears.

White cotton gloves will be worn, one on each hand. V.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Slightly to vary the old Greek proverb, we must beware of the Bishops when they pay us compliments!"—*John Bull.*

THE ELFIN TUBE.

I know a solemn secret to keep between ourselves—
I heard it from a sparrow who heard it from the elves—
That always after 2 A.M., before the first cock-crow,
The elfin people fill the Tubes just full to overflow.

The grown-ups do not know it; they put the trains to bed
And never guess that magic will drive them in their stead;
All day the goblin drivers were hiding in the dark
(If mortals catch a fairy's eye they take it for a spark).

Elves patter down the subways; they crowd the moving stairs;
From purses full of tiddly-winks they pay the clerk their fares;
A Brownie checks the tickets and says the proper things:
"Come pass along the car there!" "Now, ladies, mind your wings!"

They're never dull like mortals who read and dream and doze;
The fairies swing head downwards, strap-hanging by their toes;
When *Puck* is the conductor he also acts as host
And sets them playing Leapfrog or Coach or General Post.

I'd love to travel with them! The sparrow says he thinks
I'd get from here to Golder's Green for three red tiddly-winks;
Two yellows pay to Euston, four whites to Waterloo;
Perhaps I'll go some moonlight night; the question is—will you?

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature.]

II.—The Middle-Class Mother.

By Lady Vi Fitzermine, Leader of Society's Revels.

Are we growing dull? That is a question which in these pip-inducing times of peace one is frequently constrained to ask; and in the view of many, I fear, there can be but one answer.

During the late lamented War it was almost impossible for any rightly constituted woman to experience the pangs of boredom. When one wasn't making things vibrate in the hospitals of France and Flanders there was always abundance of excitement on the Home Front—flag-days, tableaux, theatricals, dances and other junketings in aid of this or that charity. And when the supply of charities threatened to run dry it was always a simple matter to invent new ones. All you had to do was to organise a drawing-room meeting, put the names of the Allied nations in one hat and of the more or less recognised necessaries of life in another and draw out one paper from each receptacle. You there and then registered a new charity out of the result and advertised some thrillingly expensive form of entertainment in support of the Society for the Supply of Chewing-gum to the Czecho-Slovakians, or any other equally pathetic cause.

In those days a charity began at an At Home and usually ended at the Coliseum or the Albert Hall—or (in a few unfortunate cases) in the Bankruptcy Court. Nowadays, however, people are deplorably sceptical on the subject of new appeals to the pocket, and many folk find time hanging heavy on their hands in consequence. It is for us who are of what I may call the organising class to break down the walls of this growing prejudice, which, if not checked in time, threatens to add seriously to the general volume of unrest. Hence it is necessary to scrap a good many of our old ideas and to realise that for all essential purposes the exotic form of charity is played out. To-day a Society woman who wishes to maintain her position as *arbiter elegantiarum* must tap other sources of inspiration and supply.

It is in these circumstances that I confidently fall back upon the Middle-Class Mother. After all, who was always the chief financial support of my wartime enterprises? The Middle-Class Mother. It was to her heart that the cry of the Croat, the moan of the Montenegrin, the ululation of the Yugo-Slav made its most effective entry. It was she who lavished her husband's pay or profits on the entrancing vision of the Countess of Bustover as Britannia or of Lady Aaronson as England's Girlhood. So I have determined that she shall now have a show to herself, and we shall see whether she will subscribe to her own charity as wholeheartedly as she did to those of our suffering Allies.

Without a doubt the Middle-Class Mother is a very deserving institution and has done extremely good work in the past, which I regret that the space at my disposal does not permit me to particularise. I must perforce content myself with announcing that on her behalf a grand Zoological Fancy Dress Ball will be held next month at Valhalla, which will be converted for the occasion into a realistic representation of a Bear Garden. I myself am appearing as Queen of the Polar Bears, and by way of augmenting the takings I propose to sell hugs at a guinea per head. The whole of the proceeds, after the expenses have been deducted, will go to the Middle-Class Mothers' Mutual Criticism Society, an animated body of which I have the privilege to be founder and hon. president.

MAIDEN'S BOWER ROCKS, SCILLY.

It was an earl's daughter, she lived in a tower
(Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey),
And she was as fair as the loveliest flower
That nods in the girdle of May.
The floor of her bower was strewn with green rushes;
Full many knights' banners hung waving above;
And round her young minstrels stood singing like thrushes
Brave ballads of lovers and love,
Dove-
Wooings and cooings of love.
But over their harping and over their singing,
When twilight came mantled in lilac and grey,
Would sound the sweet clangour of chapel-bells ringing
"Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey,"
From over the hills and away.

It was an earl's daughter, she lived in a tower
(Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey),
But the salt sea arose in a terrible hour
And smothered her singing in spray.
It changed her to rock, and she lies in her chamber,
Her faithful stone minstrels all crouched by her side;
Above her, weed banners of crimson and amber
Wave slow in the sweep of the tide,
Glide
Hither and yon on the tide.
Yet down through the fathoms of twilit green water
Where eerie lights glimmer and strange shadows sway,
The steamer bells ring to the earl's little daughter,
"Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey,"
Ring out and sail on and away.

Patlander.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE DUCHESS OF MAYFAIR (AT HEAD OF TABLE) CONVERTS HER TOWN RESIDENCE INTO A BOARDING-HOUSE FOR THE NEW RICH.



Itinerant Photographer (to couple who are in the middle of a quarrel). "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! THE LATEST IN 'IGH-CLASS SNAPSHOTS. BOTH YER 'EADS ON ONE CARD ENCLOSED IN A 'EART. VERY PRETTY. 'ALF-A-CROWN ONLY."

GETTING FIXED.

"Now mind, my boy, what you 've got to do is to tell all your friends you are out looking for a job, and they 'll give you introductions. Nothing like 'em; a friend at court, you know, and all that." This was from one of the friends to whom I had applied for a post. The advice was all he had to offer me.

I acted on it, and found my friends only too ready to give the required introductions. With alacrity they minuted me on from one to another till I felt as if "passed to you, please" had been scrawled all over me. But I persevered, and eventually weeded out from my list of introductions half-a-dozen that were addressed to solid men, high up in the City, who might be counted on not to miss the chance of a good thing. That is how in the early days of the Peace I was disposed to regard a demobilized young officer who had worn red tabs.

The first name on my selected list was John Pountney, of the firm of Laurence, Pountney & Co. My wife's uncle had been at school with John Pountney's brother, who unfortunately had no connection with the firm. But no matter; I filled up a form in the outer office—"Nature of Business, personal"—and sent it in with my note of introduction attached. John Pountney saw me. He did all the talking in quite an affable manner, told me of his son's experiences in the War, deplored the high price of petrol and his wife's difficulties in obtaining servants, and then: "Well, let's get to business. So you would like good employment in the City? What can you do?"

I began: "Well, Sir, when I was on the Staff——" He interrupted: "Now, don't go on to say that you can organise;" and he shook a finger at me playfully and was off once more with an anecdote about an officer in his son's regiment.

Eventually I found myself being bowed out in a rather dazed condition. Only one thing emerged at all clearly out of the whole interview; and I took from my pocket a sheet of paper, on which I had jotted down my most telling qualifications, and with a stub of blue pencil regretfully but firmly biffed out item No 1, Organising Ability.

I next approached the firm of Walbrook Bros., armed with a letter from a man who had once belonged to the same golf-club as the senior Walbrook brother.

"I can't read your friend's name," said this magnate, "but whoever he is he seems to think that you are the sort of man who might be useful in my business. What can you do?" and he leaned back patiently in his chair, finger-tips to finger-tips, but with all the appearance of one ready to pounce at my first weak statement.

"For the best part of four years," I began, "I have been living in France, and— "

He pounced. "Ah, French! I thought so. Now if you had said Spanish, or even Russian . . ."

He frowned as the thought crossed his mind that I might yet say either of them. But I didn't, and he was free to expatiate on the alleged advantages of Spanish and a sound commercial education. The end was that I found myself once more in the street, this time erasing the word "Languages" from my dwindling list.

And so it went on. Mr. Hall, of the firm of Copt and Basing Hall, begged me not to speak of any capacity I might possess for controlling men. (Item No. 3: Disciplinary Power and Habit of Command.) He himself was able to do all the controlling that his staff would be likely to require. Mr. Throgmorton, managing director of the firm of Capel Sons and Threadneedle, Ltd., hoped at the outset that I would not speak of my mathematical proficiency. Many men were inclined to make a fetish of math-



Member. "What's the beef like to-day? Is it eatable?"
Club Waitress. "Some says it is and some says it isn't; but you never can go by what people say."

ematics. He feared I might be one of them from the fact that I had begun to speak of (item No. 4) the tabulation and co-ordination of statistics.

After a week of this sort of thing I had acquired nothing but experience, and my experience now gave me an idea. I drew up a new list of important firms to which I had received no introductions at all, and selected one which I knew was presided over by a man of almost world-wide fame. Taking my courage and nothing else in my hands, I entered the inquiry-office.

"Slip, please," I said briskly to the youth behind the counter, and he handed me the customary form. Disregarding the spaces to be filled in, I scribbled diagonally across the paper the name of the great man, and wrote underneath: "Have called in passing, and cannot stay many minutes."

This I signed and handed to a messenger, remarking in a hurried and off-hand manner, "Say that, if he's engaged, I'd rather come another day, as I don't want to miss the 12.5 to Hatfield."

I had no desire to catch it either; but Hatfield is where the great man lives. This was my ingenious method of getting through the outer defences, and it worked. The youth behind the counter supposed I must be a personal friend (did I mention that I have an "air" and a power of controlling? . . . Ah, yes, item No. 3), and sped the messenger on his way. Not only so, but my message must have deceived the great one himself, for I was admitted to the Presence immediately.

He stood before me, holding my slip in his hand, with a puzzled frown on his face. The frown deepened as he failed to recognise me.

"You need have no fear," I said; "I have no letter of introduction." And I smiled pleasantly at him.

His look of apprehension vanished, and I continued, unfolding my blue-pencilled list of accomplishments:—"Listen: I am no organiser; my knowledge of French may be dismissed as negligible (this from the man with whom Jeanne Vincent had deigned to converse in her own tongue!); I profess no power of controlling my fellow-men; my mathematical ability isn't worth a rap, and, as to statistics, I neither tabulate nor co-ordinate them with any degree of readiness." Thereupon I bowed, with hands extended, as who should say, "You behold me; that's the sort of man I am."

He smiled faintly. "Excuse me, but what *can* you do?"

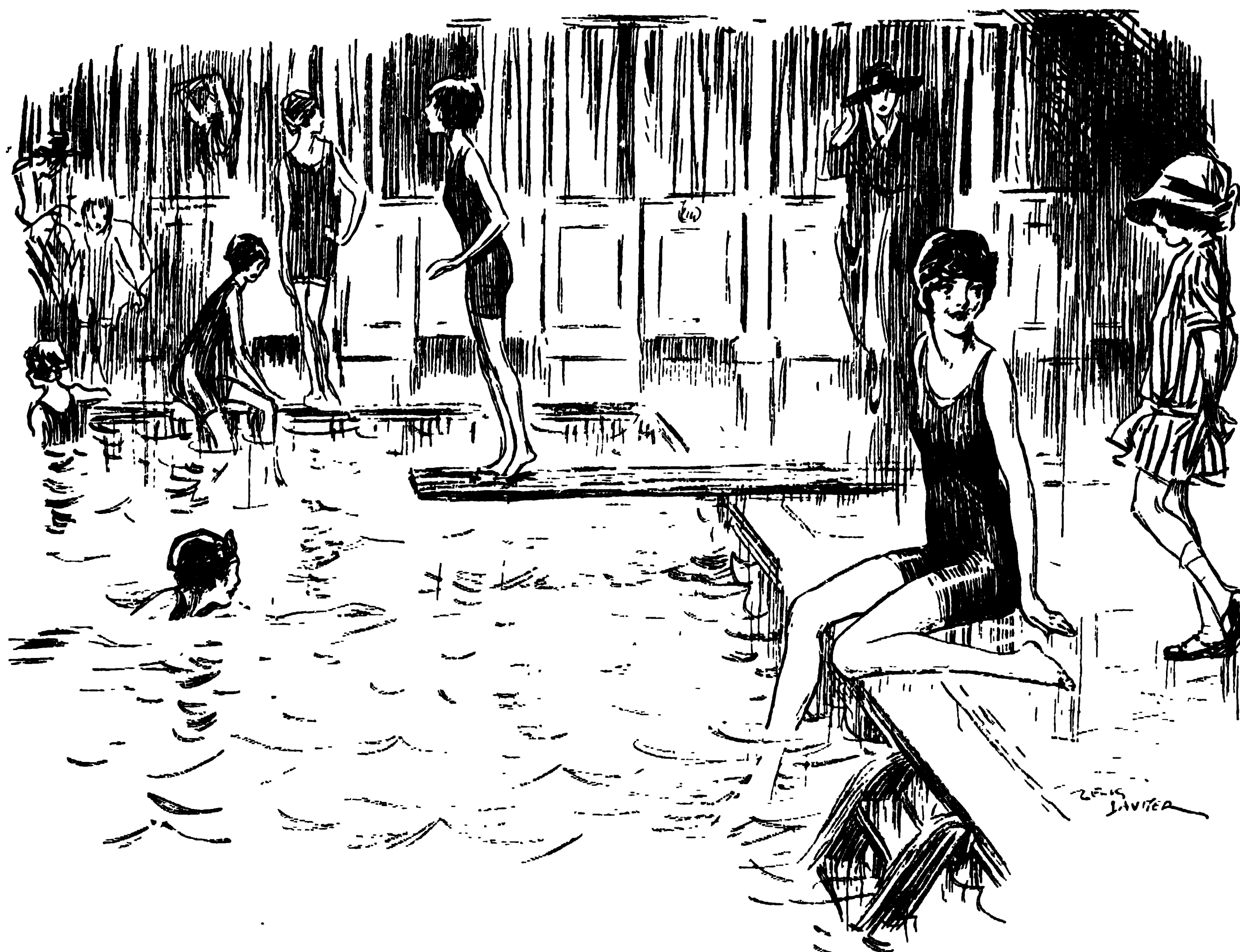
"That," said I, "is for you to discover. If, when I shall have worked in your office for say three months"—he started—"you are unable to find any use for me, then you are not the kind of man I take you for." And I drew myself up, striking what I hoped was a dignified attitude.

He stared at me for some seconds.

"You have references?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "but I know enough not to produce them till they are called for."

Then he pressed a bell. "I am going," he said, "to introduce you to my manager. You have certain qualifications which I think may be useful to us."



Bored Little Girl. "AREN'T YOU NEARLY CLEAN NOW, MUMMY?"

THE ESSENTIALS OF GOLF.

"Do you know anything about golf?" I asked Pottlebury by way of making conversation with a comparative stranger, and immediately afterwards knew I had made a mistake. I should have inquired, "Do you golf?" or "Are you a golfer?" and no evasion would have been possible.

"I should think I do," he replied. "I suppose there's hardly a course between here and Strathpeffer that I haven't visited. English and Scottish, I know them all."

"And which is your favourite course?"

"That is a difficult question," he remarked judicially. "Only last night I was arguing about the comparative merits of Westward Ho! and St. Andrews. Both are easily accessible from the railway, but if you take your car the latter is to be preferred. You get your life bumped out of you on those North Devon roads."

"I wasn't thinking of the travelling facilities," I observed coldly.

"No, of course. It's what you find at the other end that counts. Well then, travelling aside, there is much to be said for Sandwich. The members' quarters are comfortable—very comfortable."

I must have made a disparaging gesture, for he immediately continued:—

"But, if it's only lunch you want, I advise those Lancashire clubs round Southport. They know how to lunch in those parts—Tweed salmon, Welsh mutton and Whitstable oysters."

"No doubt your judgment is correct," I replied, "but I——"

"And at one of them they keep a real French *chef* who knows his business. I wouldn't wish for a better cuisine anywhere."

"There are other things," I remarked loftily, "besides those you mention."

"Exactly; that's why I like to see a good bridge-room attached and enough tables to accommodate all comers. They have that at Spotworth. You can often get a game of poker as well."

"But don't you see," I exclaimed, "that all these things are mere accessories and circumstances?"

"That is true," he murmured; "they are but frames as it were of the human interest. After all there's nothing to equal a crowd of jolly good fellows in the smoking-room. I've had some excellent times down at Bambury—stayed yarning away to all hours. Some of the best fellows I ever met belonged to that club."

"You don't talk at all like a golfer," said I.

Pottlebury laughed. "I was forgetting. If it's whisky you want you can't beat Dornoch and Islay. We've nothing in England to touch them. Why, I've met some of the keenest golfers of the day at Islay—nothing less than a bottle a day apiece."

"Sir," said I severely, "it is clear that you have never struggled like grim death with an opponent who was three up at the turn until you were all square at the seventeenth, and then found yourself after a straight drive with an easy baffy shot to——"

"One moment," said Pottlebury; "what exactly *is* a baffy?"

Asking For It.

"——'s have dozens of other cars available; £65 to £1,700; call and insult us."

Motoring Paper.



HIS FIRST PATIENT.

Persia. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR ADVICE."

Dr. Curzon. "NOT AT ALL. THANK *YOU* VERY MUCH FOR ASKING FOR IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 14th.—As an Ulster Member, Mr. LINDSAY protested against the availability of return-tickets between Ireland and England having been reduced from six months to two. Sir ERIC GEDDES explained that the change had been made to stop the illicit traffic in return-halves, though he hastened to disclaim any suggestion that Members of Parliament were concerned in it. The grievance is probably not of large dimensions. It is difficult to understand why anyone leaving Ireland in these days should want to go back there.

The PRIME MINISTER did not seem to favour the suggestion, pressed upon him from many quarters, that the Government should cause an estimate to be made of the national income, and then limit public expenditure to a definite proportion of that amount. A private person may cut his coat according to his cloth, but the Government, he argued, is unfortunately obliged by circumstances to reverse the process. Even so the taxpayer may be forgiven for thinking that the State costume still bears some superfluous trimmings.

When economy is proposed, however, it is not always popular. Sir JOHN BUTCHER, in protesting against the Government's proposal to sell the *Brussels*, the late Captain FRYATT's ship, was expressing a wide-spread feeling. But Colonel LESLIE WILSON disarmed criticism by pointing out that if all British vessels with heroic associations were to be kept as exhibition-ships a large proportion of the British mercantile marine would be laid idle.

A few years ago the General Manager of one of the English railways—the late Sir GEORGE FINDLAY, I think—declared that he could look after the whole of the Irish railways and have three days a week left for fishing. Nowadays, I suppose, the Irish lines are not laid in such pleasant places. At any rate the best part of two days has been occupied in deciding whether in the new scheme for the government of Ireland they should be administered by the Central Council or the two Parliaments, and under the compromise eventually reached they will be more or less subject to all three authorities.

The debate was chiefly remarkable for the evidence it provided that the Ulstermen are developing into the strongest of Home Rulers—almost Sinn Feiners, according to one of their critics—where their own province is concerned.

Tuesday, June 15th.—Mr. CHURCHILL had again to withstand attacks upon his Army uniform proposals, this time on the ground that the reversion to scarlet and pipeclay would entail extra labour and expense upon the private soldier. His confidence that Mr. Atkins would not grudge the short time spent on cleaning his full dress, so closely bound



THE BUTTON EXPERT.

"ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, AND I SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE."—*Mr. Billing.*

up with regimental traditions, was endorsed by Mr. BILLING, who said, "The time occupied is about twenty minutes, and I speak from experience."

A statement that the issue of bagpipes to certain Irish regiments was



MR. ASQUITH IS DEEPLY STIRRED.

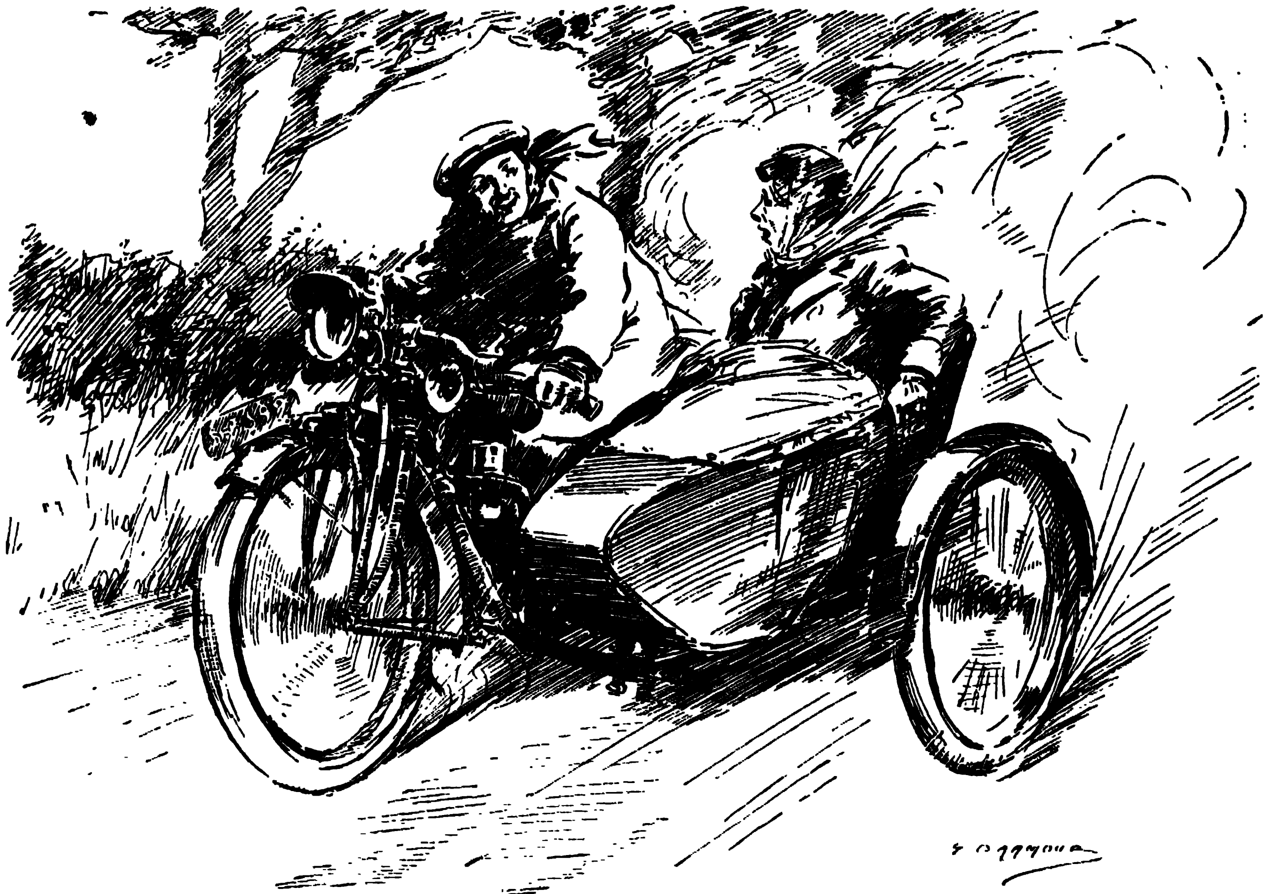
under consideration brought protests from Scottish Members, who evidently thought that their own national warriors should have a monopoly of this form of frightfulness. But Mr. CHURCHILL pointed out that the Irish Guards were already provided with bagpipes, and Lt.-Commander KENWORTHY horrified the Scots by declaring that the pipes were not an indigenous product of their country, but had been imported from Ireland many centuries ago.

Further progress was made with the Government of Ireland Bill. A proposal to strengthen the representation of the minority in the Southern Parliament was sympathetically received by Mr. LONG, who thought, however, that the Government had a better method. As that consists in a proposal to exact the oath of allegiance from every candidate for election and to give the KING in Council power to dissolve any Parliament in which more than half the members have not taken the oath, it is sufficiently drastic. Having regard to the present disposition of the Sinn Feiners there seems to be mighty little prospect of a Parliament in Dublin before the date known in Ireland as "Tib's Eve."

Wednesday, June 16th.—In both Houses Addresses were moved praying His Majesty to appoint two additional Judges of the King's Bench Division. The motions met with some opposition, principally on the score of economy, and it was suggested that no additions to the Bench would be required if the existing Judges resumed the old practice of sitting on Saturdays. This drew from the LORD CHANCELLOR the interesting information that the Judges devoted their Saturdays to reading "the very lengthy papers that were contained in their weekly *dossier.*" It is no doubt the great length of these documents that accounts for the peculiar shape of the bag that Mr. Justice ——'s attendant was carrying when I met him at Sandwich a few Saturdays ago.

Lord BIRKENHEAD soothed the economists by pointing out that the new Judges would probably more than earn their salaries of five thousand pounds a year. In accordance with the prevailing tendency court-fees are to be raised, and at Temple Bar as in Savile Row our suits will cost us more.

Until Colonel LESLIE WILSON moved the Second Reading of the Nauru Island Agreement Bill I don't suppose a dozen Members of the House of Commons had ever heard of this tiny excrescence in the Western Pacific with its wonderful phosphate deposits. Captured from the Germans during the War, it is now the charge of the British Empire, and the object of the Bill was to confirm an arrangement by which the deposits should be primarily reserved for the agriculturists of Australasia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom. It pro-



Nephew (after several hair's-breadth escapes). "Not feeling nervous, are you, Auntie?"
Aunt. "I am, rather. You see, this is only my third experience of a motor-cycle."
Nephew. "Well, you've beat me; it's only my first."

duced a debate of extraordinary ferocity. Young Tories like Mr. Ormsby-Gore vied with old Liberals like Mr. Asquith (on whom the phosphates, plus the Louth election, had a wonderfully tonic effect) in denouncing the iniquity of an arrangement by which (as they said) the principles of the League of Nations were being thrown over, and this country was revealed as a greedy monopolist. Thus assailed both by friend and foe Mr. Bonar Law required all his cool suavity to bring the House back to a sense of proportion, and to convince it that in securing a supply of manure for British farmers the Government were not committing a crime against the comity of nations.

Answering questions for the Irish Government in these days is rather a melancholy business, but the Attorney-General for Ireland resembles Dr. Johnson's friend, in that "cheerfulness will keep breaking in." Thus he excused the Government's non-interference with the Sinn Fein "courts," whose writ now runs over half Ireland, on the ground that for all he knew they might be voluntary courts of arbitration; and when Major O'Neill expressed the hope that he would at least take steps to protect the British public from the criminals "transported" by sentence of these mysterious tribunals he blithely disclaimed responsibility, and said he was quite content that they should be out of Ireland.

Considering the counter-attraction of the Ascot Gold Cup, Mr. Balfour had a surprisingly numerous audience for his discourse on the League of Nations. His enumeration and analysis of the League's various enemies were in his happiest vein of philosophical humour. His conclusion was that the League had much less to fear from its avowed foes than from its fanatical friends, who were already attempting to put upon it tasks for which it was unfitted, and even to supply it with an International Police Force. Its proper weapons were not armies and aircraft, but Delay and Publicity.

This formula, so reminiscent of Wait and See, did not prevent Mr. Asquith from hinting in the politest manner that the League was not likely to prevent the wars of the future unless it made some effort to stop those now in progress.

RAW SOUL STUFF.

I don't think I have ever read a short story about a film, so I have made one up myself.

* * * * *

Viviana Smith was born in Battersea. At twelve years old she ran about the streets with holes in her stockings and played a complicated game with chalk squares and a stone. She had the accent of London streets, which is the only accent that can pierce through the noise of London traffic. But she had hair the colour of marsh-marigolds, a Vorticist mouth and patent enlargeable eyes. In the street she made eyes at errand-boys, and at school she made eyes so large that there was no room to dot them.

At the age of seventeen she went in for the Purple Pomegranate film competition, and was selected from five hundred thousand candidates to be a motion-picture star. She starred some. At the beginning she played in romantic comedy films with woodland scenery and rustic bridges and pools where she tickled for trout. She tickled so well that one could almost hear the trout

laugh. Later she played in "crook" melodrama, where somebody was always peeping through the door when the secret patent was being taken out of the office safe, and where men always kept arriving in motor-cars and going up flights of steps with their faces turned to the audience and going down flights of steps with their faces turned to the audience and getting into motor-cars again. They never missed a step. There is something about this feat which holds a cinema audience spellbound.

Later she rode on untamed mustangs and fell over cliffs gagged and bound, and sometimes she was even promoted to slide or twirl into a bakehouse and tumble with a talented cast of actors and actresses into a large trough of dough. When they had wiped the dough off they all came back into the bakehouse one after another and tumbled into the dough-trough again. Repetition is the soul of wit.

One day Viviana met Ignatius Vavasour, the poet. For two years he had worshipped her afar on the screen. He had seen her in so many reels that she made him giddy. He had seen her in *Youth's Yodelling May-tide Hour*, length five reels, and in *Hate's Hideous Hand of Crime*, length six reels, and in *Gertie Flips the Flap-jack over*, length seven reels and a half. He had never heard her speak, but he had seen her beautiful lips ripple into a thousand artless expressions of grief and joy. He did not know whether he loved her most when she was tripping through a silvan glade, with meadow-sweet in her hand, or when she was gliding gracefully over Niagara Falls in a tar-barrel; when she was cracking the door of a strong room with a jemmy or when she was getting the dough out of her hair with a rake. But as soon as he had seen her out of the pictures he knew that he loved her best as she was. He knew that he could not live without her. He told her so.

"But, Mr. Vavasour," she protested.

"Call me Iggie," he cried.

"But you have only known me such a short time," she said. "You have seen me, you say, a hundred times on the films, and I daresay you admired me immensely, but tell me this, Iggie, Is it my real character that you love?"

"No, no! A thousand times no!" he exclaimed.

"Then I cannot marry you," she answered coldly, turning away.

Crushed with disappointment Ignatius staggered from the room. He had no thought for poetry now, but wandered feverishly about the streets, searching for some mad excitement to stifle his despair. He played billiards and *vingt-et-un*. He took to drugs and to drink. He even had thoughts of standing for Parliament. But he soon found that the sorrow gnawing at his heart was one that politics could never assuage nor alcohol drown, not at least at the present price of green Chartreuse.

One day as he slouched miserably along the pavement he saw the advertisement of a lecture outside the door of an institute. "The Ideal in Philosophy and Art," said the placard; and, scarcely knowing what he did, Ignatius went in. But the lecturer had barely begun to expound his theme, which he did in the following forcible words: "The categorical subjectivity of all intuitive apperceptions of the ideal"—when a wild light flashed in the poet's eyes and he started from his seat and rushed madly from the room. The lecturer wondered mildly what had happened, but blinked and went on. What had happened was that Ignatius Vavasour was pounding like a prize American trotter to the nearest telephone box.

"Viviana," he cried an hour later, when he had got through, "you remember what you said the day we met? Is it your real character that I love? And I said 'No.'"

"Yes, Iggie," she said with a catch in her voice.

"Did you mean Rabbits, Eggs, Eggs, Lloyd, or Rabbits, Eggs, Albatross, Lloyd?"

"Albatross," she moaned.

"Well, it is. I mean, I do," he cried. "Viviana, will you marry me?"

"Sure, Iggie," she answered softly. "Good-bye."

* * * * *

And now that I have written this story I am going to get it filmed.

EVOE.



"OH, YUSS, THEY'RE VERY GRAND NOW. THEY DINE LATE AND LOW."

"Could we gather grapes from thorns or pigs from thistles?"—*Report of Lecture delivered by the Astronomer-Royal of Scotland.*

As far as English thistles are concerned (we cannot speak for Scotland) the answer is in the negative.

IMPORTUNITY.

When the club secretary first wrote and told me that it was proposed to acquire two pictures (one Naval and one Military), which were to hang in the club as worthy reminders of the Great War to future generations—when he wrote and told me this, and suggested (apparently as an afterthought) that a cheque from me would further the project, I was content to keep the matter in view.

When he wrote, some months later, and told it me all over again, accompanying the afterthought on this occasion with a printed subscription form, I took the trouble to reply, letting him know that I was keeping the matter in view.

When he wrote a third time, affording me a glimpse of the guileless faith he had in me, I felt genuinely sorry for the poor chap.

He said there were many possible reasons to account for the non-arrival of my cheque. I might, for example, be abroad, somewhere out of reach of postal facilities, or perhaps the cheque had been lost in the post. Of one thing only he was sure—there had been no parsimonious intent on my part.

I was able in some sort to relieve his mind of anxiety by mentioning that I was still a resident at the address in Cheshire under which I last wrote to him. I even assured him that, so long as my tailor did not forsake his present attitude of friendly remonstrance, it was improbable that I should proceed abroad. Nor had I as yet any reason to suspect that great public institution, the post. The fact was that I still had the matter in view.

As regards the pictures, I said that I had a friend who was in love with the daughter of an A.R.A., and who, in telling me about a financial controversy between himself and his prospective father-in-law, had let slip the information that a slump in artists' prices was imminent. In view of this I suggested that the agreement with the artists commissioned by the club should for the present be a verbal one and elastic in its wording.

In the last part of my letter I reviewed the history of my own connection with the club, covering a period of five years. I recalled the epoch-making day when I received my first letter from Mr. Secretary—a letter acquainting me of the fact that I was a full-blown member—all but, at least. What was thirty guineas? And each year since then, I reminded him, I had disbursed a further ten guineas without a murmur.

On the other side of the account I showed in tabulated form all the change the club had given back:—

	d.
Use of soap, 1916	0½
Laundering of towel, ditto . .	3
Use of soap, 1919	1
Laundering of towel, ditto . .	3
Fifty per cent. excess for ditto .	1½
Stolen: Three matches, one tooth-pick	0¼
Total	9¼

I pleaded a moral right to dispose of the balance. I suggested that seventy-three pounds nine shillings and twopence three-farthings (waiving the question of interest) might be sufficient to buy a third War picture, the interior of a Government office during the tea-hour, or something of that sort. I begged that he would lay the matter before the Committee.

I am not very hopeful about my letter. Probably he has spent that seventy-three pounds odd already on stationery and postage-stamps.

I think that, if it finds its way into print, I may send him half the proceeds of this article. No harm in keeping the matter in view, at all events.

MUSICAL NOTES.

(*By our Modernist Critic*).

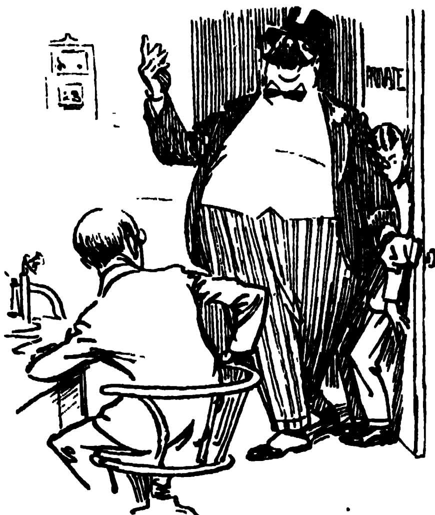
A certain amount of dissatisfaction has been expressed with the Negro Rhapsody by Mr. John Powell, performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra at their concert last week. According to the analytical programme the composer has sought *inter alia* to depict "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy" and "the physical impulses of the adult human animal," culminating in "a flood of primal sensualism." Yet, if the Press is to be believed, the performance fell lamentably short in the epileptic quality so finely displayed by many of the coloured Jazz-band players now in London. None of the audience had to be removed; *The Morning Post* only speaks of the "becoming picturesqueness of design" of the Rhapsody; while *The Times'* critic did not care much for it because it took too long to get to business, and adds that he was not very sure what its business exactly was. This, in view of the extremely explicit statement of the composer's aim given in the programme, seems to us most unjust.

Here is a gifted composer with high and serious aims—for what could be more instructive or spiritual than a musical rendering of "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy"?—and the musical critics either evade the issue by talking vaguely of picturesqueness or deny that he means business. Verily the lot of the composer is hard. Quite recently I heard of a native British symphonist who had composed a remarkable orchestral Fantasy dealing with the psychology of members of the N.U.R. engaged in the railway transport of fish and milk. I have not heard the music, because unfortunately it has not yet been performed, but I have read the programme, and nothing more stimulating can be imagined than the final section, in which a terrific cannonade of milk-cans is combined with a marvellous explosion of objurgation from the fish-porters on strike. Yet if it were to be performed *The Morning Post* would probably dismiss it with a few polysyllabic platitudes and *The Times* affect ignorance of what it was all about!

In view of the misconceptions and misinterpretations to which serious composers are subject, we are not surprised to hear that a society has been formed for the purpose of giving "silent auditions" of modern masterpieces. No orchestra nor any instrument will be employed, but each member of the audience will be provided with a full score. The first hour will be devoted to the study of the music; the audience will then write down their impressions for half-an-hour; subsequently the composer will expound his aims from the platform; and the price of admission will be returned to the student whose impressions accord most closely with the composer's "programme." In this way the cost of concert-giving will be considerably reduced, and it is also hoped that the consumption of sedative tablets, which has reached formidable dimensions amongst frequenters of symphonic concerts, will be rendered unnecessary.

Our only criticism of this admirable scheme is this—that the number of amateurs who can read a modern full-score at sight is still somewhat limited. The view that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" might be quoted in support of "silent auditions" were it not for the unfortunate fact that Keats, who expressed it, is now completely out of fashion with our emancipated Georgians. But the broad fact remains that the forces of reaction are by no means crushed. The Handel Festival has been revived at the Crystal Palace; and Handel-worship is anathema to the Modernist, as redolent of roast-beef, middle-class respectability and religious orthodoxy. Only recently a brilliant writer compared his oratorios to mothers'-meetings. The revival of these explosions of pietistic jumbomania is indeed a sad set-back to those ardent reformers who seek to elevate and purify public taste by the musical delineation of "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy."

THE INSURANCE AGENT: SHOCK TACTICS.



"I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT INSURANCE.



I WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT.



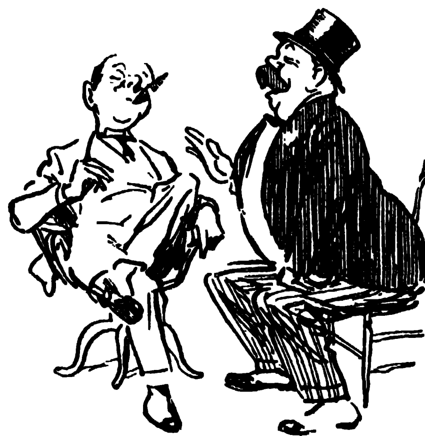
HAVE A CIGAR?



NOW WHAT PROVISION ARE YOU MAKING FOR THE FUTURE?



THINK OF YOUR LITTLE ONES.



YOU ARE A HEALTHY MAN, BUT——



YOU MAY FALL ILL——



OR THE WORST MIGHT——



SIGN HERE."

AT THE PLAY.

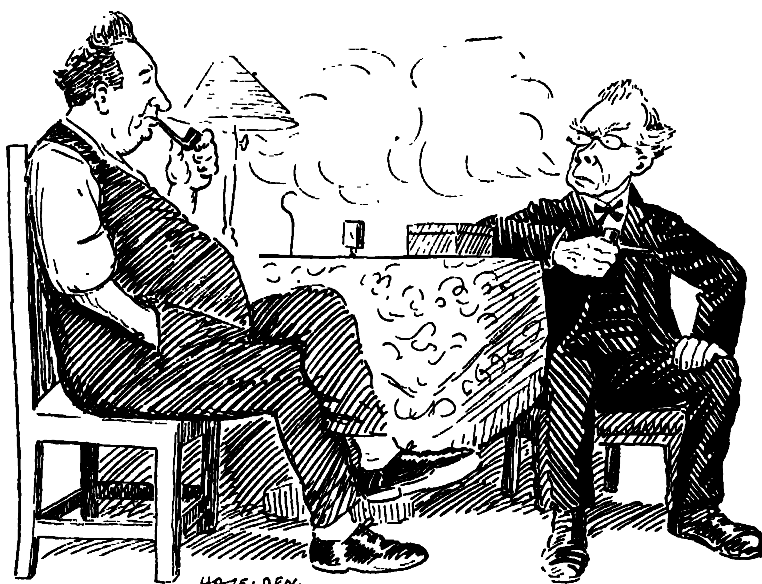
"DADDALUMS."

THIS is a play about a Northampton shoe-manufacturer of Scottish nationality. There is, of course, nothing quite like leather, and I can well believe that the lucrative properties of the boot trade (notwithstanding its alleged association with atheistic principles) must at one time or other have attracted this prehensile race; yet I doubt if Northampton, home of the cobbling industry, ever encouraged a Scot to penetrate its preserves. Mr. LOUIS ANSPACHER, who wrote the play, may have some inside knowledge denied to me, though his name does not vividly indicate a Scots origin; but it is certain, if his *Wallace Craigie* really came from over the border, that he was no true Scot, for his dialect showed obvious traces of Sassenach pollution.

I have a mind that moves slowly and I hate to be hustled at the opening of a play. I hate an author to plunge me into a whirl of movement and a medley of characters as if he assumed that I was intimate with circumstances known only to himself and his cast. I want to be told, very quietly, where I am, and if he does not tell me I become peevish. But, even if I hadn't been put off at the start, I don't think my sympathies would ever have been very deeply engaged. I soon saw that, whatever happened to anybody, I should easily bear up. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT did all that was humanly possible to correct my indifference, but his *Daddalums* (as you might gather from such a name) was not one of those heroic figures whose struggles against the perversity of fate are apt to melt even the cold hearts of the gods (Olympian). This old cobbler, suddenly grown rich, whose one ambition was to make his son "*Tammas*" a gentleman (as he understood the term), at any cost to the boy's soul, was asking for trouble from the beginning. And when he got it I was far less sorry for the old fool than I was pleased at the chances which this turn of fortune gave to the versatility of Mr. CALVERT.

But the interest of the play lies not so much in the plot—worked out mechanically, with one or two saving touches of ingenuity, to a conventional conclusion—as in the character of this lovable old boot-maker, whose single aim in life was to give his son the best that money could buy. His heart, I think, began by being fairly large, but got contracted through specialising in this passion. Snobbery is alien to his nature, but he becomes a snob for *Tammas's* sake. Stubborn and domineering with others, he is as putty in the boy's hands. He has no use for his other child—a girl. She, like himself, must be sacrificed if it suits the young gentleman—as it did.

I won't say that any very nice psychological subtlety was needed for the portrayal of a character whose ruling motive was so clearly advertised, but it had its lights and shadows, responsive to changing conditions, and Mr. CALVERT was quick to seize them all.



SCOTS WHA HAVER.

Wallace Craigie . . . . MR. LOUIS CALVERT.
Fergus McLarnie . . . MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.

The boy's part was too unsympathetic to be played easily. But he had one saving virtue; he never practised his snobbery on the old man who encouraged it. He still called him "Daddalums," and that, I take it, was what the papers would call an "acid test" of his piety. As his fortunes declined Mr. LISTER rose to the occasion. The tighter the corner the better he coped with it.

Mr. HENDRIE'S *Fergus McLarnie*, whose people must have migrated to Northampton from the neighbourhood of Thrums, was an admirable crony; but he insisted too much and too deliberately on a Scottish accent that made for obscurity. In a broader vein Miss AGNES THOMAS played the part of *Ellen, the Maid* (another Scot), with a humour which even an Englishman (like myself) found no difficulty in appreciating. Miss EDYTH OLIVE, as the hero's neglected daughter, acted with a very nice self-repression, which was all that could be expected of her rather colourless part.

The first-night audience was very warm in its appreciation. Yet I must doubt whether a play that is chiefly concerned with the highly-developed paternity of a boot-manufacturer will make a very poignant appeal to the sentiment of the public.

For one thing they may find the love-interest too sketchy. Of the boy's two fiancées one was impossible, and the other (*Rose*) just a perfunctory phantom that flitted vaguely from time to time across the stage. She must have known it was a play of father and son, where girls didn't really count. Poor *Rose*, so unassertive! How modestly she kept herself in the background in that last scene where *Tammas*, having "dreed his weird" (as they would say in Northampton) and redeemed his past, comes back from Canada, flings himself into his father's arms, remains there listening to a sustained exposition of parental loyalty, and only after a considerable interval remarks the presence of his future wife. She took it very well, but if I know anything of the British public it won't be so easily pleased. O. S.

A Matinée in aid of the Housing Association for Officers' Families, of which the QUEEN is a Patron, will be held at the Winter Garden Theatre on Thursday, June 24th, at 2.30 P.M. The programme includes a Mime-play, for which Mr. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS will conduct Mr. ARTHUR CLARKE JERVOISE'S music. Mrs. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, who appears in the play, is also arranging "An Elizabeth Episode," in which the STUART-WILSON Sextette will sing.

"Wanted, Lad, about 14 or 15, for telephone. Good wages; good opportunity to learn confectionery."—*Local Paper.*

We often wondered how these telephonists occupy their time.

"Shop Window Wanted within stone's throw of Brook Street and Bond Street."
Daily Paper.

With so many Bolshevists about we think the advertiser should have used a less provocative phrase.



Tommy. "That's the sort of dog I'm havin'."
Nurse. "Tommy, you're forgetting the 'g' again."
Tommy. "Gee! That's the sort of dog I'm havin'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Secret Corps (Murray) is the title of a book on espionage, before and especially during the War, every page of which I have read with the greatest possible entertainment—the greatest possible, that is, for anyone at home. To get the real maximum out of Captain Ferdinand Tuohy's astonishing anecdotes one would, I suppose, need to be under a table in Berlin while they were being perused by the ex-chiefs of Intelligence on the other side. It is a book so stuffed with good stories and revealed (or partly revealed) mysteries that I should require pages of quotation to do it anything like justice. It can certainly be claimed for Captain Tuohy that he writes of what he himself knows at first hand, and that his knowledge, like that of another expert, is both extensive and peculiar, gleaned as it was from personal service in Russia, Poland, Austria, Belgium, France, England, Italy, Salonica, Palestine, Mesopotamia and several neutral States. Still, absorbing as his book is, it suffers perhaps from being what its publishers call "the first authentic and detailed record." One feels now and then that posterity (which gets all the good things) may score again in the revelation of yet more amazing details for which the hour is not yet. Meanwhile, here to go on with is a fund of thrilling information that will not only hold your delighted interest, but (if you make haste before it becomes too widely known) ensure your popularity as a remunerative diner-out.

One after Another (Hutchinson), by Mr. Stacy Aumonier, is a tale of social progress: of the steps—I imagine this is where the name justifies itself—by which the son and daughter of a Camden Town publican rise to higher or at least more brilliant things. You might suppose this plan to promise comedy, but the fact is otherwise. Really it is an angry book, and though there is laughter in places it is mostly angry laughter, with a sting in it. Somehow, whether speaking in his own person or through the voice of his hero, Mr. Aumonier gives me here (perhaps unjustly) the impression of having a grievance against life. Yet it cannot be said that *Tom* and *Laura Purbeck* found their climb from Camden Town unduly arduous, since in a comparatively short time one has made a position and pots of money as a fashionable house-decorator, and the other is a famous concert star and the wife of a marquis. I think my impression of unamiability must be derived from the fact that the entire cast contains not one really sympathetic character. Old *Purbeck*, who ruled his bar like an autocrat and believed in honest alcohol (and fortunately for himself died some years ago), comes nearest to it. *Laura*, of whom the author gives us spasmodic glimpses, is vividly interesting, but repellent. *Tom*, the protagonist, I found frankly dull. Perhaps I have dwelt overmuch on defects. Certainly the story held my attention throughout, even after my disappointment at finding nobody to like in it.

A lot of diaries make very poor reading, because people who are conscientious enough to keep them at all keep them

conscientiously and fill them with nothing but facts. Mr. MAURICE BARING of course has no empty scruples of this kind, and *R.F.C. H.Q. 1914—1918* (BELL AND SONS), though it has plenty of statistics in it and technical details as well, is in the main a delightful jumble of stunts and talks and quotations from Mr. MAURICE BARING and other people, culinary details, troubles about chilblains and wasp-bites, and here and there an excellently written memoir of some friend who fell fighting. The main historical fact is, of course, that our airmen from small beginnings reached a complete ascendancy at the end of 1916, and then suffered a set-back, reaching their own again when the mastery of the Fokker was overcome. The author himself was *liaison* officer and interpreter at H.Q., and stuck to General TRENCHARD throughout, although he was urgently requested to go to Russia. Scores of eminent people make brief appearances in his book, and the following is a fair sample of his method:—"*January 3rd*, 1917.—An Army Commanders' Conference took place at Rollencourt. My indiarubber sponge was eaten by rats." Happily his diary escaped.

Lieut.-Colonel JOHN BUCHAN, in his now familiar *rôle* of the serious historian, has been officially commissioned to tell a tale more thrilling in heroisms, if perhaps a trifle less madcap, than anything his unofficial imagination has given us. His latest volume, *The South African Forces in France* (NELSON), though naturally it does not break much new ground, still contains a good deal that was well worth sifting from the mass of war history and is written with a vigour that could not be excelled. The proudest claims of the South Africans are, it seems, that they finished "further East" when the cease-fire sounded (I wonder if this will go unchallenged), that they were three times practically exterminated, and that they were the most modest unit in the field—the author of course being solely responsible for letting us know this last. Their terrible fights, not only at Delville Wood, but even more at Marrière Wood and Messines, are beyond question amongst the greatest feats of arms of the War, and on the last two occasions their stand in the face of odds went far to save the Allied cause in the black months of 1918. Since, as the author joyously notes, Dutch and English elements in the South African forces lived and died on the field like brothers, we may all agree with him, politics or no politics, that there has been something fundamentally right for once about the Empire's treatment of their country. This alone would give the book importance and interest outside the Southern dominions to which it is first addressed. In Capetown and Pretoria it will be *the* history of the War.

In *John Bull, Junior* (METHUEN) Mr. F. WREN CHILD sets out to record the difficulties which a "home-trained boy encounters at a public school." Whether his picture of school-life as it was some years ago is true or not, it is unlikely that there will be keen competition among public schools to claim the original of *St. Lucian's;* and I do not think that tender-hearted mothers need fear that their own children will be beset by the temptations which *Brant* had to encounter, for in his hectic career he was unfortunate enough to have card-sharpers, whisky-drinkers and other unusual types of boyhood among his fellow-pupils, and with such company it is not to be wondered at that he was more often in than out of trouble. But, since he helped to solve the mystery which was perplexing *St. Lucian's*, it would seem that whatever happened to his soul he contrived to keep his head. Boys with a taste for amateur detective work might derive enjoyment from this tale, and to them I recommend it.

Stephen Manaton, heir to great possessions, found that his wealth and worldly position were slipping away from him, but as compensation against his losses he had the supreme satisfaction of discovering that the girl of his choice loved him solely for himself. So with the best will in the world I could not shed tears over *The Manaton Disaster* (HEATH CRANTON), though I admit that Miss PHILIPPA TYLER does her strenuous best to set my sympathy in motion. Possibly she tries a shade too hard, and in future I hope that she will cut shorter—or even cut out completely—the soliloquies of her heroes. Miss TYLER has the dramatic sense, and an author who can write over a hundred-and-fifty words without a full-stop is not to be thwarted by trifles; but she dissipates her forces and fails to reach the catastrophic climax at which she apparently aimed.



The Novice. "I AM A LITTLE ABSENT-MINDED, SO YOU MUST GIVE ME A SHOUT IF I PROVE TO BE A WINNER."

The ways of the humorist are hard indeed, and it must be particularly exasperating, even if you are a clergyman, to be told by some disgruntled reviewer, as "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" must, I am afraid, here be told, that his latest, *Good Conduct* (MURRAY), is not up to standard. *Virginia Tempest*, the tomboy, the extremely unworthy recipient of the good conduct prize at *Miss Merridew's* academy, has her points, but her pranks are played with or against such dull folk: an editor and assistant editor for whom I blush; an emporium owner who is kinder and wealthier and stupider than he is diverting; an assistant schoolmistress, a surgeon, a Futurist-painter, a bishop. None of these worthy people commands my respect or laughter. The high spirits seem not entirely genuine. A casual lapse into Brummagem, I take it.

"Wanted, for 3 months, nice Bedroom and small Paddock for pony."

"Six Acres Freehold Land, with Two Cottages, near Southampton; suitable pigs and poultry."—*Provincial Paper.*

With bedrooms for ponies and cottages for pigs, what chance has a human of getting housed?

CHARIVARIA.

FEWER births are recorded in Ireland during the past seven months. No surprise can be felt, for we cannot imagine anybody being born in Ireland on purpose just now.

* * *

A London firm are now manufacturing what they call the smallest motor-car on the market. How great a boon this will be to the general public will be gathered from the report that one of these cars has been knocked down by a pedestrian.

* * *

According to a Sunday paper MUSTAPHA KEMAL wants as soldiers only those who will die for their belief in his cause. Previous experience is not essential.

* * *

Citizens of Ealing have protested against Sunday concerts unless Sunday bathing is also permitted. The pre-war custom of merely sponging the ears after attending a recital was never wholly satisfactory.

* * *

According to an inscription on the score card of the North Berwick Club, "golf is a science in which you may exhaust yourself but never your subject." Several clubs, however, claim to possess colonels who can say practically all that is worth saying about the game without stopping to get their second wind.

* * *

Girls have broadened out a lot, declared a speaker at the annual conference of the Head-mistresses' Association. The home-made jumper, it appears, has been coming in for a good deal of unmerited blame.

* * *

A middle-aged man was charged at the Thames Police Court the other day with having an altercation with a lamp-post. It appears that the man called the lamp-post "Pussyfoot," and the latter promptly knocked him down.

* * *

Special courts, it is stated, are to be set up for the trial of Irish criminals. The need, we gather, is for some machinery by which the trial can be conducted in the absence of the prisoner.

* * *

"I have put in a good three months in the garden," Mr. SMILLIE told a reporter, on his return to London, "and have coaxed some nice red roses out." Coaxing the nice red miners out is comparatively easy work.

* * *

On a question of equipment Ashford Fire Brigade has resigned. It is not known yet whether local fires will go out in sympathy with the Brigade.



THE GORGEOUS UNIFORMS OF THE PAST MAY BE RE-INTRODUCED INTO THE ARMY; BUT, IF SO, THE CINEMA ATTENDANT WILL NOT GIVE IN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.

Letchworth, the first Garden City, has voted itself dry by a majority of sixty-five. There seems to be a lack of hospitality in this attempt to discourage American visitors.

* * *

The latest news from Turkey, Russia and Ireland sets us wondering what the War made the world safe for.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Mr. Punch begs leave to draw the attention of the Intelligent Public to the fact that on Monday next, July 5th, he proposes to publish a Special Summer Number. All his previous Summer Numbers have appeared in the form of an ordinary weekly issue, with additional holiday and other matter. This is a Special Summer Number, altogether distinct from the weekly issue. It will contain thirty-six pages, almost entirely made up of drawings, and including several pages of illustrations in three colours. Mr. Punch has great pleasure in inviting his friends to encourage him in this new venture.

Ants, we are informed, will not come near the hands of a person if well rubbed with a raw onion. The last time we attempted to rub an ant with a raw onion he broke away and made a dash for the hills.

* * *

The Chicago Tribune points out that two attempts have been made on the life of the EX-KAISER. It is hoped that he will realise that it would be a breach of etiquette to get assassinated before the Allies have decided [illegible] to be done with him.

* * *

We understand that one of [illegible] New Poor who recently [illegible]glar in his house searching [illegible]y immediately offered the in[illegible] ten per cent. if he proved successful.

* * *

Referring to the report in these columns last week that two bricklayers were seen to remove their coats at Finsbury Park, we now hear that it was simply done to oblige a photographer who was understood to have been sent down by Dr. ADDISON.

* * *

Among the articles left in trains on a South Coast railway is a sandwich. Unless claimed within three days we understand that it will be broken up and sold to defray expenses.

Our Enterprising Contemporaries.

"NEWS BY WIRE AND AIR.
To-day is the longest day."
"Daily Mail," June 21st.

The Expansion of Scotland.

"The most interesting features of the vital statistics of Scotland . . . The girth-rate was higher than those of all first quarters since 1891."—*Daily Paper.*

Our Merry Municipalities.

"—— TOWN COUNCIL.
MINUTES FOR MONDAY'S MEETING.
MORE INCREASES OF WAGS."
Provincial Paper.

Threatened Unrest at the Zoo.

"Mr. Churchill has made up his mind, but if he gets his way every tadpole and tapir will take it as a precedent."—*Daily News.*

"In a driving competition Ray drove 723 yards. one inch."
South African Paper.

Another inch, and we should have refused to believe it.

"WILSON WOULD TAKE MANDATE OVER AMERICA.
WASHINGTON, May 25.—President Wilson Monday asked authority from Congress for the United States to accept a mandate over Armenia."—*Canadian Paper.*

But there is no reason to believe that the headline is inaccurate.

HOLIDAY ANTICIPATIONS.

[Now that holiday-planning is in season we have pleasure in announcing a few proposed schemes for the recreation of some of the mighty brains that shape our destinies and guide our groping intelligence. But it must be clearly understood that in these inconstant times we cannot vouch for their authenticity or guarantee fulfilment.]

Mr. Asquith's recent success in spotting the winner of the Derby is believed to have inspired Mr. Lloyd George with an idea of combining his present policy of always going one, if not two or three, better than the Old Man with a public demonstration of the extent to which the crude Puritanism of his youth has been mellowed by sympathies more in keeping with his later political alliances. He is credited with the intention of putting to appropriate use his peculiar gifts of non-committal prophecy and persuasive casuistry, and at the same time making sure of a profitable holiday in the open air by "doing" the Sussex Fortnight, beginning with the Goodwood meeting, in the capacity of Downy Dave, a race-course tipster.

* * *

There is reason to believe that, if the Recess should afford Sir William Sutherland an opportunity to indulge his craving for the Simple Life, he will proceed to Italy to join the coterie of ascetics known as the Assisi Set. His conspicuous ability in telling the tale to the London Pressmen encourages expectations that he will be no less successful as a preacher to the birds, after the manner of St. Francis, the founder of the cult.

* * *

In financial circles it is expected that Mr. Chamberlain will spend the vacation *incognito* in the neighbourhood of Blackpool, partly for the sake of the invigorating air, but mainly, in view of the abnormal prosperity of Lancashire, for the purpose of considering on the spot the possibilities of a levy on capital as a local experiment.

* * *

A rumour is current in Whitehall, and gains colour from the activity in certain seaports, that, in consequence of Earl Curzon's having been informed that the number of Channel-swimmers is likely to be unusually large this summer, his lordship has decided to take command of a fleet of Foreign Office launches, which will patrol the coast to make sure that none of these persons is unprovided with a passport.

* * *

At Unity House a suspicion is entertained that Sir Eric Geddes contemplates utilising the holidays for the double purpose of working off superfluous steam and familiarizing himself with the true attitude of the railwaymen by working as a stoker on one of the great main lines. Should this scheme be carried into effect arrangements are in readiness to compel him to become a member of the N.U.R.

* * *

It is hoped that Mr. Augustus John will be able to accompany Lord Beaverbrook to Canada this summer, so that his lordship may gratify his lifelong ambition to be painted by Mr. John, with the primeval backwoods for a setting, in the character of a *coureur-des-bois*, of the type immortalized by Sir Gilbert Parker in *Pierre*.

* * *

As far as can be ascertained, Mr. Bernard Shaw intends to devote the holidays to verifying the report of his namesake, Mr. Tom Shaw (with whom he has been stupidly confused), on the Bolshevik *régime*. He will probably enter Russia secretly, accompanied by a mixed party of vegetarian Fabians disguised as Muscovites, so that in the event of being denounced as Boorjoos they may hope to pass for returning Dukhobors, or, in case of detection, for an amateur theatrical company touring with *Labour's Love's Lost*.

* * *

We understand that Lords Lonsdale and Birkenhead are making arrangements for a joint trip to Cuba, in order to investigate personally the condition and prospects of the Havana leaf industry. It will not be surprising if this visit bears fruit in the shape of the eighteen-inch super-cigar which sporting men have been for so long demanding.

ON THE EATING OF ASPARAGUS.

There were twenty-three ways of eating asparagus known to the ancients. Of these the best known method was to suspend it on pulleys about three feet from the ground and "approach the green" on one's back along the floor; but it was discontinued about the middle of the fourth century, and no new method worthy of serious consideration was subsequently evolved, till the August or September of 1875, when a Mr. Gunter-Brown wrote a letter to the *A.A.R.* (*The Asparagus Absorbers' Review and Gross Feeders' Gazette*), saying that he had patented a scheme more cleanly and less unsightly than the practice of tilting the head backward at an angle of forty-five degrees and lowering the asparagus into the expectant face, which is shown by statistics to have been the mode usually adopted at that time.

Mr. Gunter-Brown's apparatus, necessary to the method he advocated, consisted of a silver or plated tube, into which each branch of asparagus, except the last inch, was placed, and so drawn into the mouth by suction, the eater grasping the last uneatable inch, together with the butt end of the tube, in the palm of his hand. Asparagus branches being of variable girth, a rubber washer inserted in the end of the tube furthest from the eater's mouth helped to cause a vacuum.

The inventor claimed that the edible portion of the delicacy became detached if the intake of the eater was strong enough, but he overlooked the fact that the necessary force caused the asparagus to pass through the epiglottis into the œsophagus before the eater had time to enjoy the taste (as was proved by experiment) and so all sense of pleasure was lost.

More prospective marriages have been marred through the abuse of asparagus at table than through mixed bathing at Tunbridge Wells. For instance, though the matter was hushed up at the time, it is an open secret among their friends that Miss Gladys Devereux broke off her engagement to young Percy Gore-Mont on account of his *gaucherie* when assimilating this weed at a dinner party. It seems that he simply threw himself at the stuff, and that one of the servants had to comb the melted butter out of his hair before he could appear in the drawing-room.

The case of the Timminses, too, presents very sad features, though the marriage was not in this case abandoned, the high contracting parties not having once encountered a dish of asparagus simultaneously during the engagement. Yet it is more than rumoured that when, at the end of the close season, asparagus may be hunted, there is considerable friction in the Timminses' household, because Mrs. Timmins plays with a straight fork, while Timmins affects the crouching style.

Happily, however, a light at last appears to be shining through the darkness. Under the auspices of the Vegetable Growers' Association (Luxury Trades section) an asparagus eating contest has been arranged to take place in the Floral Hall early in July. As the entrants to date include a contortionist and at least three well-known war-profiteers it is confidently expected that some startling methods will be exhibited which may revolutionise asparagus-eating in this country.

"Dunoon.—Sitting room and two bedrooms to let for month of Dunoon."—*Scotch Paper.*

We welcome the introduction of "rhyming slang" to brighten up the advertisement columns.



PARADISE LOST AGAIN?

Mr. Asquith *(to John Bull).* "OF COURSE MESOPOTAMIA IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, AND NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ANXIOUS TO VACATE THE GARDEN OF EDEN, BUT YOU MUST REFLECT THAT THE COST OF ITS UPKEEP HAS INCREASED ENORMOUSLY SINCE ADAM'S TIME."



Lady of the Manor. "Howdy, Bo? Sit right down. I sure hope you're feeling full of pep! Excuse me, Vicar, but I'm practising a few phrases so that in case I meet any of this American invasion I can make them feel at home."

A NOTE ON CHESTERFIELDS.

In the Soviet Republic of Russia, I am told, no one can lay claim to the title of worker unless his hands are hardened and roughened by toil, and Lenin and Trotsky have to take their turns at the rack, like the commonest executioner. In England we are not nearly so particular about the manual test, and, besides feeling quite kindly disposed towards professional footballers, tea-tasters and the men who stand on Cornish cliffs and shout when they see the pilchard shoals come in, we still give a certain amount of credit to mere brain-work as well.

There is, however, a poisonous idea prevalent, especially amongst the women of this country, that a fellow is not working with his brain unless he is walking rapidly up and down the room with wrinkles on his forehead, or sitting on a hard chair at a table with a file of papers in front of him. But there is no rule of this sort about the birth of great and beautiful ideas in the human brain. It is all a matter of individual taste and habit. I know a man, a poet, who thinks best on the Underground Railway, and that is the reason why he said the other day, "Give me to gaze once more on the blue hills," to the girl in the booking-office, when what he really wanted was a ticket (of a light heliotrope colour) to St. James's Park. Lord Byron, on the other hand, composed a sorrowful ditty on the decadence of the Isles of Greece whilst shaving; but the invention of the safety-razor and the energetic action of M. Venizelos will most likely render it unnecessary for anyone to repeat such a performance. As for the people who have a sudden bright idea whilst they are dressing for dinner, they may be dismissed at once, for they nearly always go to bed by mistake and, when they wake up again extremely hungry, they have forgotten what it was.

Most experts are really agreed that a recumbent or semi-recumbent position is the best for creative thought, and another friend of mine, also a maker of verses, has patented the very ingenious device of a pair of stirrups just under the mantelshelf, so that, when he sits back in his armchair, he can manage his Pegasus without having his feet continually slipping off the marble surface into the fender.

Much may be said too for a seat in a first-class railway carriage, when you have the compartment all to yourself and the train is going at sixty miles an hour or more. But England is hardly spacious enough for a really sustained inspiration; and the result of being turned out suddenly at Thurso, N.B., or Penzance is that some opening flower of the human intellect fails to achieve its perfect bloom, and as likely as not your golf clubs are left in the rack.

There is also, of course, an influential school which believes strongly in the early morning tea hour, and people who ought to know tell me that Mr. Winston Churchill plans new uniforms for the Guards as well as the campaign in Mesopotamia with pink pyjamas on, and that the Prime Minister can never be persuaded to get up for breakfast until he has hit on a few of those striking repartees which

are subsequently translated by his posse of interpreters into Russian, Italian, Bohemian and Erse.

For my part, however, I swear by a Chesterfield sofa, a large one, on which you can lie at full length, as I am lying now; the most comfortable thing there is on earth, I think, except perhaps a truss of hay, when one has been riding for about six consecutive hours in an army saddle. But there are disadvantages even about a Chesterfield sofa. It is, to begin with, in the drawing-room; and in the drawing-room one is not so entirely immune from the trivial incidents of everyday life as I like to be when I am having brain-waves. Doors are opened and this creates a draught, and it is not the slightest use attempting a real work of imagination when people will come in and ask if I am lying on *The Literary Supplement* of *The Times* (as if it were likely), or the anti-aircraft gun that the children were playing with after lunch. For this reason I have had to invent an even better thing than the ordinary Chesterfield sofa, and since it will be, when made, the noblest piece of scientific upholstery in the world I will ask the printer to write the next sentence in italics, please.

It is a Chesterfield sofa enclosed on all four sides. Thank you.

The marvels of this receptacle for human thought will dawn upon the reader by slow degrees. Try to imagine yourself ensconced there, having climbed up by the short flight of steps which will be attached to it, enisled and remote amidst the surging traffic that sweeps through a drawing-room. Instead of making a rapid bolt to escape from callers and probably meeting them full tilt in the hall, you simply stay on, thinking. You have nothing to fear from them, unless they are so inquisitive and ill-mannered as to come and peep over the edge. With plenty of tobacco, a writing tablet and a fountain-pen, you can stare at the anaglypta ceiling and dream noble thoughts and put them down when you like without interruption. On sunny days the apparatus can be wheeled on to the balcony, where the sapphire sky will be exchanged for the anaglypta ceiling; and for winter use a metal base will be supplied, under which you can place either an oil-stove or an electric radiator.

I should like to see this four-sided Chesterfield in offices also. The master-strokes of commercial and administrative skill would be much more masterly with most people if they did not have to proceed from a hard office chair. You can easily dictate to a typist from the interior of a Chesterfield, and, though I know that business men and Government officials are often subjected to deputations, during which they have to look their persecutors in the face, this difficulty could be overcome by means of a sliding panel, through which the face of the recumbent administrator could be poked when necessary, wearing the proper expression of shrewdness, terror, conciliation or rage. I should like Sir ERIC GEDDES to have one of my four-sided Chesterfields.

With his usual sagacity the reader will probably remark here that the four-sided Chesterfield can be procured ready-made at any moment by turning the usual article round and pushing it up against the wall. This point has not escaped notice, my friend. But you can hardly imagine the objections that will be urged by the female members of your household against adopting such a course in the drawing-room. They will assert, amongst other things, that Mrs. Ponsonby-Smith is on the point of arriving and that she will think you've done it on purpose.

I shall have the upholsterer in to-morrow. EVOE.



Gladys. "HAVE YOU ANY INTERESTING CASES COMING ON, SIR CHARLES?"

Eminent K.C. "WE HAVE A VERY INTRICATE AND TECHNICAL CASE COMING ON—MOST INTERESTING. IT TURNS ON THE QUESTION WHETHER A CERTAIN SUBTERRANEAN CONDUIT SHOULD BE CLASSIFIED AS A DRAIN OR A SEWER."

Gladys. "OH, BUT WHY NOT ASK A PLUMBER?"

DEDICATIONS.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE has found it necessary to state publicly in a dedication that his books have not been written by his sister.

The following extracts are taken from possible future dedications by various authors:—

Mr. H. G. WELLS to the Bishop of LONDON.

As I have seen it stated in various journals that you are the author of my book, *The Soul of a Bishop*, I hereby take the opportunity of informing your Lordship most definitely and emphatically that you are *not*. That book and also *The Passionate Friends* were written without any assistance from the episcopal bench. To avoid future misunderstanding I may say that all my books are written by myself. If at any time it is suggested that any publication of your Lordship has been written by me, I shall be glad if you will immediately issue a contradiction.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW to the Editor of "The Morning Post."

You have not written my books. You have not written my plays. Any statement to the contrary is an infamous falsehood. No one else, dead or alive, could ever have written anything which I have written. When I have become an imbecile, which is not likely to happen yet, as I am a vegetarian and do not read your rag, it will be time enough for other people to lay claim to my work. Nor have I ever assisted you in conducting that which you call a paper, nor have I ever written an editorial for its columns. Please let this matter have your futile attention.

Miss DAISY ASHFORD to Lord HALDANE.

If I did not believe your Lordship to be really innosent I should be very vexed with you. But let me explain. I have heard it said in reliable quarters that you are the auther of *The Young Visiters*. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! I thought everybody knew by now that no one helped me even to spell a word. I have read your Lordship's books with pleasure and of course realise their promise. But it is all very diferent stuff from *The Young Visiters*. Please in the future disclaim all credit for giving me my idears, and in return I can assure you that your skemes for the better education of the people shall have my enthoosiastic suport.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to The Man in the Street.

The last thing that I wish is that you should be misunderstood; all my life I have laboured to explain you to yourself. That my explanation has pleased you is shown by the fact that you buy my books. But you have commenced to give yourself airs, my man, and it is time you were put in your place. My books are so much to your taste that you have been led to believe yourself the author. Now please understand my books are written *for* you and not *by* you. You merely exist—thanks to me—and pay. I have been told that I once wrote a book called *The Old Wives' Tale*. If so, that was in earlier days, and you have long since forgiven me. And do you not owe me something for *The Pretty Lady*? Have I not shown you that your love is both sacred and profane? As I have enough to contend with from those who care for literature I hope any further word from me on this subject will be unnecessary.

Mrs. FLORENCE BARCLAY to Lord FISHER.

The phenomenal success of our recent volumes has, I understand, led a certain section of our public to believe that you are the author of several of my books. In particular it has been stated that *The Rosary* was written by your Lordship. As you know, I have a great respect for the aristocracy, and I do not suggest that you have deliberately put yourself forward as the author of my books. You will, however, understand me when I say that only your Lordship could express all that I feel about the matter. The mixing up of our identities is probably explained by the fact that we are both stylists and seekers for the *mot juste*. Will you please assist me in making it clear that we work independently? As I am staying in a country parsonage and it is our custom to read one another's letters over the breakfast-table, I shall be glad if any reply you may wish to make should be sent to the Editor of *The Times*.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE to Sir OLIVER LODGE.

Our common concern with the life beyond has become so well known that our interests in this present life are in danger of becoming involved. In a volume of *Sherlock Holmes* stories recently purchased abroad I find you described as the author, and another book assures me that I have written extensively on the Atomic Theory. You will, I am sure, see the harm which I am likely to suffer through such mistakes. Nor does the confusion end here. I find that my novel, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, is now stated to be by Sir CONAN LODGE, and another book of mine, *The Lost World*, to be by Sir OLIVER DOYLE. Also I have seen myself described as "The Principal of Birmingham University," and yourself as the well-known detective of Baker Street. May I solicit your aid in helping me to suppress any further confusion of our respective genii? My best wishes to you and the good work.

LABOUR-SAVING.

["Electric bore, one man, portable."
Trade Journal.]

THOUGH not a scientific bean
I am occasionally seen
Scanning a technic magazine.

I love to learn of any wheeze
Wherewith to win by quick degrees
A rich sufficiency of ease.

And so it thrilled me to the core
To read the phrase, "Electric bore,"
And think of happy days in store.

In former times I'd often start
Abroad with eagerness of heart
To patronise dramatic art;

Only at curtain's fall to come
Homeward again, dejected, glum,
And overwhelmed by tedium.

With *ennui* verging on distress
I'd witnessed from the circle (dress)
Some transatlantic HUGE SUCCESS;

Or else some play of Irish life,
Ending with father, son and wife
Impaled upon a single knife;

Or haply I had chanced to choose
Some even surer source of blues,
One of the things they call revues.

But now those times are passed away;
Electric bores have come to stay;
I mean to purchase one to-day.

I don't know how it works, but an
Authority declares it can
Be guided by a single man.

I have in mind a little niche
Beside my study window which
Will just accommodate the switch.

Henceforth abroad no more I'll roam,
But turn it on at evening's gloam
And yawn my time away at home.

Our Go-ahead Municipalities.

"Visitors to —— this summer need not fear want of recreation, for the Urban Council on Wednesday granted an application by Mr. —— for leave to place an additional donkey on the beach."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Mr. Taylor, who had relieved Mr. Higgins, here had the misfortune to see Seymour badly hit over the right eye on attempting to hook one of his rising deliveries."—*Daily Paper.*

SEYMOUR, we understand, sympathised warmly with Mr. TAYLOR over this piece of bad luck.



MANNERS AND MODES.

DARBY AND JOAN (FOR THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC SPARES NEITHER AGE NOR VIRTUE) FAIL TO FIND THE WINNER OF THE 2.30.

A DOG'S LIFE.

THE life of a public man is a dog's life. I don't know why a dog's life should be the type and summit of unpleasantness in lives; for myself I should have thought it was rather a good life; no clothes to buy and no shortage of smells; but there it is. The reason is perhaps that a dog spends most of his day just finding a really good smell and being diverted from it by something else, a loud whistle in front or a motor-bicycle or another smell. He rushes off then after the whistler or the motor-bicycle or the new smell, missing all kinds of good smells on the way and never getting the cream of the old one. And that is like the day of the public man.

He sits up in bed in the morning, having his breakfast and thinking over the smells he is going to have during the day. There is an enormous choice. The whole of the bed is covered with papers; there are tables on either side of the bed covered with papers, letters and memoranda, and agenda and minutes and constituents' grievances, and charitable appeals and ordinary begs. When he moves his foot there is a great crackling, and the surface papers float off into the air and are wafted about the room. Each paper represents a different smell. He is going to make a speech to the Bottle-Washers' Union at 11 A.M. and he is reading the notes of his speech; but before that he has got to introduce a deputation of Fish-Friers to the HOME SECRETARY at ten and he is trying to find out what the Fish-Friers are after. But the telephone-bell keeps on ringing and the papers keep on floating away, and the papers about the Fish-Friers keep mixing themselves up with the papers about the Bottle-Washers, and the valet keeps coming in to say that the bath is prepared or the hosier has come, so that it is all very difficult.

All his family ring him up, and all the people who were at the meeting last night and were not quite satisfied with the terms of the Resolution, and all the people who are interested in Fish-Frying and Bottle-Washing, and all the people who want him to make a speech at Cardiff next year, and several newspapers who would like to interview him about the Sewers and Drains Bill, and a man whose uncle has not yet been demobilised, and a lady whose first-born son would like to be President of the Board of Trade as soon as it can be arranged. Meanwhile people begin to drift into the room. The Private Secretary drifts in with a despatch-case, full of new smells and some old ones; and the valet drifts in to say that the bath is still prepared, and a haircutter and a man from the shirt-makers, and the Secretary of the Fish-Friers, who has looked in for a quiet talk about the situation.

When they are all ready for their quiet talks the public man decides that it is time he got up; he leaps out of bed and rushes out of the room and shaves and baths and does his exercises very very quickly. Then he rushes back and has a talk with the HOME SECRETARY on the telephone while he is drying his ears. When his ears are nice and dry he rings off and ties his tie, meanwhile dictating a nasty letter to *The Times* about the Scavengers (Minimum Wage) (Scotland) No. 2 Bill. In the middle of this letter two new crises arise—(1) The HOME SECRETARY'S Private Secretary's Secretary rings up and says that the Fish-Friers' deputation is postponed till 11 A.M. because of a Cabinet Meeting about the new war. (2) The Assistant-Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER'S Principal Secretary's Secretary rings up and says that the PRIME MINISTER can see the public man for ten seconds at one minute past eleven. It is now clear that the Bottle-Washers and the Fish-Friers and the PRIME MINISTER are going to clash pretty badly, and a scene of intense confusion takes place. The public man runs about the room in his shirt-sleeves smelling distractedly at the papers on the floor and on the bed and everywhere else. Some of the papers he throws at the Private Secretary and tells him to write a memorandum about them, and go and see the War Office about them and have six copies made of them. Most of them, however, he just throws on the floor or hides away in a dressing-gown where the Private Secretary won't find them; this is the only way of making sure of a permanent supply of good crises. A crisis about a lost document is far and away the most fruitful kind of crisis.



AT WIMBLEDON.

Umpire. "FORTY, THIRTY, SLASHER."
Diana (fresh from Ascot). "PUT ME THIRTY SHILLINGS ON."

Meanwhile the valet pursues the public man about the room with spats and tries to attach them to his person. If he can attach both spats before the Fish-Friers' man really gets hold of him he has won the game. The Fish-Friers' man keeps clearing his throat and beginning, "The position is this——"; and the Private Secretary keeps saying in a cold dispassionate voice, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?" or "How much will you give to the Dyspeptic Postmen's Association?" or "What about this letter from Bunt?"

The public man takes no notice of any one of them, but says rapidly over and over again, "Where are my spectacles?" or "What have you done with the brown socks?" He is playing for time. If he can put them off for a little more, some new crisis may occur and he will be able to say that he is too busy to deal with them now.

The Private Secretary knows this and continues to say, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?" The Fish-Friers' man doesn't know it, and crawls about excitedly on the floor looking for the spectacles under the bed. When he is well under the bed the public man tells the Private Secretary to ring up the Bottle-Washers and the Fish-Friers and the PRIME MINISTER and arrange things somehow, and rushes out of the room. He is hotly pursued by the valet and the hosier and the hairdresser, but there's a taxi at the door and with any



Visitor (to actor friend). "Y' KNOW, I WAS GOIN' ON THE STAGE MYSELF ONCE, BUT MY PEOPLE DINE SO LATE."

luck he will now get clear away. In the hall, however, the cook meets him in order to give notice, and by the time he has dealt with that crisis the Private Secretary has had three wrong numbers and given it up, and the Fish-Friers' man has bumped his head and given it up. They give chase together and catch the public man just as he is escaping from the front-door. The Private Secretary starts again about the Lord Mayor's lunch, and the Fish-Friers' man starts again about the position.

The public man knows now that he is done, so he drives them into the taxi and says he will talk to them on the way to the PRIME MINISTER. The taxi dashes off, leaving the hosier and the hairdresser and the valet wringing their hands in the hall.

The only thing the public man can do now is to invent a new crisis for the Private Secretary, who is still saying in a cold dispassionate voice, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?"

So he thinks of one of the letters he has hidden in his dressing-gown and tells the Private Secretary that he must have that letter for the Bottle-Washers' meeting. Then he stops the taxi at a place where there is no Underground and no 'bus, and pushes the Private Secretary out. He has disposed of the Private Secretary for the day.

But the Fish-Friers' man's throat is practically clear by now and he gets to work at once. The public man pays no attention but prepares in his mind his opening sentences to the PRIME MINISTER. In the Park he sees two other public men walking and he takes them into the cab. Each of them has discovered some entirely new smells and starts talking about them at once very fast. The public man promises to go and try them all immediately. When he gets to the PRIME MINISTER'S he rings up and cancels the Fish-Friers and the Bottle-Washers. When he has done that the Assistant-Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER'S Principal Private Secretary's Secretary comes out and says that the PRIME MINISTER has been called away suddenly to Geneva.

The public man then goes off after the new smells. A dog's life. A. P. H.

A Sporting Offer.

"Rabbit trapper would take so much the couple or rent them, or give so much the couple and kill them."—*Scotch Paper.*

A CORNISH LULLABY.

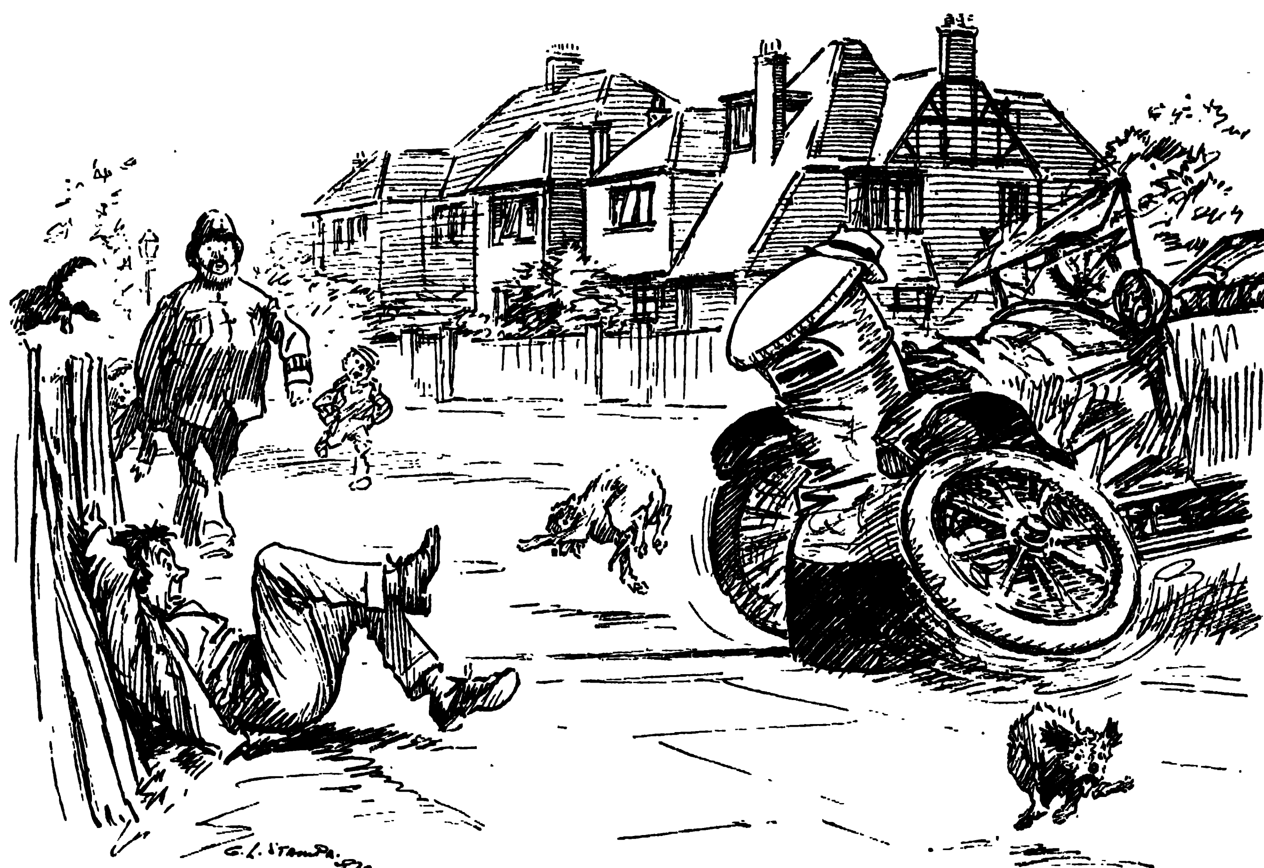
A.D. 1760.

SLEEP, my little ugling,
Daddy 's gone a-smuggling,
Daddy 's gone to Roscoff in the *Mevagissey Maid*,
A sloop of ninety tons
With ten brass-carriage guns,
To teach the King's ships manners and respect for honest trade.

Hush, my joy and sorrow,
Daddy 'll come to-morrow
Bringing baccy, tea and snuff and brandy home from France;
And he 'll run the goods ashore
While the old Collectors snore
And the wicked troopers gamble in the dens of Penzance.

Rock-a-bye, my honey,
Daddy 's making money;
You shall be a gentleman and sail with privateers,
With a silver cup for sack
And a blue coat on your back,
With diamonds on your finger-bones and gold rings in your ears.

PATLANDER.



Motorist. "THAT REMINDS ME—I NEVER POSTED THAT LETTER."

POPULAR CRICKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I enclose a cutting from *Le Radical*, one of the leading Mauritius papers, and on behalf of the lovers of our national game in the island venture to ask for information regarding the last match recorded:—

"Londres, 14 mai, 4 hres P.M.—Mary-le-bone a battu Nottingham par 5 wickets; Lancashire a battu Leichester; Sussex a battu Warrick. En second lieu un joueur du Sussex a abattu H. Wilson par 187 wickets."

We are much perturbed at the strange developments that are evidently taking place in the game at home. Was this match, we want to know, a single-wicket game between the Sussex player and H. WILSON? If so how did he beat him by 187 wickets?

An ex-captain of the Cambridge eleven living here is of the opinion that, in order to make cricket more popular, the numbers of the opposing sides are being increased, and that this match must have been between a team of, say, a couple of hundred Sussex players and one of a like number captained by H. WILSON, and that only some dozen wickets had fallen in the second innings when the match ended. If this is the correct interpretation we should be very grateful for the rules, plan of the field, etc., as we are most anxious to move with the times in this little outpost of Empire.

I fear however that we shall have some difficulty here in raising two teams of more than a hundred-a-side.

We presume that, as a match of eleven-a-side takes two or three days to finish, about six or eight weeks are allotted to this new game.

Any help that you can give us, Sir, will be much appreciated.

Yours faithfully, M. C. C.

FROM THE FILM WORLD.

As an interesting supplement to the announcement that Sir THOMAS LIPTON has kindly placed his bungalows and estates in Ceylon at the disposal of the East and West Films, Limited, for the filming of The Life of BUDDHA, we are glad to learn that preparations are already well advanced for the presentation of the Life of HANNIBAL on the screen.

Messrs. Sowerly and Bitterton, the well-known vinegar manufacturers, have undertaken to provide the necessary plant for illustration of the famous exploit of splitting the rocks with that disintegrating condiment, and Messrs. Rappin and Jebb, the famous cutlers, have been approached with a view to furnish the necessary implements for the portrayal of the tragedy of the Caudine Forks. Professor Chollop, who is superintending the taking of the pictures of the battle of Cannæ and the subsequent period of repose at Capua in their proper atmosphere, states that he is receiving every support from the local condottieri, pifferari, banditti and lazzaroni, and expects to be able to complete his task by the late autumn.

A certain amount of antagonism, on humanitarian grounds, has been shown by the Italian Government to the importation of a herd of elephants, which were essential to the realistic depiction of the passage of the Alps by the Carthaginian army; but it is hoped that by the use of skis the transit may be effected without undue casualties among the elephantine fraternity.

Lord FISHER has been invited to impersonate SCIPIO, and the *rôle* of FABIUS, the originator of the "Wait and See" policy, has been offered to Mr. ASQUITH, but authentic details are as yet lacking as to their decision.



THE BLAMELESS ACCOMPLICE.

Irish Railwayman (*to Sinn Fein Assassin*). "YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. DETESTING MURDER, AS MR. THOMAS SAYS I DO, I'VE TAKEN CARE THAT THAT FELLOW SHOULD HAVE NO AMMUNITION."

["The Irish members of the N.U.R. expressed publicly their feeling of disgust at murder and outrage."—*Mr. J. H. Thomas.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 21st.—While the PRIME MINISTER was celebrating the longest—and pretty nearly the hottest—day by a *vin d'honneur* at Boulogne Mr. BONAR LAW had to content himself with small beer in the Commons.

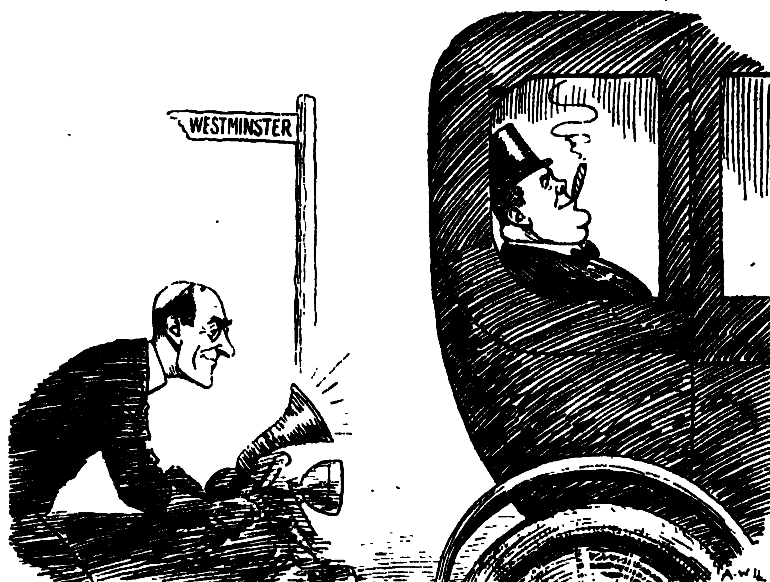
The Government, it seems, is to offer its services to effect a peaceful settlement between the Imam YAHYA and the Said IDRISSI, who are rival rulers in Arabia. There is believed to be a possibility that in return the said Said will offer his services to effect a peaceful settlement in Hibernia Infelix.

The Government is not so indifferent to economy as is sometimes suggested. The PRIME MINISTER's famous letter to the Departments was only written in August last, yet already, Mr. BONAR LAW assured the House, some progress has been made in reducing redundant staffs, and the Government has appointed—no, I beg pardon, "decided to appoint"—independent Committees to carry out investigations. The hustlers!

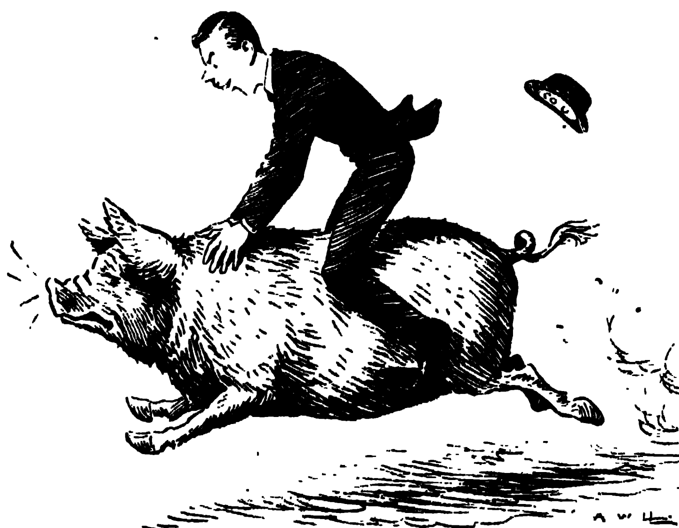
The Member for Wood Green, who urged that the Treasury should prepare an estimate of the national income, with the view of limiting the national expenditure to a definite proportion of that amount, displayed, it seems to me, amazing temerity. The course of taxation in recent years encourages the belief that the only thing that restrains the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER from taking our little all is that he does not know how much it is.

Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN's complaint that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT habitually absented himself from the House met with little encouragement from the SPEAKER, who sarcastically inquired if he should send the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS to fetch the delinquent. Capt. BENN then dropped the subject, and Sir COLIN KEPPEL looked relieved.

The Government insisted on taking the Report stage and Third Reading of the Rent (Restrictions) Bill at one sitting, and kept the House up till half-past three in order to do it. Dr. ADDISON had need of what the IRON DUKE called "two o'clock in the morning courage" to ward off attacks. Once, when Sir ARTHUR FELL was depicting the desperate plight of the landladies of Yarmouth, forbidden under a penalty of a hundred pounds to charge more than twenty-five per cent. in excess of their pre-war prices, it looked as if the Minister must give way; but with some difficulty he convinced his critics that the clause in question had nothing to do with seaside landladies.



"DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SEND THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS TO FETCH THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT?"—*The Speaker.*


THE YOUNG UNIONIST MOVEMENT.

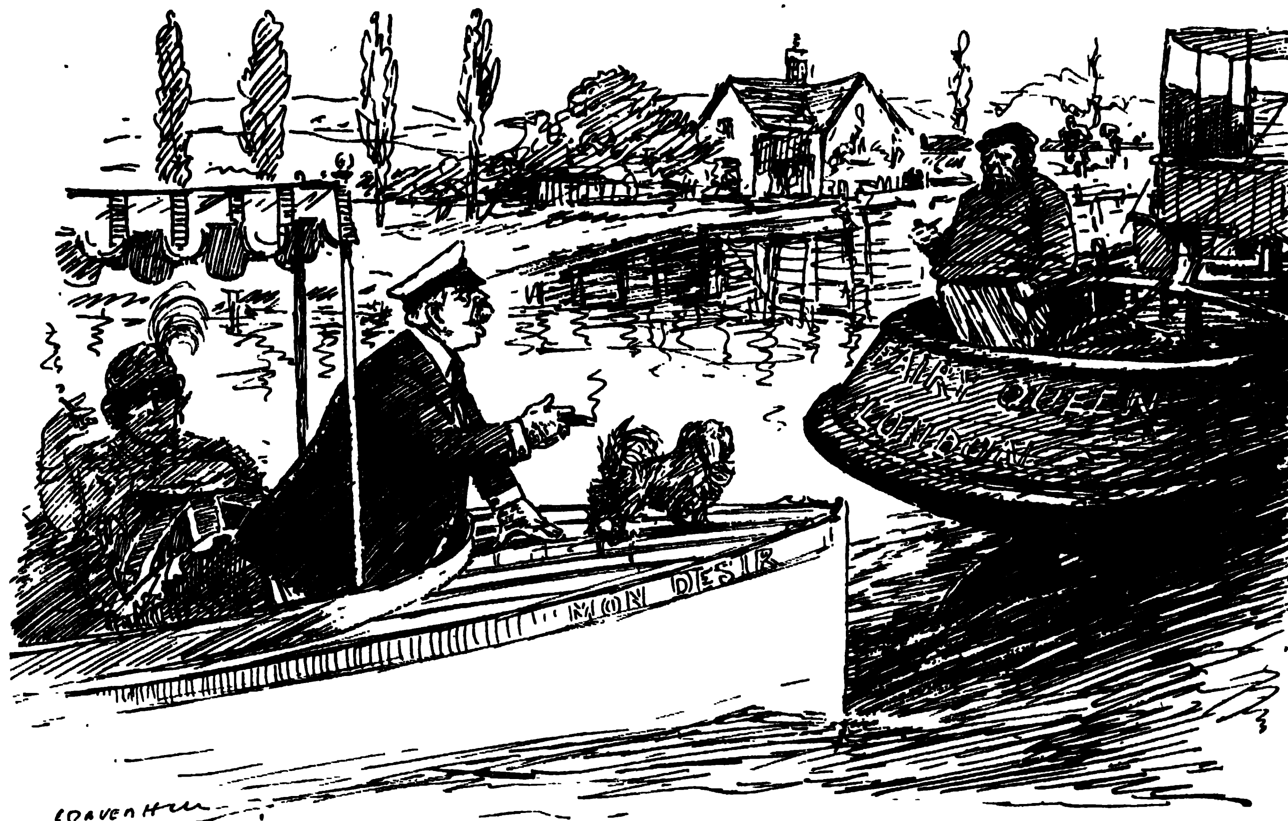
"IF THEY WERE TO HAVE HOME RULE AT ALL THEY MUST 'GO THE WHOLE HOG.'"—*Mr. Ormsby Gore.*

Tuesday, June 22nd.—In the Lords the Bishops, reinforced by the ecclesiastically-minded lay Peers, made a last attempt to throw out the Matrimonial Causes Bill. Lord BRAYE moved its rejection, and was supported by Lord HALIFAX in a speech whose pathos was even stronger than its argument, and by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who admitted that reform of the marriage laws was required, but considered that the Bill went a great deal further than was necessary. The LORD CHANCELLOR thereupon re-stated the case for the measure, for which he believed the Government were prepared to give facilities in the other House, and Lord BUCKMASTER repeated his exegesis of the vexed passage in St. MATTHEW's Gospel, on which the whole theological controversy turns. The Third Reading was carried by 154 votes to 107.

The Commons in the course of the Irish Debate discussed the failure of the Government to prevent the regrettable incidents in Derry and Dublin. Colonel ASHLEY demanded martial law; Major O'NEILL was for organising the loyal population; Sir KEITH FRASER approved both courses and advanced the amazing proposition that the trouble in Ireland was entirely due to the religious question, and that even the Sinn Feiners were loyal to the Empire.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND pointed out that faction-fighting in Derry was endemic, and drew an amusing picture of the old city, where everyone had some kind of rabbit-hole from which he could emerge to fire a revolver. As regards the general question he denied that the Constabulary had been instructed not to shoot. On the contrary they had been told to treat attackers as "enemies in the field," and to call upon suspected persons to hold up their hands.

Lord ROBERT CECIL was at a loss to understand the policy of a Government that applied coercion to the very people to whom it was preparing to hand over the government of Southern Ireland, and Mr. INSKIP was equally at a loss to understand the policy of the noble lord, who



Naturalised Alien. "VY DOND YOU GED OUD OF MY VAY? DOND YOU KNOW DER RULE OF DER RIVER?"
Bargeman. "WHICH? THE RHINE?"

seemed to think that conciliation was incompatible with putting down crime.

Wednesday, June 23rd.—A large company, including the QUEEN and Princess MARY, attended the House of Lords to see Prince ALBERT take his seat as Duke of YORK. It was unfortunate that the new peer was unable to wait for the ensuing debate, for Lord NEWTON was in his best form. His theme was the absurdity of the present Parliamentary arrangement under which the Peers were kept kicking their heels in London for the best months of the year, then overwhelmed with business for a week or two, and finally despatched to the country in time for the hunting season, which nowadays most of them were too much impoverished to enjoy. Lord CURZON condescended a little from his usual Olympian heights, and declared that one of the drawbacks to conducting business in that House was the difficulty of inducing noble Lords to attend it after dinner.

To judge by Mr. ASQUITH's recent speeches outside he meant to have delivered a thundering philippic against our continued occupation of Mesopotamia. Some of the sting was taken out of the indictment by the publication of an official statement showing that Great Britain was remaining there at the request of the Allies. After all, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE observed in his reply, it would not be an economical policy to withdraw to Basra if we were to be immediately requested to return to Baghdad.



MENS ÆQUA REBUS IN ARDUIS.
MR. DENIS HENRY ON THE IRISH SITUATION.

The rest of the evening was devoted to a renewal of the protests against Mr. CHURCHILL's "Red Army." Among the critics were Mr. ESMOND HARMSWORTH and Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY, the two "babies" of the House, and the MINISTER adopted quite a fatherly tone in recalling his own callow youth, when he too, just after the Boer War, denounced "the folly of gaudy and tinselled uniforms."

Thursday, June 24th.—On behalf of the Government Lord ONSLOW gave a rather chilly welcome to Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH's Bill for the regulation of advertisements. It is true that the noble author had explained that his object was to secure "publicity without offence," but I believe he had no desire to cramp the PRIME MINISTER's style.

Sir ERIC GEDDES belongs to that wicked species of *fauna* that defends itself when attacked. He complained this afternoon that Mr. ASQUITH had in his recent speeches "trounced a beginner," but Sir ERIC showed, for a novice, considerable aggressive power. He claimed that the Ministry of Transport had already saved a cool million by securing the abrogation of an extravagant contract entered into by Mr. ASQUITH's Government. The EX PREMIER, however, insisted that if a mistake had been made the Railway Department of the Board of Trade could have corrected it just as well as its grandiose successor and at an infinitely smaller cost.

THE NEW COURTIERSHIP.

(*With profound acknowledgment to the writer of the article on "Heroine Worship" in "The Times" of June 24th.*)

WHILE thrones and dynasties have rocked or fallen in the great world upheaval of the last six years, there remains one form of monarchy which has proved impervious to all the shocks of circumstance—the monarchy of genius. If proof be demanded of this assertion we need only point to the wonderful manifestations of loyalty evoked in the last week by the advent of the Queen of the Film World and her admirable consort. The adoration of MARY PICKFORD has been compared with that of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and not without some show of reason, for the appeal which her acting makes is always to the sense of chivalry which, in however sentimental a form, is characteristic of our race.

But the noble adulation which the latest of our royal visitors inspires is deeper and more universal than that prompted by the charm and the misfortunes of her namesake. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, as the evidence of contemporary portraits conclusively establishes, was not conspicuous for her personal beauty. In the "Queen business" she was a failure, and her prestige is largely if not entirely posthumous. Her character has been impugned by historians; even her most faithful champions have not pronounced her impeccable.

Centuries were necessary to raise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS to her somewhat insecure pinnacle of devotion; by the alchemy of a machine centuries have been shortened to days and nights in the meteoric career of Miss PICKFORD. Yet merit has joined fortune in high cabal. Handicapped by a somewhat uneuphonious patronymic, MARY PICKFORD has established her rule without recourse to any of the disputable methods adopted by her predecessor. At home in all the "palaces" of both hemispheres, she owes her triumphs to the triple endowment of genius, loveliness and gentleness. Moreover, in the highest sense she is truly an ambassadress of our race, for the kiss which she so graciously bestowed on Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN at Wimbledon on Wednesday last has probably done even more to heal the wounds inflicted on our gallant Allies by the disastrous policy of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE than the heroic efforts of *The Times* to maintain the Entente in its integrity.

The parallels and contrasts with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS need not be further laboured. But far too little stress has been laid on the rare felicity of a union which links the name of Mary with that of Douglas. The annals of British chivalry contain no more romantic or splendid entries than those associated with Sir JAMES DOUGLAS, alternately styled the "Good" and the "Black," hero of seventy battles and the victor in fifty-seven, peerless as a raider, who crowned a glorious career by his mission to Palestine with the embalmed heart of BRUCE, and his death in action against the Moors. His illustrious namesake is now conducting a "raid" on our shores of a purely educational and humanitarian nature, and our welcome, while it expresses the rare and momentous influence of the film, is no mere gratitude for pleasure afforded; it is rather the recognition of a human touch tending to make the whole English-speaking world kin.

The visit is not unattended by risks, for the ardour of enthusiasm imposes a corresponding strain on the endurance of this august and inimitable pair. But there can be no doubt as to the absolute sincerity and spontaneity of these marvellous demonstrations of loyal affection. We can only hope that, to borrow the noble phrase of the Roman Senate in their address to NERO on the death of AGRIPPINA, Queen PICKFORD the First may "endure her felicity with fortitude." Conspicuous grandeur has its penalties as well as its privileges, but the chivalric instinct is still alive in our midst; and all of us who are not perverted or debased by the malign "wizardry" of the PRIME MINISTER will spring to the defence of MARY "the Sweetheart of the World," and DOUGLAS "tender and true," in their hours of peril. In that high emprise the gentlemen of the world, however humble, stand, as of old time, side by side and shoulder to shoulder.



THE IRRESISTIBLE MEETS THE IMMOVABLE.

SCENE: *Exclusive West-End Square, with passing procession of "Reds."*

The Flag-bearer. "COMRADE, THE REVOLUTION IS 'ERE!"

The Complete Butler. "AH! WILL YOU KINDLY DELIVER IT AT THE HAREA HENTRANCE?"

THE BATTLE OF THE MOTHERS.

WE were sitting in the smoking-room when the Venerable Archdeacon entered. He had been so long absent that we asked him the reason.

Had he been ill?

Ill? Not he. He never was better in his life. He had merely been on a motor tour with his mother.

"Do you mean to say," someone inquired —an equally elderly member—almost with anger, certainly with a kind of outraged surprise, "that you have a mother still living?"

"Of course I have," said the Man of God. "My mother is not only living but is in the pink of condition."

"And how old is she?" the questioner continued.

"She is ninety-one," said the Archdeacon proudly.

Most of us looked at him with wonder and respect—even a touch of awe.

"And still motoring!" I commented.

"She delights in motoring."

"Well," said the angry man, "you needn't be so conceited about it. You are not the only person with an aged mother. I have a mother too."

We switched round to this new centre of surprise. It was more incredible that this man should have a mother even than the Archdeacon. No one had ever suspected him of anything so extreme, for he had a long white beard and hobbled with a stick.

"And how old may your mother be?" the Archdeacon inquired.

"My mother is ninety-two."

"And is she well and hearty?"

"My mother," he replied, "is in rude health—or, as you would say, full of beans."



Valetudinarian. "I 'VE GOT CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER, AN INCIPIENT CARBUNCLE ON MY NECK, INFLAMMATION OF THE DUODENUM, SEPTIC SORE THROAT AND GENERAL PROSTRATION."

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, AND HOW ARE YOU?"

The Archdeacon made a deprecatory movement, repudiating the metaphor.

"She not only motors," the layman pursued, "but she can walk. Can your mother walk?"

"I am sorry to say," said the Archdeacon, "that my mother has to be helped a good deal."

"Ha!" said the layman.

"But," the Archdeacon continued, "she has all her other faculties. Can your mother still read?"

"My mother is a most accomplished and assiduous knitter," said the bearded man.

"No doubt, no doubt," the Archdeacon agreed; "but my question was, Can she still read?"

"With glasses—yes," said the other.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Archdeacon, "I thought so. Now my dear mother can still read the smallest print without glasses."

We murmured our approval.

"And more," the Archdeacon went on, "she can thread her own needle."

We approved again.

"That 's all very well," said the other, "but sight is not everything. Can your mother hear?"

"She can hear all that I say to her," replied the Archdeacon.

"Ah! but you probably raise your voice, and she is accustomed to it. Could she hear a stranger? Could she hear me?"

Remembering the tone of some of his after-lunch conversations I suggested that perhaps it would be well if on occasions she could not. He glowered down such frivolousness and proceeded with his cross-examination. "Are you trying to assure us that your mother is not in the least bit deaf?"

"Well," the Archdeacon conceded, "I could not go so far as to say that her hearing is still perfect."

The layman smiled his satisfaction. "In other words," he said, "she uses a trumpet?"

The Archdeacon was silent.

"She uses a trumpet, Sir? Admit it."

"Now and then," said the Archdeacon, "my dear mother has recourse to that aid."

"I know it!" exclaimed the other. "My mother can hear every word. She goes to the theatre too. Now your mother would have to go to the cinema if she wished to be entertained."

"My mother," said the Archdeacon, "would not be interested in the cinema" (he pronounced it ki-nēma): "her mind is of a more serious turn."

"My mother is young enough to be interested in anything," said the other. "And there is not one of her thirty-eight grandchildren of whose progress she is not kept closely informed."

He leaned back with a gesture of triumph.

"How many grandchildren did you say?" the Archdeacon inquired. "I didn't quite catch."

"Thirty-eight," the other man replied.

Across the cleric's ascetic features a happy smile slowly and conqueringly spread. "My mother," he said, "has fifty-two grandchildren. And now," he turned to me, "which of us would you say has won this entertaining contest?"

"I should not like to decide," I said. "I am—fortunately perhaps for your mothers—no Solomon. My verdict is that both of you are wonderfully lucky men."

E. V. L.

A Knowing Old Bird.

"Grey African Parrot . . . every question fully answered; £10 or offers."—*Weekly Paper.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE have had to wait four years for the concluding volumes of *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli* (MURRAY), but, as the engaged couple said of the tunnel, "it was worth it," for in the interval Mr. BUCKLE has been able to enrich his work with a wealth of new material. This includes DISRAELI's correspondence with QUEEN VICTORIA during his two Premierships, and the still more remarkable letters that he wrote to the two favoured sisters, ANNE, Lady CHESTERFIELD, and SELINA, Lady BRADFORD, during the last eight years of his life. To one or other of them he wrote almost every day, and from the sixteen hundred letters that have been preserved Mr. BUCKLE has selected with happy discretion a multitude of passages which throw a vivid light upon the political events of the time and upon DISRAELI's own character. Whereas the first four volumes of the biography might be likened to a good sound Burgundy, thanks to these letters the last two sparkle and stimulate like a vintage champagne. As we read them we seem to be present at the scenes described, to overhear the discussions at the Cabinet, to catch a glimpse of the actors *en déshabillé*. Mr. BUCKLE says that "Disraeli, from first to last, regarded his life as a brightly tinted romance, with himself as hero." In one of his letters to Lady BRADFORD he says, "I live for Power and the Affections." A poseur, no doubt, he was, but not a charlatan. His industry was amazing and his insight almost uncanny. "I know not why Japan should not become the Sardinia of the Mongolian East," he writes in 1875. To the political student these volumes will be almost as fruitful a field as BURKE; for myself, I have found them more fascinating than any novel.



Alexander (bored). "LIFE IS VERY DULL, MY DEAR ROX. NO MORE WORLDS TO——"

Roxana. "OH, NONSENSE, ALEC! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO. I WISH YOU'D GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND DISCHARGE THAT CAPPADOCIAN COOK. SHE DRINKS."

It seems a great pity that Mr. KIPLING's *Letters of Travel* (MACMILLAN) contains nothing later than 1913. It would have been particularly interesting to see how far the events of the great tragedy might have modified or aggravated his scorn against those who do not see eye to eye with him. In the pre-war KIPLING, as we have him here, "Labour" is always the enemy, "Democracy" the hypocritical cant of cranks and slackers. What do they know of England who only KIPLING know? Well, they know one side of it, and a fine side. The first sheaf of letters—"From Tideway to Tideway (1892)"—describes a tour through America and Canada, with a rather too obvious bias against the habits and institutions of the former, but with so eloquent a presentation of the dream and fact of imperial pioneering service that it might draw even from a Little Englander, "Almost thou persuadest me!" "Letters to the Family" deals with the Canada of 1907, a very different entity from the Canada of to-day, after the later Imperial Conferences and five years' trial of war, but none the less interesting to hear about. A voyage in 1913, undertaken "for no other reason but to discover the sun," is the begetter of the third group, "Egypt and the Egyptians," the first letter of which will not, I imagine, be reprinted and framed by the P. and O. Brilliant word-pictures of things seen, thumbnail sketches of odd characters, clever records of remembered speech, intelligent comment from a well-defined point of view—these you will have expected, and will get.

Lady DOROTHY MILLS, who has already made some success as a holder of the mirror up to a certain section of ultra-smart society, continues this benevolent work in her new novel, *The Laughter of Fools* (DUCKWORTH). It is a clever tale, almost horridly well told, about the war-time behaviour of the rottenest idle-rich element, in the disorganised and hectic London of 1917-18. Perhaps the observation is superficial; but, just so far as it pretends to go, Lady DOROTHY's method does undoubtedly get home. Her heroine, *Louise*, is a detestable little egoist, whose vanity and entire lack of *moral* render her an easy victim to the vampire crowd into which she drifts. The "sensation" scenes, night club orgies, dope parties and the like will probably bring the book a boom of curiosity; but there are not wanting signs, in the author's easy unforced method, that with a larger theme she may one day write a considerably bigger book. *The Laughter of Fools*, one may say, ends tragically; *Louise*, after exhausting all her other activities, being left about to join a nursing expedition to Northern Russia. Which, judging by previous revelations of her general incompetence, is where the tragedy comes in—for the prospective patients. A moral rather carefully unmoralised is how I should sum up an unpleasant but shrewdly written tale.

To *The Diary of a U-Boat Commander* (HUTCHINSON) "ETIENNE" adds an introduction and some explanatory notes. In one of these notes we are told that the Diary was left in a locker when the Commander handed over his boat to the British. We are all at liberty to form any opinion we like on the use made of this Diary and I am not going to reveal mine. For, after all, it is the book itself—however produced—that matters, and even those of us who are getting a little shy of literature connected with the War will find something original and intriguing in this Diary. With what seems to me unnecessary frankness the publisher refers to the Commander's "incredible exploits and adventures on the high seas." For my own part my powers of belief in regard to the War are almost unlimited, and the only thing that really staggers me here is the mentality of the diarist. From the record of his purely private life, which is also exposed in these pages, I gather that he was as unfortunate in love as in war; but he seems to have loved with a whole-hearted passion that goes far to redeem him. I must add a word of praise for Mr. FRANK MASON's illustrations, which contributed generously to my entertainment.



AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANCE.

Mr. Punch had kissed the lady's hand and she had smiled upon him very graciously, for they were old friends.

"I have brought you a letter from myself," he said.

"Shall I read it while you wait?" said Madame la France.

"Please, no. I never read my contributors' compositions in their presence. It is embarrassing to both sides. And I want you to take your time over this one, and consider carefully whether it is suitable for publication in your Press. I have enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, to be utilized in the event of your deciding to return my communication with regrets. In any case I propose to publish it in my own paper, *The London Charivari*."

[*Here begins the letter*:—

"NEAREST AND DEAREST OF ALLIES,—You and I (I speak for my country, though I have not been asked to do so) have gone through so much together that it would be an infinite pity if any misunderstanding were suffered to cloud our friendship for want of a little candour on my part. No *Entente* can retain its cordiality without mutual candour; and hitherto the reticence has been all on our side.

"Not when your splendid courage and your noble sacrifices gave us a theme; then we were always frankly loud in our admiration; but when we reflected upon what I may venture to call your faults and failings. Whatever we may have thought about them during all those terrible years, you will find in our public statements no note of criticism and not a single word that did not breathe a true loyalty. You too were generous in your praise of us when we won battles; and at the end, with your own FOCH for witness, you were quick to recognise what part we played in those great Autumn days that brought the crowning victory. But it almost looks as if your memory of our brotherhood in arms were beginning to fail; as if we, who were then hailed as your 'glorious Ally,' were about to resume our old name—it has already been revived in some quarters—of 'Perfide Albion.'

"Oh, I know that the best of France is loyal to us; that her true chivalry understands. But what of your public that is all ear for the so-called *Echo de Paris*, with its constant incitement to jealousy and suspicion of England? What of your second-rate Press and its pin-pricking policy, connived at, if not actually encouraged, by your Government?

"Of course I recognise that you never really liked the idea of all those British soldiers making themselves at home in your country, though they did it as nicely as it could be done, and made hosts of friends in the process. I can believe that we should not have been too well pleased at having a like number of French troops established between Dover and London. I don't say we should have charged you rent for every yard of their

trenches or claimed heavy damages for any injury they might have done to our roads in the course of defending the Metropolis from our common enemy. But we certainly should not have been depressed when we found that they needn't stay any longer. Still I hope we should have registered on the tablets of our hearts a permanent record indicating that we appreciated their friendliness in coming to our support.

"But I am told that the secret of the present attitude of our French critics is that they cannot forgive us for having used the soil of France in order to defend our own. Is this quite fair or even decent? Let me refresh their memory of the motive that brought us into this War. The true motive was not to be found in the duty imposed upon us by Germany's breach of the Belgian Treaty, though that in itself furnished us with an unanswerable reason. The true motive was our desire to help you. We had nothing in those days to fear for ourselves. We knew that our Fleet was strong enough to protect our own shores. We had not yet appreciated the submarine menace; we did not recognise what your loss of the Channel ports might mean for us. We entered the War because we could not look on and see you overwhelmed.

"You complain, again, that, in contrast to yourselves, we have got all we wanted out of the War. As a fact we wanted nothing; but let that pass. You point to the destruction of the German Fleet as if it were a private gain for us and us alone, and not the removal of a danger to the whole world. And what of the German armies—now in process of reduction to a mere police force? Did you derive no advantage from the overthrow of a system which was always a greater menace to you than the German Fleet ever was to us? And, though we did not pretend to be a military nation, had we not some little share in that achievement?

"And what of your *revanche?* How do the German Colonies, which we have freed and now hold in trust—how do these compare with your solid recovery of Alsace-Lorraine? No, you have not come badly out of Armageddon.

"Oh, you have suffered, that we know; you have suffered even more than we, who at least were spared the ravaging of our lands. And never for a moment do we forget this. But you too must not forget that where the soil of France suffered most there thickest lie our English dead, who fought for England's freedom, yes, but for your freedom too. And it is we who stand by you still, pledged to be once more at your side if the same peril ever come again; though America, for whom nothing was once too good, should fail you in your need.

"There, I have said what I wanted to say; what your best friends here have been thinking this many a day. For your best friends are not, as you might imagine, to be found in a certain section of our Press who for their own political or private ends are prepared to encourage all your suspicions if so they may injure the good name of our statesmen who meet you in council for the common cause. Your best friends are the men who deplore those suspicions; who beg you, as I do here, to get them swept away as being unworthy of a great nation and a great alliance.

"For this end, Believe me, dear Madame, to be at your service as always,

"PUNCH."

Here ends the letter.]

"And now, dear lady," said Mr. Punch, "let me say that, if there is anything in this letter which seems—but only on the surface—to be inconsistent with my profound devotion to your person, it is the first word of the kind that I have put on paper since our friendship began. All through the War and the hardly less trying times of Peace that have followed it I have not once swerved from my loyalty to you. Accept, I beg of you, the renewed assurance of my affection the most sincere, and, for token, this latest of a series in which you will find many proofs of the love I bear you—my

One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Volume."





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued.*

Pictures and Sketches.

